

William "The Rat" Cronrath

April 7, 1946 - September 22, 2025

William (The Rat) Cronrath

"Life is no brief candle to me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got a hold c
want
to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations.

After a valiant effort to want to continue living in his self proclaimed "Valhalla Valley, Bill went on to God's Spirit World on September 22, 2025

Bill was born in Oelien, Iowa, on April 7th, 1946. A true Preacher's son (with the many stories) of Lutheran Minister Rev. Luther W. Cronrath and mother Betty V. Cronrath. The oldest of three children followed by brother James and sister Ann.

Bill moved from Chewelah, Wash to " Mayberry" (Cashmere; WA) USA in the 8th grade shortly after he broke his leg in football. He was the much noticed "NEW KID" on crutches with a full hard cast on his left leg. Bill went on through high school at his beloved Cashmere, Bulldogs, graduating class 1964. He lettered in both Football and Basketball. He was also an Eagle Scout who worked on the Wenatchee River paddle project.

Lifelong friend Darrell Collins shares: I have known Bill for 67 years. We have

been friends since 8th grade when Bill moved from Chewelah to Casmere. We have had so many memorable experiences it would be impossible to recount all of them. Bill was my mentor in golf. He took me to a golf outlet store in Seattle and helped me decide on the correct clubs. Our families were intertwined with many trips and excursions through the years. Bill was an exceptional person. He was kind, easy to be with, non-judgmental, trustworthy and humble. I miss Bill - especially his dry humor.

Darrell & Jan Collins

From this point forward in 1966, for the next 60 years Bill and I (Pam) would often reflect how blessed to have each other as heart and soul mates. With all of life's challenges (and we had fewer than most) I looked forward to sharing each new day with Bill. Like our nephew Eric Gere said to me; "Here's this quiet unassuming guy, "The Rat" but you just want to be around him." So, that's me too , Pam the wife. My life was just good when I was around my Billy Rat. We became Bill and Pam for the rest of his life. "No time on this earth is long enough to share with the person we love."

This writing tells the story of LOVE , FAMILY, FRIENDS, AND MAKING MEMORIES of a LIFETIME

Dating, Marriage, College

We started dating in 1966 while I was completing my senior year HS at Peshastin-Dryden; Peshastin, Wa. Bill was a freshman at Pacific Lutheran University (PLU) Tacoma Wa. He joined the PLU swim team as a diver for his first 2 years. On one visit home back to Dryden he took his shirt off to show me the deep black scrape that went straight from his neck down to his hip. An almost disastrous back flip. He also joined and rowed for the CREW team at

PLU. The Crew team at PLU was most known for storing the Husky Clipper in their boat shed for several years; the 1936 German Hitler OLYMPIC winner.

I was enrolled in the Deaconess School of Nursing in Wenatchee, Wa. This was a highly regarded 3 yr. Diploma program and very difficult. My Mom and Dad were so proud; they squeezed together without fail each week a five dollar bill in my mail. I was a 1st generation college in our family.

With the Viet Nam war escalating and many of our friends being drafted; Bill decided to join the Navy Reserves as a precaution. He was still drafted and required to report to San Diego, Naval Academy for basic.

He proposed to me with the understanding I would temporarily quit my nursing program; we would get married that fall; move to San Diego together while awaiting his ship the USS Cree deployment to Viet Nam.

October 6th, 1967 (Pam 19 yrs; Bill 21 yrs) wedding day. We had a large formal wedding with several 100 guests at the Grace Lutheran Church, Cashmere, Wa. Bill's dad Rev. Luther Cronrath and his Grandpa Rev. Herman Cronrath jointly performed the wedding. Bill arrived quite late for the wedding telling me "I'm not sure this is right for us?" I told him in strong words "I don't care if we get a divorce tomorrow, we are getting married now". As you see those vows were upheld for a lifetime.

I did quit Nursing School and go to San Diego with Bill still thinking if he goes to Viet Nam we would be apart for a year. As it turns out, with only one week before his deployment the Navy discharged from active duty many reservists; Bill being one of them.

We came back to Vallhalla Wenatchee, Wa. Bill got his business degree from

PLU and I got my Nursing Degree. Our first son Rod (5/9/70) was 3 weeks old at Bill's PLU graduation. Jobs were tight for Bill, and he was elated to get a Meter Reading job at Chelan Co. PUD, Wenatchee. (1970).

Rodney D. Cronrath (son), Melany (wife), Mason (grandson-25 yr), Ryan (grandson-22 yr)

Tribute to My Father, the RAT:

My father, the RAT, was a man I deeply admired and cherished growing up. He always made

time to listen and talk—about anything, big or small in life.

He motivated me to start playing high school football as a freshman, and I went on to play all

four years. I loved every minute of it, and it all started with his encouragement.

I have so many great memories of our family ski trips up at Mission Ridge (and, of course, the

yummy boda bag), countless fishing trips with Dad, Grandpa, and the family, and late nights

playing pinochle around the card table.

Dad was the one who took me to my Air Force induction at the Spokane MEPS center and saw

me off on what became a 27-year Air Force career. As many of you remember, Dad had a BIG

moustache for many years—but the day he dropped me off at the Air Force, he shaved it off and never grew it back.

My father had a special gift for connection. He built deep, personal relationships with everyone

he called friend or family, and each person knew they truly mattered to him.

He set the example for me and my brother every day of our lives. He was a role model in every

sense of the word, and I am forever grateful for the lessons he taught us by how he lived his life.

I know we will see each other again someday, Dad—at the 17th hole, have a cold one ready!

Chris Cronrath (son), Heather (wife), Will (grandson, 23) Carson (grandson, 19) Hazel (grand daughter, 15)

A Son's Tribute to His Dad: By Chris:

Like you, Dad, I've always been a man of few words—but when I speak from the heart, it's real. And this comes from deep within all my favorite memories of you. You were more than just my father. You were my friend, my role model,

and the steady hand in my life. I was lucky to have 51 awesome years with you—and every one of them meant something. Some of my best memories go back to our house on Monitor Street. It was always full of life—family, friends, laughter in the backyard, pool games, barbecues, music, and joy. You built that environment. People wanted to be around you. Around us. I still remember our first Seahawks game together in the Kingdome. I was ten years old, and you had me hooked from the start. Years later, we shared 23 years as season ticket holders—going to games together, cheering side by side, and capping it all off with our post-game casino trips. That was our time. That was our tradition. A tradition my brother and I carry on with today. And golf—how many Sunday mornings did we spend chasing birdies and laughing off double bogeys in Leavenworth? Those Sunday mornings in Leavenworth are some of my favorite memories. You never critiqued or coached. You just showed up, played, and supported us. Quietly, patiently. That showed me what being a father really looks like. Rod and I witnessed your hole-in-one on hole #9 at Leavenworth. What a great memory for all of us. I will never forget the 25 years at the Rat Scramble, with Alta Lake as the place to be on the second week of August, so many memories with family and friends.

