



Art Stockman

March 27, 1936 - November 30, 2020

Art Stockman was a born-again Christian, and a member of First Southern Baptist Church. Art was born in Boise, Idaho and attended school there and in Twin Falls until he enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corp at the age of 18. After Boot Camp his company was loaded on board ship and sent to Japan. Three days of seasickness and corpsman A thru R were unloaded. The remainder continued to Okinawa, where he spent the next three years working with large machinery, building bridges and roads. He was discharged in 1957 as Combat Engineer/Construction Inspector with the National Defense Service Medal. Art followed his parents to Moses Lake, WA and started his career in trucking, logging thousands of miles hauling livestock locally and then dairy with Safeway. When he was about 50 years old he drove to California to connect with his biological father and discovered the origin of his name. He retired from the milk plant, dispatching, purchased his own truck and hauled everything from hogs to Humvees for several years. During those years he married, had two sons, divorced, remarried and claimed four grown step-children. Then he and his wife, Dona, adopted three more children, for a total of nine. He and Dona built two houses, acquired 5 acres for the kids and animals and he continued his hobbies of collecting old machinery and car parts to build his Model T. He had a heart attack at age 58 and received his first pace maker. He had a total of three, the last one a Boston Scientific that was programmed to monitor him 24 hours a day. Six years later he was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease and a few short months later with prostate cancer. The physical ailments didn't slow him. The main goal in Arts life was to make people laugh. Chattering on the phone on his motorcycle or telling fabricated war stories. Art was the "go to" guy if anyone needed anything. He adored all of his kids (which interfered with discipline) and all the grandkids as they began arriving. Art was the most kind, generous, affectionate man you could be fortunate enough to know.

He was preceded in his death by his mother and stepfather Ruth and Roy Fackler.

He is survived by his wife, Dona L. Stockman; brothers, Robert Fackler, Marvin Fackler; sister, Phyllis Kern; children, Douglas Arthur Stockman, Darrel Allen Stockman, Santana Marie Purcell (Bill), Molly Ann Stockman, George Arthur Stockman (Bethanee); four stepchildren, ten grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

Comments



“ What a warm and kind man! My adopted son was his adopted daughters brother and Art and Dona made us feel like “family” right away. Will miss talking to him and keeping Dona in my prayers! Just heard about this from James and he sends his love

debra wyman - December 19, 2020 at 09:24 PM



“ Art was a neighbor and friend of years gone by. Our boys played little league together, and no matter how the game went, Art was always upbeat, and laughed no matter what. They don't make them like Art anymore. Our prayers for the family.

Barbara (Wiley) Brown and sons

Barbara Wiley Brown - December 15, 2020 at 03:35 PM



“ Some of the things that I remember about Art is on the day I was to head for boot camp with the Coast Guard Art was in tears (yes this big strong Marine) Mom ask him why and he said that they treat you like dogs in boot camp. I was able to write home to tell mom that we was treated worse than dogs.. We had to salute the one that was on the base.

Art and I took 3 great motorcycle trips that I will never forget. One was to Casper, Wy. We was pulling a trailer with a cooler inside. Stocked up with fresh peaches. That night we had peach juice. We also found a camp ground that each one of us found rocks under our sleeping bags. On the way back from Casper we was going to camp until we found out about the bears in the area. We rented a cabin that night.

Our other 2 trips was into Canada. The one was on what was Called the Buzzards Butt Buster. Went to 3 Valley Gap. Boy did we ever hit the rain on the way home. I went for a ride with Art in one of his trucking jobs. He let me try to drive. Said that I would never be a truck driver. (I retired after 28 years of driving one)

Had some great snowmobile trips with him also.

Love ya Art
Marvin

Marvin - December 12, 2020 at 07:36 PM



“ Dona, I am so sorry for your loss & your family is all in my prayers. Art was a great guy and all of us that knew him enjoyed his company & friendship. We shared some good times with you both on our motorcycles etc.

Fran Grant

Fran Grant - December 11, 2020 at 03:16 PM