



Christopher Robert Hibbard

November 7, 1958 - January 8, 2011

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall



“ I love and miss you uncle Chris. I wish you were still around to make some popcorn and watch westerns with me.

E - June 17, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ I'm so sorry to hear about Chris' passing. My husband Mike and I went to high school with him at Hudson's Bay. I remember him as quiet, but also just plain nice. My heart goes out to his loved ones.

Diane Ludke Midkiff - January 18, 2011 at 12:00 AM



“ I went to high school with Chris. He was always a shy kid, but always friendly and had a smile for me. I secretly had a crush on him. I had the privilege, to see him again at my brother's house about over a year ago. He was still the same person, and true to himself. He will be missed. My heart goes out to his family and closest friends.

Cheri McNew-Mulholland - January 12, 2011 at 12:00 AM



“ The memories are so many.they start when I was 13.All of you are in them. best wishes to all of you. david casteel

david casteel - January 12, 2011 at 12:00 AM

JD

“ I've known Chris since he was 14. Throughout the years of our lives we have experienced many of life's unforgettable memories. Throughout the teenage years of hiking to the miner's cabin's in the Silver Star area of the Gifford Pinchot National Forest and swimming at an infamous beach at Lake Merwin Chris and the merry band of friends celebrated life to the fullest extent. We were invincible and indestructible. Our lives consisted of chess games, reading books, listening to music, intellectual talks (thanks to the presence of "The Hibbard") drinking bouts that brought on the laughter of our youth, working hard to play hard where our lives intertwined in many ways. The most unforgettable is when Chris saved my life when I was in a horrible motorcycle accident. When all others gave me up for dead Chris came and said no way. He gave me CPR and brought me back to life. My friends, Jesus Christ was probably the furthest from my life at that time, but I know from that experience that He touched me. I never let on about this to Chris until a couple of month's ago when we were talking at his parents place. But, I digressed and would like to get back to my time with Chris. And, with that experience the Donahue family was forever indebted to Chris. In many ways our family was touched by Chris. My sister Kathleen knew Chris at Hudson Bay High School. They had Spanish class together. Their relationship would always be friends. Kathleen was sometimes allowed to participate in the "intellectual conversations" at the Hibbard home. She was even given the place of honor one evening that involved a "whoopie cushion". Over the years the friends that met together all the time at the Hibbard house came to be known as the "Hues" we were all brothers. Kathleen was allowed to become the first sister. Later on, Greg, Chris, myself and my two brothers Frank and Paul worked together at an orchard in eastern Washington. We spent a whole summer living the life similar to Jack Kerouac "On the Road" or maybe even John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath". We read the same books, talked the same language, listened to the same music, drank the same beer, ate the same food and no one did the dishes while we lived the same life. Chris and my brother Paul worked together as a team at this orchard with a guy named Kenny Porter,

who unfortunately had a speech impediment, and it has become a saying at all "Hue" gatherings to mimic Kenny by reciting his command " to pwop those pwop's pwoperly". Chris and I eventually went onto our separate ways only to get back together because of my father's business. Chris needed a job and my dad needed a Chris. Both Chris and I worked for my dad for a number of years. It was here that Chris met my cousin's Bill and Joe and that my friends is another story. Later, I bought a house and Chris and an old "Hue" friend of ours Monty McNew found a place to call home. Now, it really isn't up to me to say anything about the influence Monty had on our lives, but I do need to say this. Besides being a good friend he loved racing and one of the things he loved to race was motorcycles and this guy could race. Monty's influence over Chris would last to his last days here. Anyway, I went on to work further north and start a new life and Chris went on to fulfill his dreams elsewhere. At this time our lives become a little foggy and as much as twenty years went by where Chris was going through a number of transitions in his life and one of the last ones was working in the tile business. Chris became very successful in this trade from what I hear and it was great to hear from my brother in law Todd, who worked in the construction trade himself, (this is where my sister Teresa comes into the story) would see Chris every now and then at a new construction site. Until I met the woman of my dreams to whom I married, started a family and after I bought an old house realized I needed a tile guy. Back comes Chris into my life. Over the two weeks he stayed with me he told me about his conservative views on politics and his love for Jesus Christ. Now, I had started a family and still couldn't believe the miracle that had just occurred to me. My belief in God was waxing pretty well at the same time. So, the two of us would sit outside smoking camel straights and talk about this life we lived in. Once again our lives parted only until a couple of years ago we found out about Chris having cancer. At the same time my father had a severe stroke where his last days were in Vancouver. And even though Chris was in a lot of pain he came to see my father to wish him well. I think the both of them knew what the score was for themselves. Chris's first chemo treatment was thought to have cured him and Chris was

thinking about even getting back to work. My wife Terri and I bought another house and again we needed a tile guy. Chris said he would do the job. Terri and I were actually doing a basement remodel and so we asked my contractor brother Frank to help us. This is where Chris and Frank would reunite from the "old orchard days". Frank told me Chris and he would have breakfast at our house talking about the Lord. Although Chris wouldn't admit it to me I knew he was still in a lot of pain. That was Chris's last tile job. Chris will always be remembered in the Donahue household. He was a brother to me. I owe my life to Chris.

Jeffrey Donahue - January 12, 2011 at 12:00 AM

BH

“*I tell you the truth, whoever hears my word and believes Him who sent me has eternal life and will not be condemned; he has crossed over from death to life.*” John 5:24

Bruce Hassold - January 11, 2011 at 12:00 AM

BO

“*Brothers and sisters, we do not want you to be uninformed about those who sleep in death, so that you do not grieve like the rest of mankind, who have no hope. For we believe that Jesus died and rose again, and so we believe that God will bring with Jesus those who have fallen asleep in him. According to the Lord's word, we tell you that we who are still alive, who are left until the coming of the Lord, will certainly not precede those who have fallen asleep. For the Lord himself will come down from heaven, with a loud command, with the voice of the archangel and with the trumpet call of God, and the dead in Christ will rise first. After that, we who are still alive and are left will be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. And so we will be with the Lord forever.*” (1 Thes. 4:13ff)

Bill O'Meara - January 11, 2011 at 12:00 AM

AL

“ *The Lord is faithful to keep His promises.*

Albert League - January 11, 2011 at 12:00 AM

JP

“ *My heart goes out to the family. God bless*

Jon Petrowski - January 11, 2011 at 12:00 AM