



## Anthony Francis Montero

December 17, 1932 - August 10, 2014

Anthony Francis Montero age 81 of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, died peacefully on Sunday August 10th 2014 at his son Steven's home in Rapid City, Michigan after a brief bout with cancer. Anthony was born December 17, 1932 in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan to Anthony and Anne Montero. He was a member of St. Joseph's Catholic Church; the Christopher Columbus Society; had been the co-owner of Montero Excavating; an avid supporter of youth hockey in Sault Ste. Marie; worked on the Mackinac Bridge as a welder and was an avid outdoorsman. Anthony is survived by his three sons, Allen (Jane) Montero; David (Kimberly) Montero and Steven (Lori) Montero; Six Grandchildren and twelve great grandchildren; a brother Bernard Montero and five sisters Jeannine Salves, Eileen Gogolakis, Jaunita Goodermuth, and Sharon Dailey. He was preceded in death by his wife Catherine, parents Anthony and Anne Montero, brother James Montero. Visitation will be held 4:00pm until 8:00pm Wednesday August 13, 2014 at Clark Bailey Newhouse Funeral Home. Mass of Christian Burial will be held 11:00am Thursday August 14, 2014 at St. Joseph's Catholic Church with Father Jose Maramattam as Celebrant and Deacon Bill Piche assisting. Burial will be in Riverside Cemetery. Memorials to Munson Hospice would be appreciated. Online condolences may be left at [www.clarkbaileynewhouse.com](http://www.clarkbaileynewhouse.com).

# Tribute Wall



“ Anthony Francis Montero

October 05, 2023 at 09:54 AM



“ Anthony Francis Montero

October 02, 2023 at 10:14 PM



“ Anthony Francis Montero

September 01, 2022 at 07:49 PM



“ My sincere condolences to the Montero boys on the passing of their beloved dad. Have many fond memories growing up in Algonquin with you guys, and remember your mom & dad from Nativity church. Hope you may take comfort in knowing your dad is at peace and reunited with mom. God Bless all of you.

john sawruk - August 13, 2014 at 12:00 AM



“ Steve, Lori, Theresa, & Family, Good memories will stay with you....just like they do for me for all the great times we've had. Love you all!

Karen Dafoe - August 12, 2014 at 12:00 AM

TJ

“ One of my fondest memories of Uncle Franny was when he took me ice fishing when I was maybe 10 years old. It was just him and I going out on his snowmobile. I remember that it was a pretty cold day, and Uncle Franny was really concerned about how I'd do on the lake. I told him "Don't worry Uncle Franny, I'm pretty tough!" He smiled at me and said, "Well alright then, let's go!" We set out for a day of fishing for White fish. Little did I know at 10 years old that when you get out on the lake the wind really picks up when there isn't anything to block it. Needless to say I got pretty cold pretty quick. It's funny, I always remember my uncle as been a man's man. He was tough, rugged, straight to the point, and always told you the truth whether you wanted to hear it or not. That day I got to meet the man that I think very few got to see. You see, when he saw that I was getting cold, Uncle Franny went out of his way to make me more comfortable. He put up a makeshift wind block, set up a camp stove, and cooked me some soup to help me warm up. He gave me extra big gloves to stick on my hands and a blanket to bundle up with. He did this all the while I was trying to tell him that I was fine. On the inside I was dying from being so cold, but on the outside I wanted to show my tough and burly uncle that I was a "young man" now and I could handle it if he could. He saw right through me. Instead of playing along with my charade and letting me suffer in spite of myself, he showed me compassion. After he got me warmed up, we sat and talked most of the morning about hunting, fishing, what sports I was in, etc. We never did catch any fish, but I can honestly say that was one of the best times I ever had ice-fishing. I will be forever grateful to my Uncle for the lessons he has taught me. He always gave me encouragement when I tried to build something with my hands, he always had sage advice when I'd ask him his opinion. He always loved to talk cars, or anything mechanical for that matter. Thank you Uncle Franny for having such a great impact on my life. You taught me that being a man isn't always just about being tough. I love you, I miss you, and I will think of you always. PS. I would love to sit in on the card game you, dad, Uncle Denny, and Uncle Jimmy are about to have! I know I'd fall off my stool again laughing so hard!!! Rest in Peace.

**Terry Goodermuth Jr.** - August 12, 2014 at 12:00 AM

VS

“ *We met Tony briefly last fall. What a neat and interesting man. We bought one of his anchors. The anchor will be in our yard for years to come and now with extra special meaning. We came to see the anchor, made the decision and bought it the next day. For the short time we talked, we just knew he was a great man.*

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**Vaughn & Terri Snook** - August 12, 2014 at 12:00 AM