And none of us will ever forget when you finally got your name on the plaque as a champion in one of your last rounds. Our family games of five-card pinochle were another favorite—more than just cards, it was a connection. A tradition we never passed up, every family gathering, “knuck” was always being played. You also gave so much of your time taking me to hockey practices and games across the state, year after year. Always there. Always filming, always cheering. You never missed a moment. And then there were our family trips to Smugglers Villa in the San Juans—deep sea fishing, backyard feasts, knuck tourneys with all our families and friends, and those intense, early games of pickleball, played like it was the US Open, before most people even knew what the sport was. I swear, Smugglers (we) might’ve

invented it. Growing up, Rod and I tested your patience plenty. We might've thrown a party or two at the School St. house when you and Mom were away. But you never would get angry. You showed us what it meant to stand by your kids—even when we made it tough. We made so many great memories up on the “hill”. I've always looked up to you—your work ethic, your integrity, your calm presence. The way you genuinely listened to people. You were honest. Humble. Devoted to your family. And you truly loved life. So much of who I am today is because of you. I've got a beautiful family, a satisfying career at Chelan PUD I care deeply about—just like you did—and I try every day to live by your words: “Never give up. Never give in”.

I miss you, Dad. I love you. We'll see each other again; Have our clubs ready--Chris

Heather Cronrath (daughter in law) recalls: My memories span over 31 years. For me, it was how their home easily became my home. When I started dating Chris at the age 15 and spent endless hours at the “Cronrath House” as a young teenager in highschool and a college student coming home on the weekends, it become my second home! And when I say home, I mean it... always welcomed, taken in as part of the family, enjoyed wonderful dinners, yummy Bbq's, stories, laughter, etc,. Truly an amazing father in law! Thank you!

The Grandchildren Recall:

Some of our favorite memories are:

-Making Christmas sugar cookies with grandpa being the very fair judge and always participating.

-The numerous sports games AND the westerns we would watch with him late at night when grandma went to bed.

-Going to the movies but the rule was "no scary ones."

-The sleepovers and his patience with our silly antics.

-Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners and the round the table moments of Thankfulness.

-Left, Right, Center dice game and other games with him being mellow and chill.

-Halloween and him being the Master at passing out candy and his love for 100 Grand bars.

-Grandpa's yummy BBQ cheeseburgers.

-Celebrating Birthdays and going to Chuck E Cheese when we were little.

-All of the great trips we took to Lake Chelan, Arizona, the ocean, and to Disneyland.

-The few times golfing and Will breaking one of grandpa's most prized clubs and Carson denting one.

-His love for the Huskies and his ongoing support in helping me achieve my goal as a Husky. (Carson)

Grandpa, as we look back at all of these memories and so many more, we will always remember your down to earth and easy going personality. We love you and will cherish a lifetime of memories with you. Love, Will, Carson and Hazel; Mason and Ryan

1231 Monitor St., Wenatchee, Wa.: 1970-1985: We had to literally Beg and Borrow to get the \$2000 downpayment for our home purchase of a whopping 22 K. Our second son Christopher was born here 12/23/73. This home was perfect for the next 15 years. It had a very large covered indoor swimming pool with diving board. We were the PARTY house for both “ the adults” and kids. The yard was large also so we could have volley ball outside or in the pool. We also had a regulation billiards table (very popular in the 70’s) On many weekends we would have house parties with 20 + friends. This was the beginning of our lifelong joy of entertaining.

Another 12 year commitment and JOY for us was having both boys play Wenatchee Youth Hockey. Rod started as a 2nd grader and Chris was 5 yrs. old. As you might appreciate this is an expensive whole family enterprise with all the travel, hotels, restaurants, ever changing skates, and volunteering at the rink.

During these years Bill played on home Softball Teams in the summer and Basketball in the winters. Seems I was the eternal spectator with all my BOYS.


During these years we also began our life-long love of TRAVEL and MAKING MEMORIES. When on one of our adventures whether it was good (like my Mom (Jean Gere) catching the elusive Walter a giant cod), or not so good (getting lost for 8 hr. with just the two of us driving, in the maize of downtown Rome, trying to find the airport. With gritted snarls, “Well, at least we just made a MEMORY”.

Each summer we had a multi-family tradition of visiting Orcas Island on Memorial holiday. During these years the fish and Orcas were plentiful. Bill was the main boat captain for many years of our red white 17 foot Bell Boy. As sister Twyla Darlington recalled, “ it would take 3 shifts to get all the 15+ of us out for the day. However, the last load was usually the Adult Happy Hour dusk cruise.”

With our boys growing up we wanted to assure their childhoods were filled with family vacation stories and memories as they ventured down their own roads of life: Like the 26 hour coach train to Disneyland (not enough dollars to fly); Fishing trip to Mazatlan (Rod caught a large sailfish), Hawaii several times with more relatives; Yellowstone with Old Faithful blowing; World Fair in Vancouver; Road trip to Iowa to visit Great Grandparents; Orcas island ferry commutes; several city Canada trips with hockey, boating/fishing Stehekin and Chelan, camping cooking at varied parks with our Donald Duck trailer (patched ceiling hole and all).

3808 School Street ; Wenatchee, Wa. 1985-2016: “The BEST VIEW in the Valley”

For the next 30 years we lived in the home we designed and built. Bill was an electrician now and after work each night wired our entire home (we never had to look for a plug in). There are many winter stories of visitors and us too trying unsuccessfully to make it up to our scary driveway.

1991- 2013 Rat Scramble Tourney: With our mutual love of GOLF;(2 life -long hackers); we took our clubs around the world. We found golf courses were best for experiencing the good people, flora & fauna of a community. Starting in 1991 we began hosting annually every August, a 4 person, mixed team, “ THE RAT SCRAMBLE . For the next 23 years we were able to host until a fire at Alta Lake Golf actually forced the cancellation. We have a Rat Plaque

of the winning 4 some each year along with a photo album of each year. The majority of these players returned each year; so quite a walk down memory lane for most. Our sons (Rod and Chris Cronrath) in 2023 have started The Rat Scramble again. Bill (The Rat) in all those years had never been on a winning scramble team. In 2023 Bill Rat was truly elated when he finally WON his own tournament!

2007-2016: For 7 years we created and operated a small business called Smart Snacks LLC. This was a vending machine business offering mostly healthy snacks. Rat was our valued electrician and mechanic (needed often).

Bill continued his career progression at Chelan Co PUD starting as Apprentice Wireman then Foreman, and eventually became the Rocky Reach Dam Director. Today, our son Chris works in the same building. We still enjoy hearing the FUN tales shared by many working at the PUD with Bill. He would tell me he believed, "You make sure they have the tools they need, and then let them do their jobs". He retired in 2001 after 31 years at age 55. For his retirement and roasting celebration we had large indoor BEACH PARTY; Hawaiian clothes, sand, candles, and tons of beach balls.

