



Samuel Augustus Grow

January 19, 1938 - May 4, 2025

Samuel Augustus Grow, 87, passed away peacefully on May 4, 2025, in Columbia, Tennessee. He was born on January 19, 1938, in Pittston, Pennsylvania, to the late James Augustus Grow and Altona Way Grow.

A retired U.S. Air Force Colonel and fighter pilot, Sam proudly served his country with honor and discipline. After his military career, he found his greatest joys in quieter moments—especially sitting on the back porch, watching the wildlife roam across his beloved, beautiful land in Perry County.

Twenty-four years ago, Sam followed Rita, the love of his life, to Tennessee, where they built a warm and welcoming home together. He was a devoted husband, father, brother, and grandfather—always steady and proud of his family.

Sam gave back to his community in countless ways. He volunteered at the Linden schools and was a dedicated Holy Trinity Catholic Church member. In recent days, the Hohenwald community has stepped up to show just how much he meant to them, something his family will never forget.

He is survived by his beloved wife, Rita; his children, Tony (Cassy) Grow, James (Suzie) Grow, Cathy (Mike) Fasano, Susan Peele, and Steph Grow; his brothers, Robert (Charlene) Grow and Steven (Nancy) Grow; and nine

grandchildren and eleven great-grandchild.

Sam's legacy lives on in the land he loved, the family he cherished, and the many lives he quietly touched.

Visitation with the Grow family will be held on Wednesday, May 14th, from 10:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m., with military honors being presented at 11:30 a.m. in the chapel of McDonald Funeral Home.

A funeral mass will be held at the Holy Trinity Catholic Church in Hohenwald on Wednesday, May 14th, at 1:00 p.m. with refreshments to follow.

McDonald Funeral Home is honored to be serving the Grow family.

Previous Events

Visitation

MAY 14. 10:00 AM - 12:00 PM (CT)

McDonald Funeral Home, Inc. - Lewis County
20 West 2nd Avenue
Hohenwald, TN 38462
(931) 796-2207

Military Honors

MAY 14. 11:30 AM (CT)

McDonald Funeral Home, Inc. - Lewis County
20 West 2nd Avenue
Hohenwald, TN 38462
(931) 796-2207

Funeral Mass

MAY 14. 1:00 PM (CT)

Holy Trinity Catholic Church
Hohenwald, TN 38462

Tribute Wall



“ *McDonald Funeral Home, Inc created a Tribute Video in memory of Samuel Augustus Grow*



McDonald Funeral Home, Inc - May 14, 2025 at 09:21 AM

KW

“ *I'm so sorry for the loss of Sam. Glad Andy & I are here with you, Mom. I love you!*

Kelley Washburn - May 14, 2025 at 08:28 AM



“ *We will always remember you Great Grandpa Sam for your amazing stories, your sweet smile and the fun times with you at the creek at your house. We will miss you so much! -the Grow boys*



Tori Grow - May 13, 2025 at 11:02 PM

JA

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Jim Adams - May 07, 2025 at 03:03 PM

MB

“ Michael Bates sent a virtual gift in memory of Samuel Grow



Michael Bates - May 07, 2025 at 10:35 AM

RG

“ Ronald Gammons lit a candle in memory of Samuel Grow



Ronald Gammons - May 07, 2025 at 09:39 AM

MG

“ I am grateful that my cousin, Sam, was a part of my life. I always will remember the days we shared in Pittston growing up and the summer he lived with my family in Arlington, VA while working in Georgetown.

Michael Grow

Michael Grow - May 06, 2025 at 02:33 PM

CP

Thank you, cousin Mike for making dad's existence joyful fun and memorable! You obviously made an impact on him and he was all the better for it

Catherine Partain - May 06, 2025 at 09:35 PM

MD

I am sending prayers and sympathy out to Sam Grow's family. I knew Sam when I lived in Linden, TN and attended Holy Trinity Church.

Mary L Dowdy - May 06, 2025 at 09:49 PM



Colonel Sam Grow, was a force of nature. A fighter pilot in the Cold War and Vietnam, a man who lived by rules, by structure, by unwavering principles. He wasn't soft, not by any stretch. He wasn't the kind of father who pulled us into warm hugs or whispered words of encouragement when we struggled. No, he believed in discipline, in lessons taught by action, not sentiment. Growing up, we knew where the line was drawn. He didn't reward good behavior; he expected it. But cross that line, and you'd know it. I remember one summer when my siblings and I thought it would be fun to jump off the roof into the pool. He caught us. And just like that, every weekend for the rest of that summer, we spent hours writing sentences, hammering the lesson into our young minds. At the time, we groaned, we grumbled, we swore we'd never forgive him. But now—now I see what he was teaching us. Responsibility. Consequences. Discipline.

Yet there were moments, fleeting ones, where a different side of him appeared—where you saw the protective father beneath the uniform, beneath the unshakable discipline. One summer morning in '74, I was on the school bus, struggling to find a seat while another kid blocked my way. Dad, returning from his morning jog, saw what was happening. And in the way only he could, he stopped the bus, stepped inside, looked that kid in the eye, and made sure it never happened again. That day, I was proud. Proud that he was my father.

There were other moments like that—like when he taught me how to do a backflip off the diving board. Or when, at fifteen, he let me bring my snare drum with me to Maxwell Air Force Base for the weekend, even though I'm sure the other military personnel wished he hadn't. Or when, years later, at twenty, I met him at Dog River, climbed into his sailboat, and spent the weekend sailing across Mobile Bay. I still remember how it felt—just him and me, navigating the waters, moving forward, no matter how strong the wind. That's who Dad was: strong, steady, always moving forward.

He was handsome, too—the kind of man who walked into a room, and people noticed. He carried himself with the effortless command of a Sean Connery or Marlon Brando. And though he was reserved, people respected him. You could see it in the way they listened when he spoke, in the way they made space for him. That kind of presence is rare.

In the last twenty years, we didn't speak much. Life happens, distance grows, time slips away faster than you think it will. But in the last few years, I had the chance to reconnect with him. He was aging, sure—but inside, he was still the same man. Still sharp, still unwavering, still Dad.

The last time we spoke was over Christmas dinner. He leaned over and said, "I don't know how many more of these are in me." I told him I'd come visit soon. I meant it. But life got in the way, and that visit never happened. And now, standing here, I wish I'd made it.

If I could have seen him one last time, I would have told him something I don't think I ever said enough of: That I loved him. That I was proud to have had him as my father.

Today, we say goodbye. But we don't say goodbye to the lessons he taught, to the strength he instilled, to the presence he carried. Dad is gone, but he is not forgotten. He was respected—for his service, for his integrity, for the way he raised us. He was a good man.

And though we will miss him, I believe he is in a better place now—a place where the rules of life and time no longer apply. A place where he can rest, where he can finally be at peace.

Thank you, Dad. For everything.

Stephanie Grow - May 17, 2025 at 10:45 PM