



Janvier Keith Langnese

June 8, 1944 - April 18, 2025

Janvier Keith Langnese, beloved father, brother, cousin, uncle, and friend, was 80 years old when he passed away unexpectedly at PeaceHealth Hospital of Vancouver, Washington, in the early morning on Good Friday, April 18, 2025. He was born on June 8, 1944, to Ronald Robert Langnese and Eleanor May Langnese (née Edens).

Jan grew up on a farm in Battle Ground, Washington, where he learned the value of hard work by helping tend to the cows and pigs. He graduated from Fort Vancouver High School, the Class of 1962, and continued his education with automotive classes at Clark College. Upon completion of his college courses, he began working as a mechanic at auto repair shops and eventually went on to work for Boeing in 1966. While at Boeing, Jan helped assemble jet aircrafts and worked on the engines, contributing to the creation of some of the world's most advanced machines. Always determined and diligent, he later took a janitorial position at the Federal Building in Portland, Oregon, as a way to begin a long and meaningful journey in public service. His knowledge, skill, and strong work ethic soon led him to his career and permanent role, being hired in July 1969 as a Building Maintenance Mechanic with General Services Administration (GSA), a branch of the United States Federal Government. It was at the Federal Building in Portland that Janvier met Pamela, who was working there at the time for the U.S. Forest Service. The two quickly formed a connection, courted, and on July 27, 1974, they were married at Christ Lutheran Church in Salem, Oregon, during Pam's furlough from the U.S.

Army. After her military service, they began their life together in Ridgefield, Washington, later settling in Vancouver, Washington, in May 1976. Their family grew with the births of their two daughters, Heather Dawn Langnese on July 23, 1978, and Margaret Lena Langnese on February 27, 1981—a chapter of life filled with deep love, laughter, and devotion. Jan and Pam celebrated 50 wonderful years of marriage before her passing on July 3, 2024.

Jan served as a Building Maintenance Mechanic for 30 years, working primarily in Portland, Oregon, before transferring to the Federal Building in Ketchikan, Alaska, where he worked his last 6 years. Living in Alaska was a longtime dream of his, and one that was made possible through his employment. He retired in August 1999, having left a legacy of dedication, craftsmanship, and care.

Jan was also preceded in death by his parents, Eleanor Langnese and Ronald Langnese; his brother, Philip Langnese; his uncle, Merle Langnese; his aunt, Opal Hazeltine and her husband, Dick Hazeltine.

He was known for his quick wit, sarcastic nature, and unwavering devotion to those he loved. He is survived by his daughters, Heather Langnese and Margaret Langnese; sister, Viki Landsverk-Westling; cousins, Jeffrey Langnese, Deborah Langnese, Terry (Dot) Hazeltine, and Shelley (Scott) Faunt; his nephew, Robb Westling; and his niece, Jami Westling.

Jan will be deeply missed and forever remembered for his kind heart, steady presence, and the love he gave so freely.

"Every man's life ends the same way. It is only the details of how he lived and how he died that distinguish one man from another." - Ernest Hemmingway

Scriptures:

Romans 8:38-39 KJV

[38] For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, [39] nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

John 14:27 KJV

[27] Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Psalms 23:1-6 KJV

[1] The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want. [2] He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. [3] He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. [4] Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. [5] Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. [6] Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: And I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

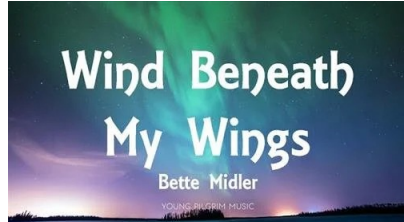
Poem:

