Warren Tyler

1944 - 2018



Warren William Tyler was born on September 6, 1944. I can never really imagine him as a baby. It always felt like he just – appeared – out of thin air. He was authentic and consistent. He never wasted words and always helped a friend. He enjoyed good music and wine, he respected skill and loved dinner parties. He connected strangers and created community over linguine with clam sauce, or osso buco, or any other kind of delicious thing. He was complicatedly simple.

Details mattered. He appreciated intellect and always advised to never confuse honesty with candor. He was the everything drawer. He was the one you went to first because you knew he would have exactly what you were looking for. A tip. Advice. A connection. Recommendation for a good bottle of wine. How to find a spice. Where to buy a house or a great piece of art. "Warren'll know." The everything drawer.

Whether we liked it or not, we were all students in the world of Warren Tyler. We sat upright and at attention and we always, always learned. My father spoke fluently in code. He said things – uniquely. But, like any classroom – if you stuck around and listened well, you'd become a codebreaker. And if you really paid attention, you would be able to predict when the knowledge drop was about to occur. After dinner. With a toothpick dangling from the corner of his mouth. When he would raise his eyebrows, take a sharp inhale, and say, "Well…." Those were his tells. He had others. But those were the best ones.

And when the night was through – we would all leave with a new knowledge or perspective that we never even knew we needed. My dad taught me all types of things: The value of a firm handshake; what fork to use when; how hard he could punch; never slam a door; never be tortured by self-doubt; always write a thank you note; in a meeting, never look at the person talking, watch everyone else; try it before you say it's gross; there is always enough money for a book; always be proud of who you are; do your best – always; never miss a chance to say nothing; something about drop-kicking a monkey (still lost on that one). My dad would spend time with himself. In a quiet room. Sitting in a chair.

"Dad, what are you doing?" "Thinkin." "About what?""Stuff." Like I said – he never wasted words. I'm going to miss my dad. I miss him now. But, what I know is that we all have a piece of his wisdom with us – inside. And the more we are together, the more of him we will have with us. So, be sure to be together. To tell stories and to share lessons with others. Wisdom is powerless if we keep it to ourselves. Thanks for being such a wonderful teacher, dad. Class dismissed.

Warren was loved by many people, including his wife Marty Anderson; children, Dawn Tyler Lee (Robert E. Lee, III) and Kevin Tyler (Greg Jernigan); brothers, Carman and Frank (deceased); nephews, Eric and Marc; and many other family members and friends. Memorial Celebration 7 p.m., Thursday,

February 22, 2018, at Copious - McGowan Loft (2nd floor), 520 S. High St., Columbus, where family receive friends 4 - 6:30 p.m. In lieu of flowers, please consider making a contribution to The Columbus and Franklin County Affordable Housing Trust (http://hztrust.org/), or the Columbus Medical Association Foundation (http://cmafohio.org/home). Arrangements entrusted to DIEHL-WHITTAKER FUNERAL SERVICE, 720 E. Long St. Condolences may be expressed online at www.diehl-whittaker.com/obits.