



## Anthony C. "Tony" Plasterer

February 9, 1949 - March 15, 2026

Anthony Charles "Tony" Plasterer of Lebanon died March 15, 2026, at WellSpan Good Samaritan Hospital in Lebanon.

Born on February 9, 1949, in Portsmouth, VA, Tony was the son of the late Helen G. Shaver and John Charles Catherine. He was adopted by Frank Plasterer of Lebanon on March 22, 1954. Tony served in the U.S. Marine Corps. He was a part of the 5th Marine division, serving with the Pacific ground forces during the Vietnam Conflict. He earned multiple awards for his combat service in Vietnam. Upon military discharge Tony worked at Fort Indiantown Gap as an electrician. He was later employed as a corrections officer at the Lebanon County Correctional Facility and had worked a security detail at the Lebanon Valley Mall.

Tony had many hobbies, but by far his favorite was fishing, especially when this time was spent with his twin brother Jon E. Plasterer who preceded him in death. The family has no doubt that the two of them are probably enjoying a cold beer while fishing somewhere up in Heaven. Tony had a great sense of humor and enjoyed telling stories to his friends and family. He was a Christian who will be dearly missed by his loved ones here on earth.

Tony is survived by his long-time companion Virginia Rane Sharp; his children H. Kathleen "Kathy" (Plasterer) wife of Barry Conlow and Donna

Marie wife of Jason Schies; grandchildren: Ashley Nichole Plasterer, Bradley Edward Schies, soon to be husband of Olivia Hilal, Chad Thomas Schies husband of Hailey Jordan Schies, and Blake Richard Schies; great granddaughters Violet and Alorah Rivera; and twin great granddaughters on the way; half-brother Ronald Frank of FL; nephew Jon Eugene Plasterer, II, husband of Mary Canellara Plasterer; nieces: Amy Sue (Plasterer) wife of Eric James McCorkel, Lisa (Frank) Roepke, Alexis Frank, and Tracy (Frank) Erikson; several step-sisters; a step-brother; as well as several great nephews and nieces.

In addition to his parents and step-father, Tony was preceded in death by his twin brother Jon Eugene Plasterer.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Wounded Warrior Foundation.

Tony will be buried with military honors at 10:00 a.m. on Friday, April 17, 2026, at Indiantown Gap National Cemetery.

# Cemetery Details

## Indiantown Gap National Cemetery

Indiantown Gap Road  
Annville, PA 17003

# Previous Events

## Graveside Service

APR 17. 10:00 AM - 10:30 AM (DST)

Indiantown Gap National Cemetery  
Indiantown Gap Road  
Annville, PA 17003

# Tribute Wall

AM

“ Remembering this day. It was in October. We went for lunch and I had a long talk with you about forgiveness and kicking Satan’s a\$\$ and how that is done! I guess entering this Holy Week and Jesus sacrifice on the cross reminded me of this day. I’m going to miss having those conversations.



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**Amy McCorkel** - March 28 at 01:27 PM

MH

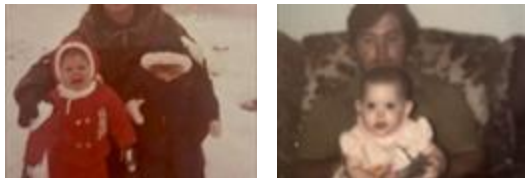
Tony an I became good friends while working at wernersville state hospital he was like a father figure to me I am so sorry to hear he passed I will miss our lunches together

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**Michelle Hussmann** - May 07 at 10:29 PM

DS

“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



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**Donna Schies** - March 21 at 08:25 AM

DS

“ Part 1.25

*My father only completed school up to the 8th grade, but he was a very smart man. He would often spend his evenings reading the encyclopedia. He taught me all the lyrics to the song, the Battle of New Orleans. He is the reason that I learned a little karate. I remember watching Star Trek with him. We always thought he looked a little bit like Captain Kirk. He loved all things Raiders of the Lost Ark and he was a major Star Wars nerd. We sang Billy Joel songs together. He taught me how to ride a bike and he read the Bible to me. He was foundational in making me the person that I am today and for that I am blessed.*



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**Donna Schies** - March 21 at 08:18 AM

DS

“ Part 1.5

*True story: My Dad died on a Sunday. On Monday Night we had a bad power outage due to a storm. Tuesday morning, I still didn't have any electricity. This is funny because my father was an electrician for years. Tuesday was St. Patrick's Day. During my 3rd period class, I checked my Apple watch for the time and I noticed the date. It was stuck on Sunday March 15th. The day he died. I quickly hit the buttons and checked it again, it still said March 15th. After hitting it a few more times it updated to Tuesday March 17th, but I like to think he was with me then.*

