



George "Skip" Arthur Coombes II or III

JUN 20, 1950 - MAR 23, 2024



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Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
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George Arthur Coombes II or III, no one is certain, (also known as Skip) was born June 20, 1950 in Detroit, Michigan. He graduated from Northern Michigan University (truly one of his proudest moments) and moved to Denver, Colorado, where he worked at J.C. Penney's in their executive training program. Skip met his wife, Susan, in 1976 and was knocked head over heels when they first spoke. They became engaged in Denver and moved West to Oregon (where Susan came from). They were married in 1978, bought their first home in 1979, had their first child, Emily Kathleen in 1980 and finished their small family with the birth of Megan Elizabeth in 1982.

George/Skip (a true Gemini) worked within several Educational and Medical settings in the field of Information Technology over the years. He completed his career at Clackamas Community College, where he worked with some of the best and the brightest in IT. He always recalled Rob, Thanh, Ty, Karen and Loretta with love and pride in the team that he built.

Skip loved his life in Oregon, except for the drivers. And he loved his wife, more deeply than she knew. And oh ... did he adore his girls. He swore he would try to be the wonderful father his dad, Jim, had been. His love affair with them started in the delivery room and then evolved into camping trips, raising Lab puppies, playing and coaching them in sports, fishing, boating, and the beach. He would walk miles in the early mornings to collect agates and shells, and he swore that the West coast beaches were heaven on earth.

And then there were the holidays. He adored being Santa and the Easter bunny and the propagator of myths. He was determined to have the best houselights and Christmas tree and always surprising the girls with everything they wanted.

The empty nest was hard on Skip. He missed his girls and, when he retired at the age of 52, he swore that he was going to be the best at retirement. He insisted on taking over some chores to



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allow Susan more time to work. He fell in love with roses and cared for them like they were children. He started dabbling in woodworking, something his dad was a genius at doing. He started a multitude of projects and finished some as well. By then Skip was so happy that Emily had found and married Matt; he was Skip's idea of the 'perfect guy'. He had a good profession AND he was off summers so he could get things done around the house.

Skip became a 'collector' of things and was as dedicated to collecting as anything else he did. And then he got what he had long hoped for, grandbabies! He was a resolute grandfather, willing to watch Elmo movies all day long, hunting for snakes and other yucky things, racking up the leaves and teaching them how to jump into the pile. His little girls, Corinne, Madelyn, and Cecelia brought him joy like nothing he had ever experienced.

The final years were not kind to Skip. His years of physical labor as a young man, his years of playing goalie on the hockey teams, his years of being a risk taker ... all took a toll on his body. He suffered from pain. He worked, played, and traveled with pain. But he got a Corvette (childhood dream) and he and Susan saw many parts of the USA. He got a Mustang (childhood dream) and then we watched Megan fall in love and get married to Nessa ... Skip felt that both girls were in the best possible places in their lives, with people they loved who loved them back.

Gradually Skip succumbed to the pain. On March 10th Skip died suddenly and painlessly of a cardiac arrest, just as he had hoped and deserved. He leaves behind his grieving family and friends and wonderful nieces and nephew and his friends in Michigan. Clayton, his 'brother from another mother' brought him such joy on the rare occasions they could see each other. I'm sure that their friendship will survive the ages. And he will be there when Susan arrives, because they loved each other in a deeper, more committed way; it was an everlasting love.

Although it is often a trite thing to say, Skip IS in a better place. He believed in heaven and is there now, fishing with Pat, his best Oregon friend, laughing with his father and beloved sister, Janie, and he is pain-free.



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring George "Skip" by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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