



Harold M. Schroeder

September 22, 1932 - June 10, 2019

On the 10th day of June 2019, Harold Maloney Schroeder finally figured out how to once again see the love of his life, his best friend and wife Kathryn, who had preceded him on this next great adventure 13 years ago. They are both now rejoicing with our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Harold was born in Spokane, WA, on September 22, 1932, to his mother, Rhea Schroeder, and his father, Harold Schroeder. They moved to Wenatchee, WA, soon after his birth.

For those who knew Harold, they would agree that Harold was unique unto himself. Harold was a man who knew what he wanted in life and wasn't ever afraid to go after it. In fact, Harold's favorite story to tell was of his and Kathryn's first date. Harold knew Kathryn was the one for him. She was the beautiful bank teller from a good family and he was a dashing bad boy. She went out with him on that first date and he was quick to cut to the chase and ask her to marry him that very night. She said yes, they drove to Idaho and were married, some first date! This was the beginning of a love affair that lasted their lifetime and beyond.

The two were rarely apart. They would start their day by going to Gold's Gym at 5:00 a.m., then off to coffee and running errands, or making deals. When Harold and Kathy were asked why they got up to go to the gym so early, they would say they liked being around the young people because they loved their

energy!

For Harold's 60th birthday, he and Kathryn crossed the United States on a Harley fat boy for three months, full leather and wind in their hair. They loved adventures, like their trips with their boys growing up and spending Christmas in Maui. Later in life, they would spend Thanksgiving with their dear friends, Barry and Linda Owen, in Maui.

Early in his life, Harold worked a number of years at Sears and was a floor manager, but soon that was overshadowed by his entrepreneurial spirit, so he started Schroeder Bail Bonds business, which is still around today. After a number of years of being a bail bondsman, Harold found his second love and that was repurposing properties. He was a visionary. Harold had the unique talent of being able to look at a piece of property and quickly envision its potential. In the Wenatchee Valley, it is hard to drive very far and not pass a property Harold had owned or helped with, from Mission Square to the Grand Central Building, from the CC mini-marts to the East Wenatchee Mini Storage. Harold loved the commercial real estate game. He put in Affairs Yogurt Shop in early 80's, before Froyo was a thing. At that shop, he put in an Espresso Cart like they had outside of Nordstrom's in the early 80's, this pre-dated a single Starbucks store. He wanted to bottle and sell the water that is cooked off the apples when making apple juice in the early 80's when Evian and Perrier were the only bottles of water on the market. He had a take and bake pizza with four locations before Papa Murphy's was a thought. Harold was thinker, a creator and ahead of his time.

As with most kids, their dad is their hero, my dad is my Hero; he wasn't conventional that is for sure, but he told me he loved me every day, along with a kiss. We always had people living with us. My dad believed in giving people a helping hand. He had an amazing heart! there are so many stories and legends that surround HMS, most are true. Since his passing we have heard

from countless people, stories of his kindness and helping hands whenever needed.

In the summers of the late 70's and early 80's, he and my mother would load up the van with local kids and head around the west coast for football and hockey camps. The trips with the Washut family are still a fond memory. Harold loved to gamble and he and Doc Washut would be driving down I-5 playing backgammon, while Harold was driving! Well, Dr. Washut has uncanny luck, so needless to say, Harold paid for a number of these trips. Later in life, he loved poker. The problem was poker is a game of patience, and Harold was a man of action, so he played every hand and that is a recipe for losing, but Harold always had fun. Harold loved to be social; he loved women and giving advice and these seemed to go hand in hand every day.

Kathryn would spend her days keeping Harold in line and enjoying the adventure of each day while Harold would make the rounds around town dipping into all candy dishes along the way. The two were inseparable; they had a real love story, it might not work for all but for them, they were two halves of the same soul. When Kathryn died, a part of Harold died as well. Harold did his best to bide his time and put on a happy face, but he never recovered from the loss of his best friend, and his broken heart is what finally took him. I know he was eager to see Kathryn again. Harold had a smile on his face after he passed, as if to say to his boys that he knew something the rest of us didn't, and I know it was to say that he was with our mom, Kathryn, and he was finally happy once again.

Harold was preceded in death by his mother; father; and two brothers: Dennis and Justin. He is survived by his sister, Rhea Sandstorm, who resides in Spokane, WA. Harold has two sons. The eldest is Cordell. He and his wife, Cara, have four children: Olivia, Natasha, Ava, Alosa; and two great-

grandchildren. The younger and better-looking son, Jason and his wife; Kelsey; have three children: Emma, Gus, and Gia.

A Celebration of Life will be held on Saturday, September 21, 2019, from 12:00 noon to 3:00 p.m., at the Highlander Golf Course, 2920 8th St. SE, East Wenatchee, WA. A private inurnment will be held prior at the Wenatchee City Cemetery. Arrangements are assisted by Chapel of the Valley, Wenatchee, WA.