In Loving Memory of Jan, the Human Chainsaw
Whose snores could rattle windows, shake laws near and far,
A nighttime thunderstorm without cloud or star.
His bedtime symphony-wild, bold, and grand-
Could silence thunder and reshape the land.
From five blocks away, folks would stir in fright,
Thinking freight trains were rolling through the night.
Earplugs were gold, white noise machines ran hot,
If you slept near Jan, that's the best shot you got.
But now Jan rests in a silence so deep,
No more sonic booms from the king of sleep.
Heaven's on edge, the clouds wrapped tight,
To muffle those snores that could shake the night.
So if you hear rumbling on a calm, clear eve,
Don't worry, don't panic, don't even grieve.
It's Jan up above, still snoring with pride,
Rocking the heavens with each rolling tide.
In that great big bedroom beyond the blue,
Our champion snorer sleeps sound and true.
And though he's gone, his legend lives on-
In every low rumble, we still hear Jan.

Tribute Wall



“ Evergreen Memorial Gardens created a Tribute Video in memory of Janvier Keith Langnese



Evergreen Memorial Gardens - August 12, 2025 at 09:31 AM



“ 0 file added to the tribute wall

Evergreen Memorial Gardens - July 03, 2025 at 06:26 PM

SS

“ Jan had an unforgettable and infectious laugh. Some of my most memorable moments of Jan were during the holidays. In earlier years my mom would host Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners that would include the Langnese families when they weren't busy with their respective families. When cousins Jan and Pam arrived that deep, robust voice and chuckle would fill the room and create smiles. I can still hear him when I think of those moments. More recently, his wealth of knowledge and engineering skills were put to test when my husband asked for advice on how to get an antique Yamaha 80 back in running condition. Without hesitation Jan offered tips, tricks and strategies. Some steps seemed a little far fetched at first, but as instructed Scott followed the steps and sure enough that Yamaha fired up. Jan liked the challenge of figuring things out. And he never hesitated to share his knowledge with others. With that child-like spirit and twinkle in his eye, you never knew what he might be planning next!! Imagine all the fun he is having now, without limitations!

Shelley & Scott - June 22, 2025 at 12:00 AM

TD

“ I don't remember Jan doing anything on a small scale, like when he supplied 90 candles for his Uncle Merles 90th birthday. He approached things with great intelligence and with the excitement and enthusiasm of a child. For example, he wanted to make a motorcycle engine more powerful, and he did, until the engine head blew off and made a hole in the roof of his shop. But he resolved the problem and made it work.

There was always laughing when he was around. One time Jan, Pam and daughters and our family went to a favorite place of Jans for dinner (Chuck E Cheese). In the game room Jan enjoyed playing the game pound the gophers and everyone would be laughing. His laughter and enthusiasm will very much be missed. Joy and laughing are a great trait of the Langnese Family

Terry & Dorothy - June 09, 2025 at 12:00 AM

ML

“It's hard to find the right words to honor someone like my dad—someone whose presence was larger than life, whose laughter could fill a room, and whose love and curiosity left a lasting mark on everyone he met. Dad was many things: a tinkerer, a thinker, a joker, a hugger, a musician, and above all, a deeply loving father and husband. He had this amazing way of bringing levity to even the most serious of moments. If there was tension or sadness in the air, Dad could cut through it with a joke—sometimes wildly inappropriate, often hilarious, and always perfectly timed. His sense of humor wasn't just a part of his personality—it was a gift he gave to all of us, helping us carry heavy things a little more lightly. He had a passion for engines and speed, for motorcycles and cars, and he didn't just watch races—he raced. Whether he was tinkering in the garage, out camping under the stars on an adventure, or tearing up the track at PIR, he embraced life with full enthusiasm. His love for the outdoors was as strong as his love for speed—both gave him a sense of freedom and excitement that nothing else could match. He was endlessly curious—always wanting to know how things worked, whether it was a car engine, an electronic gadget, or even the mysteries of the universe. That curiosity meant he was never afraid to question, to explore, or to go against the grain. He taught me, through example, that it's okay to look at the world a little differently, and that asking questions—big ones—wasn't just allowed, it was encouraged. Some of my favorite memories are of taking walks with him when I was little, just the two of us. I'd bombard him with questions about how the world worked, as small children do, and he never brushed me off. He answered with real, thoughtful answers—never talking down to me, just talking with me. As time went on and I started asking different kinds of questions in my teen's—about life, beliefs, and identity—he never shut me down. He listened, he shared, and he admitted when he had doubts of his own. I always felt safe to be honest with him, and that kind of acceptance is something I will carry with me forever. Music was another thread that ran through our lives with him. As kids, he'd pull out his guitar at bedtime to sing to us. His rendition of Puff the Magic Dragon still echoes in my mind and was always a favorite. Those quiet, peaceful

