



Francis David Parish

June 20, 1927 - December 10, 2015

Francis David Parish of Lakeshore Drive Brimley, Michigan passed away Thursday December 10, 2015 at Tendercare Nursing Home. Francis was born June 20, 1927 in Bay Mills, Michigan the son of Wesley and Adele Parish. He enjoyed his family, especially his grandchildren and great grandchildren. Francis is survived by sons Michael (Lois) Parish, Gerald (Janine) Parish and Christopher Parish all of Brimley, Michigan. Sister-in-law Shirley (Walter) Bandstra of Brimley, Michigan. 9 grandchildren and 25 great grandchildren. Predeceased by his wife Beatrice June Parish who passed away January 29, 2011; his parents and siblings. Visitation will be held 11:00am until 1:00pm Saturday December 12, 2015 at St. Kateri Tekakwitha Catholic Church. Mass of Christian Burial will be held 1:00pm Saturday December 12, 2015 at St. Kateri Tekakwitha Catholic Church with Father Joseph Boakye Yiadom as celebrant. Final resting place will be in Mission Hill Cemetery. Memorial contributions to Tendercare Nursing Home Activity Fund or charity of your choice would be appreciated. Clark Bailey Newhouse Funeral Home is assisting the family with arrangements. Online condolences may be left at www.clarkbaileynewhouse.com.

Tribute Wall



“ Francis David Parish

October 05, 2023 at 09:54 AM



“ Francis David Parish

October 02, 2023 at 10:14 PM



“ Francis David Parish

September 01, 2022 at 07:49 PM

JD

“ I remember first meeting Peanut after attending a summer session at MTU in 1975. Tall and bronzed, you knew he loved his job being outdoors fishing. He was always a warm, loving and generous man. Big in stature, he was never short of sharing his wardrobe with me for the winter activities we keenly enjoyed together with the other men. For all practical purposes, he was our envision of "the old man and the sea". We have some wonderful pictures that my mother (Grandma Joyce) took of him cleaning fish at shore after being at sea--swarm of gulls, gloriously diving in every direction. In a short time, he would become the "father" my sister never had. One time, in the dead of winter, he took Jan and me out ice fishing on Superior with snowmobiles. It blew something terrible and we were freezing. They got busy, chopping ice and pulling fish off the net; meanwhile, chainsawing ice, tacking ash strips together, pushing the nets through the hole to meet the adjoining hole some 50 feet away, and soft-lining them when they were complete. Even though we weren't complaining, he immediately constructed a scrap of canvas on the ice to shelter Jan and me while the men kept working. Clearly, there was nothing this man couldn't do. At Deer Camp he always enjoyed his drink of choice with the men: red vermouth. He always had a funny story and I still laugh when he would watch me getting ready to brave the cold and yell, "I never seen anybody put a clean pair of under shorts on a dirty butt!" He and I would walk rather than sitting in the blind sometimes. One on the ridge, the other below and parallel. He explained that "that was the only way they ever hunted"; and, "Never sat still like that--freezing my butt off!" On another occasion, in the truck to camp, he asked if I was ready to "get one". I told him I bought some Doe Pee for \$5 and it came in a little tiny bottle. I pulled it from my pocket and showed it to him. He then got serious and asked, "You think that's gonna work? Ya know, that stuff is terribly expensive because it's so hard to come by. Ya see, they give a guy a jar and he has to sneak up on 'em and give 'em a "little tug" to fill the jar. The hard part is when he has to pour it into these tiny little bottles." And, yes, I didn't get it until he completed the whole scenario. And, no, he wasn't done, "That's probably why it's so expensive." I recall his stories of the times of his youth. One sad

one was when they came to his home, took him from his parents, and sent to school. He said, "If you spoke Ojibwa, they would take ya out and paddle your pants for not speaking English." As a result, he lost alot of their tradition. In later years, he would graduate as the youngest and most proficient welder in the Upper Peninsula Metal Works School in Marquette. He worked the freighters when sent to dock for repair. He would add commercial fishing every season--summer and winter. He became a dredge operator and worked many a project including the Suez Canal, Panama Canal, Boston Harbor, New York Harbor, and several more I can't recall. He also was on the paint crew one year painting the Mackinaw Bridge with his son, Mickey. He would rarely speak about that fateful day of the Fitzgerald unless Chris was in the room with him. But when he did, you could tell how proud and amazed he was of his son. I recently discovered an archived recording and transcript from the Coast Guard's written report from Captain Cooper (SS Anderson) "At this time I became very concerned about the Fitzgerald - couldn't see his lights when we should have. I then called the William Clay Ford to ask him if my phone was putting out a good signal and also if perhaps the Fitzgerald had rounded the point and was in shelter, after a negative report I called the Soo Coast Guard because I was sure something had happened to the Fitzgerald. The Coast Guard were at this time trying to locate a 16-foot boat that was overdue." And that boat would be Peanut's and Chris'. Chris would save himself and his father by lashing them to the overturne

Jon Diaz - December 12, 2015 at 12:00 AM

JF

“ *Jerry and Mickey, My condolences on the passing of your father. I remember him fondly fishing with Bob Gordon a "few" years back off of Salt Point. Yvonne and Jerry Fabry*

Jerry Fabry - December 11, 2015 at 12:00 AM