



## James I Miller

May 2, 1932 - June 3, 2012

James I. Miller, 80, a 20 year Wenatchee resident, passed away at home on Sunday, June 3, 2012.

He was born on May 2, 1932 at Burbank, Washington to the late James Isaac and Ester (Larsen) Miller. He was raised on the Miller Family Homestead located just west of Newport, Washington. He graduated from the Newport High School in 1950. He continued his education at Eastern Washington College in Cheney prior to entering the U.S. Navy and serving during the Korean Conflict as an Aviation Mechanic. He met Beverly Mae Anderson while in college and they were later married on August 2, 1952 in Wenatchee. She continued her college studies while James served in the Navy. Following his honorable discharge, they moved to Newport, where he worked in the logging industry with his brother. He followed up his aviation training by attending Northrop Aviation Technical College in Los Angeles, California. He went to work for the Boeing Aircraft Company in 1956 at the Moses Lake operation as a Mechanic. In 1960, they moved to the Federal Way-Redondo area and he went to work at the Seattle Boeing Plant. In 1971, he went to work as Maintenance Manager for Alaska Airlines at SeaTac Airport. He retired in 1992 and they moved to Wenatchee that same year.

James was a member of King's Orchard Church of Christ in Wenatchee. He enjoyed waterskiing, hunting, sailing, motorcycling, helping his wife with her arts and crafts and taking trips to the ocean with his granddaughters. He is survived by his wife of 59 years, Beverly A. Miller, Wenatchee; one

daughter and son-in-law, Sue Miller & Heinz Schlips, Seoul, S. Korea; one son, Scott Miller, Bellingham, WA; one brother, Lowell Miller, Enumclaw, WA; two sisters, Barbara Wisdom, Olympia, WA and Beverly Proctor, Longbranch, WA and three granddaughters, Crystal Miller, Bellingham, WA, Katie Goertzen, Langlely, B.C., Canada and Jodi Miller, Cassidy, B.C., Canada. He was preceded in death by his parents.

A Commemoration Service will be held on Thursday, June 7th at 2:00 p.m. at King's Orchard Church of Christ, 1610 Orchard Street, Wenatchee, with Dale Linge, Minister officiating. You are invited to visit his online Tribute at [www.HeritageMemorialChapel.com](http://www.HeritageMemorialChapel.com) . Arrangements are in the care of Heritage Memorial Chapel, East Wenatchee.

# Tribute Wall

SM

“ In reflecting, anyone who knew my dad at all understood the nature of his character. Descriptive words coming to mind include: *hardworking, generous, musical, honest, faithful, loving and quiet.* The passage in *I Thessalonians 4* certainly encapsulates dad's consistent approach:

*"Make it your ambition to lead a quiet life, to mind your own business and to work with your hands, just as we told you, so that your daily life may win the respect of outsiders and so that you will not be dependent on anybody." (11, 12)*

*Indeed, dad was quiet; often serious and moody, and could never tell you why because he didn't know himself. He could come across as gruff and a bit scary. I recall the many times when he instilled a fearful, occasionally frustrated respect within me just by a cross look or a barking command such as "...do it because I said so!"*

*He held high expectations for us.*

*Even today, I don't know if I met dad's expectations as completely as he had wished. I know he'd wanted me to become a secretary, and to behave a bit more traditionally. Likewise, there were many times when I wished my dad could have been more in tune with his body and his health habits, and been willing to make the effort to become more physically fit through a targeted exercise program. But these were not to be.*

*Once I asked him why he was so quiet. He replied, "I never could get a word in edge-wise because... [while he was growing up...] my brother and sisters talked constantly. I guess I just sort of gave up before I could learn to do it like they did." Truly, he was a man of few words. Yet, when he did say something, he usually meant it.*

*On the flip side, dad also knew how to have fun. He liked boats and water and camping. He taught us how to water-ski and to snow-ski. He played several different instruments and had a great sense of rhythm. One of my most vivid memories is of dad when he would take out the accordion. What entertainment that was! He had about 5 songs memorized, and as he played each one, our Chihuahua dogs would cover their ears with tiny paws and howl. Between the dogs' howls and dad's music, we laughed and laughed.*