Two long time PUD colleagues of Bill's share these remarks:

Donnie Brawley: Bill was the most open and inviting person that I have known. He was always ready for a party, or adventure and would include anyone, the more the merrier. He introduced me to the San Juans, the fishing and golf for example that provided years of entertainment and experiences for me and my family. All because your family was going to Orcas Island one year and he said, "Well, come along".

He was a steadfast friend and ally. He helped me deal with and survive some real challenging and stressful times in our later years in management. I

always knew that I could rely and trust him.

He loved sports, especially the Seahawks and was fanatical about golf. But, you know this.

His laid back mannerisms belied the fact that he was a visionary. He introduced and helped develop programs that revolutionized the PUD hydro maintenance program. Those systems are still in use today. Bill's son, Chris, is a benefactor of those advancements.

I would say that Bill had a life motto that he lived by to the best of his abilities. I heard him repeat it many times. "Never give up, never give in".

Mike & Jane Kerns: I think I first met Rat back in the day playing softball or city league basketball. Later we worked together, then he became my boss. There was no difference whether playing or working, we were always friends. I admired his calm quiet demeanor and sense of humor. We could be apart for a long period of time and when we met again it was like we'd seen each other every day. Janie and I have had so many great times with Bill and Pam over the years and many great memories. We spent quite a bit of time with them over the last few years while Bill's health declined. Pam was the best person to have in his corner through all this, and Rat never complained during all the doctor and hospital visits. He fought the good fight and never gave up. Through all the good times and rough times, he was always my good friend, and I will miss him very much.

Pam continued to advance in her nursing career too. While working in ICU as a Charge Nurse at Central Washington Hospital. She had to drive weekly in one day over and back to ICNE/WSU Spokane to obtain a bachelor's degree in nursing (BSN). With this degree and ultimately a Master of Science in Nursing Administration she moved into the role of Nursing Executive at several health care facilities across Washington State. Pam continued working until 10/2012. She retired with over 40 years nursing at age 66 yr. We had a large family, friends, and colleagues retirement party which Bill with his known wit and humor was the MC (with a very loud mike in hand for soft spoken Rat).

During these years we became weekly Duplicate Bridge Players along with my Dad Dean Gere and brother-in-law Loren Darlington. Even though BRIDGE is less popular today; we still found bridge the most challenging of card games; not all LUCK like most.

We became DINKS (Double Income No Kids). We took this opportunity in our lives while in our fifties and sixties to undertake our mutual love of travel. Often just the two of us but we welcomed friends and family who were able to join.

We also bought 2 season SEAHAWK tickets in 2002 (for about \$400 each) They were such good seats we kept the same ones until our sons bought them from us a few years ago.

Bill also had Thursday night guys Football dinner parties at our house. The menu and prep/clean up rotated among each of them. Usually, each guy brought some dish he was particularly proud of; like Bill's meat-loaf for sure.

Our TRAVELS ;

Over these many years of travel we ticked off many of our shared BUCKET

LIST (BL) goals. Bill had a few notable exceptions of his own:

1982 (36 yrs) he shot a large black bear (Brother Jerry Gere his guide).
Brother Jerry Gere reflections of Bill: John, my twin brother and I were very young teenagers, basically kids, when Bill first came into our life. He treated us like young men, and, wanted to involve us in all outdoor activities. He taught us how to water ski; behind the old Bell Boy Boat he had at that time, and we also went on many fishing trips. Bill and Pam took us on our very first back packing trip. Everyone who knew and loved Bill, also knew how much he loved to play cards. When I was only about 13, he taught me how to play Gin. Jean and I play a couple of games of gin almost every night at Bedtime.

1985 (May 27; 39 yr) Hole-in-One; Hole #9 Leavenworth GC.; 2010: (64 yrs) Solo car drive across state of Texas; 3 day, 800 miles of desolation (tough to miss this one!) 2013: He and best friend Shawn Adam finally won their division in the annual Leavenworth Bavarian golf tournament. In 2016 he went to the 50th Super Bowl (BL) at Levi Stadium (Broncos and Panthers) with Shawn Adam.

Shawn Adam, life long friend, recounts: “ MY Buddy”

When I heard of his passing it was devastating to me and I cried. At that moment, I realized

there would never be a buddy in my life that could replace what we had in our friendship. I

have so many people in my life that I appreciate and love as friends, but there was only one

Rat.

I met the Rat in my pre-teen years when I spent so much time at the Gere Clan's home. The

man with the signature Fu Manchu mustache was intriguing and seemed like a pretty smart guy

to me. Over the years of watching the Pinochle and Bridge games in the totally chaotic

environment of the Gere living room, I thought to myself, "Why in the hell is he here?" Well, it

turns out he fell in love with my babysitter and that was the beginning of a wonderful life

together for them and the foundation of a friendship that I treasured all my life.

Rat was my mentor and confidant. He helped me through some very tough times during my life

and I am forever grateful. It was his calm, steadfast demeanor that guided me through those

turbulent waters and returned me to safety. He truly understood my fear of failure and how it

affected my life. He helped me control the spiral that occurred when things didn't go right

and tempered my enthusiasm when things went better than expected. I trusted him. I always

knew his words and wisdom were from his heart and in my best interest. Now that he's gone, I

realize more than ever the impact those conversations had on me and how they molded me

into a better human being.

Rat and I had the good fortune to do a lot of enjoyable things together over the years. Many of

those were related to sports in some way. During the football season there was the weekend

phone calls to make sure we were mentally ready for our beloved "Dawgs and Hawks" games.

It amounted to mostly just a little BS and a great lead-in to a wager on the game. In 2016, I got

a phone call from Rat and it started out "Hey, you and I are going to the Super Bowl 50 for my

70 th birthday." He rarely was someone who told people what to do, so when he said that, I

knew I was going. It was a trip of a lifetime and to this day I'm not sure if we spent more on the

tickets or the bets on the game!

I don't think I've ever had a friend that loved golf more than the Rat. Many of our memories

were wrapped around golfing trips and tournaments. He loved the competition and thrill of

making a great shot. We golfed from Kapalua to Myrtle Beach and many destinations in

between. One of our favorite competitions was the Can-Am in Loughlin Nevada. Eight

Americans would take on eight Canucks in the yearly battle each February. It was a challenge of

golf and who could get all eight team members up for the tee time in the morning. This

tourney was one of the first times Rat taught me a life lesson. He told me once you get a hall

pass from you're your wife for something like this, you never stop taking it.

Another great trip was to Myrtle Beach where a hurricane hit the week before our trip and then

again a week after it. On that trip, Pam, Rat and I were golfing and came to a hole where there

was a lake with the cart path passing at the head of it. A crane was walking across the path as

Pam approached it and started to fly away. Of course Blondie didn't wait for it to leave and just

as she came to it, a seven foot alligator came flying out of the water to eat the bird. It landed

on the path right beside her cart and filled it with mud. She stopped there with Rat and me

right behind her as the gator waddled away. It was one of the rare times that Rat's yell to "get

going" actually had some sound to it! On the next hole (a par 3) we hit up to the green and

there was another large gator laying next to the green and Blondie asked us to go over next to

it for a picture. To this day, I can still see the look on Rat's face as he turned to ask me, "are you

kidding me?"

