



## Eric Stephen Anderson

April 17, 1967 - June 17, 2017

Eric Stephen Anderson, 50 of Bloomington, passed away Saturday afternoon at Bloomington Hospital after a brief illness.

Born in Vincennes, Indiana on April 17, 1967, Eric was the son of Steve H. Anderson and Carolyn (Hess) Anderson.

He attended Bloomington High School South and was a master carpenter and self-employed in construction and a man who could do any task beautifully. After living and working most of his adult life in California, Eric moved back to Bloomington where he was a blessing to his mother and friends and the many new friends he made in Peppergrass. We all loved him, will miss him, and the twinkle in his eye when he came up with a funny one liner. The yard will never look so pretty again.

Survivors include his mother, Carolyn of Bloomington, his sister Libby Anderson and her son, Jeremia of Santa Cruz, California., aunts, uncles, many cousins and friends who considered him a brother and his love, Annie in California.

He was preceded in death by his father, Steve H. Anderson and grandparents.

There will be a Celebration of Eric's life Saturday, June 24th from 5:00 p.m. to

7:00 p.m. at Peppergrass Clubhouse on Heather Drive. Friends and family are invited to come.

As per Eric's wishes, cremation was preformed and some of his ashes will be taken to California for another celebration of his life there where he dearly loved to be.

Allen Funeral Home and Crematory, 4155. South Old State Road 37, Bloomington, have been entrusted with arrangements. Online condolences, photos and memories may be shared with family and friends at [www.allencare.com](http://www.allencare.com).

# Tribute Wall

KI

“ Carolyn, it was good to see you today at Yvette's retirement party. I was Eric's obit and it was shortly after I lost Derek. I thought to myself....that was a soul too young to go. Like Derek. What I did not realize that it was your son until today when I was able to place you. It sounds from the stories that Eric and Derek would have gotten along very well. Not fair for us. And as we shared the silence is deafening. You still have a smile that lights up a room. God speed to your son and who knows maybe Derek and Eric have met. God grant us joy to get through our days and share the joy with others.  
Kim Vint

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**Kim** - July 06, 2017 at 05:36 PM

KB

“ I had the great privilege of being one of Eric's childhood friends and it is with great sadness that I learned the news this week of his passing.

*I have had many great friends over the years, but I would in particular quote a line from the movie "Stand by Me" ... "I never had any friends later on like the ones I had when I was twelve. Jesus, does anyone?"*

*Looking back, I can only count a handful of people I have met over the last 50 years that have the same authenticity and passion for life.*

*My deepest condolences to Carolyn, Libby and family and friends.*

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**Kevin Boyd** - June 24, 2017 at 12:02 AM



“ *Healing Tears - Blue and White* was purchased for the family of Eric Stephen Anderson.



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June 23, 2017 at 05:28 PM



“ *Florist Choice Bouquet* was purchased for the family of Eric Stephen Anderson.



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June 23, 2017 at 12:17 AM



“ Without few exceptions, Eric was my oldest friend, and for a decade, maybe even my closest. If I had to come up with a list of the people who had meant the most to me in 50 years—people whose middle names and birthdays and phone numbers are still lodged in my brain, whose stories and memories are intertwined with my own, those who left visible marks, and cigarette burns and ring stains in the wood finish—Eric would be at the top.

*And yet, Eric and I haven't spoken in over two decades.*

*I left. He left. I could say that life just carried us away like it does everyone at 20, that our differences and dreams and destinies simply pull people in random directions, but that doesn't excuse it.*

*We cheated ourselves out of getting to relive it at least once, to look back and remember all those wild, wind-blown Indiana nights of reckless, teenage abandon. And there were great stories. Not ones that our parents ever wanted to hear, or probably want repeated now, but we only did what countless kids have always done. We lit things up while we had something to burn.*

