



William Thomas Stokes

December 28, 1946 - October 30, 2016

WILLIAM THOMAS STOKES December 28th, 1946 ~ October 30th, 2016 and WYONNE HELEN STOKES January 19th, 1949 ~ October 11th, 2014 There once was a brave young man, born and raised in America's heartland. Contempt with average life, he volunteered in 1966 to serve our country in a very controversial conflict in Vietnam. Following 3 tours of duty, he found himself attending a seemingly uneventful camp outing with his family where he met a young, beautiful and vibrant woman. Instantly smitten, he informed her that he was going to marry this beautiful young woman, to which she replied, "No, you will not" . They were married several months later. They would endure the ordinary trials a typical newlywed couple would experience. Before too long they were blessed with a son whereupon the young man headed back to military service. Nomadically trotting around the globe, they added a precious daughter to the family, never truly knowing what might lay ahead of them. They led a simple life, raising their children the best they could. The brave young man would ultimately be honorably discharged just short of his well-deserved military retirement. Many years later they would relocate to Washington State to rejoin their now grown children and growing grandchildren. Disaster would strike one last time for the brave young man. The untimely death of the beautiful young woman, quickly passing away whilst in his arms, with one final "I love you..." , left the brave young man without the love of his life. The brave young man would press on, alone, for two years. Finally, on the morning of October 30th, 2016, the brave young man

succumbed to his illnesses, and passed away; his gaze locked upon his favorite portrait of the beautiful young woman. The legendary love that this brave young man and beautiful young woman shared was powerful, constant, and eternal. Never waning, never breaking, through good times and bad, in sickness and in health, till death did they part. I believe they now walk together, reunited by the grace of God, with their six German Shepherds bounding playfully with them, in their most favorite of all places. I shall see them also someday, for you see, the brave young man is my father and the beautiful young woman is my mother. I am the blessed son and my sister is the precious daughter. For my mother and father, may you be my example, and may you rest eternally in peace, eternally in love. I have arranged for a hero's service for my father, Thursday, (11/10) at 10:15 a.m., at Willamette National Cemetery in Portland, Oregon. Thank you for reading my parents' love story. Please sign his guest book at: www.columbian.com/obits.

Tribute Wall



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