moments before sleep are some of my most cherished memories. His songs weren't just music-they were a way of showing love, of creating comfort, and of making our little world feel safe and full of warmth. Later in life, he took up the banjo again, which-let's just say-was not Mom's favorite, but it gave my sister and I a good laugh. It was so Dad: always bringing something unexpected, always keeping things interesting, and never afraid to make us laugh-even if it was at his own expense. As I got older, our musical connection shifted in surprising ways. I remember being in my early 20's when I found out Dad had listened to a couple of my CDs I had inadvertently left in my mom's car-specifically a Flogging Molly and Tool album. It was a moment I never saw coming, and I still smile thinking about it. These weren't exactly his usual genres, but he gave them a listen and actually enjoyed them. He called them "rowdy," but admitted they were "good"-which, for him, was about the best review you could get. In the end, what I hope we all remember most about Dad is his laughter, his unwavering work ethic, the fierce love he had for his family, his generous heart, and those giant, unforgettable bear hugs that made you feel like nothing in the world could go wrong as long as you were in his arms. We miss him terribly. But in our memories, in our stories, and in the way we live and carry on, he's still here with us. Thank you, Dad. For everything.

Margaret Langnese - May 13, 2025 at 12:00 AM

“ I was definitely a daddy's girl growing up. Dad even chose my name-Heather Dawn-meaning: a beautiful and delicate flowering plant illuminated by the first appearance of light in the morning. It was his way of giving me something gentle and serene, but also strong and full of hope from the very beginning. I loved our one-on-one father-daughter time, whether we were walking to the supermarket, hardware store, or the corner convenience stores. During these walks, we'd talk about everything and nothing all at once. He had this amazing way of making ordinary moments feel special and he always validated everything my young, inquiring mind, wondered about. Even throughout my adulthood this pattern continued and evolved over time.

I could always count on Dad for the best back rubs ever. Seriously, I would melt in his lap when he'd give me one-there was something about his attention and affection, the warmth and tenderness of his hands, his soft touch that just made me feel so cherished and adored. He made everything better and gave me a sense of comfort and security. I fondly remember spending hours with him in his shop, watching him work on all his various projects. He had an old junk motorcycle engine that he let me tinker with when I was little. I enjoyed that immensely! Even though I was just pretending to know what I was doing, it made me feel like I was right there beside him, involved in learning and working together.

Dad was the best teacher. He had the patience to show me how to do things, even if I didn't get it the first time or remember from a previous training session. I showed interest in what he was doing, curious and eager to learn. He was always happy to guide me, whether I was helping him work on his cars and motorcycles or just assisting him with a variety of tasks in the shop. Speaking of cars, he was my very own mechanic. Whenever my cars needed maintenance or repairs done, he was the first one I'd call, and he'd always explain things step-by-step, then allow me to do the work under his watchful eye and apprenticeship. I think he enjoyed the opportunities to be the one to guide me through it and it gave him a sense of pride that I would come to him-after all, who else was going to help me keep my cars running and safe on the road?

