

Don Mack Corbett

April 1, 1937 ~ October 15, 2024

My late husband, Dr James R Walker, Absolutely loved Don. They were colleagues in the way that Jim was a counseling psychologist and would confer with Don and refer people to Don often. I I heard his name many many times through the years! My love and condolences to the family.

- Pat Walker

There wasn’t enough space to talk about how Don would hold a carburetor in his hands and squint his eyes and share his passion for how it worked. I never walked by the Corbett house that an engine wasn’t suspended from a cable attached to the top of the trusses. He was a master mechanic. Doing engines was his thing. He told me once that he could get a manufactured engine from Japan and this would be a game changer. I doubted that an engine he hadn’t worked on would be valuable - at least to him. His garage was filled with the best tools. At some point in his “mechanic passion” his tools were stolen and his passion was stolen too. Perhaps not immediately but in time the engines suspended waiting to be installed were not as noticeable. I witnessed a wonderful family, from Mike to Liz. I was a lax scoutmaster and John with his contemporaries followed Robb Richards and me on a few backpack trips to the Wind Rivers. John was stout and tough as nails but had a gentle humor that disarmed everyone. I’ve told John more than once he should be a stand up comedian. I was curious how Don and Linda raised their kids. I had four young kids at the time and wanted to get a head start on parenting. I learned that Don and Linda were gentle souls. Maybe they had issues with teenagers but it never showed. Don taught John to ski, but maybe Don moved aside to let John learn the art himself. Once when the lifts were stopped John went off a jump and did a 720! Everyone on the lift erupted in yells, this before it was uncommon for skiers to successfully “land” a 360! I learned lessons of fatherhood from Don. One of my daughters received counseling from Don, which helped her cope with tough issues. My wife and I were invited to the last counseling session and Don asked us to tell how our daughter changed our lives. Our faces cracked and tears formed and with broken voices told her how she changed us as parents. Don was a master counselor as well. Dear Corbett’s, may the memory of his love for you as dad and husband be heavy upon you. Don’s heritage came from good and rare ancestors. Not enough space to share the uniqueness of Don’s stories, but you are all a part of his history and the stories he told. Enjoy Don forever! Jim McCullough

- Jim McCullough

Don was, and remains, my first Genuine Hero. I first met Don when I was an impressionable 15-year-old. I saw My father, Emmett, and Don form an immediate friendship and eternal bond. I watched and admired him as he courted my sister Linda. Don’s love for Linda for the past 60 years was epic and eternal, it knew no bounds. Don’s tireless love for his family was inspiring. I saw the genuine and deep-rooted goodness that would define his life. I have always cherished Don’s kindness and friendship. Don was, and is, an exceptional man and I look forward to an eternity with Don Corbett in it.

- Lee Brown