Some of our favorite memories came from playing in the Bavarian Tournament

in Leavenworth.

He started every round with a “knuckle bump” and saying tourney time! I remember one day

like it was yesterday; we had played the back nine first and had finished -7 after 15 holes. We

were sitting on #7 tee and having a cold one, when I looked at him and said, “we sure haven’t

played very well today.” He looked at me with his “look” and said, “don’t ever give up, don’t

ever give in.” Well, I eagled #7, and Rat birdied #8 and #9 to finish the day -14 and was low net!

It was quite the Rat Attack!!

The last golf memory I have with Rat was at the 2025 Rat Scramble. They have a closest to the

pin on the second shot on #18. Our team had put our drive in the middle of the fairway at the

corner going up the hill. We were the last group of the day and everyone was sitting in their

carts around the hole in anticipation of whether we could out do the closest shot. My team

mates had shot and I would be the last to hit. As I sat over that shot, I felt a calmness come

over me that I knew was my buddy sitting up there saying, "I know you can do this." When I

struck the ball, I said, "that could be pretty good." We drove to the green and sure enough, it

was! As I walked across the green, I noticed Rat sitting in his cart and walked over to him with a

big grin on my face. He looked at me with that "Rat Smile" and said, "you just love doing this

shit on the big stage, don't you?" I said, "you know it brother" and we "knuckled bumped" for

the last time.

If I could see Rat one last time, I would tell him what an honor it was to be one of his best

friends and thank him for all the life lessons he taught me. I would tell him how much

enjoyment he brought to my life and most of all I would tell him how much I loved him.

Cruises: We discovered we much enjoyed cruising for many reasons; daily gourmet food and drinks, a fancy dress up night, no hotel reservation to

hassle (you had a bed not to worry about), most ports of call are famous cities you wanted to visit anyway; entertainment each night with outstanding performers, casino with cards and slots, shore excursions. Balcony preferable.

In our late forties we did a 12 day Mediterranean with good friends Collins. In Lesbos (north Africa scary country) the last tender boat returned leaving Darrell and Bill stranded on the dock. The captain was notified and literally turned the ship around to send in a retrieval. Years later we did another 5 day Mediterranean with our Son Rod/Mel and grandsons. Both cruises had stops in Santorini Greece (BL) and a long rocky unchanged shaly climb to the Parthenon (so much history)(BL).

Air and Land Adventures:

US Travels: Over these many years we went to Vegas at least annually and saw many greats: Cher, Elton John, Bette Midler, Celine, Terry Fator, Absinthe, Burlesque, and The Circques. We have always enjoyed live music with 2 trips to Nashville and 3 to New Orleans. By just walking the streets of both experience outstanding variety. We road tripped to many memorable national parks; Yellowstone (buffalo charging our Pacer), Grand Canyon (car stopping mud rain wind storm), Bryce and Sedona spectacular rock and color for driving.

2004: Trip to Spain (Almeria, Malaga, Mojacar (city in rocks): Bill, Mom Jean (77 yrs), brother Dell Gere and wife Marsh. Able to watch a live Bullfight/Matador(BL).

2006: South Africa Bill and Pam share the wedding anniversary date of October 6 with Van and Mary Darlington. Over the many decades of friendship, they have shared many anniversary adventures. Most memorable

was our African Anniversary Adventure in 2006. The four of us spent several weeks in South Africa sightseeing, safari hunting, and of course, golfing. After a harrowing and somewhat scary first 24 hours after arriving in Johannesburg, we made our way to Pretoria, where the boys caught their ride, a bush plane, to Botswana for their Safari hunt. Bill and Van enjoyed stocking and shooting their trophies while being pampered, wined (beer), and dined. Meanwhile, Pam and Mary took off on a cross-country adventure of their own, seeing the sites while driving to Kruger National Park and their 5 Star resort. The girls shopped, explored, golfed, and did their own safaris in the national park. We met up with each other and started the second week of our trip traveling to Cape Town, South Africa, where we enjoyed a variety of activities which included a private after-hours tour of a famous jewelry establishment who catered to the rich and famous. We visited Stellenbosch and Franschhoek Cape Wine regions, drove around the Cape of Good Hope, and visited the majestic Table Mountain. And of course, there was more golf. One course posted warning signs of Crocodiles and Hippos in the water hazards! We experienced on the course distractions from bellowing hippos, chattering monkeys, noisy birds, and having to dodging Impala poop in the fairways. And of course, Bill's Magic Bottle made the trip 1/2 way around the world. So on every 17th Tee Box on every course we drank to "Good" golf, good friends, good fortune and another great anniversary adventure.

Always,

Van and Mary Darlington

2008-2018: Our son Rod and family were in the Air Force stationed in Brussels and Frankfurt. We made several trips to play with them and our sprouting grandsons. You can easily visit 4 countries in a day on a road trip from Brussels.

2008: Flew to London Heathrow with Mom Jean and brother James Cronrath. Saw London Bridge; Old Ben clock; and Buckingham Palace.

2015; June: Trip to Scotland with Ann (Bill's sister) and husband Mike Jendro: High on both couples BL was St. Andrews. The open was starting within a week (course closed) but we were able to walk the course; over the Swilcan Bridge; visited Queen's Balmoral castle; and tasted much free Scotch. We were able to golf Carnoustie. The Scottish love we Americans; but most of time with their brogue we couldn't understand them. Driving in Scotland is a memorable experience for most; left side driving crawling along on twisty narrow roads.

Sister Ann recounts: "My big brother was a social magnet his entire life; There was always a bunch of boys hanging out wherever he was and whatever he was doing. He was just fun to be around having good ideas and able to organize them. Bill has been part of my LIFE from day one; I will forever miss him."

Over the years we had great memories of attending PGA tourneys. In 2015 we also attended US Open Chambers Bay Tacoma (a most memorable walk about hilly course). We also went to Waste Management, Phoenix; Sahalee, Sammamish; Kapalua, Maui. Torrey Pines (actually golfed here too). We got to see up close and personal some of our favorites; Tiger; Arnold Palmer, Trevino, VJ; Rory, Adam, Mickelson, Couples, and etc..

