



Donald Louis Rogers

February 4, 1950 - May 16, 2025

DONALD LOUIS ROGERS

FEBRUARY 4, 1950 – MAY 16, 2025

Donald Louis Rogers went home to be with the Lord on Friday, May 16, 2025. He was born on February 4, 1950, in Atlanta, Georgia, yet raised in Texas and very proud to be a Texan and life-long Cowboys fan. Donny joined the United States Marine Corps in 1968, where he served for four years. In 1987, he married the love of his life Colleen Deborah Ott who cared for him faithfully all his days. Donny battled multiple health issues for years, but that never kept him from his fierce love for and service to family and friends. He was sharing the Lord's saving gospel with others even in his final days.

Donny is preceded in death by his brothers Billy and Danny and his dear son Alan Paul Rogers. He is survived by his wife Colleen, daughter Gina Sue and her husband Justin Bradley, daughter-in-law Nicki Rogers, grandson Derryk Bidez and his wife Betsy along with great grandson Adrian Paul, and granddaughter Jackie and her husband Nick Wood.

In lieu of flowers, please offer condolences through a tax-deductible gift to Gold Network of East Texas, the family's nonprofit organization serving East Texas childhood cancer families.

Gold Network of East Texas, P.O. Box 8962, Tyler, TX 75711

www.goldnetworkoet.com

Please join the family in celebrating Donny's life;
10 a.m., Friday, May 30, 2025
Believer's Fellowship Baptist Church
21603 Rhodes Rd. Spring, TX, 77388

Tribute Wall

“ To Gina Sue Memories!

I am thinking about you and remembering Dad. I know you remember when restaurants used to have microphones 🎤 to call out when a table was ready and how Dad would always get the microphone, calling out yours or whoever's name over the speaker 🗣️.

Or how he would answer the telephone, "Delta Airlines reservations." 😊

He would tell you that he loved you to the very last number. "That's just the kinda guy I am."

He always called me Cupcake. I know Nicki remembers him calling me that, and so does Jeanette because she was often in my car when he would call me or vice versa.

You were his "Tooterinck" spelling? He always called Jackie Angel 😊. His male friends were always "Brother".

I remember how he would stop and render aid to anyone who needed help stranded on the road. He burned up a transmission or two pushing or towing someone's vehicle off the road. I remember one trip in particular. We were on our way to Carthage for a visit when a farmer hauling cattle broke down on the side of the road. He hooked up the farmer's truck and trailer, loaded with cattle, and took him to his own home.

You may or may not know that he would drive into downtown Houston at night and give the aluminum Coke cans." You know how many Cokes were his favorite beverage and almost always what we had saved for a homeless man; the homeless man called him "The can man." He would say NO! You're the can, man. He would visit

the homeless people living under the Pierce elevated bridge downtown. Dad was fearless; I asked him to stop going downtown at night because he got shot at, nearly missing his head, and skimmed the cab of his truck. Roger Parker thought Dad was some prophet or something; Dad would always say, it's not me." It's GOD! Dad would randomly hand out \$ 20 bills to strangers. I'd ask, ' Why did you do that? ' He would say, "Because they needed it, and besides, did you see the look on their face?" I know you remember how he could hold a wrapped, unopened gift and could describe what was inside. He stopped doing that because he said it freaked people out.

He would tell me jokingly, "One day, you're going to miss me," and I do!!!

I hope you don't mind me sharing these memories with you. I'm sure you've heard this story, but one that sticks in my mind. Bub and Nicki were moving into their house on Walnut Gate; Dad was helping upload the u-haul with a friend of Bub's. Dad reached down and loosened the strap that held his leg on, turned to Rich, I think, and said hey man, can you help me? I've got a cramp in my leg; pull on it, that should help. Rich pulled his leg, and off it came. Rich was mortified; Dad got the biggest thrill. He was always doing silly things like that.

With all the "hell" he went through 30-plus procedures attempting to save his leg, he NEVER complained. Of course, he would say, 'My leg is sore,' or 'I have a blister,' but seriously, he never complained. Kids were always curious and would ask what had happened to his leg and when it was going to grow back. He would tell a tale about how he was swimming across a lake, and an alligator bit it off, or he would say I'm the bionic man. 🤔🤖

Don't go into a restaurant with him if you're easily embarrassed. It was so like him to lean over to the table next to him and say, "Hey, are you gonna eat that?" and may even take a bite if offered. And oh my goodness, don't sit next to a family with a child 😂🤖😂 But

he could always defuse a child's temper tantrum, turning an otherwise sad or angry child into smiling and laughing 😊

I remember Dad telling me about the time he jumped onto a moving train, something he always wanted to do, so he parked his truck next to a bridge where a train was running through, counting and timing the seconds between train cars so he wouldn't jump at the wrong time landing in-between when he was finally ready to jump he did, the metal grates dug into his legs through his jeans and bloodied his hands, it wasn't as easy

colleen - May 31, 2025 at 10:52 AM

MM

“ *Every time I saw Donny, he was so pleasant and friendly. I know some of those times he was not feeling well at all, but he was always welcoming. I know his family will miss him greatly, especially Colleen.. But he will always be with you, watching over you all from his new Heavenly Home. Rest in Peace, Donny.*

Mary Lee Malek

Mary Lee Malek - May 22, 2025 at 11:46 AM

GE

“ *So sorry to hear of the passing of Donald. First met Donald on the Walter trip to Lanai Hawaii. Great Guy and really enjoyed talking and visiting with him.*

George & Velma Flowers

GeorgeFlowers - May 21, 2025 at 04:45 PM