



## Donnyel Rowsom

December 13, 1954 - May 2, 2026

No obituary found for this tribute.

# Previous Events

## Viewing

MAY **14.** 4:00 PM - 6:00 PM (CT)

Travis Funeral Home, LLC  
14338 S Indiana Ave  
Riverdale, IL 60827  
(708) 849-2900  
info@travisfh.com  
<http://travfh.com>

## Visitation

MAY **15.** 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM (CT)

Travis Funeral Home, LLC  
14338 S Indiana Ave  
Riverdale, IL 60827  
(708) 849-2900  
info@travisfh.com  
<http://travfh.com>

## Service

MAY **15.** 11:00 AM - 12:00 PM (CT)

Travis Funeral Home, LLC  
14338 S Indiana Ave  
Riverdale, IL 60827  
(708) 849-2900  
info@travisfh.com  
<http://travfh.com>

## Live Stream

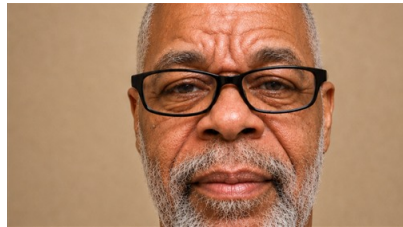
MAY 15. 11:00 AM - 12:15 PM (CT)

[www.travisfh.com](http://www.travisfh.com)

# Tribute Wall



“ Travis Funeral Home, LLC created a <https://www.hdezwebcast.com/show/donnyel-rowsom> in memory of Donnyel Rowsom



Travis Funeral Home, LLC - May 15 at 11:16 AM

G-

RIP Bolo thanks for everything 🙏🙏

G-Dog - May 15 at 12:56 PM

GR

“ Sending my condolences to my cousin. Thinking about you all at this time. Love Lionel Rowsom. Edenton NC

George Rowsom - May 15 at 12:24 PM

“ My Dad, Big D, Bolo, or "Ole Man" as I liked to call you... So much to say, but time cut short. I had a trip planned to come see you at the end of this summer, but God took you before I could make it. I feel so numb, knowing you're gone...knowing I'll never be able to see you again...knowing that last time, at 11 years old was the last time (outside of video chats). So many times you said you were coming back down here to see me (in childhood) and my sister and I (in adulthood) and your grandbabies. Each time fell through, due to "unforeseen" reasons. My sister and I talked about coming up there often because we joked you weren't coming back or that we would grow old before you would make it. Countless hours I spent on the phone with you. You working on some car/truck, stopping to talk with me (and Lord knows you loved working on cars, even talking about coming down to fix mine, all those times my truck Pearlie broke down, lol). No matter what you were doing, you always stopped to talk with me. Those hours I will always keep in my mind and heart, as that is all I have to remember you by now.

I hated you throughout my childhood, was so angry with you for leaving me. Was angry for the numerous empty promises and false hopes made to me in my childhood. In bad times, wondering what my life would be like if you hadn't left, or if you had taken me with you. In your bullheaded stubbornness with my mom, you never called the kid me again after 6/7. In my anger and stubbornness, I wouldn't talk to you once I became an adult, when you finally started calling again. I was so adamant about it and wouldn't budge. Diminished you to a sperm donor. Stripped that title "Father" & "Dad" from you and gave it to the men that impacted my life positively. Gave you the title "BSD." But even though my anger was spewing and growing, the yearning and wanting for you never died, never dimmed... God eventually softened my heart...God sent Neecy to talk with me with understanding and sharing her experiences...and one thing hit home... she said "I understand how you feel, but you only have one dad. You don't understand right now and you have the right to be upset, but one day you will see..." God softened my heart and soon after that talk, I started accepting your

*calls.*

*I vented.*

*You listened.*

*You apologized.*

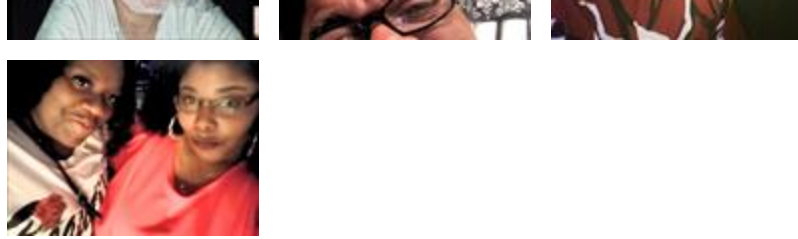
*I cried.*

*But part of me would not let go of the stubbornness, so I would punch jabs here and there about your absence. The more we talked, the less those jabs came, until I didn't even realize they had stopped. Thank God for Neecy and that convo, because I would have had absolutely nothing to remember you by but empty broken promises.*

*Thank you so much God, that I was able to build a bond of love with my dad. Thank you God, we were able to have moments of laughter...moments of reminisce, moments of accountability (which in turn brought about acceptance & a little bit of closure for the little girl Opal). Thank you God for the pictures I stole from our video chats, lol...or I'd have none of him. Thank you God for the few times I wasn't able to answer his calls, because now I have voicemails I can listen to later. Sigh...this is a tough chapter for me to close, because there was soooo much left to write...too many blank pages left...but thank you God for the pages I have. Thank you dad for giving me your tinkering spirit (which I believed played a part in what I love to do today, fixing computers and all things tech). Thank you dad for servicing your country and community. Thank you for putting your life on the line in combat. Thank you for rebuilding a relationship with me and the moments of laughter and memories me and my sister can laugh about when we reminisce. You love the Lord and talked about God often, so I pray He has prepared a resting place for you and we'll finally meet again, inside the Pearly Gates. Rest well "Ole Man" & sleep in heavenly peace.*

*--Your Oopa Loopa & eldest babygirl,  
Opal*





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**Opal** - May 14 at 06:27 PM

G-

*He always spoke about you lol*

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**G-Dog** - May 15 at 12:55 PM