



## Donald J. Poirier

June 9, 1934 - August 15, 2014

Donald J. Poirier

June 9, 1934 ~ August 15, 2014

Donald J. Poirier, 80, of Wenatchee, WA, passed away on Friday, August 15, 2014. Donald J. Poirier was born June 9, 1934, to Felix and Eliza (Charron) Poirier at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Yakima, WA. Don attended Marquette High School and lettered in Football and Basketball. He later entered the Coast Guard and was one of the ship's cooks, as they feasted on King Crab while breaking ships out of the ice, off the coast of Alaska.

In 1957, he married Mary Jean Schmidt and they had five children, while Don worked as a baker, his chosen career. In 1996, he married Carol Ann Witten (Travers) and added two more children to his family. He loved to watch sporting events involving his grandchildren, as well as on TV. He was a wonderful life partner, father and grandfather and a generous, God-loving man of common sense, integrity, strong work ethic and extraordinary love.

He was preceded in death by his daughter, Lynn; and infant son, Chris. He is survived by his loving wife, Carol; and his children, Dan (Kathy) Poirier, Scott (Jennifer) Poirier, Mike (Maureen) Poirier, Heidi (Dale) Clark and Amy (Clive) Cole. He is also survived by ten grandchildren, six great-grandchildren, and his longtime pets, Pearl and Gigi. We love you Poppa, always have and

always will!

Memorial Graveside Service will be held at 10:30 a.m. on Friday, August 22, 2014, at Wenatchee City Cemetery. Please express your thoughts and memories of the online guestbook at [jonesjonesbetts.com](http://jonesjonesbetts.com). Arrangements are by Jones & Jones~Betts Funeral Home, Wenatchee.

# Previous Events

## Service

AUG **22**. 10:30 AM (PT)

Wenatchee City Cemetery  
1804 N. Western  
Wenatchee, WA 98801

# Tribute Wall

RA

“ 1 file added to the album *New Album Name*



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**Ray** - November 17, 2022 at 10:13 PM

DP

“ 19 files added to the album *New Album Name*



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**Dan Poirier** - August 21, 2014 at 10:01 AM

“Dad believed in and taught life lessons and values with hands on experience. They were lessons that were learned on your own, making them much more meaningful and life lasting. Dad set the stage and these lessons are what make up my character. At the time, I did not think that I was learning anything of value and it did not seem like much fun. Obviously, I did not understand; but he did. A few tidbits:

- Hand digging a septic drain field that seemed a mile long. Probably only 100 feet.
- Trips to the dump.
- Taking me with him to pay "the bills".
- Me making a deal to paint an entire house for \$50.
- Sweeping a parking lot when my boss only asked me to sweep the sidewalk.
- Returning spare change that I found while cleaning carpets at my job.
- Giving both sides of a decision of mine when asked, but making it my decision.
- Sanding sheet rock.
- Mowing Grandma's yard while on vacation.
- Sticking with a job from the age of 13 until I was 18.
- And then there was the time that Dad told me, after a football game that I played in, that I was a much better running back then he ever was.....Not true, but it was just the right praise at the right time to make it meaningful and lasting.

As it turns out, values were being ingrained in my character traits....**HONESTY, INTEGRITY, LOYALTY, TRUST, COMMITMENT** and **DEDICATION**. And there are the not so little things like doing what you say you will do, doing the very best that you can, giving more than you take and so on and so on. I am still learning from Dad's teachings today....These are all traits that my Daughter has developed and continues to practice as she is working part time, volunteering in the community and paying her own way as she is finishing her final year of law school. Dad lives on in my Daughter

*and I am proud because of him.*

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**Dan Poirier** - August 21, 2014 at 06:37 AM

DP

“ *There are a lot of reasons that I figured out how to work on cars. Most came out of necessity with our family cars. Some of the issues, I caused (a story for another time). We did not have a bunch of money. We always had what we needed; just no extra. Sometimes not quite enough. Replacing water pumps, changing starters, fixing flat tires and push starting old trucks was pretty common around our house.*

*I decided that I wanted my high school hot rod to go faster so I took a perfectly good engine apart to replace the cam and lifters. And while I was at it, I might as well put dual carbs on it and replace the timing chain and a few other odds and ends. There were parts EVERYWHERE. I had never done anything like this before. Dad was not happy with me but he only said two things:*

- 1. "You will NEVER get that car back together again"*
- 2. "If you start something, finish it"*

*Well, in the end, the car did get put back together again and was one of the fastest cars at my school, but that is a different story.*

*Some call it stubborn. My wife has called it, on occasion, "relentless". I take that as a compliment.....I wonder where I got that from.*

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**Dan Poirier** - August 21, 2014 at 04:45 AM

