



Harold Barton Young

September 12, 1931 - November 25, 2018

Harold Barton Young, age 87, was born to parents, Carle Young and Emily E. Vonderberg in Chicago, Illinois on September 12, 1931. He passed away on Sunday, November 25, 2018 in Colorado. Harold is survived by his daughter, Cynthia E. Young of Huntley, Illinois; brother, Robert Young and wife Connie of Woodstock, Illinois; nephew, David Young of Littleton, Colorado; niece Wendy Haynes of Lilburn, Georgia; niece, Kristi Rodriguez of Camarillo, California; niece, Karen Quam of Wrightwood, California; nephew, Michael Young of Parker, Colorado; niece, Christine Jaegar of Las Vegas, Nevada; niece, Susan Lee of New Bern, North Carolina; and generations of nephews and nieces throughout the country. He is preceded in death by his parents Carle Harold Young and Emily Esther Vonderberg Young; brother, Kenneth William Young; son, Roger Young; and wife, Rosemary Young. Harold will be deeply missed by his family, his friends, and all who knew and loved him. Visitation will take place on December 17, 2018, in Wildwood Chapel at Restland Memorial Park at 9:00 AM. Funeral service will be held at 10:00 AM. There will be a graveside service at 11:00 AM. Funeral arrangements have been entrusted to Restland Funeral Home and Cemetery, 13005 Greenville Avenue, at Restland Road, Dallas, Texas 75243.

Comments



“ My Dad will be missed by all. I remember the first ski trip on the “bunny hill” per my Dad’s request “you only need to go down once” then off we went to the chair lift! He loved living in Colorado remarking about the aspen leaves each year and the adventure. It was a surprise to know his name was not “Bud” . Rosemary would call him Harold, Roger and I could not figure out who she was talking to. Also remember Dad tell us we were on our own if we had a problem with Rosemary’s cooking. We only had one request “not so many vegetables in the spaghetti please.” Rosemary was a terrific cook. My Dad and Rosemary loved their many pets. Believe they are all buried in the Mountains somewhere. It was a dream of my Dad’s to go on a cattle drive ! I was game if he was, but never got a call that he had found the right one. Many memories are in my minds eye. Rest in Peace Dad.

Cindy E Young - December 07, 2018 at 02:25 PM



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