*We scarred a path through the sidewalks, under passes, trailer parks and farmer's fields of west Bloomington that was still visible for decades. We wandered all night. We looted and pillaged. We barely slept. We teetered on cliff tops and jumped ravines. We broke speed and sound barriers. We floated silently in the lake at midnight, watching lightning flash overhead, as we solved all of life's mysteries. We tagged bridges and jumped trains. We raced without headlights down roller coaster farm roads. We left getaway tire tracks of burned rubber that the rain still hasn't washed clean. You could see the bonfires we set from miles away.*

*We were not proud of all of those things we burned, but we were young, forgivably young, and the flames were hypnotic. I did things with Eric that I would have never dreamed on my own. He was brave. He was imaginative. He could figure out how anything or*

*anyone worked. And he was hilarious. He was the big brother I never had and he saved me more times than I can count.*

*Sleeping next to the fire. Jumping in the wrong end of the quarry. Eating the wrong mushrooms. Laughing at the wrong kid. Picking the wrong fight. Somehow, I always survived. Lucky for me, he always seemed to have his eyes open, to yank me back in the Jeep.*

*We haven't spoken in 25 years, but he never needed to say much anyway. He could say more with a look than I could with 2000 words. Wish I could have seen that look one more time, but I believe by this point I know what it would say, "okay, enough, you talk too much."*

*Above all else, Eric was genuine, honest, totally loyal towards people and he didn't care what anyone thought. He was immune to peer pressure or gossip or simple-mindedness. He made up his own mind and stood by it. I owe whatever strength I learned in my teens and 20s from some of his examples he set, and the people he stood up for and defended when he had no reason to stick his neck out.*

*So, 25 years went by. And now he's gone and I missed the opportunity to either repay him for what he gave me or just remind him of how much fun we had. I hope he remembered it like I do.*

*We lived. We burned. We blazed.*

*People can still see it from miles away.*

*-Patrick*

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**Patrick Kendall** - June 22, 2017 at 11:10 PM

BN

*A beautiful, well written tribute to a true friend.*

**Barbara Risch Newton** - June 23, 2017 at 08:01 PM

GD

“Carolyn and Libby, I am so sorry to hear about Eric's passing, as a kid growing up all of us that grew up around the 15th street area where always happy to see you all and have you hang with the awesome group of friends we had the pleasure of growing up with. Eric was always a fun addition to the group. Sorry for your loss and may your memories of the wonderful person he was help to ease your pain. Gina Cardinal Downey

**Gina Cardinal Downey** - June 22, 2017 at 07:15 PM



“Fields of Europe for Spring was purchased for the family of Eric Stephen Anderson.



June 22, 2017 at 07:13 PM

BP

“Brett Powell lit a candle in memory of Eric Stephen Anderson



**Brett Powell** - June 22, 2017 at 07:10 PM

BP

“ My best memories were how excited I would get when I was a kid when Tony & Mary Jane would tell me they were taking me to Bloomington to spend the weekend with my best friend Eric! We would go to the Hydra Slide or the Zoom Floom, go out on the boat on Lake Monroe. Ride three wheelers, etc! I remember I would get so excited when I knew Eric was coming to Vincennes that I would go down and wait in Tony's yard for hours in grand anticipation for his arrival! So many fun memories growing up!!!! Carolyn, Steve, Eric, & Libby were family to me, and Tony was my Grandpa too! I cherish the memories & I have faith that we will meet up with Eric again in Heaven! I Love you guys!!!! Your other son.... Brett

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**Brett Powell** - June 22, 2017 at 07:01 PM

LB

“ Carolyn, I am so sorry to hear of Eric's passing, you and your family are in my thoughts. Try and remember all the good times, and cherish the great memories. Take care, Lori Beasley

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**Lori Beasley** - June 21, 2017 at 03:33 PM

CN

“ Dear Carolyn, I've hear people say the hardest loss is that of your own child. I have seen it a couple of times in my own family and will be thinking of you often in the days to come.  
Claire Nisonger

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**Claire Nisonger** - June 21, 2017 at 09:56 AM

JM

Dear Carolyn, You have my condolences and prayers for you during this time.

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**John Morgan** - June 22, 2017 at 12:18 PM