



Cal Maxwell

November 22, 1929 - September 21, 2022

Caloway (Cal) Alva Maxwell 11-22-1929 to 09-21-2022

Cal was born on 11-22-1929 in Guthrie Center, Iowa to Eva Florence (Benton) Maxwell, and Homer Alva Maxwell. He was the youngest of their 7 kids. His parents separated before he was born. He later acquired 2 half-brothers. He grew up on the farm in Iowa, and learned many life values from his older siblings who helped raise him. His siblings were: Wilbur Merle (Merle), Neva Lucile, Grace Nadine (died on 3rd day), Delmar Keith, Edythe Clara, Forrest Benton, and Monty Max (half-brother), Roy Dee (half-brother).

In Oct 1945 at the age of 15, they sold their model A Ford for \$100.00 and bought a 1935 Ford 4 door sedan for \$300.00 and headed West. Cal drove his mother Eva, sister Edythe and her baby Charles all the way from Iowa to Washington State, doing car repairs himself along the way. These skills he learned from brothers Merle and Keith.

He attended school in Arlington, WA where he played baseball. They moved to the Wenatchee area in the fall of 1946, his senior year of high school. They lived in Entiat, WA and the whole family worked in the apples. Cal drove to Wenatchee for school, and helped in the orchard nights and weekends. His job was building apple boxes.

After the harvest, they traveled to Redding, CA where he worked @ Montgomery Ward store after school and Saturdays.

In March 1947 Cal and his mom drove back to Iowa once more where he lived with his brother Merle, helping with farm chores for room and board, and graduated high school from Exira High School in 1947.

After graduation, Cal and his mom once again made their way back to Anacortes, WA where Cal worked for the Anacortes Gas Company. He later worked at the Haines Oyster plant at Blanchard for a bit, then they moved back to CA where he worked for the Long Bell Lumber Company Plywood Plant in Weed, CA. This was his first decent wage job. When the plywood plant shut down, Cal got a job for Southern Pacific Railroad in the water department in 1949.

Cal met Virginia Lue Campbell the first love of his life on November 5, 1949 at a dance in Dunsmire, CA and they married three short months later, on Feb. 3, 1950, a marriage that would last 64 beautiful loving years.

On Feb. 23, 1951 their first son, Stanley Ray was born, in Sedro Woolley, WA. Their second child, Kurtis Cal was born in Sedro Woolley, WA on April 21, 1953 and they lost him 19 days later due to a birth defect.

In 1953 Cal and Virginia moved once again to Wenatchee where Cal Worked for Keokuk Silicon Plant, until getting a safer not so hot job with Sears where he worked in the tire shop, then later as an appliance repairman. Total time with Sears was 9 1/2 years.

During that time their first daughter Roxanne Lacia was born on March 4, 1954. Unfortunately, on a fishing trip on Father's Day they lost Roxanne in a drowning accident on June 16, 1957. Their second daughter Tracy Forrest, was born 4 months later, on October 29, 1957. Tracy was named after her uncle Forrest, Cal's brother, who had lost his life the previous year fighting forest fires in Southern California.

Cal started work at Alcoa in April 1963 and worked there until his retirement in July 1992. Twenty-nine years and three months later.

Cal and Virginia taught their kids Godly values and a great work ethic. Family time was important to them, and much of their free time was spent on fishing, hiking, camping, and backpacking trips as a family, and working in the big garden the family planted and tended. There were also summertime drives back to his home stomping grounds in Iowa for family reunions, with stops along the way to sight see.

Cal was always there whenever anyone needed help, and was able to fix most anything. He was also a skilled woodworker and built some beautiful furniture for his wife, daughter and daughter in law. He also enjoyed bowling, genealogy, and photography.

His first love, Virginia passed away in October 2014 after an extended illness. Cal was alone for the first time in his life.

A few months later Cal started courting his second love, May Lekberg Caldwell Smith whom he knew from bowling. They were married in July of 2015. At the ages of 85 for Cal, and 87 for May, they were shooting for maybe five good years together. God blessed them with just over 7 years, and an abundance of love, laughter, friendship and togetherness. They were a very cute couple, and very good for each other.

