



Troy Lee

June 12, 1982 - July 5, 2025

On July 5th, 2025, the world lost a kind and gentle man. Troy Tyler Lee was born on June 12th, 1982, at Deaconess Hospital in Spokane, WA. Mark and Tamala raised Troy in Republic and East Wenatchee along with brothers Derek and Lukas. He was one of the rare people who were loved by everyone he came in contact with, one who could make you belly laugh with his goofy antics and impressions. Troy loved the outdoors, camping, fishing, kayaking and golfing with his buddies. His greatest joy was being a dad; watching his son, Tyler play hockey. He looked forward to someday walking his baby girl, Ivy down the aisle on her wedding day.

He was a gifted woodworker who worked for many contractors over the years. He loved to build things and was always ready to help when someone needed a hand. He will be missed by many. He is survived by his son, Tyler, parents, Mark and Tamala, brothers, Derek and Lukas, and their families, Tiffany, Lailah, Millie, Jodi, and Wyatt, his life partner, Shauna Alexander, and daughter Ivy.

We will always love you and you will never be forgotten.

A Funeral Service for Troy will be Thursday, July 17, 11:00 am at Chapel of the Valley, 378 Eastmont Ave., East Wenatchee.

A Celebration of Life will be held on Saturday, July 26th, 1:00 pm at Lincoln Rock State Park, Shelter C, 13253 US-2, East Wenatchee. A BBQ will follow from 2-4pm

Previous Events

Funeral Service

JUL 17. 11:00 AM (PT)

Chapel of the Valley
378 Eastmont Ave.
East Wenatchee, WA 98802
(509) 884-3561
info@chapelofthevalleyncw.com

Celebration of Life

JUL 26. 1:00 PM (PT)

Lincoln Rock State Park
13253 US-2
East Wenatchee, WA 98802

Tribute Wall

NP

“ *What a wonderful person.. gonna be missed!*
Terrific neighbor for several years... appreciated his expertise!
RIP, our friend
Bob and Nita

Nita Paine - July 17, 2025 at 06:35 PM

“ July 4th at the Highlander – A Round I’ll Never Forget

I was gifted the opportunity to golf on July 4th with Troy and Shawn at the Highlander. They had been playing behind us through the front nine, and I didn’t even realize it until the turn when my playing partners mentioned letting them play through.

As I was coming out of the clubhouse, Shawn stopped me and said, “Garrett!” And there was Troy, towering over him with a big, warm smile. I was excited to see them. They went on ahead, and Carson (my son) and I caught up to them on hole 13. I asked if we could join, and they said, “Sure, but we probably aren’t as good.” I replied, “I don’t care — I just want to golf with good people and enjoy the time catching up.”

There was a foursome ahead of us that had been playing painfully slow all day. We were starting to get a little impatient. We joked about sending a “warning shot” their way — rolling a ball up on them from the tee box. I mentioned that I tend to get into little scuffs now and then doing that. Troy laughed and brought up his hockey days. He said if you didn’t like the way the other team was playing, you’d just start a fight — it was just part of the game. Not the case in golf, unfortunately, and I sensed Troy was a little disappointed that such behavior wasn’t “acceptable” on the course.

Troy also talked about hole 17 and how he’d look down the canyons to collect golf balls. He loved beating Chris Rudin to the good ones. He said it was prime time for ball-hunting down there — a simple moment that showed his competitive spirit, love for adventure, and approach to life: work hard, play even harder.

We finally got to 18 — a par 3 with trouble on the right and a parking lot to the left. I hit first and stuck it within a foot of the hole. Shawn came up short. Carson pulled his a bit left and short. The wind was blowing slightly into us. Then it was Troy’s turn.

Now, that slow foursome we joked about earlier? They were parked in the lot, just left of the hole. Troy swings — and sure enough, his ball sails left, straight over the heads of that group. It bounces toward the hillside by the upper putting green. Without missing a beat, Troy jogs back, grabs another ball, and hits again. This one veers left into the canyon.

As we roll up to the green, Carson, Shawn, and I all get out of the cart and head toward the hole. I notice Troy heading up the hill — toward the parking lot. I assumed he was going to retrieve his ball. I tapped in my one-footer for birdie while Shawn and Carson took their second shots. Suddenly, I look up — and there's Troy, across the parking lot, club in hand, yelling "Coming at you!"

I stepped back toward the edge of the green. The pin was in the middle. And from a spot I've never seen anyone play from before, Troy hit his shot — and landed it 8 feet from the pin. No shame about where his ball ended up. He played it as it lay. Most golfers wouldn't even go near that area to retrieve a ball, let alone hit from there.

That moment taught me something. Troy taught me something. To live life to the fullest. To let the ball lie where it lands — and play on, with a smile.

As we ended the round, I'll never forget Troy removing his hat, reaching out to shake my hand, and flashing the biggest, kindest, most fun-loving smile. He may be gone from this world, but he lives on in our hearts and memories.

Thank you, Troy. You are loved, remembered, and missed. Until we meet again.

BP

Beautiful story Garrett. It really capture the joy he lived with... sadly, enjoy yourself, it's later than you think.

bob paine - July 17, 2025 at 06:58 PM

TG

“ I'm gonna miss ya Troy! Very grateful that I had the pleasure of working with ya! Gone to soon.

Tyler Dean Gardner - July 10, 2025 at 12:13 PM