



Mr. Frederick Jack Boggs

August 18, 1945 - March 8, 2025

Frederick “Jack” Boggs, age 79, passed away peacefully at home on Saturday, March 8, 2025, surrounded by his loved ones.

Born on August 18, 1945, in West Virginia, he was the son of Leonard & Thelma. He grew up in Ohio before meeting the love of his life, Manon, and relocating to the Mobile, Alabama. They shared a fiery, unwavering love, one built on humor, loyalty, and a lifetime of adventure .

He spent his professional life as a truck driver, traveling coast to coast, often with Manon by his side. Whether on the road or at home, he never met an engine he couldn’t fix. If it had wheels, he could make it run. He loved tinkering with cars, collecting watches and clocks, and was always up for a game of dominoes, gin rummy, checkers, or any board game the grandkids brought to the table.

Jack had a sharp wit, a generous heart, and a never-ending supply of good-natured pranks. He never told anyone “no” when they were in need—most of the time, he didn’t even wait for them to ask. If he could help, he just did. Quietly, without a fuss, and without expecting anything in return.

His love for strong coffee was unmatched, and no holiday was complete without his famous potato soup—a family tradition that sparked more than a

few arguments over who got the last bowl. But more than anything, his greatest joy in life was being Pawpaw. His grandchildren and great-grandchildren were his pride and joy, and he made sure they always knew it.

He is survived by his beloved wife, Manon, his children Tammi, Tracy, Rene, Clay, Amy, and Kay (Jon), and his grandchildren Brandy (Michael), Beth, Ashley, Tyler, Casey, Abbey, Brennan and David. He also leaves behind his great-grandchildren Tristan (Jaeda), Ethan, Jordan, Rhilee, Tatumn, Aimee, Grayson, Jack, and Amerie and his great-great-granddaughter, Genesis.

He is preceded in death by his parents, stepmother, siblings, son-in-law Michael, and grandson Stephen.

Per his wishes, the family will hold a private celebration of life to honor the man who meant so much to so many.

Though the world is much quieter now, his presence will always be felt—
in the smell of motor oil and orange pumice soap,
in a deck of well-worn cards,
in the tick of a clock on the wall,
and in that first sip of strong coffee.

And when he reached Heaven's gates,
we know our Stephen was waiting,
grinning, arms open—
“C'mon, Pawpaw, we've been waiting on you.”