



Jimmie Dale Sikes

August 23, 1948 - July 20, 2025

No obituary found for this tribute.

Previous Events

Visitation

AUG 7. 9:00 AM - 10:45 AM (PT)

Lake Chelan Nazarine Church
Chelan, WA 98816



Service

AUG 7. 11:00 AM - 12:00 PM (PT)

Lake Chelan Nazarine Church
Chelan, WA 98816

Tribute Wall

HD

“ *This is the one time I was able to meet Jim in person. I remember from that visit that he had a great sense of humor. Wish we had been able to spend more time together. And I found out we both loved comics!*  



Heidi Demello - August 16, 2025 at 12:02 AM

HD

Rest in peace, dad.

Heidi Demello - August 16, 2025 at 12:05 AM

NS

“ *3 files added to the tribute wall*



nathan sikes - August 07, 2025 at 11:40 AM

NS

“ 6 files added to the tribute wall



nathan sikes - August 07, 2025 at 11:33 AM

NS

“ 3 files added to the tribute wall



nathan sikes - August 07, 2025 at 11:32 AM

“ Memories of Dad

When I think about Dad, I think of the good times — the real moments, the small ones that somehow meant everything.

There was the Rambo incident when we were kids — one of those chaotic, hilarious memories that only siblings and childhood can really understand. I remember being so excited when the Ruby theater showed the Rambo sign and I yelled it out Rambo and of course we were all three of us sitting in the back of the van hanging out on loose carpet and dad slammed on the brakes and smashed into the car in front of us and he thought I was screaming cause I was hurt, but I was just excited. He got so mad at me so bad but in the end, it was his fault because he wasn't paying attention to the car in front of him.

I remember being out at the orchard, hanging out with Grandma and Grandpa while watching Dad move cherry bins with the truck. He was always in motion, always working, and somehow still always there. We'd help him fix irrigation lines, walk through the rows of trees, and just be near him while he did his thing. Those quiet, dusty days under the sun shaped so much of how I understood work, patience, and pride.

Christmas time brought its own memories — Dad selling Christmas trees out in the cold, bundled up like Santa Claus. I remember being there with him, watching people come and go, and the way he always found a little joy in the hustle of it all. He even set up his karaoke machine there and was singing Christmas songs with Valerie.

One of the moments that stuck with me most was when I found some drawings Dad had hidden in a closet. They were good. Really good. And I remember thinking, If Dad could do this, then maybe I could too. That moment quietly inspired me. He probably never knew how much it meant.

As a teenager, when life was hard or I needed something, Dad's house was always open. No matter when. If I needed food, I knew I could raid his pantry. There was always a hot dog waiting in the microwave, some canned food to crack open, and yes — I remember that big block of public assistance cheese, and the cow tongue. Strange comforts, but comforts all the same.

Dad's love life was a bit of a parade through our lives. Of course, Mom was always a foundation in those earlier years, but Cathy played a pretty big role during a formative part of our childhood. I heard she ended up in San Antonio. And then there was Valerie, who I know meant a lot to him. I still remember them singing karaoke together — Dad belting out his country western songs, always just a beat behind the bouncing ball, but somehow making it his own. It wasn't polished, but it was him.

Dad also had this huge comic collection he got from someone — filled with special editions and treasures. I'm not sure what ever happened to it, but it felt like a part of him: nostalgic, creative, quietly cool.

nathan sikes - August 07, 2025 at 11:17 AM

KH

Thanks for the memories from San Antonio

kathy hodges - August 10, 2025 at 09:17 PM

HD

Thank you for sharing these memories, Nathan. They fill in some of the gaps of not knowing him well. I feel sad about that.

Also—his comic collection went missing?!?! Bummer! That was a treasure!

Heidi Demello - August 16, 2025 at 12:10 AM