



## Dean Ray Hornkohl

June 25, 1946 - March 9, 2019

Dean R. Hornkohl was born June 25th, 1946 in Grant, NE to Wilbur and Carolyn Hornkohl (Nee Rawley). He has five siblings, four surviving; David, Dale, Donna, Deb, and Delphine. Four daughters, Brenda (Chris), Barb (Chris), Tiffany (Steven), and Danielle, and one son, Jason (Michelle). 17 grandchildren: Jacob, Cody, Brandon, Caitlin, Sam, Timothy, Jarret, Marissa, Chandler, Kya, Samuel, Riane, Olivia, Annalise, Rhueby, Zoey, and Paisley Dean. Two greatgrandchildren, Ryden and Scarlette.

Dean left Grant, NE after high school to join the United States Marine Corps (USMC)-AD. He served in the Vietnam war, returning with an Honorable Discharge. Upon returning, he married Alicia Peterson (D) (Brenda and Barb) in Lincoln, NE. He graduated DeVry Institute of Technology to begin his career as an Air Traffic Controller with FAA and Union Leader. Continuing his career and moving to Casper, WY. He married Laurie Trepanier (D) (Jason, Tiffany, and Danielle). He was a long-time member of the A.B.A.T.E. (Wyoming Chapter) Motorcycle Club. Upon retiring, he relocated to Burns, WY to become a gentleman farmer, bartender, and a Sanitation Technician. Finding much love and companionship with Rhonda K. Cervanyk. He is very loved and will be missed.

No need for Condolences and Memorials; however, if so inclined, please send to:

3500 Galway Dr.  
Laporte, CO 80535

You are the Calm, and the Thunder in the Storm of Life.  
You are a flickering light,  
A brisk wind in the Night.  
You are the Soothing Voice in the face of brash reality.  
You are the laughter ringing from your Children.  
Shared memories floating in time.  
You are the rugged, loving presence embedded in the lessons of our past.  
You are the lone wolf baying at the moon.  
Confessions of your soul, unknown.  
You are the Smooth shot of Whiskey with a friend that burns deep inside.  
Your life is a Kaleidoscope of colors.  
A spark within the souls of those whom you roam.  
Not always sure of Right or Wrong.  
You are the Spirit Walker.  
Now in the place between reality and dream.  
You are an eagle soaring.  
You are the beating of the dreams.  
You are the rain.  
You are the clearest of skies.  
You are the echo of Freedom.  
May you ride the endless road to Heaven.  
On the highway of Forever.

# Tribute Wall

NK

“Dean was probably the cousin I was closest to, maybe because we were close in age. I remember him as a fun-loving, caring, and daring person. A couple of memories stand out in my mind: We cousins were occasionally allowed to go to the Grant city swimming pool without our parents. One day several of us (Dean, my brother Richard and several others; I don't recall for sure who all was there that day) set off to go to the pool. I seem to recall the pool was pretty busy that day and we were debating whether to go when Dean commented, "I know a place we can go." He led us across the highway to a retention pond in a field. The water wasn't very deep (maybe 3-feet at the deepest) and the bottom was muddy, but it was cool and we were having a great time. Suddenly Dean gave a scream and began hollering, "Something bit me! Something bit me!" We were all out of the pond in a flash, certain he had been bitten by a snake or something. After we calmed down, we realized the "bite" was in actuality a fair-sized cut and needed some attention. We headed back to his house, trying to figure out how we were going to explain this when we weren't supposed to be swimming in the pond. I don't really remember what was said to his mom (Carolyn), but I remember her ranting and raving about there shouldn't be broken glass on the bottom of the city pool. I don't know if Dean ever "fessed up" about this incident; as far as I know, Carolyn never found out the truth.

The other memory is a sad memory. My sister Karon and I were sharing an apartment in Omaha while I attended the University of Nebraska College of Nursing. We heard a knock on our door one day, and opened it to see Dean standing there. He seemed subdued and nervous as we let him in. As we tried to puzzle out why he might have driven from Lincoln to Omaha to see us, he shakily told us our Dad had passed away and he was there to take us home. He was pretty broken up; our Dad was someone I think he always looked up to. I don't remember much of anything about that drive home, but I don't think I will ever forget that Dean was willing to bring the bad news and see us home safely.

I have other fleeting memories, moments in time--us picking berries from the tree in Grandma's neighbor's yard; Dean and Carl (my

*brother) riding motorcycles together in Wyoming (I never saw this, but I heard some of the stories), Dean helping me learn to ride a bike in the rutted alley behind their house--and his laugh and devil-may-care attitude.*

*I pretty much lost contact with Dean after he graduated from high school. I regret that. He was one-of-a-kind and I know he will be missed.*

*-Norma (nee Barnett) Kelley*

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**Norma Kelley** - March 17, 2019 at 05:39 PM