



## Lynnford Zinkel

May 28, 1943 - November 19, 2016

Zinkel - Lynnford Charles Zinkel, age 73 of Loganville, Georgia passed away Saturday, November 19, 2016. He was born May 28, 1943 in Manitowoc, Wisconsin. A Memorial service will be held at 11:00 AM on Saturday, December 3, 2016 at St. Oliver Catholic Church, Snellville, Georgia. Mr. Zinkel retired as a driver for Watkins Motor Lines in 2006. He was preceded in death by his daughter Julie Nowak. He is survived by his wife Karen M. Zinkel of Loganville, Georgia, his son Gregory Zinkel of Long Beach, California, a granddaughter Montana Nowak of Atlanta, Georgia, brother and sister-in-law Terrance and Donna Zinkel of Newberg, Oregon, sister and brother-in-law Jacque and Roland Tollefson of Ellensburg, Washington, sister and brother-in-law Nadine and Leon Schermetzler of Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Arrangements by Tim Stewart Funeral Home: 2246 Wisteria Dr. Snellville, Georgia 30078. 770-979-5010. Please leave an online condolence at [www.stewartfh.com](http://www.stewartfh.com)

# Tribute Wall



“ *Tim Stewart Funeral Home created a Tribute Video in memory of Lynnford Zinkel*



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**Tim Stewart Funeral Home** - December 01, 2016 at 08:46 AM



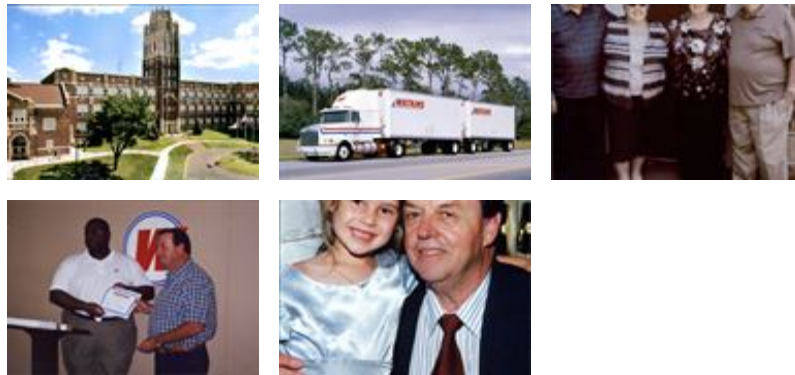
“ *Lynnford Zinkel*

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October 08, 2022 at 11:31 AM



“ *14 files added to the album Life Tributes*



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**Tim Stewart Funeral Home** - December 01, 2016 at 08:38 AM

BT

“ Who would have thought that I would marry the girl whose brother terrorized me in gym class while we were classmates in high school? I had Lynn in only one class in high school. I was a sophomore and he a junior, and it was unforgettable. Swimming, a required class, is where Lynn’s terrorism started. You see, he loved to dunk the younger lightweights in class. I made every effort to avoid him. But somehow somehow he’d find me and I was in for a dunking. That I didn’t drown is pretty amazing. He was so scary I even avoided him in the hallways.

*It was to be many years before our paths crossed again. I married his little sister and into the Zinkel clan and there he was. I’d shake just looking at him. But like some miraculous transformation (he married Karen), here was a new Lynn. No longer the terrorist, just another guy who loved to play 500 Rummy (for pennies), shoot baske balls( for quarters), play golf (for quarters), and go fishing. He had so much passion for winning, no matter what it was. The ultimate competitor, he hated to lose.*

*I remember one time when we were visiting Lynn and Karen in Cartersville, we went for a boat ride on Lake Lanier. He took us all around this huge reservoir and then stopped at a very nice picnic area for lunch. The girls were preparing the lunch and Lynn decided he needed to take the boat back out on the water to go a bit faster than what Karen likes, so as he said to blow the carbon out. Well I volunteered to go with. Big mistake, Lynn gets out in the open water and it’s literally pedal to the metal. We had to be going 70 mph. Over the wakes of boats gone by, bump bump bump. I thought , oh no, I am going to get tossed out. Out of the corner of my eye I caught glimpse of Karen and Jacque preparing the food. I thought – wish I was there. And Lynn, he was having the time of his life. Fortunately that day my life was spared only because we were coming up on the shore and he had to turn. For just this one time the old terror in Lynn returned.*

*There was another time when Lynn and Karen came out west and*

*were visiting us. We all went to a local tennis court for a round of tennis and were having a very good time. Lynn being the competitor he is had to make sure a bet was on the line. We played the first match. And he didn't win. Not good. Because we had to switch sides and he was in such a hurry to get on to the second match that he decided to leap over the net. The sight was not pretty. His first leg made it over, but there must have been too much back weight because the trailing leg didn't have a chance. Yes he came down like a thud. My friends here still remind me of that famous jump that never was.*

*My last most vivid memory with Lynn was a little over a year ago walking down Main Street in The Dalles, Oregon. We had just lost our son Jason and were gathering for his funeral. Lynn and Karen had lost their daughter Julie a month earlier. I told him how incredible and humbled I was for him to drive all the way across the country to be with us, and it wasn't something he needed to do so soon after losing his daughter. He showed the tremendous love and compassion he had by simply saying he knew how hard it was for him and Karen, and they were with us because they cared so much for family and wouldn't have it any other way. So, bye for now Lynn. I'll see you when I too pass through the portal to the other side. Better be ready too shoot some baskets, and hope there are no pools.*

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**Butch Tollefson** - November 30, 2016 at 09:28 AM

JT

“ Being Lynn's youngest sister had it's advantages. While in high school Lynn had a Fuller Brush route in Manitowoc, WI. Every once in awhile he would let me tag along and of course he made me work without my knowing it. It would be my job to get the next delivery order (bag) to hand to him so he could take it to the door of the customer. He paid me a dollar for each time I rode with him. He of course figured out a way to get that dollar back. He would say "Jacque I'll give you 50 cents for every game of 'horse' you win. If you lose, you pay me 50 cents." I being 6 years younger I would say "sure"! Yes, Lynn pulled the wool over my eyes every time. I lost every game and he got his \$1 back. Lynn, I love and miss you Brother! Love your Little Sister Jacque

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**Jacqueline Tollefson** - November 29, 2016 at 12:09 AM