



In Celebration Of A Wonderful Life *Linda Kinter*

September 27, 1947 - November 28, 2022

On September 27, 1947 a baby girl, named Linda, was born and delivered into the arms of her loving parents Bill and Susian Wondra. Thirteen months later she was joined by her sister, Penny, and they became best friends forever. Linda was born in Sheridan, WY. She lived in Monarch until she was 5 years old, then her family moved into Sheridan and lived at Fort Mckenzie for the next 19 years. The small community at the "Fort" provided lifelong friends some of whom Linda kept in touch with until her passing. Linda graduated from Sheridan High School in 1965 and went on to acquire business skills which she used throughout her work history.

Linda was smitten by her soon-to-be husband, Alfred Kinter. They were married in the First Congregational Church in Sheridan on August 16, 1969.

A few years later, they were blessed with two rowdy boys, Fred Kinter and Christian Kinter. They were married for the next 36 years. Alfred passed away December 3, 2005.

Linda was a stay at home mother until her two sons started school. She volunteered at Meadowlark School while her sons were students. Linda and Alfred were very active in the Boy Scouts of America and Linda loved watching those boys grow up and acquire lifelong skills.

Linda worked at various jobs throughout her life. She worked at a fabric warehouse in Denver for a while and then moved back to her home town of Sheridan where she worked for the State of Wyoming, Dept. Of Vocational Rehab. Linda's skills as a secretary took her through employment with various lawyers in Sheridan, and work with Dr. Frisbee Counseling. She finally found satisfaction helping others at the Dept. of Family Services in Sheridan. After many years of working with the State, Linda had the opportunity to work at The Wyoming Girls School. She enjoyed many years with them until she finally decided to retire in 2016.

Linda's love for the outdoors showed in her beautiful yard, with flower beds all around. Digging in the dirt was her favorite pastime. Linda was never happier than when she had mud between her toes and grass stains on her feet. She would sit on her back patio in the early morning hours drinking her coffee and chasing the deer away from her potted garden and flowers. I don't think she was very stern, and the deer provided her a daily visit which she so enjoyed.

Linda and her family spent many years camping in the mountains. The memories she would share were priceless. The boys would climb rocks and fiord the river while Linda would clean up the camper then spend a leisurely day walking or reading books. Alfred would be trying to fly fish somewhere where the boys weren't. Sometimes that was a huge challenge.

Linda tried various crafts during the winter months. Sewing was out, Crocheting and knitting were somewhat enjoyable but not her "thing". She did spend a great deal of time playing with her great-grandson, Toren, and her great-niece, Skylar, and great-nephew, Parker. She gave them her time and love in so many ways. She spent time waiting for spring. Then she could get outside and work in her yard and flower beds again.

Linda was preceded in death by her husband, Alfred Kinter; her parents, William F. Wondra and Susian Wondra (Goodmay); and her brother William G Wondra (BG).

She was survived by her two sons, Fred and Christian Kinter; her sister, Penny Wondra; her half-brother Al Yalowizer; her granddaughter Sydney Kaupang-Kinter; her Great-grandson Toren Rhodes Powell; her Niece, Jamie Pepin; and her Greatniece Skylar Pepin and Greatnephew Parker Pepin.



The Shining Mountains

Do you see those mountains, stranger?
That's God's gift to this beautiful land
Forever a mark of distinction
Around and above us they stand.

They glow with the sun in the morning
Through the winter days they gleam white.
They are edged in the evening twilight
With a golden glory of light.

They provide protection for wild things
Who flee to their forests of pine
The elk, the deer, and the lion
And the big-horn with curling tine.

A beautiful name they were given
By the Indian tribes long ago
Who loved all this western country
And were loathe to let it go.

Indians called them
"The Shining Mountains."
These mountains we all love so well
Our glorious Big Horn Mountains
Where the white man has come to dwell.

In Loving Memory Of *Linda Lorene Kinter*

CELEBRATION OF LIFE

Sunday, December 18, 2022 from 2:00 - 4:00 pm
Kane Reception Hall

MUSIC

What A Wonderful World

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Alfred Kinter, Fred Kinter, Christian Kinter
BG Wondra, Al Yalowizer, Travis Pepin

Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of
righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of
death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of
mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days
of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the
Lord for ever.

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