Their time together on this earth ended September 21, 2022 when Cal passed away at age 92 from bladder cancer which he was diagnosed with in 2019. They will see each other again someday in heaven as they both shared a deep love of the Lord and faith in Jesus as their Savior.

Cal leaves behind his son Stanley (Darlene) Maxwell, daughter Tracy (John) Schloss, Grandchildren Loren Maxwell, Christopher (Kisha) Maxwell, Diane Beaudin (Ex Husband Mike), Martin Maxwell, Amanda (Geoffrey) Flores and five great grandkids: Lucas Maxwell, Riley Maxwell, Patrick Padgett, Ashton Beaudin, and Bailey Beaudin; and multiple loving nieces and nephews.

He also leaves behind a large extended family of May's kids and spouses: Nancy (Phil) Pietzold, Debbie (Carl) Florea, Greg (Linda) Caldwell, Sharon (David) Boggs, Sheryl (Matt) McGuire, Merrie (Ray) McDonnell, as well as multiple grandkids and great grandkids who have become his over the last seven years. Cal also thought of Paul and Debbie Heeren as family, and was so appreciative of their love, care and support the last seven years.

Per Cal's wishes, there will be no public service. A private family memorial service may be held at a later date.

Arrangements by Chapel of the Valley, East Wenatchee.

Favorite readings of Cal's - Enjoy below:

THE DASH

I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a friend
He referred to the dates on the tombstone from the beginning to the end

He noted that first came the date of birth and spoke the following date with
tears,

But he said what mattered most of all was the dash between those years

For that dash represents all the time that they spent alive on earth.

And now only those who loved them know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own, the cars...the house...the cash.
What matters is how we live and love and how we spend our dash.

So, think about this long and hard, are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left, (You could be at "dash mid-range").

If we could just slow down enough to consider what's true and real
And always try to understand the way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger, and show appreciation more
And love the people in our lives like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect and more often wear a smile,
Remembering this special dash might only last a little while.

So, when your eulogy is being read with your life's actions to rehash...
Would you be proud of the things they say about how you spent YOUR dash?

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there. I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there. I did not die.

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little-but not too long
And not with your head bowed low
Remember the love that we once shared
Miss me-but let me go

For this is a journey that we all must take
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the Master's plan
A step on the road to home

When you are lonely and sick of heart
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds
Miss me but let me go.

Tribute Wall

DS

“ Cal was like a second Dad to me during my junior high and high school years with Tracy. During the summer he would go to great lengths to make sure the above ground pool was filled and ready to play in with warm water. He devised a black hose coiled up on a sheet of plywood to heat the water in the pool. He was always looking out for us. I was invited to many family dinners that consisted of stir fry from his large garden. It was always delicious (except the Okra). But growing up in Iowa he really liked that. Cal and Virginia loved to fish and I was often times included in the trips. Cal would take us to beautiful spots, help us catch fish and then clean them all. At the time I didn't realize what a chore that was, but now I do. On our way home from one trip we stopped and picked Elderberries, which he made into wine. He gave me my first sip of wine and it was terrible. Probably kept me from drinking at a young age. haha.

After high school graduation the Maxwell's took a camper trip back to Indiana and Iowa for family reunions. They included me and the only expense I had was souvenirs. This trip started my LOVE for travel, as my family rarely traveled. On this trip I learned to whistle loud and enjoy the scenery. We visited their relatives in Champagne and went to a family reunion in Iowa and I saw my first wild marijuana plants growing. We also went to Mount Rushmore, Nashville, the Grand Canyon, Disneyland and got stuck in the mud of the Mississippi River. It was an amazing adventure.

Thanks Cal for helping to raise me and give me so many opportunities.

Denise Smith - October 04, 2022 at 03:09 PM

VK

“ *My memories of Uncle Cal include the picture my family had of his wedding to Virginia. As a young girl , I thought that was such a romantic picture and her dress was beautiful! Even living so far away from family I felt a connection to Uncle Cal in part because he made such an effort to keep in touch and get to know his relatives. Thanks for that example!*

Vera Heckman Krueger - October 03, 2022 at 11:08 PM