



## James P. McDonald

August 2, 1953 - January 6, 2024

James Patrick McDonald was born on August 2, 1953 in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He left this earth at Claremore, Oklahoma on January 6, 2024 at the age of 70. He was preceded by his mother, Edith McDonald; and his father, Raymond Bell McDonald. He was also predeceased by his brother-in-law, Patrick Coughlin; his niece, Kimberlea Brecht; and his nephew, Corey McDonald. James is survived by his sisters, Barbara Coughlin and Mary Ann Dicks and her husband, Marshall; his brothers, Raymond Franklin McDonald and his wife Donna, and Carl Pierce McDonald and his wife Carolyn; along with numerous nieces and nephews.

James went by the name of “Jimmy” most of his life. He attended Sequoyah Elementary School and Cleveland Junior High in Tulsa. He later received his GED. He also served in the United States Air Force.

Jimmy never married and spent most of his life working as a machinist away from Tulsa.

He lived at the Claremore Veterans Center in Claremore, Oklahoma at the time of his death.

The rest of the family is very appreciative of all the time and care that was given to him by his sister, Mary Ann Dicks.

Jimmy’s life will be celebrated at 2PM, Wednesday, January 17, 2024 at Cornerstone Funeral Home Chapel.

# Previous Events

## Service

JAN 17. 2:00 PM (CT)

Cornerstone Funeral Home Chapel  
1830 N. York St.  
Muskogee, OK 74403

# Tribute Wall

JJ

“ JE and I had met Jimmy on several occasions. We are good friends with most of his extended family! We are so sorry for their loss! Prayers for his family! Jeannie Smith

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**JE & Jeannie** - January 15, 2024 at 03:44 PM

BE

“ I met Jim many years ago, we saw each other for a while and then life happened, and we lost touch. I never forgot about him; I don't think you do when you meet such a sweet, kind soul. A year ago, he came looking for me, something that I never imagined would or could happen. Over this last year we have talked and sent texts many times My one regret is that things never worked out so we could see each other again.

When he told me about this last illness, he asked two things of me; that I stay in touch with him (and later through his sister) and that I don't cry about the inevitable end. I agreed, but if I could tell him anything it would have to be that I am truly sorry I have not been able to keep my word totally. Tears slip out at the most unpredictable times, and I can just hear him reminding me that I promised....

My dear sweet friend, you will always be in my heart. I shall miss you always and feel so blessed that I had the opportunity to know you and thank God for every single minute. We did not end conversations with 'good-by' rather, 'be well'. I know in my heart he now truly is.

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**Bette** - January 15, 2024 at 12:58 PM