We also had our fair share of adventures together, especially when it came to motorsports. He was a gearhead through and through. Also, he was a bit of a rebel and risk taker, especially in his younger years before marrying and starting our family. We'd go to car and motorcycle races as a family, but there were many times it was just the two of us. Portland International Raceway, South Sound Speedway, and an indoor dirt track at Portland Meadows were some of our favorite places to visit. But the best part? Riding with Dad on his motorcycle. He'd take me for a spin on numerous occasions. Each time it felt like I was on a thrill ride at an amusement park, and every now and then, he'd pop a wheelie-just to show me he still had it (and to test my grip strength, apparently). One of my absolute favorite memories as a little girl was when he'd push me on the swing he built and attached to the giant cherry tree in our backyard. I'd swing so high that it felt like I could reach the clouds. It always made me feel like I was on top of the world, and he was right there, making it happen. That's the kind of dad he was-always making moments feel magical.

Let's not forget the time he took me for a ride in his Pinto, the one he modified with a V8 engine. That car was fast like lightning and he could barely keep the front end on the ground. It sounded amazing too-like a rolling growl of thunder, low and fierce, the kind of sound that made you feel it in your chest before the car even moved. It was a beast! He was always up for a good time, and that ride was no exception.

When it came to showing up for me, Dad was there. He attended piano recitals, band performances, parades, and gymnastic events. Most importantly, he spoke at my graduation, and let me tell you, it was quite the performance. Part heartwarming, part comedy act-but that was just Dad, being himself, in his natural element. I wouldn't have had it any other way.

I admired my dad's appreciation of music and instruments. He really liked strings and had several: acoustic guitar, electric guitar, banjo, ukulele, and harpsichord to name a few of them. Some of the bands and artists he enjoyed were The Beach Boys, Peter, Paul, and Mary, The Mamas & the Papas, John Denver, The Gaither Vocal Band, among many others. Folk, bluegrass, and gospel were the

genres he listened to most. I remember he'd tuck me in to bed at night and sing me a song or two, sometimes while playing the guitar. One song that especially stands out to me is "England Swings".

He was such an intelligent man, more than just a mere mechanic, he was an engineer and innovator at heart. It came to him naturally. I was in awe of his knowledge and intellect. I looked up to him and the examples he set before me. He was the stable foundation and constant provider for our family. He was an inspiration in all he did. He is the epitome of a hero to me.

I am completely crushed by the loss of my dad and lifelong hero. I miss him immensely every day and will forever, but I carry his love and laughter with me in my heart, and I'll always treasure the incredible memories we made together. "Daddy, It was my privilege and honor to help Mom with your care and finances these last few years and then take on the full responsibility of overseeing all of it once Mom was no longer able. Thank you for the life you provided me growing up, everything you poured into our family, and the sacrifices you made for us too. I will forever love you and always miss you. Lovingly, your eldest daughter, Heather Dawn."

I dedicate this song to you, Dad!

Heather Langnese - May 12, 2025 at 12:00 AM

NT

“*Jan was a very sweet man very kind hearted and happy man. He and Pam lived down the street from us and my husband and I would spend part of an afternoon with them. My husband would enjoy Jan's company. I am missing them both.*”

Nina Turner - May 09, 2025 at 12:00 AM

GL

“ Pam and I had a lot in common because our husbands were car guys. They drove them collected them and showed them. They also lived in their garages. They worked hard and provided for their families.

Gail Loron - May 09, 2025 at 12:00 AM

DJ

“ My condolences to the family. I am the cousin of Pam and was able to spend time with Jan over the years. We always laughed about my brothers motorcycle that Jan completely rebuilt and was able to get running. I told him he was a genius! Jan was always super kind to me and he will be missed.

David Johnston - May 08, 2025 at 12:00 AM

JE

“ Jan was my cousin Pammy's husband who I met as a teenager. He really became one of my favorite people. He actually taught me some of my first chords on the guitar. And inspired me to learn to play. I alway got such a laugh at his "sleepers" cars that didn't seem to be anything but basic family cars that he would beef up hot rod style under the hood. I will miss you terribly Jan.

Jim Ezzell - May 08, 2025 at 12:00 AM

AL

“ We are deeply sorry for your loss ~ Evergreen Memorial Gardens Cemetery, Funeral Chapel and Crematory

A Memorial Tree was planted for Janvier K. Langnese - April 21, 2025 at 12:00 AM