2018:May: With Rod and family stationed in Frankfurt we made a tour to Bavaria and the Dachau concentration camp; the oldest (1933) also had a crematorium. This is a gut wrenching horror to visit with so many human lessons preserved. (BL)

2018:Oct: Several days visit in New York with friend M Darlington using Big Bus tour. Visits to Empire State Bld; 911 Memorial; Statue of Liberty, Ellis Island, New York Stock Exchange, Lion King Broadway with Sarti's Desert. (all

of these on our BL). On to Rhode Island waterfront with Lobster served any way possible and the summer castles of like the Vanderbilts. We then rented and drove on to New Hampshire and Vermont for daily drive abouts to see if the Fall Foliage as touted.(BL). Bill had always wanted to visit Atlantic City, New Jersey (BL) so we drove down the coast for a one night stay of gambling and walking the boardwalk. (not too impressive overall)

We both had Grand Birthday Parties:

1996 Bill 50th: My Mom (Jean Gere) made by hand over 50 Black and Pink RAT Mouse Ear headbands for each guest; a huge chuckle by all; followed with a Potluck dinner dance at the Peshastin Legion Hall.

1998 Pam 50th: We made a long desired trip with just the two of us to Fiji. This was and still is a grueling 15 hour flight to the capital Suva . At that time there were very few nice hotels, but we were able to stay at the Sheraton Hotel Golf Course. We discovered how lucky this was as we did not find any other regulation golf courses on the island . Again, we rented a car to do our own touring. In Fiji you drive on the left side of the road (which meant Bill had to do all the driving) or I am sure we would not have survived. Of course , we drank some of the very powerful ceremonial Kava.

2016 Bill 60th: In our home in Az we took a very early morning first ever Balloon ride over the Sonora Desert with kick-off Champagne toasts. (BL)

For my 70th birthday (2018) we took a cruise to Belize. I was able to make the scary unassisted climb to the top of a Mayan tombstone ruin.(BL)

Documented photo by Rat.

For my 77th birthday (Jan. 2025) we went to our favorite Kihei, Maui (BL) A

group of family and friends gave me a real surprise party. This turned out to be our last big trip together. Bill developed pneumonia in February back in our Az home; of which he could not fully recover.

On April 7th 2025: Bill's 79th Last birthday . Our kids flew down to Arizona home as a complete and total surprise for Bill. We all walked up to a slot machine he was playing and surrounded him. With hugs and tears this turned out to be the Rat's last birthday on God's earth.

Bill Cronrath hung on ever so tightly to his TORCH; and now has passed it on to all of YOU

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“Life is no brief candle to me. It is sort of a splendid torch which I have got a hold of for this moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations.”

Bill Cronrath (affectionately known as “The Rat”) passed away on September 22, 2025, after a life filled with love, adventure, and deep connections. He was born in Oelien, Iowa, in 1946, the eldest of three children, and grew up as the son of a Lutheran minister. His early years were marked by athletic achievement, scouting, and a move to Cashmere, Washington (Mayberry USA).

Bill's path was shaped early by a strong sense of discipline, curiosity, and teamwork. He graduated from Cashmere High School, where he built lifelong friendships and a foundation of character that would guide him throughout his life. He went on to earn a degree in business from Pacific Lutheran University,

where he was a proud member of both the dive and crew teams. Whether launching off the diving board or rowing in rhythm with his teammates, Bill brought his signature blend of focus, grit, and good humor to every challenge.

- Bill's life was defined by his enduring marriage to Pam, his soulmate since 1967. On the day of their wedding 10/6/1967 Bill came in very very late for the ceremony, stating, "I'm just not sure this is what we should be doing?" Pam answered emphatically, "I don't care if we get a divorce tomorrow, we're getting married NOW". Their story is one of partnership, resilience, and shared adventures, from college days through raising two sons, Rod and Chris, and welcoming 5 grandchildren. Bill was a devoted father and grandfather. Rod and Chris recall Pickle Ball Grand Slam tourneys at Orcas, hockey trips with their number one fan filming and cheering, Seahawk games & casino runs, pinochle marathon tourneys, golfing with their Dad in 1985 witnessing when he got a hole in one #9 at Leavenworth. His grandchildren cherish memories of his humor and quiet support over the years of holiday dinners with round table thankfulness time; cookie decorating contests, sleepovers where Grandpa patiently tolerated their nightly antics, RLC dice game for quarters; grandpas BBQ cheeseburgers, Chucky Cheese Visits, Disneyland, Zoos, Zip Lining; Ocean and Lake Chelan condo stays.

Bill also encouraged his son Rod to play high school football, cheering him on from the sidelines with pride. One of their most memorable trips was to Spokane for Rod's Air Force induction—a milestone Bill honored in classic fashion by shaving off his mustache for the first time in decades, just to surprise the gang. Whether celebrating a win or marking a rite of passage, Bill brought heart, humor, and a whole lot of team spirit to

every moment.

Bill took great pride in giving his son Chris a childhood filled with laughter, love, and adventure. Their home on Monitor Street was more than just an address—it was a playground of imagination, a hub of neighborhood fun with the indoor covered pool and a place where happiness lived in every corner. From backyard games to spontaneous road trips, Bill made sure life was never short on fun. Chris remembers those years with deep gratitude, knowing that his dad was the heart of a home where memories were made daily.

Family time was everything to Bill, and nowhere was that more evident than on their beloved Memorial Day trips to Orcas Island. Each year, multiple generations of family and close friends would gather for a weekend of laughter, boating, and shared meals. The red bell-bottom boat became a symbol of summer joy, ferrying kids and coolers across the water by Captain Bill. These trips weren't just vacations—they were traditions, filled with bigger and bigger fish stories, sunshine, and the kind of togetherness that our family cherished most.

Bill's career spanned roles from meter reader to Director at Chelan County PUD, where he was respected for his leadership and innovation. He was known for empowering others, fostering camaraderie, and leaving a legacy of trust and progress in his workplace. He retired in 2001 after 31 years at age

55yr. A large well attended indoor Beach Party was held to celebrate and affectionately roast with one humorous story after the other of having FUN AND WORKING. (a Rat philosophy).

Bill was passionate about sports—especially football, basketball, and golf. Bill's love of sports was lifelong and full of tradition—and always better with good company. His legendary friendship with Shawn Adam, the original “My Buddy,” was a highlight reel all its own. Together, they tackled the 50th Super Bowl like pros (from the stands, of course), claimed victory in their division at the Bavarian tournament with Rat's Never Give up Never Give In chat, and spent countless years trading friendly jabs and fierce competition with their Canadian tourney crew. Whether celebrating a win or ribbing each other over a missed shot, Bill brought heart, humor, and a whole lot of team spirit to every game.

Bill and Pam embraced life with curiosity and reverence, fulfilling four unforgettable bucket list adventures. Together, in 1998 Pam's 50th, they found the turquoise waters and coral of Fiji fascinating along with the two predominant cultures. They marveled at the wild majesty of an African safari in 2006 with dear friends Van and Mary Darlington—kindred spirits who share the same October 6th anniversary. Both Van and Bill have 2 head-mounts from their once in a life-time hunt, and at Kreuger Park we all joined in for picture safaris. We then golfed and wine tasted our way around the Cape. . 2015 they also walked the storied fairways of St. Andrews, Scotland, alongside Bill's sister Ann and brother-in-law Mike Jendro, savoring the birthplace of golf with family. In 2018, our last visit over the pond, we solemnly reflected at the tragedy of war at the Dachau concentration camp (the oldest) in Germany. Each journey reflected a different facet of their shared spirit:

serenity, remembrance, awe, and joy. These travels weren't just destinations —they were expressions of their deep appreciation for beauty, history, connection, and the people we loved.

