



Alice Lynn Stirling

April 11, 1950 - March 3, 2026

On March 3rd, Lynn Stirling made her final “last call.” After a life spent caring for others, remembering people’s favorite orders, and making sure every customer felt like her favorite customer, she finished her final shift.

Known by many as half of “the twins” or as the longtime manager of Katzenjammers, Lynn was fun-loving and lit up every room she walked into. She never met a stranger; every person she met was welcomed into her life, and she cared for them in every way she could.

Born in Charleston, South Carolina on April 11, 1950, to Patricia and Harold, Lynn was the oldest of her siblings- though just 16 minutes older than her twin sister, Annie. She loved Annie in the most genuine and deeply profound way. The two were truly halves of a whole, perfectly balancing each other throughout their lives.

In 1964, Lynn’s family moved from South Carolina to Aberdeen, Washington, graduating from Aberdeen High School in 1968. That same year she married Keith, and together they had three children: Christiaan, Jessica, and Jens. Lynn endured unimaginable loss when her first son, Christiaan, was killed in a car accident at just 10 months old.

Later, the family moved to Leavenworth. After she and Keith divorced, Lynn married Bob Stirling, and they welcomed her youngest child, Laura, before they divorced.

Lynn began working at Katzenjammers Restaurant in 1973, where she would spend the next 35 years. Her time at the “Katz” was one of her proudest

accomplishments. She cultivated her staff carefully and held everyone to a high standard of service. Her coworkers became her extended family, and many of their children were raised together alongside her own. No task was too big or too small for Lynn, and she always led by example.

She was never “just a waitress” – she was a career server. Lynn attended conferences and training courses to refine her craft and remained deeply committed to the restaurant industry. When Katzenjammers closed, she continued working at the Cottage Inn and later JJ Hills until her retirement. While many people knew Lynn from the Katz or from the golf course- where she could often be found on her days off-her family knew another side of her just as well. She was deeply devoted to them, always ready with thoughtful advice, sharp humor, and unforgettable stories.

Lynn was fiercely independent and never intimidated by a challenge. She once changed the head gasket on her car using nothing more than a repair book for guidance. She handled her own home repairs and approached life with determination and fearlessness. In her retirement years, she spent a lot of time with her youngest grandchild, Macy, teaching her to sew and garden and laughing and being silly. She was focused on being that spot that soft spot to land for Macy as she navigated life.

Lynn chose a very special day to move her party to heaven. She passed on the same day as her nephew Jim did 5 years prior, and the family finds comfort in knowing he was there to welcome her with open arms—along with her son Christiaan, her mother Patricia, her father Harold, her nephew Christopher, and many other family members and friends who went before her.

No amount of time with Lynn would ever have been enough for those who loved her. She leaves behind her siblings Annie (Michael) Horey, David Rudd, Linda (Dave) Wentworth, Chuck (Jeanette) Moyer, and Heidi (Steve) Bailey; her children Jessica, Jens and Laura; and her beloved grandchildren Mikhail, Mary, Jordyn, Jens II, Jesse, Kristen, Tallie, and Macy, as well as many nieces and nephews, and great grandchildren.

In lieu of flowers, the family asks that donations be made to the Mountain Meadows Employee Appreciation Committee in Lynn's Honor. The Family would like to recognize the amazing doctors at Confluence and Cascade Medical Center as well as the hardworking caregivers and staff at Mountain Meadows and the hospice team that treated Lynn with honor and dignity in her final days. And if you find yourself sharing a meal, a laugh, or a quiet moment with friends, raise one last glass in her honor. For a woman who spent her life making others feel welcome at the table, it feels only fitting to toast her one more time.