

Harold Walter Minea

March 20, 1928 - June 26, 2015

Harold Minea, passed away Friday, June 26, 2015 due to complications from Parkinson's disease. Hal was 87. He lived a good life. He was married to Evelyn Minea, for over 66 years. They raised 3 children: Robert of Seattle WA, Kristina Adee of Lynnwood, WA and John (Lynn) of Peoria, Ill. He was grandpa to 7 and great grandpa to 3. He served as a firefighter with the Seattle Fire Department for 32 years. He was an avid bowler and active in the Wenatchee bowling Association, a dedicated Seattle Mariners fan, and he loved dragons and dinosaurs. There will be no service. His ashes will be interred at the Crown Hill Cemetery in Seattle WA.

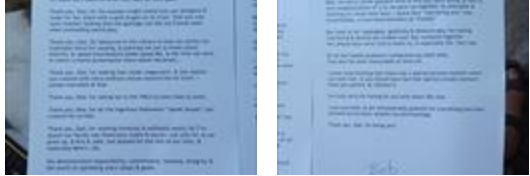
In lieu of flowers, please make a memorial donation to: The Northwest Parkinson's foundation at : 400 Mercer Street # 503 Seattle, WA 98109 Or: <https://nwpcf.org/give/donate-mnow/> Select "Make a Gift in Tribute" Select "In memory of" Harold Minea.

Please express your thoughts and memories on the online guest book at jonesjonesbetts.com. Arrangements are by Jones & Jones-Betts Funeral Home.

Tribute Wall

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“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



Robert Minea - June 24, 2024 at 05:37 PM

KA

“ A father is a thing that is forced to endure childbirth without an anesthetic;

A father is a thing that growls when it feels good and laughs very loud when it's scared him to death.

A father never feels entirely worthy of the worship in a child's eyes. He is never quite the hero his daughter thinks, never quite the man his son believes him to be and this worries him, sometimes. So, he works too hard to try and smooth the rough places in the road for those of his own who will follow him.

A father is a thing that gets very angry when the first school grades aren't as good as he thinks they should be. He scolds his sons though he knows it's the teacher's fault.

Fathers are what give daughters away to other men who aren't nearly good enough so they can have grandchildren who are smarter than anybody's.

Father's make bets with insurance companies about who'll live the longest. And one day they lose.

I don't know where fathers go when they die. But I've an idea that after a good long rest, wherever it is, he won't be happy unless there's work to do. He won't just on a cloud and wait for the girl he's loved and the children she bore. He'll be busy there too, repairing stairs, oiling the gates, improving the streets, building the homes, soothing the way.

LOVE YOU AND MISS YOU DADDY!!! Kristina

Kristina Adee - September 28, 2015 at 05:08 PM