**BILL'S LEGACY:** is one of love, laughter, and creation of lasting memories by all who knew and loved him. Bill's life is celebrated as a "splendid torch" is now passed on to future generations.

Immediate Family: Wife, Pam Cronrath; Son, Rod Cronrath and Melany, Mason, Ryan; Son, Chris Cronrath and Heather, Will, Carson, and Hazel. Sister, Ann Jendro and Mike; InLaws; Twyla and Loren Darlington; Marcia Gere; Jerry Gere; John Gere; Scott and Denise Gere.

Please refer to Heritage Memorial East Wenatchee, Wa. to review the narrative obituary written by Pam Cronrath. Also, the many personal tributes submitted by many of you are available on the site. ([www.heritagememorialchapel.com](http://www.heritagememorialchapel.com))

William (The Rat) Cronrath family is hosting a wake dinner dance with live music:

April 4th; Saturday, 2026; 3pm -9pm

Wenatchee Convention Center

# Previous Events

## Memorial Service

APR 4. 3:00 PM - 9:00 PM (PT)

Wenatchee Convention Center  
121 N Wenatchee Ave  
Wenatchee, WA 98801

# Tribute Wall

DG

“ My first encounter with Bill was in 1977 at Rocky Reach control room. I was 20 years old and Bill was a journeyman wireman. He made quite the impression on me with his large black Fu-Manchu and on that particular day he was wearing Pam's cat eyeglasses because as usual his were broken! I knew then that I wanted to be a wireman!

Bill was my journeyman, foreman and supervisor and friend throughout my career and he instilled in me work ethics and also fun.

We would stop after work at the truck stop and have a beer before heading home. Bill noted that his old Ford single cab pickup was very close to turning 100,000 miles. As many guys as the pickup could hold piled in and Bill drove around the parking lot until the odometer reached 100,000 miles. We all cheered and celebrated the milestone!

Bill organized the always epic fishing trips to the San Juan islands.

Five boats, 3 guys to a boat and a combination of wiremen and mechanics. Sometimes the two different work groups didn't get along at work, but we fished and partied as a team thanks to Bill.

Bill introduced me to the famous Dryden Gun Club oyster feeds.

After a long night of gambling Bill and I got a callout that there was a problem at the Chelan Falls plant. I picked him up and it was clear that he was still in the same clothes. On the drive up he kept finding cash in his pockets that he didn't know he had. Several hundred dollars later he declared that it had been a pretty good night.

Kim and I were lucky enough to be invited to what I think was the first "Rat Scramble" at the Blue roofed condos on Lake Chelan.

Through the years we looked forward to the golfing and partying and always felt like we were family. The last time we pulled a snort off the old Cambell and Cooper bottle with Bill and shared a laugh and smile.

We miss Bill so much and our heart's break for Pam and the family.

We will never forget the memories that live on in our minds.

Darrell and Kim Gouldin

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Darrell and Kim Gouldin - April 29 at 11:51 AM

PC

“ *Donnie Brawley: Dear Pam, I was saddened to hear of Bill's passing, but not surprised, given his ongoing health issues. I want to share my lasting impressions and memories of Bill. Bill and you have made a significant impact on my life that I am forever grateful for.*

*Bill was the most open and inviting person that I have known. He was always ready for a party, or adventure and would include anyone, the more the merrier. He introduced me to the San Juans, the fishing and golf for example that provided years of entertainment and experiences for me and my family. All because your family was going to Orcas Island one year and he said, "Well, come along". He was a steadfast friend and ally. He helped me deal with and survive some real challenging and stressful times in our later years in management. I always knew that I could rely and trust him. He loved sports, especially the Seahawks and was fanatical about golf. But, you know this.*

*His laid back mannerisms belied the fact that he was a visionary. He introduced and helped develop programs that revolutionized the PUD hydro maintenance program. Those systems are still in use today. Bill's son, Chris, is a benefactor of those advancements. I would say that Bill had a life motto that he lived by to the best of his abilities. I heard him repeat it many times. "Never give up, never give in".*

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**pam cronrath** - November 24, 2025 at 11:43 AM

TG

“ *Most of my memories are from big events and holidays. For example, I have a memory from Smugglers Cove when everyone was there to celebrate Grandma Jean. We were playing pinochle and Åsa kept trying to talk to me in Swedish. Well, anyone who has played cards with Bill knows he wasn't going to stand for that, and he let us know about it.*

*However, no matter what was happening, whenever I was in his presence I felt that it was a special moment.*

*One example of a somewhat random memory is a time when Pam and Bill drove me from Wenatchee to Seattle. I don't remember when, but maybe it 25 years ago. There was nothing noteworthy about the trip, except that I was struck by what an easy rhythm they shared. They seemed so comfortable with other. I am sure there have been ups and downs, but it felt to me like Bill and Pam fit together in a way that I had not really observed from other couples. It was just a mundane car trip. But it stuck with me and I have since reflected on this numerous times.*

*Tracey Gere*

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**Tracey Gere** - November 22, 2025 at 05:46 PM

PC

“ Bill, my Daddy Rat, was my enthusiastic, dedicated, very clever partner during so many years of our family pinochle parties and games! He was exceptionally wise and funny and deeply passionate about life, fun, family, and friends!

*My hearts blessed memories of him hold ties of longevity and warmth, filled with giggles and smiles and appreciation for his quiet and gentle spirit.*

*When Rodney and I were married,*

*Bill surrounded us with unconditional pride and love, and humble admiration, as our Best Man. As Rod and I began our family, Bill's enthusiasm enriched our lives with a sense of integrity, joy, and connection.*

*With the arrival of our sons, Mason and Ryan, and Bill becoming a grandpa, he began and cherished the title of Papa Rat.*

*Even though Rod's Air Force career took us all over the world, coming home for family visits, vacations, and reunions, always held deep anticipation, comfort and priceless memories.*

*I am grateful for you, Daddy Rat, and having you as part of our lives journey. You are loved immensely and will be missed immeasurably.*

*With love and Affection*

*Melany...*

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pam cronrath - November 19, 2025 at 03:20 PM

“ My Buddy

*When I heard of his passing it was devastating to me and I cried. At that moment, I realized there would never be a buddy in my life that could replace what we had in our friendship. I have so many people in my life that I appreciate and love as friends, but there was only one Rat.*

*I met the Rat in my pre-teen years when I spent so much time at the Gere Clan's home. The man with the signature Fu Manchu mustache was intriguing and seemed like a pretty smart guy to me. Over the years of watching the Pinochle and Bridge games in the totally chaotic environment of the Gere living room, I thought to myself, "Why in the hell is he here?" Well, it turns out he fell in love with my babysitter and that was the beginning of a wonderful life together for them and the foundation of a friendship that I treasured all my life.*