*That night when I got home I saw that a large meteor crossed the skies from Pennsylvania into Ohio. Google says, " Meteors have historically and spiritually been interpreted as messages, omens, or "falling stars" from heaven across various cultures and religious traditions. Often viewed as signs of divine intervention, they are linked to prophecies regarding the end times, angelic activity, or celestial beings returning to earth." I know I shouldn't quote Google AI, but I've always been a little superstitious. I still throw salt over my shoulder if I spill it, because my father told me it was bad luck not to, and no one wants bad luck, do they? Anyway, the meteor crossed the skies during my 3rd period. Freaky right? Yeah, I know, but that's a true story and we all need something to believe in.*

*I went to the grocery store that night and the song, "Something to Believe In" by Poison, came on my radio when I shuffled my playlist . Sometimes when I'm stressed I shuffle my playlist and ask God to choose a song for me. This song talks about a veteran and it's super fitting to his situation.*

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Donna Schies - March 21 at 06:52 AM

DS

“ 4 files added to the tribute wall



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**Donna Schies** - March 21 at 06:45 AM

DS

“ Part 2

*Later that night I looked up a few cool religious quotes because I always try to find messages from God to guide me when I'm a little upset. I connected to Romans 3:23 "For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." The bible basically said, no one's perfect and I liked that a lot. It also said, "Be kind and compassionate to one another, forgiving each other, just as Christ God forgave you". Ephesians 4:32. ❤️ That verse is special too!*

*In his last days, my father spoke of forgiveness. He wished us joy and love. He joked with my sons about having a beer, and we all prayed for him and for us together.*

*I bought my husband an Alexa alarm clock for Christmas this year, and I have it set up to play morning music while I get ready for work. Today it played a Lewis Capaldi song that I wasn't familiar with. But these lyrics stuck with me, "You're gone, but something in the Heavens tells me that we'll be together again." I really liked that and you know me, I added it to my playlist because like I said before, I'm a cathartic listener and music is my therapy.*

*Please enjoy some pics of my father, his twin and my wonderful sister, Kathy and me.*

*Special thanks to my super awesome cousins, Amy and Jon, for their incredible support throughout this sensitive time.*

*On a special note my father's legacy will live on genetically because in a few weeks, I'm going to become a grandma for the first time to identical twin girls.*

*Blessings and "The Bit" IYkYK*

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Donna Schies - March 21 at 06:45 AM

JO

“ Uncle Tony and his twin brother, Jon (my dad), are legends in my mind. Their tales of high adventure begin in the alleys of Quentin, race down the streets of Lebanon, fight through the jungles of Vietnam, build/maintain/repair their local communities and ultimately shaped their families. I count myself fortunate to be a close witness to their brotherly bond and powerful love. As legends and heroes go, they weren't like Superman—perfect and pure. No, they were more like Old Testament heroes—incredible, but flawed. They are the heroes who we can truly relate to and learn from. They are loyalty and honor; stubborn and tough; generous and loving. They weren't afraid to fight anyone or anything that didn't uphold their views (even if those views were ones they later changed). For example, when the President pardoned the Vietnam draft dodgers, Uncle Tony and my dad boxed up the medals and citations they earned in Vietnam and mailed them to the White House in protest. Later my dad sort of joked that had he known more about the war, he would have joined them up in Canada. They were critical thinkers and would tell you exactly what they thought about just about anything. If you didn't like it, “you could kiss their big, fat @\$!” In fact both of them were known for picking fights with God. They wrestled with him just like Jacob—although neither of them ever thought they won (Uncle Tony thinks he had God on the ropes once, but it didn't last long). All that piss and vinegar, but matched by the kind of love that would see them taking care of the neighborhood stray cats and an occasional raccoon too. Yeah, I thank the Lord for blessing me with the example of these Old Testament like men. God has shown me that while only Jesus was perfect, he's willing to love us and forgive us no matter how ornery or stubborn we are. Although He may be regretting letting both my uncle and my father into heaven together. They've probably already secured a couple of 1960's muscle cars, souped them up and are burning rubber through the pearly gates. I love you Uncle Tony and Pop—da Bit!

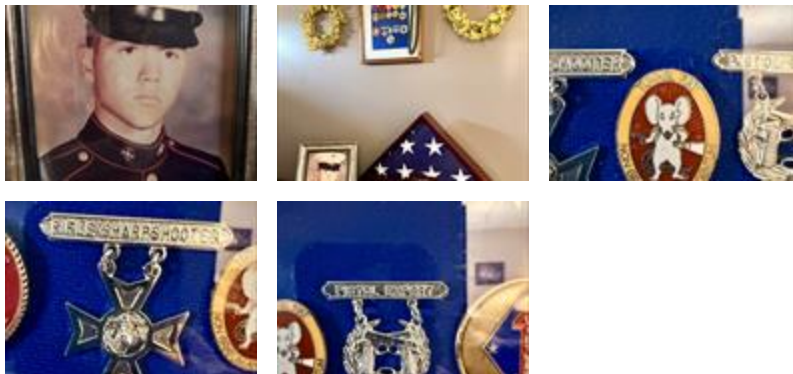
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Jon - March 20 at 11:27 PM

AM

“ So proud of all you have accomplished and over come in your lives! Both my Dad (flag box and medals) and my Uncle (larger picture and medals on the wall) were Marines in Vietnam. They were identical mirror twins and both were 1A in February of 1968. They were having trouble finding work because of their draft status. Neither wanted the other brother to be sent into combat! So unknown to each other, they both, on the same day, signed up for The Marines! They were both sent into combat zones! This was unknown to the other. They both were Tunnel Rats due to their small stature. Both were injured in different ways! Brave doesn't even begin to describe them!

