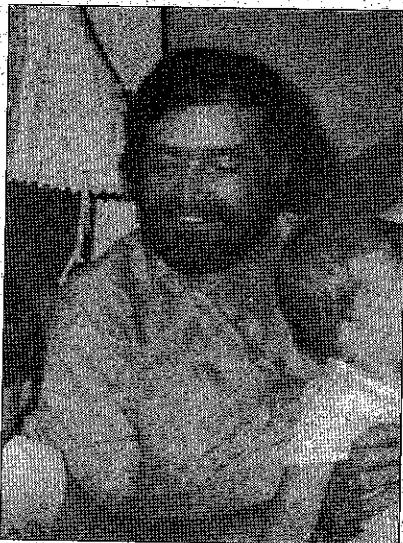


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## Patrick Wayne McDonald

Patrick Wayne McDonald, 69, died Sunday, Dec. 6, 2020, at home of lung cancer. Pat was born April 8, 1951, and spent his childhood in Big Bear, California, his love of nature nurtured by the wild woods, mountains, and lake. His family moved to Oceanside, California, when he was a teen. He graduated from Oceanside High School in 1969, enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps, and served with honor in Vietnam. He moved to Iowa in 1979, looking for a simpler, quieter life.



He worked most of his life as a mechanic (he once said he had "smart hands") and was able to fix most anything. After working many years for the City of Grinnell as a mechanic, keeping the fleet of trucks and heavy machinery maintained and repaired, he tried his hand at other trades, including being a barista at Saints' Rest and baking wonderful pecan and cinnamon rolls and bagels. His favorite job was his last, being a bus driver for the Grinnell-Newburg School District. He loved kids and felt it was his job to mentor and protect them. He treasured all the cards and notes and gifts they gave him, including one note proclaiming #10 as the sChOOL bus.

An outdoorsman by nature Pat loved fishing (although his daughters frequently outfished him), hunting, and just walking in the woods. He would round up his family at dusk ("deer-o'clock") to drive into the country to search for deer, fox, and other woodland critters. He frequently mused on how he would have loved to have been an 18th century mountain man.

He loved music and was always singing one song or another, anything from commercial jingles to songs he made up on the spot, he would often make up songs for the pets and sing to them, too. He was an avid reader, often going through two or three books a week, his wife, a librarian, making sure to keep him well stocked. He loved talking to people, and more so, loved listening to them, often striking up conversations with strangers and lending an ear to anyone who had something to say. He loved animals of all kinds and tolerated his daughters and wife bringing home strays; and while he never agreed to get any more pets, he always welcomed them and bonded deeply with them. He even befriended a squirrel that would take treats he offered right from his hand. Above all else, he was a wonderful and loving father. He took every opportunity to spend time with his children and include them in whatever he was doing. He was always there for his kids when they needed him and very involved in their lives, he took interest in whatever his children were interested in and encouraged them in whatever pursuits and dreams they had.

Pat was a gifted storyteller; he loved to talk about history, usually stories of famous wars and the minutiae of the commanders, weaponry, and tactics. His cadence, tone, awareness of tension, and imagery would enrapture his listeners, even when he discussed otherwise boring details. His stories about growing up in Southern California were family favorites. These were usually just ridiculous shenanigans/mishaps with his friends, but they would leave his kids doubled over and crying from laughing so hard. And he never ran out of stories, even if he did sometimes tell repeats. Even in the last few years of going through chemo and unimaginable pain, Pat would still share these stories with anyone who would listen without hesitation. Stories that his loved ones have shared with friends and extended family and will continue sharing, securing his legacy.

Left behind to cherish his memory are his wife, Brenda; children Andrew Parsons, Sarah Hilliard (Grant Barrett), Catherine MacDonald (Derek Konrad), David McDonald (Katie Parrish), and Merry MacDonald; grandchildren Guthrie Barrett, and Kylar, Bria, Calum, and Fiona Konrad; sisters Nancy (Bob) Ford and Erin McDonald; brothers Bill McDonald and Travis McDonald; and numerous nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his parents, his sister Vina, and his first wife, Sally.

No public services are planned at this time. A family gathering will take place in April. Memorial donations may be directed to the family, or to PALS (Poweshiek Animal League Shelter) in Pat's memory.

though you're gone, it doesn't feel so  
i cherish your blood in my veins  
and like a river does it flow  
i'll carry you wherever i go

i will try to adopt the shine of your eyes,  
i recall their shimmer  
like the sun on snow  
brightest of stars  
in the darkest of skies  
i'll carry you wherever i go

within the forest where i feel whole,  
i'll wander the trails  
you used to know  
make my own path  
through the overgrow  
i'll carry you wherever i go

though you're gone,  
it doesn't feel so  
i love you more  
than you'll ever know  
forever i'll still have you,  
wherever i go  
your daughter, woman of the dove and crow