*Rat was my mentor and confidant. He helped me through some very tough times during my life and I am forever grateful. It was his calm, steadfast demeanor that guided me through those turbulent waters and returned me to safety. He truly understood my fear of failure and how it affected my life. He helped me controlled the spiral that occurred when things didn't go right and tempered my enthusiasm when things went better than expected. I trusted him. I always knew his words and wisdom were from his heart and in my best interest. Now that he's gone, I realize more than ever the impact those conversations had on me and how they molded me into a better human being.*

*Rat and I had the good fortune to do a lot of enjoyable things together over the years. Many of those were related to sports in some way. During the football season there was the weekend phone calls to make sure we were mentally ready for our beloved "Dawgs and Hawks" games. It amounted to mostly just a little BS and a great lead-in to a wager on the game. In 2016, I got a phone call from Rat and it started out "Hey, you and I are going to the Super Bowl 50 for my 70th birthday." He rarely was someone who told people what to do, so when he said that, I knew I was going. It*

*was a trip of a lifetime and to this day I'm not sure if we spent more on the tickets or the bets on the game!*

*I don't think I've ever had a friend that loved golf more than the Rat. Many of our memories were wrapped around golfing trips and tournaments. He loved the competition and thrill of making a great shot. We golfed from Kapalua to Mertle Beach and many destinations in between. One of our favorite competitions was the Can-Am in Loughlin Nevada. Eight Americans would take on eight Canucks in the yearly battle each February. It was a challenge of golf and who could get all eight team members up for the tee time in the morning. This tourney was one of the first times Rat taught me a life lesson. He told me once you get a hall pass from you're your wife for something like this, you never stop taking it.*

*Another great trip was to Mertle Beach where a hurricane hit the week before our trip and then again a week after it. On that trip, Pam, Rat and I were golfing and came to a hole where there was a lake with the cart path passing at the head of it. A crane was walking across the path as Pam approached it and started to fly away. Of course Blondie didn't wait for it to leave and just as she came to it, a seven foot alligator came flying out of the water to eat the bird. It landed on the path right beside her cart and filled it with mud. She stopped there with Rat and me right behind her as the gator waddled away. It was one of the rare times that Rat's yell to "get going" actually had some sound to it! On the next hole (a par 3) we hit up to the green and there was another large gator laying next to the green and Blondie asked us to go over next to it for a picture. To this day, I can still see the look on Rat's face as he turned to ask me, "are you kidding me?"*

*Some of our favorite memories came from playing in the Bavarian Tournament in Leavenw*

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**pam cronrath** - November 16, 2025 at 10:57 AM

“ A Son’s Tribute to His Dad

By Chris

*Like you, Dad, I’ve always been a man of few words—but when I speak from the heart, it’s real. And this comes from deep within all my favorite memories of you.*

*You were more than just my father. You were my friend, my role model, and the steady hand in my life. I was lucky to have 51 awesome years with you—and every one of them meant something.*

*Some of my best memories go back to our house on Monitor Street. It was always full of life—family, friends, laughter in the backyard, pool games, barbecues, music, and joy. You built that environment.*

*People wanted to be around you. Around us.*

*I still remember our first Seahawks game together in the Kingdome.*

*I was ten years old, and you had me*

*hooked from the start. Years later, we shared 23 years as season ticket holders—going to games together,*

*cheering side by side, and capping it all off with our post-game casino trips. That was our time. That was*

*our tradition. A tradition my brother and I carry on with today.*

*And golf—how many Sunday mornings did we spend chasing birdies and laughing off double bogeys in*

*Leavenworth? Those Sunday mornings in Leavenworth are some of my favorite memories. You never*

*critiqued or coached. You just showed up, played, and supported us. Quietly, patiently. That showed me*

*what being a father really looks like. Rod and I witnessed your hole-in-one on hole #9 at Leavenworth.*

*What a great memory for all of us. I will never forget the 25 years at the Rat Scramble, with Alta Lake as*

*the place to be on the second week of August, so many memories with family and friends. And none of us*

*will ever forget when you finally got your name on the plaque as a champion in one of your last rounds.*

*Our family games of five-card pinochle were another favorite—more*

*than just cards, it was a connection.  
A tradition we never passed up, every family gathering, “knuck” was  
always being played.  
You also gave so much of your time taking me to hockey practices  
and games across the state, year after  
year. Always there. Always filming, always cheering. You never  
missed a moment. And then there were  
our family trips to Smugglers Villa in the San Juans—deep sea  
fishing, backyard feasts, knuck tourneys  
with all our families and friends, and those intense, early games of  
pickleball, played like it was the US  
Open, before most people even knew what the sport was. I swear,  
Smugglers (we) might’ve invented it.  
Growing up, Rod and I tested your patience plenty. We might’ve  
thrown a party or two at the School St.  
house when you and Mom were away. But you never would get  
angry. You showed us what it meant to  
stand by your kids—even when we made it tough. We made so many  
great memories up on the “hill”.  
I’ve always looked up to you—your work ethic, your integrity, your  
calm presence. The way you  
genuinely listened to people. You were honest. Humble. Devoted to  
your family. And you truly loved life.  
So much of who I am today is because of you. I’ve got a beautiful  
family, a satisfying career at Chelan  
PUD I care deeply about—just like you did—and I try every day to  
live by your words:  
“Never give up. Never give in”.  
I miss you, Dad. I love you.  
We’ll see each other again.  
Have our clubs ready. — Chris*

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**pam cronrath** - November 16, 2025 at 10:35 AM

RC

“ Tribute to My Father, the RAT

*My father, the RAT, was a man I deeply admired and cherished growing up. He always made time to listen and talk—about anything, big or small in life. He motivated me to start playing high school football as a freshman, and I went on to play all four years. I loved every minute of it, and it all started with his encouragement.*

*I have so many great memories of our family ski trips up at Mission Ridge (and, of course, the yummy boda bag), countless fishing trips with Dad, Grandpa, and the family, and late nights playing pinochle around the card table.*

*Dad was the one who took me to my Air Force induction at the Spokane MEPS center and saw me off on what became a 27-year Air Force career. As many of you remember, Dad had a BIG moustache for many years—but the day he dropped me off at the Air Force, he shaved it off and never grew it back.*

*My father had a special gift for connection. He built deep, personal relationships with everyone he called friend or family, and each person knew they truly mattered to him.*

*He set the example for me and my brother every day of our lives. He was a role model in every sense of the word, and I am forever grateful for the lessons he taught us by how he lived his life.*

*I know we will see each other again someday, Dad—at the 19th hole, have a cold one ready!*

*You and your family reflection here; mediterranean cruise Santorini the donkey ride;*

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rod cronrath - November 16, 2025 at 10:28 AM

JG

“ John, my twin brother and I were very young teenagers, basically kids, when Bill first came into our life. He treated us like young men, and, wanted to involve us in all outdoor activities. He taught us how to water ski; behind the old Bell Boy Boat he had at that time, and we also went on many fishing trips. Bill and Pam took us on our very first back packing trip. Bill helped us celebrate our 21st Birthday. When Donna was 8 months pregnant, he took us all on a boating camping trip all the way to the head of Lake Chelan. Everyone who knew and loved Bill, also knew how much he loved to play cards. When I was only about 13, he taught me how to play Gin. Jean and I play a couple of games of gin almost every night at Bedtime. I always remind Jean that Bill taught me how to play that game. Once, during that first gin game, Bill did something with the cards, I will always remember and have never seen anyone do since! He very nonchalantly cut the deck of cards with one hand without letting the deck touch the table!!