Uncle Tony told me, not that long ago that he always wondered why he survived and so many others didn't. But then he said, "I don't wonder that anymore". I asked him what changed? He said, " he knows that my Dad and him survived because, the world was gonna need my brother Jon, Kathy, Donna and me! That is why they survived. So Donna could mentor children in middle school. So Kathy's kind heart, smile and goodness would be in this world! So Jon could lead and protect this country and the constitution for the future and me, so patients would feel seen, heard, and cared for during their illness. I remember tears filling my eyes as he said this and he said, my Dad would agree that the best part of life are when the kids are small but seeing what they grow into is your reward.

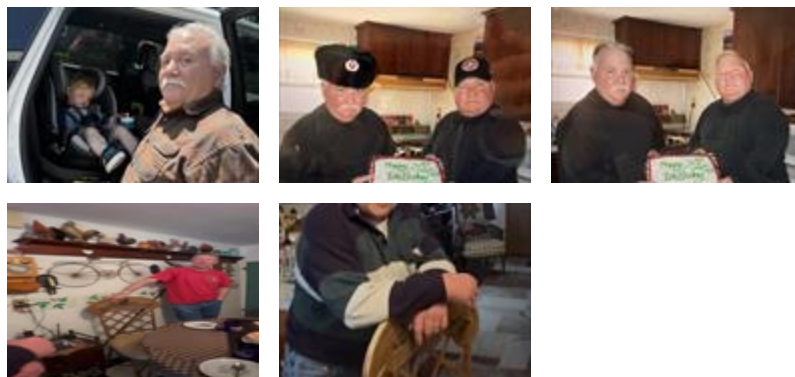


Amy McCorkel - March 19 at 04:49 PM

AM

“ This is a video from his birthday a few weeks ago and a picture of him with Jack. Thanks for the song you sent me this afternoon! It made me smile.

Four days after his stroke on March 8 th he was in the hospital and the nurse was changing a bandage. I could see on his face it hurt. So I asked him if he needed a break. He laughed and said, No. I'm a Rock Star! Then because of his stroke he wasn't sure if he had said it correctly and he looked at me and said, "or is it a Star Rock?" I chuckled and so did he. Then he said, "nope! It is definitely a Rock Star"! Then I said, "well, if you are a Rock Star you need a song!" So he started to sing AC/DC, "she kept her motor clean". So I told him I can play it on my phone if he wanted. So we played 'You shook me all night long'. While he got his dressing changed! He had a big smile on his face!



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Amy McCorkel - March 18 at 08:00 PM

AM

“ *More wonderful memories!*



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**Amy McCorkel** - March 17 at 09:18 PM

AM

“ So many memories. Not sure where to start.

*I remember hearing my uncle Tony and Dad always saying, “The Bit” when we would be done visiting. One day I asked my Dad why they would say that. He told me that when they were in their teen years it wasn’t cool to say Love you, good bye, take care, until next time, or see ya later. Especially, NOT in front of their friends. So, they came up with a code to encompass it all! That is “The Bit”! I remember seeing him and my Dad gathered around the grill at back yard get togethers! They were usually laughing and feeding off of each other with their tales of old!*

*I remember Christmas time get togethers at Grandmas house! When I was older I remember He would come over to mine and Eric’s house when we still lived down in Jonestown, for a beer and a visit. But the memories that I will cherish the most happened in the last year and a half! After my Dad died, my brother and I would go to visit uncle Tony. That always resulted in stories and food ( Virginia liked to feed us whoopie pies) and adventure! In good whether we would go out! Sometimes to visit my Dads plaque at the gap. We would stop in at Snitz Creek Brewery and drive around Memorial Lake. One time we drove around Quentin so he could show us places that he and Dad would run around as kids! I will cherish the look on his face when I decided to see how fast my Jeep would cover the half mile where the would drag race as teens. We almost always would get chocolate ice cream in memory of my Pop! More recently we talked about Heaven, Jesus, Satan and Giants. I was reading the Book of Enoch and he loved hearing my thoughts on it! He said to me, never look into the darkness and to keep my eyes on the light. He had strong faith in our LORD and 2 weeks before he died he told my brother and I a story about a dream he had. He told us that in the dream my Dad said he would see him soon. I had commented that I hoped it wasn’t too soon, because I enjoyed spending time with him. He said he enjoyed our time too, but if something happened he was ready. He wasn’t afraid to die. I will forever be grateful for those words and that last good day with him!*

*The Bit Uncle Tony!*



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**Amy McCorkel** - March 17 at 06:38 PM