*He was also really talented at building things. He built fences and*

decks for the homes we lived in. He could fix almost anything, often without referring to written instructions. He built a play-house and a sandbox, both out of wood, for us to play with, in the backyard. He designed a huge dollhouse when I was about 9 years old, which we furnished creatively and cheaply with recycled bits of carpet and other found materials. He helped put the roof on the church building, and I can remember the unusual odor of fiberglass emerging from the garage as he resurfaced the speed-boat. He belonged to a sailing club for a while...he loved the peace of the water, and enjoyed learning the finer components of recreational sailing, and liked to take us along.

Extraordinarily generous, dad gave often of his talents, time and money. If anyone needed help moving, dad was there helping. He gave generously to charity and to church. Both he and my mother looked for ways to save money and never spent it unnecessarily. Having grown up during The Great Depression, they both lived as if they had almost nothing, and they did acquire investments. We shopped at swap meets for used ski equipment, went to rummage/yard sales and discount stores for clothes. Mom sewed clothes for us when she could, and did home canning. Though I never took up home canning, I did learn how to look for the "good deals" on everything from food, to clothes, to shoes, and more, and to look for ways to save whenever I possibly could.

When Grandpa Jim Miller passed, dad inherited a considerable sum of money. I was still paying off my college loan when this happened. I still recall the day, back in 1993, that the inheritance check arrived. Dad was excited to receive it, and I decided to push my luck. "Dad," I asked, "...would you be willing to let me borrow the rest of what I owe on the loan, from you? I would pay you back." Usually dad agreed to my requests, especially the reasonable ones. I was taken aback when he replied, "No, Sue. I'm not going to loan you the money," he said. I felt my heart sinking a little. "But, I will just pay off that loan right this minute! What's the phone number?" What an exciting day that was...the burden of the loan was lifted, and I was finally free! We both had a laugh while speaking to the federal loan officer over the telephone, who assumed we must have won the

*lottery.*

*Dad acknowledged me, as a daughter, and my successes in special ways. Sometimes he just surprised me. When I was 8, for no specific reason he brought home a beautiful Japanese Geisha doll handmade by a co-worker at The Boeing Company. I still have it. When I made it on the Dean's List at W.S.U. in 1981, he gifted me with a plane ticket so I could visit my cousin Sheryl in California during Spring Break. Perhaps my fondest of all memories of dad was during the spring and summer of 1993. He was freshly retired and enjoying life and health. I was between jobs and staying with them in the new Wenatchee house. We got to spend considerable quality time together...and he was wonderful to be around because, without the stresses of a full time job, he was nearly always in a good mood! In the fall of '93, I was to head to Japan for a teaching position. Dad drove me across the Cascade Mountains to SeaTac Airport. Never had I felt so close to my dad as I did then. Both of us remained teary-eyed as we said good-bye.*

*There is so much more I could write about my father. At present, I am so glad he is out of pain. I never wanted him to suffer as he has. We only ever wanted him healthy and well. I will always love my dad.*

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**Sue Miller** - June 11, 2012 at 08:21 AM

JW

“ *The Jim Miller family are a blessing to all who know them which is such a testament to the man, the husband, the father, the grandfather, the friend that you were, James Miller. His memory will carry on in the manner in which you each lead your life and share his humor in such loving memories. May God bless each of you in ways that are His and always pour his love through you.*

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**John Walker** - June 06, 2012 at 06:42 PM

RJ

“ My favorite memory of Jim is when he watched Susie and I while our moms took a trip to Victoria. He fed us airline food from work which I thought was such a treat and that he must really have a special job to get it. He had built this amazing doll house for Susie and I thought it was beautiful. We got to decorate it with scraps of wallpaper and carpet and I knew he really treasured his children to do something like that. What a great dad!

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**Riesa Johnson** - June 06, 2012 at 04:19 PM