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**Jerry Gere** - November 06, 2025 at 04:43 PM

DC

“ I have known Bill for 67 years. We have been friends since 7th grade when Bill moved from Chewelah to Casmere. We have had so many memorable experiences it would be impossible to recount all of them. Bill was my mentor in golf. He took me to a golf outlet store in Seattle and helped me decide on the correct clubs. Our families were intertwined with many trips and excursions through the years. Bill was an exceptional person. He was kind, easy to be with, non-judgmental, trustworthy and humble. I miss Bill - especially his dry humor.  
Darrell & Jan Collins

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**Darrell Collins** - November 05, 2025 at 03:05 PM

CF

“ We will always remember our grandpa as being quiet, intelligent, honest, caring and most of the time a "go with the flow" personality.

Some of our favorite memories are:

-Making Christmas sugar cookies with grandpa being the very fair judge and always participating.

-The numerous sports games AND the westerns we would watch with him late at night when grandma went to bed.

-Going to the movies but the rule was "no scary ones."

-The sleepovers and his patience with our silly antics.

-Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners and the round the table moments of Thankfulness.

-Left, Right, Center dice game and other games with him being mellow and chill.

-Halloween and him being the Master at passing out candy and his love for 100 Grand bars.

-Grandpa's yummy BBQ cheeseburgers.

-Celebrating Birthdays and going to Chuck E Cheese when we were little.

-All of the great trips we took to Lake Chelan, Arizona, the ocean, and to Disneyland.

-The few times golfing and Will breaking one of grandpa's most prized clubs and Carson denting one.

-His love for the Huskies and his ongoing support in helping me achieve my goal as a Husky. (Carson)

Grandpa, as we look back at all of these memories and so many more, we will always remember your down to earth and easy going personality. We love you and will cherish a lifetime of memories with you. Love, Will, Carson and Hazel

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cronrath family - November 04, 2025 at 08:17 PM

MD

“ Bill and Pam share the wedding anniversary date of October 6 with Van and Mary Darlington. Over the many decades of friendship, they have shared many anniversary adventures. Most memorable was our African Anniversary Adventure in 2006. The four of us spent several weeks in South Africa sightseeing, safari hunting, and of course, golfing. After a harrowing and somewhat scary first 24 hours after arriving in Johannesburg, we made our way to Pretoria, where the boys caught their ride, a bush plane, to Botswana for their Safari hunt. Bill and Van enjoyed stocking and shooting their trophies while being pampered, wined (beer), and dined. Meanwhile, Pam and Mary took off on a cross-country adventure of their own, seeing the sites while driving to Kruger National Park and their 5 Star resort. The girls shopped, explored, golfed, and did their own safaris in the national park. We met up with each other and started the second week of our trip traveling to Cape Town, South Africa, where we enjoyed a variety of activities which included a private after-hours tour of a famous jewelry establishment who catered to the rich and famous. We visited Stellenbosch and Franschhoek Cape Wine regions, drove around the Cape of Good Hope, and visited the majestic Table Mountain. And of course, there was more golf. One course posted warning signs of Crocodiles and Hippos in the water hazards! We experienced on the course distractions from bellowing hippos, chattering monkeys, noisy birds, and having to dodging Impala poop in the fairways. And of course, Bill's Magic Bottle made the trip 1/2 way around the world. So on every 17th Tee Box on every course we drank to "Good" golf, good friends, good fortune and another great anniversary adventure. Always,  
Van and Mary Darlington

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mary darlington - November 01, 2025 at 01:33 PM

MK

“ I think I first met Rat back in the day playing softball or city league basketball. Later we worked together, then he became my boss. There was no difference whether playing or working, we were always friends. I admired his calm quiet demeanor and sense of humor. We could be apart for a long period of time and when we met again it was like we'd seen each other every day. Janie and I have had so many great times with Bill and Pam over the years and many great memories. We spent quite a bit of time with them over the last few years while Bill's health declined. Pam was the best person to have in his corner through all this, and Rat never complained during all the doctor and hospital visits. He fought the good fight and never gave up. Through all the good times and rough times, he was always my good friend, and I will miss him very much.

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**Mike and Janie Kerns** - October 23, 2025 at 08:08 AM

MB

“ My Uncle Bill was always ready with a joke and a smile for everyone. He and Aunt Pam have always been so warm and welcoming to us, whether at the School St house or at their home in Arizona or at the Rat Scramble. He will be missed by our family.



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**MaryDawn Buntin** - October 20, 2025 at 08:00 PM

WN

“ Bill was a great person who was always laughing and smiling. Thank you Rodney (Rooter) for introducing me to him and being a part of your family. We will toast to the Rat every time we take a hit of “The Magic Bottle”! I will miss him.

*Love...Bill Nygren*

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**William Nygren** - October 05, 2025 at 05:36 PM

BN

“ Bill Nygren purchased the Small Garden Dish for the family of William "The Rat" Cronrath.



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**Bill Nygren** - October 05, 2025 at 05:24 PM

BN

“ Bill Nygren planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of William "The Rat" Cronrath.

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**Bill Nygren** - October 05, 2025 at 05:24 PM

AJ

“ My big brother was a social magnet his entire life. There was always a bunch of boys hanging out with him, wherever he was, whatever he was doing. He was just fun to be around, having good ideas of things to do and willing to organize it. Bill has been part of my life since day one and I will miss him forever. -Ann

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**Ann Jendro** - October 04, 2025 at 12:25 PM

HC

“ My memories span over 31 years. For me, it was how their home easily became my home. When I started dating Chris at the age 15 and spent endless hours at the “Cronrath House” as a young teenager in highschool and a college student coming home on the weekends, it become my second home! And when I say home, I mean it...always welcomed, taken in as part of the family, enjoyed wonderful dinners, yummy Bbq’s, stories, laughter, etc,. Truly an amazing father in law! Thank you!

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**Heather Cronrath** - September 27, 2025 at 05:13 PM



“ *From all of us at Heritage Memorial Chapel, we send our condolences to you and your family, and everyone who knew William. It is our honor to have William entrusted to our care.*



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**Heritage Memorial Chapel** - September 23, 2025 at 09:58 PM