



## Glenn Jackson Young

November 1, 1952 - June 27, 2024

Glenn Jackson Young departed this world in Mobile, AL on June 27, 2024.

He was born on November 01, 1952 in Fayette, AL. He was the third of three children born to Henry Jackson Young and Margaret Erin Bean Young.

He is preceded in death by his brother Henry Franklin Young.

He is survived by his sister Mary Margaret Young in Mobile, AL.

Glenn was a graduate of Auburn University in the College of Forestry, Wildlife and Environment. Upon graduation, he joined The St Joe Company in Panama City, FL, at that time, the largest private landowner in the state of Florida. The St Joe Company was his career employer.

Glenn had a love of fishing and turkey hunting. An Airstream on a lake was his oasis for fishing in quiet waters. The deep Gulf waters brought fishing excursions with friends and relatives.

Turkey hunting was enjoyed on family farms with his father, brother and friends.

He was an avid reader, scavenging farmer's markets for books and antique tools. He never met a stranger. He loved the Florida Panhandle and the people who made his life enjoyable. He laughed and smiled easily.

After the rain - a rainbow.

After the clouds - the sun.

But what is there to follow  
after life is done?

Just as dawning follows darkness  
and peace comes after strife.  
There is God's eternal springtime  
after the close of life.

# Tribute Wall

MM

“ I was a forester with Glenn at West Bay, Florida. We were both Alabamians, fresh out of school headed to sunny Florida. We quickly found out how cold the Florida panhandle could get! I'll always remember how nothing seemed to bother Glenn. He was about the easiest going person I ever met. I'll always remember one day he and another employee went out to do sample plots behind some tree planter on a cold, damp windy day. About 20 minutes went by when I saw the employee drive Glenn's company truck into the employee parking area, hop out and drive off. No Glenn! I knew where they were headed, so I got in my truck and headed that way. As I turned off the highway, there was Glenn. He'd walked about 2 miles. I asked him what happened. It seems Glenn's helper had enough of counting pine seedlings and at first chance, jumped in Glenn's truck and took off leaving Glenn stranded in the woods (no cellphones in those days). Anyone else would be furious but not Glenn. He just laughed and laughed at it all. I wish I hadn't lost touch Glenn. He truly was a great guy to know. Manning Miller

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**Manning Miller** - April 22, 2025 at 04:22 PM