DP

“ Lessons from Dad came in all kinds of shapes and sizes, but always while doing something else that didn't seem, at the time, to make any sense. I remember my 13th birthday well. Dad took me to Western Auto to get me my first gun. I was so excited. Dad pointed and said to the man behind the counter, "let me take a look at that one". The man pulled down a single shot 20 gauge Winchester shotgun. The price was \$39. Dad looking it over, opened it up and looked down the barrel and then handed the gun to me and said "how does that feel?".....I held the gun up to my shoulder. It felt perfect.....But I wanted a fancy pump shotgun. I asked Dad if we could look at one of those as I pointed to a pump shotgun. Dad nodded to the man and he handed me the gun. I really wanted that gun, but it did not feel quite as good when I held it up to my shoulder. But it just made sense. After all I could shoot more than once and could get more ducks.....In the end I ended up with the great fitting Winchester single shot. Dad said "when you only have one chance, you learn to hit what you are aiming at. You will be a better shot". And then I had to hear all of the stories again about Dad hunting with his father's single shot and so on and so on.....Funny thing: I became a pretty damn good shot and always came home with more ducks than my friends did with their fancy guns.....Seems like I learned more that day than the best gun to get to shoot ducks.

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Dan Poirier - August 21, 2014 at 04:21 AM

DP

“ I had worked long and hard washing dishes and sweeping floors at a family friend's restaurant; a job that Dad got me and that I had held since I was 13. I had saved up \$800 and was ready to find my high school hot rod. I went all over town with friends looking at cars of all shapes and sizes; only the really cool ones. The ones that I REALLY, REALLY, REALLY wanted I would ask Dad to come and look at them with me. He always went. But there was always some crazy reason that he came up with as to why I should not get the car. Either it was too loud, leaked too much oil, "rides like a truck", had too much rust or had some strange noise coming from the engine.

After looking at about every hot rod in town, I finally found the perfect car and it was only a block away. It was a jet black 69 Chevelle Super Sport, with bucket seats and a 4 speed. It was perfect. The only problem was that it was \$1200. I drug Dad to check it out. I had no clue how I was going to come up with the extra \$400. But I REALLY wanted this one....."You don't want that car. It is a drug dealer's car". Dang, this is the craziest reason of all.

I had just about given up when one night, while looking at the classified ads, Dad said, "We should go look at this car".....This could not be good, I thought, if Dad likes it. I asked him what kind of car it was and he said, It's a "shove it or leave it". These were Dad's words for a Cheverolet. When we pulled up there it sat; a 1967 blue Chevelle Super Sport with a 396 engine, bench seat and a 4 speed. No fancy wheels (stock hub caps); just the way that it rolled off the showroom floor. The for sale sign said \$850. The car was owned by a young couple with a child and one more on the way. Dad and I took it for a ride and Dad said "this is the one". To this day I do not know if he negotiated the price to my \$800 limit or paid the extra \$50 himself. All that I knew was that I had my high school hot rod and that the best things are worth working for and worth waiting for.

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Dan Poirier - August 21, 2014 at 03:54 AM

DP

“Dad always had a life lesson to share if I took the time to listen. Usually I did NOT listen, but the lesson always came back around to me a few years later anyway. There was the time that Dad was breaking in a new "Clean-up Kid" at the bakery and Dad put a \$20 bill under the flour bin. The new "Clean-up Kid" was to move all of the bins and sweep and mop the entire floor. After the "Clean-up Kid" had assured Dad that he had moved everything and all was well, Dad would take him over and pull the flour bin out to discover the crisp \$20 bill laying on the floor. Dad quickly scooped up the \$20 bill, put it in his pocket and said "do it again", telling him that "if a job is worth doing, it is worth doing right". In retrospect, maybe I did listen.

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Dan Poirier - August 21, 2014 at 02:52 AM

DP

“Every two weeks, when I would come home from school, Dad would say "lets go Junior". We would get in to the old red 56 Buick station wagon and make our rounds. First the Water Department; then the Power Company and so on. We would pull up out front and Dad would hand me \$10 (always cash) and the bill, and say "Here ya go Junior, get a receipt and bring back the change". I would dutifully run in, pay the bill (sometimes just part of the bill) and return with the receipt and any change. Always after our rounds would be a stop at the local grocery store for a Rocky Road candy bar (Dad's favorite).....Sometimes it would be a stop for a "deluxe" cheese burger. These were the times when Dad had worked overtime and had an extra \$5. Today, I still prefer cash to credit cards; and hate checks.

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Dan Poirier - August 21, 2014 at 02:35 AM

DP

“ *Elementary School Field Days were special. Not only did you get to leave school for a few hours with the class to take a fun trip to "learn" and see new things but the evening before Dad always took me shopping at the grocery store to buy special things to pack in my lunch. Mine always amounted to pink marshmallow snowballs and a can of soda pop. Naturally, on the way home we quickly scarfed down Dad's favorite Rocky Road candy bar and a Pay Day for me.*

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**Dan Poirier** - August 21, 2014 at 02:16 AM

DP

“ *3 files added to the tribute wall*



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**Dan Poirier** - August 20, 2014 at 07:43 PM

SP

“ When we were young, Pop owned an old truck (like a 57 Chevy truck) that he used to get to and from work. The color of the truck can best be described as rust. There were holes in the rockers, in the bed of the truck, through the doors, and you could actually see the ground through the floor pan in the cab. There were more patch panels than original steel, the mirrors were falling off and the front bumper was holding on by one bolt. The truck was a heap.

