



Philip Anderson

February 14, 1949 - February 4, 2015

Phil was born in Little Falls, MN, February 14, 1949. He moved to Oregon in the mid 60's and attended Madison High School. He graduated in 1971 from OCE, what is now WOU. He married Darolyn in 1970 and their daughter Kierstin was born in 1972. Phil joined the Oregon State Police in 1974 and they moved to the Portland area. He was assigned to the Beaverton patrol office and moved to the Banks office in the early 90's. He retired after 25 years as a Sr. Trooper. After retirement he worked at the clubhouse at Killarney West golf course. He played in a regular Tuesday morning game in a group that referred to themselves as the 'old guys' - he was 'the kid' when he joined. He left his job at the golf course to pour wine in the tasting room at Kramer vineyards in Gaston. He enjoyed both of these jobs because it gave him the opportunity to talk and joke with people. He left Kramer's to spend more time golfing and time with his newly retired wife. He has also served on the board of the Gaston Rural Fire District since 1999. You would often find him at local garage sales, estate sales or Goodwill. He loved spending time searching for treasures for his granddaughter, who was the light of his life, or for tools to use in his shop for his latest woodworking project. His wife became an avid golfer, too, and they enjoyed playing local courses together. Phil suffered a stroke and died only a few hours later on February 4, 2015. He is survived by his wife, Darolyn, his daughter Kierstin, her husband James and their daughter Taylor. He was a loving husband, father and grandfather and will be greatly missed. Please join the family for a celebration of his life on March 7 at 11:00 am. In lieu of flowers the family suggests a charitable donation be made to Forest Grove Habitat for Humanity http://westtualityhabitat.org/Donation_Page.php , Northwest Airedale Terrier Rescue <http://www.nwairedalerescue.org/info/donate> or a charity of your choice

Comments



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April 01, 2021 at 02:13 PM



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Phil is in Heaven sitting in a lawn chair in complete comfort & loving the Huygens family stories of adventures involving him.. It has been 25 years since we moved from Banks where Jim played racket ball with Phil @ Gary Carnes house. I met Phil almost daily as I traveled Route 2 out of the Banks Post Office. So many memories to treasure. Thanks to Phil & Darolyn our sons John & Paul we're watched over & guided in life changing ways. I will let John & Paul know ... they talk about Phil often...just yesterday & again today. So sad, but also smiling with wonderful memories. Celia

Celia & Jim Huygens - January 17, 2019 at 12:00 AM



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A Really Nice Guy Phil wasn't just a nice guy, but was a REALLY, REALLY nice guy. I suspect that many people to whom he gave a ticket actually wound up thanking him, and driving off with a smile on their face. Although he was always "the smartest guy in the room," he'd never be the one to tell you that. He was very humble about his genius IQ. The world is a better place because Phil was here!

Becky Hampton - March 05, 2015 at 12:00 AM



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Phil's humor The first time I met Phil was on the bottling line at Kramer' vineyards and it was the start of a long relationship. He quipped that the two oldest guys were lifting all the cases off the conveyer belt which reminded him of an Ollie and Lena joke.. It turns out that everything reminded him an Ollie and Lena joke. So, every time I hear or see a Norwegian joke I will think of my pal Phil.

RJ Lint - March 02, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ My Wednesday Guy We met Phil in the early 1990s when he drove in here with his patrol car. Yikes! what was that all about? I went outside and Keith headed over from the vineyard in his tractor. He had Becky in handcuffs. Right away, I knew he was a crackup. He met us and eventually became a regular on our Bottling Crew. When Darolyn could get time off she would join us also. Phil stacked case boxes very well, but sweat so much, he says, "Fat boys sweat." Then he offered to work the tasting room on the quietest day of the week, Wednesday. One Wednesday, everybody walking into the tasting room was from Minnesota! We were just in awe of that coincidence! We spent many evenings at our home hosting Phil and Darolyn, outside barbecues, and just lots of laughter and chuckling. A fine person and a memorable man, but just sucked (his own words) at golf!

Trudy Kramer - February 27, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ Good Sr. Trooper I first met Phil when he was a recruit at the Beaverton Office. I believe I was working in the Criminal Division at that time. Shortly after meeting him I got transferred to the Portland office and worked there for several years. I was then asked if I would open the Banks office as the Sergeant in charge of that outpost. I was told I could take any Troopers of my choice from the Beaverton office as it was closing. The first Trooper I chose was Phil, I knew he would set the example for the office and I wanted people who would put in an honest days work and help the office become an outstanding outpost office. He never disappointed me.

Mike Plester - February 24, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ OCE Phil was a buddy of mine in college. We shared many a good time at the poker table and other activities college students engaged in. I was a friend with challenging behaviors that sometimes got me in trouble, as result Phil would set me straight (chew me out) in such a nice way I wouldn't realize it until the next day sitting in church. That is one reason he made such a good cop. He kept in touch with me over the years. He brought patients to state hospital in Wilsonville where I worked as a social worker. He always treated staff and the patients with kindness and a droll humor. In college his favorite tv show was the new dragnet and it was pretty obvious what his career aspirations were. To me he will always be uncle Philbee a moniker I was able to get away with calling him. That being said Phil was cool in a Steve McQueen way, a way you don't see so much these days. so good bye phil.

