



Ronald Powell

October 18, 1945 - March 8, 2012

Ronald Milton Powell, 66, of Haltom City, Texas, passed away Thursday, March 8, 2012 at a local hospital surrounded by his family. Ronnie was born October 18, 1945, in Fort Worth, to Alonzo Melford Powell, Sr. and Mildred Louise Lowry Powell. He graduated from Trimble Technical High School. Ronnie was a member of South Hills Baptist Church since childhood. Bro. Walter Reid baptized him when as a boy, he accepted Jesus Christ as his Savior. He never wavered in his belief of a Heavenly Home. He enlisted in the U.S. Navy as a boiler tender on the U.S.S. Holder DD 819 from 1966-68. His destroyer was stationed in Norfolk, Virginia and during his enlistment went to Guantanamo Bay and Portland, England. He proudly served in the reserves until he was honorably discharged in 1980. Ronnie married his life-long love Margaret Pierce February 12, 1973 in El Dorado, Arkansas. He became the father of Willis and Margaret Presscilla. A son, Ron Jo was born in 1976. Ronnie adored his family and dogs and they adored him. Margaret hardly left his side during his illness. Ronnie was their rock in the "storms of life". The kids admired their father for being able to fix anything and never had to call a repairman. He loved to fix old cars and kept all of his in running shape. After flipping burgers, machine shop work and A/C work, he was re-hired by General Dynamics in 1980. He retired this past November as an instrumentation mechanic but never lost his love for the work or his co-workers. He was famous for baking biscuits to treat the crew before their shift started. At one time, Ronnie was a fixture in "The Stockyards". He performed as the "India Rubber Man" in front of "Texas Water" and Allison Kerr and the "Buffalo Grass". He also took monikers of "Panama" for the hat he wore, and sometimes "Tex". He loved telling jokes and fishing. He treasured his trips to Alaska to visit his family. Ronnie was preceded in death by his father, Mel and his sister (Martha Jo's twin), Barbara Louise. Survivors: Wife, Margaret Pierce of Fort Worth; Mother, Mildred Powell of Fort Worth; sons Ron Jo and wife, Morgan of Alaska, Willis and wife Gina of Fort Worth; daughter Margaret Presscilla of Alaska; brother Alonzo M. Powell, Jr. (Lonnie) and wife Nancy of Stephenville; sister, Martha Jo Powell of Fort Worth; grandchildren: Amanda, Desiree', Willis, Mathew, Emmaleigh, Tristan; great-grandchildren: Devyn, Dharyius, Da'liyiah, and extended family members and friends who will cherish the memory of Ronnie. Memorials: In lieu of flowers and if so desired, donations to the Ronald Powell Medical Fund c/o Martha Jo Powell,

3112 Riverwood Dr., Fort Worth, TX 76116 would be appreciated.

Tribute Wall

PE

“ Hello daddy, I miss you, I love you

Presscilla Estes - January 10, 2025 at 11:41 AM

GP

“ I only met Ronnie and Margaret once, but they left a lasting impression on me. Travelling from Wisconsin to pick up my daughter, the Powells welcomed me into their home insisting I stay for a large dinner they'd prepared. Ronnie's quiet humor and love of his family was evident in that short time. I know his children, Ron and Prescella, better, and they're a living testament to Ronnie's faith and love. They are both caring, loving people who've stayed close to their parents and have done what they could to assist, despite the great geographical distance between them. I'm the mom of Ron's wife, Morgan, and I'm proud and grateful that Ron is her partner. Love and prayers of healing to your family.

Gayle Parks - March 12, 2012 at 09:13 AM

“ I've known Ronnie as my father-in-law for about 14 years now. Words simply cannot express the impact this wonderful man made on my life, as I know he also made on others. I have many fond memories of Ronnie; his cooking, his laugh, his intelligence & wit, his shiny belt buckles, his quiet and reserved stoicism, his brilliant mechanical skills, his uncanny humor and ability to make people laugh, and his Texas sized smile all come to mind when I think back upon my time with him. Many many good memories, but one always stands out in my mind and brings a beaming Ronnie sized smile to my face when I think back on it...

Ronnie was skeptical at first when I started dating his son, Ron. I got the feeling that I assume most new, young couples have from their prospective father-in-law; a father's love and concern for their child's wellbeing above all else. He didn't know me at all, or if I was going to be a fleeting romance in his son's life. During the first year he kept his distance from me, the occasional conversation or joke during our family dinners at Poncho's while we all got to know each other. A few years passed before I got up the courage in this great man's presence to try and bond with him over something he loved; working on cars.

Ron & I went through a few beater cars during our first years together, and Ronnie was always helping us out with repairs and oil changes (among many other things). He always seemed so content when building or fixing something, you never really wanted to interrupt him. But I grew up with my own father, continually working on car projects in our garage and always had an interest. When I brought my cherry red camero (my first car) to Ronnie to help me out with a repair and an oil change, I saw an opportunity to bond with my potential father-in-law and show him I wasn't just a helpless girl; that I knew a thing two and wasn't afraid to get my hands dirty. Surprised, Ronnie reluctantly allowed me to stand next to the car and hold a flashlight for him while he did the oil change in the dark. A quiet half-hour or so went by with my occasional "anything I can do to help?" questions being answered with a grunt or a yell to move the light. Finally, he asked me to help by handing him a tool he had left on the engine above. Thankfully, I knew what a socket wrench was. However, in the dark with a new car, I didn't quite have the dexterity I should have, and knocked the hood prop off causing the hood to slam on one of my hands. I then proceeded to shout a litany of profanity out of pure reaction (later described by Ronnie as 'things he's only heard in the Navy').

My hand was the least of my concerns as I saw Ronnie slowly rolling out from under the car. Shock, horror and embarrassment washed over me while I fumbled to pick up the flashlight and socket wrench while yelling 'I'm fine'. I shine my flashlight on Ronnie and all I can see is his bright, beaming smile from ear to ear. When he made sure I was okay, I was then allowed to assist in the oil change; Ronnie occasionally grinning and chuckling under his breath. After then, he seemed a bit more comfortable around me and I knew we had bonded in a way that neither of us anticipated.

Although I was only his daughter-in-law, I respected and loved Ronnie as I do my

own father. He was always there when we needed him. Always there with his fatherly criticism & advice, a joke to break any discomfort, and his bright, beaming smile - especially when you did something blatantly stupid.

*Be at peace Ronnie.
Love and respect always,
Morgan*

Morgan Hall - March 11, 2012 at 03:47 AM

DE

“ *I wanted you to know I love the way you laugh*

I wanna hold you high and steal your pain away

I keep your photograph, I know it serves me well

I wanna hold you high and steal your pain

'Cause I'm broken when I'm lonesome

And I don't feel right when you're gone away..... Love you more than words describe and I know your still always watching over us grandpa.

Desiree - March 11, 2012 at 12:25 AM