



Gary Dean Fisher

November 14, 1950 - February 21, 2016

Gary Dean Fisher, age 65, went to see the Lord on Sunday, February 21, 2016 in Ardenvoir, WA, due to Stage Four Lung Cancer. Gary passed away at home with his wife and daughter by his bedside. Gary was born in Wenatchee, WA and was raised 15 miles up the Entiat Valley. After graduation from Entiat High School in 1969, he married Jacquelyn Gress Fisher. Gary joined the Armed Services in 1970 and served for two years, traveling through Germany and other parts of Europe with Jackie. Gary loved fishing, cooking, taking long drives, and woodworking. He graduated Culinary Art School in 1992. Gary recently retired as a Certified Home Health Care provider. Gary was also well known in the Entiat Valley for his big gardens and fruitful bounty of veggies that he loved to share with his neighbors. One of his greatest joys in his life was his only child, daughter, Amy.

Gary was preceded in death by his paternal and maternal grandparents. Gary is survived by his wife, Jacquelyn Fisher; daughter and son-in-law, Amy and Steven Vickery; parents: Dean "Bud" and Izetta (Denison) Fisher; brothers and

sisters-in- laws, Dennis and Cindy Fisher, Douglas and Lisa Fisher, Terry and Kori Fisher; his mother-in-law, Ina Harlan; brother-in-law and sister-in-law, Ronald and Sara Harlan and many nieces and nephews. We love you Gary, Rest in Peace.

The family would like to thank all the doctors and nurses at Confluence Health in Wenatchee and also the Hospice support team for the wonderful care that they gave Gary and his family.

There will be a "Celebration of Life" around June for all family and friends. Details to be shared later. Arrangements assisted by Telford's Chapel of the Valley, East Wenatchee, WA.

Tribute Wall

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“ I played on basketball and football teams with Gary. There was a point where Gary got fed up and quit the basketball team, and those last few games of my senior year, I remember him sitting in the stands, yelling "Get em, Stoney." He was the only person to ever call me that, and I'm not sure why he chose that as a nickname, but I can hear his voice right now. In sports, he was like he was running around up the river or at Lake Chelan, always a wild man. Images of him I remember, those black t-shirts and that straight blond hair and how he would flip his head to get his hair out of his eyes. Fish...you were a great friend.

Mitch McCarrell - February 28, 2016 at 11:25 PM