



Carl J. Malone

July 13, 1916 - October 22, 2010

Carl J. Malone 94, of Waterville died Friday, October 22, 2010. He was a longtime resident of Mansfield and had also lived in Bridgeport. He had been a farmer and a rancher.

Survivors include his wife Doris Malone of Bridgeport; his children, Aaron Malone of Wasilla, Alaska, Sheldon Malone, of Bridgeport, Clayton Malone of Olalla, Washington, Valynthia Herbert of Arlington; and his adopted sister, Shirley Guyton of Perris, California.

Funeral services will be held at 10:00 A.M. Friday at the mansfield Grange Hall. Visitation will be held from 5 to 8 P.M. Thursday at the Waterville Funeral Home. Arrangements have been entrusted to the Waterville Funeral Home.

Previous Events

Visitation

OCT **28**. 5:00 PM - 8:00 PM (PT)

Waterville Funeral Home
303 West Locust
Waterville, WA 98858

Tribute Wall

ER

“ *Some recorded stories. <http://www.entertainment.com/collections/lr-kxkxqnyb--Carl-Malone>*

Eric - October 30, 2010 at 11:59 AM

CW

“ *Cheryl Malone (Clayton's Wife) sent a virtual gift in memory of Carl J. Malone*



Cheryl Malone (Clayton's wife) - October 27, 2010 at 09:27 PM

CW

“ *2 files added to the tribute wall*



Cheryl Malone (Clayton's wife) - October 27, 2010 at 06:21 PM



“ I’m Clayton Malone, Carl’s third child.

I wanted to share about my dad. To let you know some things about him and how I experienced what a great father he was.

My dad was always around, working all the time, doing farm chores, and taking care of the farm animals. The only time he ever rested was on Sunday when we went to church, starting with the Presbyterian church in Coulee City. He would shave, put on a suit, a splash on Old Spice, and his hat. He provided such a sense of security and safety.

Dad only had a little time to play with us kids. Once we went fishing at Sun Lakes. It was a cool overcast day and we tried worms we dug in the back yard, and probably marshmallows. We didn’t catch anything but it was great being with him and my siblings.

We were building a house in Bridgeport where we were going to live in the winter. He was concerned about our welfare living out in the country where we could get snowed in. I remember that I thought it would be great if we lived in town because the other kids could see what a nice friendly guy he was to kids. I was proud to show him off to the other kids.

Dad was a simple farmer who struggled to make a living for his family with whatever resources he could find. We grew a garden and ground wheat for cereal. He would milk one or two cows, morning and night, every day of the year, and we would help separate the cream to sell, first with a hand crank separator, and later he upgraded to an electric one, which wasn’t as much fun.

He almost never took what we would call a vacation. One time we put a tarp over the cattle racks on the wheat truck and turned it into an RV. We went camping on Gold creek up the Methow river. What an adventure!!

Dad was a handyman and made all kinds buildings, and could repair almost anything. He kept all our old cars running. I know he was doing repairs to be frugal and save money, but he must have had great satisfaction in doing it himself.

Dad knew what was right and wrong and let you know if you messed up. Once I was picking rock on some state land and dumped one bucket of rocks on a neighbor’s pasture that was

littered with rocks. He asked what I did with the rocks and I was honest.. He said he thought I would know better. That was a good lesson for me. I remove the rocks of course.

Dad took great care of his cows. He was proud that his cows were fat at the end of winter whereas some of the neighbors cows were a little skinny. He loved his horse Queenie and his cats and dogs.

Dad was supportive of my decisions and was not overbearing, whether going to college at Washington State University, taking time off college to do some missionary work, or selling books in

Pennsylvania. Those were some of the best times of my life and I learned a lot. (I did finish college by the way.) When I wanted to buy a motorcycle, he showed some concern, but did not dissuade me.

Dad was a humble and gentle man and had charity for others. He was slow to anger, not vain, and always wanted to do right. He knew worldly things were not important.

Dad saw the humanity in everyone, no matter what a person's skin color was. He was always fair with people, honest, and caring for his family and others. I'll always appreciate what a great example he was for me. You're home now in the arms of your Savior. I miss you and love you. Clayton

Clayton Malone - October 27, 2010 at 09:11 AM