



Frederick Rommel

February 27, 1935 - December 6, 2015

Frederick Rommel Jr. passed away peacefully in Bellingham on December 6th, 2015 at the age of 80. He was born on February 27th 1935 in Garden City Kansas during the middle of a dust storm to Frederick Sr and Esther (Rahm) Rommel.

He is survived by his wife of 56 years, Frances (Mihelich), his children, Michael (Jennifer), John, Brian, Erwin and Kevin as well as his grandchildren, Chelsie, Haley and Dylan.

Dad went to High School in Skyway, Washington, and worked for the Great Northern Railway (1 year) in Whitefish MT out of school. He then got the calling to join the Army and served his country in Occupied Germany until his honorable discharge in 1955. Dad worked for Boeing as a machinist for 13 years in Seattle and took part in building the first 747. Dad then moved the family up to Ferndale when he got a Job working at ARCO Cherry Point Refinery, retiring as a blender operator in 1985.

Dad was very social and he could pull anyone's ear for a conversation. After 1 year of retirement, he started his lifelong passion of being a long haul trucker until his final retirement in 2013 at the age of 78. Dad enjoyed a good tale and long haul trucking suited his social desire to chat with everyone he met along the way. If you knew Fred he could hold a conversation with anyone about

anything all while downing multiple pots of coffee with a larger than life smile.

Fred was preceded by his father Frederick Sr (1997), mother Esther (1987), brother Eugene (2006), sister Violet (1939) and infant son Frederick Rommel III (1964).

He will be missed by all who knew him and his spirit will live on as we are all better people for having known him.

A funeral service will be held on January 5th, 2016 @ 11:00 am at Greenacres Memorial Park (5700 Northwest Dr Ferndale), followed by a reception.

Donations in his memory may be made to Mt Baker Kidney Center, Ferndale Food Bank or Bellingham Food Bank.

Tribute Wall

ML

“*Mrs Rommel My deepest sympathy in the loss of your dear husband, Fred. My family and I lived on the corner of Parklyn Way by the mailboxes. Fred was always so friendly and joyful when he would see us outside as he drove by or stopped at the mailbox. When my son, Matt, was in middle school he played the French horn. Sometimes Matt would go outside and toot a note on his French horn and Fred would toot his horn back at Matt. It was so sweet. May God bless you and give you peace.*

Maddy Langstraat

Maddy Langstraat - December 06, 2015 at 12:00 AM

JO

“*Fred Working with you was always fun and talkative, even when all I wanted to do was rest. You are a kick. Talk on Fred. Joey*

Joey - December 06, 2015 at 12:00 AM

RE

“*Fred always had a smile and a tale to tell. A pleasure to work with and I learned something new every time our paths crossed out at work. May he rest in peace—in a rest stop.*

Ronald Erickson - December 06, 2015 at 12:00 AM