



Francis "Frank" Eugene Bonwell

April 15, 1954 - August 17, 2021

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Frank Bonwell left this world and was reunited with his beloved wife, Debby, on August 17, 2021 at the age of 67 years old. To Frank, it seemed as though life was just not worth living after she was gone.

Frank was born in Wenatchee, WA on April 15, 1954 to Loren and Marianne Bonwell. Around the time he graduated from Eastmont High School, he met my mom and the rest is history. They married in 1973 and a few years later they had me, their only child, Steffanie. We had a few pets over the years, but my dad's best, four-legged, friend was our Shar-Pei named Grunt. Always known as a tough guy, Grunt melted my dad's heart and turned him into a teddy bear. I believe the day we lost Grunt was one of the saddest days for my dad until my mom passed in June, 2021.

Frank spent most of his adult life working at the Washington State Department of Transportation, building highways, blowing up rocks, and generally harassing the contractors on his job. Those who worked with him either loved him or hated him. If you hated him, it was often because you screwed up and he let you know it. After spending close to 35 years with the WSDOT, he

retired and planned to spend lots of time camping with my mom. They were able to go on many fun trips in their motorhome and even travelled to Alaska and Hawaii.

Besides camping, my dad enjoyed working around the house. There was nothing he couldn't fix. Our lawn was always perfectly manicured, and you could often find him hosing off our sidewalk or driveway (something that I inherited from him) to relax. He also liked to make people laugh and it seemed like he knew everyone in town. I used to think that the only reason why he went to Costco was to socialize and make sure that my mom got him a jar of red licorice! Dad's biggest vice was sweets. Mint Chocolate Chip Ice Cream and cookies were among his favorites. He would often tell me to bring him a chocolate shake or frozen Coke when I came to visit!

Those who knew my dad, understood how important his family was to him. He was the best daddy and more importantly, my best buddy. He loved to fish, so that meant he had a daughter who fished. We fished and camped with my grandparents at Wapato Lake all throughout my childhood. And for nearly 30 years, we travelled every summer to Sekiu, WA to fish for salmon. My dad taught me all his fishing secrets and how to navigate the ocean waters in his boat. His proudest moment, as a father, was when I caught my first big salmon, and his second proudest moment was when he gave me the keys to his boat and named me its captain. While my mom didn't enjoy Sekiu as much as my dad and I, she loved to see us spend time together. My dad was truly happy when he was with his "two girls". His eyes would light up when my mom or I walked into the room and we would be greeted with a "Hiya Babe" or "Hi Buddy".

I've always known my dad to be a man of his word. He promised my mom he would be there for her in sickness and in health. He kept that promise and so did she. He promised me that he would never forget me, no matter how bad

his dementia became. He kept that promise, the most important promise he ever made to me. He was my Superman and I miss him very much.

A memorial will be held at a later date when it is safer to gather. I want any and all who loved my dad to be able to attend, tell funny stories, and eat some sweets!