



Leslie Perry

November 9, 1932 - April 21, 2020

Leslie Daniel Perry was born in Tacoma, Washington on November 9, 1932 to Bernice Mary Engels and Lester Perry. He attended Puyallup schools, and joined the Air Force in 1951, serving four years at Fairchild AFB, and overseas.

Les was baptized and confirmed in the Christian faith in 1962. On May 5 of that year he married Kathleen Elizabeth Woodley at Faith Lutheran Church in Tacoma. They made their home in Tacoma, where Les continued his career with Pacific Northwest Bell, retiring as a manager after 31 years.

In 2003 Les suffered a stroke that left him paralyzed on his left side, and confined to a wheelchair. From then on he was unable to hunt pheasants, fix everything that broke, and tend his beloved garden, but over the years he held four new grandchildren and three great grandchildren, and continued to offer bits of wisdom and humor. In the absence of more active pursuits, he loved reading, listening to classic country music, and drinking coffee with visitors. He had a great gift for keeping things in perspective, and he loved family gatherings.

He was a member of Parkland Lutheran Church from 1980 until his death. This was a place where he was well-loved, and his ministers saw him daily during his final week of life. He died on April 21 at St. Clare Hospital in Lakewood.

Les is survived by his wife Kathleen and their four children: James, (Linda) and their children Elizabeth and Daniel; Morgan, and her children Jude, Ruth and August; Mary Kate, (Don Chartock) and their children Phoebe and Margot; and Thomas, (Deanna) and their children Samuel, Bernice and Edgar. He is also survived by his siblings: Donald and Kenneth Perry, Dolores Akers and Frank Snyder.

His granddaughter Margot Rose, in her tribute to him, captured Les Perry's essence:

I have never known someone so content and grateful for what they had. Years ago, my

grandpa had a stroke, and though no longer able to use his legs meant not doing many of the things that he loved, I've never once heard him complain. Every time I've ever seen him he's been smiling, and even when I visited him and his heart was failing, he still didn't let go of my hand. He loved his family so much, and when he was holding my hand, he told me that he would go when God was ready. I know that he always counted his blessings, because the last thing he ever said to me was, 'We have the best family.'

Yesterday, the world lost (and heaven gained) an incredibly strong and peaceful soul. Rest in peace, Grandpa.