



## Marion Edward Fawver jr.

April 30, 1949 - May 11, 2017

Marion "Ed" Fawver, Jr. of Eddyville died May 11, 2017.

He was born on April 30, 1949 to Marion Edward Fawver, Sr. and Livonna Thomas.

Ed married Patricia Fenner on June 7, 1979 in Toledo.

Ed had a varied career, working as a timber cutter for Georgia Pacific in Toledo as well as multiple other communities in Oregon. In addition to timber cutting, Ed also worked at a lumber mill in Winston, then moved on to building apartment complexes with his in-laws.

He later went on to do general/landscape maintenance in the property management field.

Ed was an important senior member at Elite Property Management in Corvallis.

Ed was a great father and was very involved with all of his grandchildren's activities.

He was a first responder and a member of AA. He enjoyed hunting, fishing and timber cutting.

He is survived by wife, Tricia; daughters Tammy White, Tonya Wilson, Amanda Richardson; six grandchildren; and six great-grandchildren.

He is preceded in death by brother Robin Fawver; both parents; and two grandsons, Andrew White and William Coupchiak.

Visitation will be from 10 to 11 a.m. at the Eddyville Community Church, with the service beginning at 11 a.m. A Private graveside burial will follow. A potluck begins after the service.

# Events

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**MAY**   **Visitation**   10:00AM - 11:00AM

**20**

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Eddyville Community Church  
20712 Hwy 20, Eddyville, OR, US, 97343

**MAY**   **Funeral Service**   11:00AM

**20**

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Eddyville Community Church  
20712 Hwy 20, Eddyville, OR, US, 97343

# Comments

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“ I have fond memories with my dad...riding around in the pickup with him when I was young, going fishing with him, riding our motorcycle, running from cows and many more.he always came to our kids is birthday parties and he was always the first one there. It was great. Thanks for being such a great dad love you.



**Tonya** - May 13, 2017 at 05:44 PM

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“ The memory of my grandpa I have is getting to walk to the pond with him for some fishing time. I think I was around ten years old. Grandpa got his fishing pole an fishing tackle. We started over the train tracks an it was scary looking down at the river. We found the trail to the pond an walked the foresty trail to the quiet natured pond. I walked around it an viewed as much as I could while grandpa sat an fished. I remember asking him if he caught a fish if I could take the scales off. He said no, but I thought it would make the fish less slippery. I will miss his loud chuckles.

**Nicole** - May 13, 2017 at 05:42 PM