



Larrie Adams

October 4, 1945 - April 24, 2009

Larrie Adams lost his 30 year battle to a debilitating disease on April 24th.,2009.

He was born on October 4th, 1945 in Sunnyside WA to parents Harrie and Esther Adams. The family moved to Twisp, WA in the Methow Valley in 1950 and established their cattle ranch, Rocky Ridge Ranch.

Larrie graduated from Twisp High School in 1964 and later from Washington State University, returning to the family Ranch after graduation.

Larrie and Laura married in April 1976. Due to health reasons the family sold the ranch in 1990 and moved to Moses Lake.

He is survived by his wife, Laura Ellis; daughter Jacqueline Adams of Seattle, WA.; step daughters Krys Ellis of Tacoma, WA ,Melynda Smith and grandson Kevin of Lacey, WA, and Marci Kearney, husband Tom and grandsons Evan & Sean of Mill Creek, WA. Preceding Larrie in death were his Father & Mother Harrie and Esther Adams.

At the family's request there will be no services.

Arrangements are in care of Kayser's Chapel & Crematory, Moses Lake.

You may sign the guestbook or leave a note for the family at www.kayserschapel.com

Previous Events

Service
JAN 1. 12:00 AM. No Services Planned

Tribute Wall



“*Jacquie- I haven't seen you in many years,last time I saw you was shortly after you came home from the hospital after your accident..I want to say how sorry I am for your loss,dads are like puppies they can never be replaced but we always have the greatest memories of them..your dad was a great man and he has a great daughter..peace be with you at this time and always-
Debbi###imported-begin##Debbi Swears (Hull)###imported-end##*

May 03, 2009 at 01:12 AM



“*I've heard many "Larrie" stories over the years - many a number of times and always enjoyed the naughty version of Mike and Larrie living a "Huckleberry Finn" childhood. From fishing trips with your father, rides into the wilderness to look for cows, to the two of you going to the University of Wyoming (we all know why you went there!) to seeing you walking along with Jackie holding your hand and you bent down helping her - she must have been all of a year old. Many other memories - but my favorite was sending a evening in the middle of winter with you and Mike up at the ski hill....talking. Well, OK, the two of you were doing a little drinking too. I think you two solved the world's problems that night and I just sat and listened and enjoyed the camaraderie of two good friends. We were all of 18 and 19 and Mike had hair, I was slim and you were healthy. Great memories linger.....###imported-begin##Kathleen Joy (Maltais)###imported-end##*

May 01, 2009 at 11:58 AM



“ *Jacquie and family,
I'm so sorry to read about Larrie. I have many many fond memories
of growing up and spending time with your family and I appreciate
his kindness to me during those years. My thoughts are with you.
Adrian Chavey###imported-begin##Adrian Chavey###imported-end##*

May 01, 2009 at 12:00 AM



“ *I think of you when day's begun
on painted hills, in rising sun;
out where wild horses run
wandering with rod and gun.*

*I wrote this for my father but it's what I have in my head when I think
of you. We did, indeed, see many a painted hill and sunrise growing
up together with our rifles and fishing rods. So, just as we did so
many times past, find a camp site sheltered from the wind with good
water and grass for the horses, someplace like Pipestone or Beaver
Meadows.*

*Kathleen mentioned something this morning that gives her comfort.
She said she has been feeling very sad since we got the news -
after all, you two were friends on the Loup Loup ski hill some years
before I met and married her. And like you with your dog, she really
loved her special little "Popper" dog that she lost almost two years
ago. Today she told me, "I had a great calm suddenly come over me
this morning when I realized that Larrie's dog is still here and mine
is up there and I'll bet Larrie will play with him for me!" So, if you see
a nasty little black dog with a crooked tail that smells like he just
rolled in days-old dead fish, that's Popsicle. If you can stand the
odor, he's a sweet little guy. Skookum la metsin, my good friend.
You'll be in our prayers often, in our memories always and in our
hearts forever.###imported-begin##Mike Maltais###imported-end##*

April 30, 2009 at 02:14 PM



“ Thank you Larrie.##imported-begin##Mike Smith##imported-end##

April 29, 2009 at 01:22 AM