David Emmons - February 20, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ Always a Joke Phil was so funny to be around; always had a Sven, Lena and Olli joke in hand, but there was a straight side to him, too. He reminded RJ that we might want to plant Pinot Noir if we ever wanted to make any money at the winery and he owes me shooting lessons. I never got to say goodbye.

Juanita Lint - February 19, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ He was a fixture in my early police career I first met Phil Anderson in 1989 when he was a seasoned, 15-year trooper with OSP and I was a new recruit. When my coach was unavailable one day, Senior Trooper Anderson was my escort in the OSP patrol car in Western Washington County that day. Right out of the chute, Phil asked to buy me a cup of coffee, and he looked dumbfoundedly at me as I explained I had never developed a taste for it. Well, that didn't stop him from getting his at the local 7-11 store. He also bought me a piece of candy and tossed it to me. I popped it into my mouth....coffee flavored...Phil just drove with that childlike grin on his face. Over the years, I came to appreciate his sense of humor, his consistency as a police officer and his genuine interest in other people. He never spared anyone from knowing what he thought about your--your strengths or your weaknesses, but he always left you feeling like he liked you, even if he had to dig into you with a little wise crack. One time, I went to help him at the scene of a jackknifed semi at the top of Prune Hill on a snowy Highway 6. At one point we were both out of our cars, helping motorists stuck behind the semi, when he noticed that my patrol car was slowly rolling toward a precipice. "Jeffy" (That's what he always called me) "Your CAR!" We both ran to that brand new 1994 Ford Crown Victoria, but to no avail. It plummeted over the side and down a steep embankment, its reds and blues still rotating on the car's top. Phil looked at me, then walked slowly toward his patrol car. He sat down on the driver's seat, with both boots planted in the snow. He lit up a cigarette, took a long draw. He then blew out the smoke and looked up at me, and said, "Not good, Jeffy. Not good." Phil had a way of drilling down to the essence of situations--difficult ones and light-hearted ones. He masked his deep intelligence with his folksy style. My heart goes out to his family, and I wish them peace in the midst of their sorrow. He was a fixture in my early police career and a friend who opened his home and personal life to me and others with whom he worked. He will be greatly missed.

Jeff Dickerson - February 15, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ An Honest Cop Phil Anderson was the epitome of an honest cop. I first met Phil in the 1980s when I was representing a fellow charged with DUII. We took the case to trial. Later, as I was telling a more experienced attorney about the trial, he exclaimed "You took a Phil Anderson case to trial? Why did you do that?" He went on to explain that Phil was so honest, reasonable, and personable, that you could not do anything to him on cross-examination, he would not charge someone who was not clearly guilty, and juries loved him. Well, my client had been acquitted but not because of anything I had done. Phil was so honest and reasonable in his direct examination - explaining what my client had done correctly as well as what he had done wrong and informing the jury that what my client had done wrong was not so wrong compared to what some people do - that the jury found reasonable doubt and acquitted. Cross-examination was totally unnecessary. I saw Phil fairly frequently after I became a judge. It was always a relief and a joy to know he was on a case. I knew he would tell the truth about everything. Also, he continued to be so reasonable and personable that defendants in traffic cases uniformly offered him a handshake and a smile when their cases were finished. Our world is diminished with his passing. My condolences to his family and friends. Steve Price

Steve Price - February 14, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ Dear Darolyn, My heart goes out to you and your family at the loss of your dear husband, Phil. I hope you're receiving much love and support during this sad time. I don't know if you remember me but we went to OCE together and you were even in my wedding in August 1973 (I'm divorced now, though). You are in my thoughts and prayers and if you wish to contact me, please feel free to do so. I live in NE Portland. Kathi May Menconi 503-252-4699 or kathimenconi@comcast.net

Kathi May Menconi - February 14, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ The First Time I Met Phil I had met Lt. Andy Olson for lunch at Deli In The Grove in Forest Grove. He told me he had invited one of his Troopers to join us. We were deep in discussion about something when someone sat down at the table with us. We finished our conversation and I turned to introduce myself to the Trooper and I noticed he was staring intently at me. Long enough that it made me feel a little uncomfortable. And then he spoke "Is that a \$%*@ing ear ring in your ear?!" I don't think our paths crossed again until he retired and began serving our Board at the 9-1-1 Center. We will miss him, his stories, and thoughtful discussion on matters important to the 9-1-1 Center. I am very disappointed that I have a prior commitment for Rotary in Seattle the weekend of Phil's memorial service and will be unable to attend. We have similar taste in what we consider formal attire.

Larry Hatch - February 12, 2015 at 12:00 AM



“ Darolyn, Kierstin, James, and Taylor, So much love is being sent your way, and our hearts are broken over Phil's loss. I think only happy thoughts of my memories of him. He always had something funny to say, the dry kind of wit that could send me into hysterics. Phil was one of a kind, the light of our reunions, and often the entertainment. Thank you for being a big part of my life, Phil. Your legacy of love lives on with your whole family, and you will be forever missed.

Robyn Hoekstra - February 11, 2015 at 12:00 AM