For Dad's birthday, Mom bought each kid a can of red spray paint and we attempted to paint the truck. I didn't think it was possible that the truck could actually look worse than when we started but it did. When dad got home, he looked at the truck as we yelled happy birthday. He saw how excited and proud we were for painting his truck. He smiled, smirked, scoffed, pointed, laughed, and said thanks for the best birthday gift ever. He looked past the end result and understood that the effort and thought was what was important. Looking back at this particular birthday, I now understand that through his actions, he gave us the gift. But that was my dad . . . he gave more than he took. Incidentally, the truck was sold shortly afterward.

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Scott Poirier - August 20, 2014 at 05:46 PM

SP

“ We didn’t have a lot of money when growing up but I do remember meaningful and generous gestures from Pop. For example, I remember packing up to leave after visiting from college . . . mom and dad would go through the cupboards and find food for me to last through until my next visit. There would always be a sack of groceries waiting for me. There were times when I would get into my car and it would be filled with gas. But the memory that sticks with me the most was when Pop would stand out by my car and take out his wallet. It wasn’t that he would get into his wallet and shuffle through multiple \$20 dollar bills and pull a couple out. He grabbed everything in the wallet - \$13 or \$19 or \$23 or \$7 dollars . . . Whatever he had in his wallet would be given to me. I didn’t understand the significance of this until later . . . to give every dollar he had to make my life better was indicative of how he lived his life. “Family before self” was not just a slogan for Pop.

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**scott poirier** - August 20, 2014 at 03:51 PM

SP

“ I remember a time when an Ellensburg radio station was conducting a promotion to celebrate a store’s 10th anniversary in business. The radio station announced that the first male adult to ride in the door on a tricycle wearing a cowboy hat would win a prize. Pop just got home from work and we were all begging him to grab the old tricycle and run down to the store. The tricycle was beat up . . . seat was broken, both rear wheels would fall off, right pedal missing . . . nearly inoperable. Dad grabbed it, ran down to the store and was the first one to ride through the store . . .” yeehawing” and looking like Roy Rogers. We won a hot wheels track that we played with for many years. Incidentally, the 3 foot orange plastic tracks were also great for sword fights and leaving welts on your brothers.

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**Scott Poirier** - August 20, 2014 at 02:14 PM

SP

“Pop was a “look you in the eye and shake your hand” kind of guy. He was a throwback to a time when your word was your personal promise and binding contract. Dad believed strongly in following through with what he said and to make sure that what was given was more than promised. He trusted others to do the right thing as well and was disappointed when that trust was broken. Fortunately, he was forgiving and believed in the concept of “best intentions.”

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**Scott Poirier** - August 20, 2014 at 01:59 PM

G(

“One of my favorite things about grandpa was his “interesting” sense of humor. Every time I saw him, he always asked how many girlfriends I had, or how many girls I could fit in my car. For some reason, the number of girlfriends seemed to be an important gauge of grandson status. So of course, I would always increase the number of girlfriends in my answer. I think at last count, grandpa thought I had over 100 girlfriends at one time.

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**Gavin Poirier (Grandson)** - August 20, 2014 at 01:27 PM

SP

“ I learned a great deal from my dad . . . work ethic was one of those things.

*A friend of ours owned a restaurant in Longview called Henry's. It snowed one day and he needed the parking lot shoveled. All three boys were going to get \$5 for shoveling the parking lot (a lot of money at that time). The snow was heavy and after three hours of labor, it was still not complete. Henry gave us the \$5 anyway. After dad finished his job (from 4:00 am to noon), he came to pick us up but noticed there was still some snow covering the parking lot. He required us to make a decision . . . give the money back or finish the job the right way. I learned that if you are going to do a job, it better be done right. That is an example of the expectations and standards that pop exhibited. Pop taught us a lot but you had to “discover” the lesson in order for it to sink in.*

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**Scott Poirier** - August 20, 2014 at 01:17 PM

SP

“ When I think about the memories of those that have passed, I think about their legacy . . . the things they have done through life that define their existence.

*Pop didn't climb Mount Everest, or win a gold medal in the Olympics, or break any world records . . . but believe me when I say that he did leave a legacy. The character traits that he possessed (work ethic, integrity, honesty, loyalty, dependability, giving, respectful, sense of duty, and honor . . . just to name a few) are things that have been passed down to me and the legacy continues as I pass these traits down to my three boys. The impact of my father will live on through his grandchildren, great grandchildren and so on. I guess in a way, that could be considered the grandest legacy of all as his impact will be felt for generations in the future. I'll miss you pop.*

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**Scott Poirier** - August 20, 2014 at 01:01 PM

SP

“ 9 files added to the album *New Album Name*



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**Scott Poirier** - August 20, 2014 at 12:38 PM