



Louis Glynnell

SEP 13, 1947 - DEC 17, 2010



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Louis Glynnell

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Louis was born on September 13, 1947 and passed away on Friday, December 17, 2010. Louis was a resident of Sonoma, California.



Tribute Wall

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NE

Nellie posted:

Dearest Brother Mine, I miss you more than words can say. Its so hard to believe you are gone. I can't make sense of all the sadness and grief that I feel. Wasn't it just yesterday that you were doing something to make us all laugh or feel safe. I wonder how many times you tried to explain to me the science of the sound of thunder. You were so sure if you could just get me to understand how it all worked, I would stop being afraid of those sounds that rumbled and clapped and shook me. So many years have gone by, and I've never stopped being afraid of those sounds, and you never stopped trying to explain it all to me. Now when the thunder comes, I'll try not to be afraid, I'll try to listen for the patient sound of your voice in my mind explaining to me once again the science of the rumble and clap. I hope you know how much we all love you. Your gentleness and charm will long be remembered by all whose life's you have touched. My heart is full of your smile, that twinkle in your eyes, and all the silly things you did to make us laugh. I will treasure each memory. Give Mom a big hug. Love you mostest bunches, Nellie

January 15 at 3:36 AM

CH

Chao posted:

to my sweet uncle, you are missed so much. I love you and can still hear you laughing. I hear you all the time. Its really hard to say good bye , so I won't. You raised to wonderful boys, there so strong and amazing. You did good. I love you and I know you are taking care of Grandma up in a beautiful place. Love you.

January 10 at 10:34 AM



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NZ

Nellie Zaragoza posted:

My Dearest Louie (big Pooter), My heart and memory are full of the smiles and love you gave to us all. You were one of those rare persons who had a genuine gentleness towards humanity, and your kindness shined with your attitude of having never met a stranger. Some of the times I treasure most are when you came back to live at Mom's when I was in my late teens. You, Mom and I spent a lot of time together. I remember making lunch for you to take to work and always including a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, in those days it was one of your faves. This is also the time that we started calling each other by the "Pooter" names. You were big Pooter, Mom was old Pooter, and I was little Pooter. We continued calling each other this from that time on. Even the last email I got from you was signed Big Pooter. I will also always remember how very protective you were of your loved ones. I can still see your one punch totally laying out a man well over 6ft defending my honor. I will forever remember and treasure the infinite gifts of smiles and laughter you gave us all. I can still see the twinkle in your eyes when you were up to something. I'm very proud to be Aunt to Jamers and Mr. Cob. They are strong and kind young men, and they both have your charm. I hope they have fart machines in heaven, but I know even if they don't the angels are smiling with you there. I miss you more than words can say. Give old Pooter a big hug for me. Love you mostest bunches, Nellie (little Pooter)

January 8 at 1:54 PM

CW

Candida L. Brown (Whyte) posted:

Uncle Louis was one of the funniest, most kind-hearted people you could know. When you were lucky enough to have a one on one conversation with him, he really paid attention to you when you spoke! Shorty-Forty and Pull my finger are the silly things I remember. Even up to a few years ago, he'd still say, Hey Dida, pull my finger! His 2 boys are the first babies/toddlers I ever really bonded with. James and Jacob will always hold a special place in my heart, as will their late mother, Aunt Mel. Uncle Louis will be greatly missed.

January 6 at 7:24 AM



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Linda Terry posted:

My big brother, Louis, was one of a kind. I am thankful for all of the memories of him. I will cherish them. He was always there looking out for me through the years. When we lived in Colorado, Louis was 9 and I was six, we had to walk up the road to catch a bus to school. One winter morning we decided to take a short cut up the bank of the hill instead of using the road. I sank in the snow to my waist and Louis had to pull me out. We didn't try that again. There are so many things that I could tell you about my brother but everyone who knew him already knows what a good, kind, loving and humorous person he was. I know that we will all miss him. To James and Jacob, I am so sorry for your loss. Just remember how much he loved the two of you and how he did his best to raise you and guide you through life. Please know that you have several aunts, uncles and cousins that are there for you when you us. You are not alone. Please keep in touch. We love you. Louis, I know that you are with Mom, Curtis and so many more loved ones that we have lost. I know you will keep them laughing. We love you and will miss you always. Linda

December 29 at 12:28 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Louis by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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