



## James Edward Brosco

October 28, 1938 - April 29, 2026

James Edward Brosco, age 87, of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, died on Wednesday, April 29, 2026, at home surrounded by his loved ones. He was born on October 28, 1938, in Sault Ste. Marie, to Adolph and Evelyn (Porter) Brosco.

Jim grew up in Sault Ste. Marie and graduated from Sault High School. Upon graduation, he enlisted in the United States Navy, where he served aboard the USS Sullivans. After his military service, he spent a number of years working with the Corps of Engineers before relocating his family to New York and beginning a career in the Plant Operations Department at St. Francis Hospital in Port Washington, New York. Always missing “God’s Country”, Jim returned to Sault Ste. Marie in 1985, where he took a position as Chief Engineer at War Memorial Hospital until his retirement. In retirement, he enjoyed working around his home, fixing any and all equipment and sitting in his garage with a good cup of coffee while soaking up some Vitamin D.

Jim loved working on older vehicles. He had a passion for anything mechanical and could often be found tinkering in his garage, focused on rebuilding or fine-tuning a motor.

Jim is survived by his children, Kathleen “Kathy” (Paul) Bisaro of Jupiter, Florida, James “Jim” (Trish) Brosco of Shoreham, New York and Colleen

(Frank) Jackson of Bluffton, South Carolina; grandchildren, Bill (Jessica) Olsen, Eric (Anais) Olsen, Kaitlyn Brosco and Trevor Brosco; great-grandchildren, Sebastian Olsen and Kayden Olsen; and siblings, Eva Brosco and Don Brosco.

Jim was preceded in death by his parents, Adloph and Evelyn; siblings, Adele Murphy, Bill Brosco, Jack Brosco, Rita Frederick, Regina Brosco and Walt Brosco.

Family has planned for a private service.

Jim's final resting place will be Oaklawn Chapel Gardens in Bruce Township, Michigan.

Condolences may be given to the family at [www.familylifefh.com](http://www.familylifefh.com).

# Cemetery Details

## **Oaklawn Chapel Gardens**

15264 S. M-129

Sault Ste. Marie, MI 49783

# Tribute Wall

LH

“ For many years, Jim assisted the War Memorial Hospital Auxiliary with the set up and clean up their annual Flea Market Sale in the hospital parking lot. He was wonderful and fun to work with. We shall always remember him. Linda Haapala, Ann Bourque, and Kay Allot

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**Linda Haapala** - May 05 at 03:57 PM

MG

“ My condolences to Jim’s family. Jim had a good heart, great sense of humor & loved talking about the “good ole days”. I worked many years with him. He loved talking about his family & grandchildren. RIP Jim.

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**Marty Grobaski** - May 05 at 12:49 PM

CJ

“ Jim was one of the nicest people I have known. He was a significant part of my life and I will always remember the adventures we had. Wishing you peace and comfort in this time of a huge loss. Connie Jaros Drake

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**cONNIE jAROS** - May 02 at 04:12 PM

RC

“ Jim was a great man. I knew him for over 30 years as a boss, a mentor and a good friend. My wife and I would come back to the Soo every summer and stop to talk, remember all the good times and go out for lunch with him. You will be missed, be in peace my friend.

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**Rob Chaplin** - May 01 at 06:02 AM

EB

“ Well, my brother I know you are at peace and loving memories of your children accompany you on this journey. On one of our outings to Big Pines in Brimley, you brought a CD for me to play as we did a slow roll out to the Big Lake, I have a copy and am playing it for you today. May God hold you in the palm of his hand.

*Bette Midler: The Rose*

*Some say love, it is a river  
That drowns the tender reed  
Some say love, it is a razor  
That leaves your soul to bleed*

*Some say love, it is a hunger  
An endless, aching need  
I say love, it is a flower  
And you, it's only seed*

*It's the heart, afraid of breaking  
That never learns to dance  
It's the dream, afraid of waking  
That never takes the chance*

*It's the one who won't be taken  
Who cannot seem to give  
And the soul afraid of dyin'  
That never learns to live*

*When the night has been too lonely  
And the road has been too long  
And you think that love is only  
For the lucky and the strong*

*Just remember, in the winter  
Far beneath the bitter snow  
Lies the seed, that with the sun's love*

*In the spring, becomes the rose*

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**Eva Brosco** - April 30 at 12:45 PM

B(

*Beautiful poem My sister Mary and I had a very nice visit with Jim a couple weeks ago. Renenising about the old neighborhood it was great. Jim is with your family now. Bless you all 🙏🙏*

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**Betty Artley (Trumbley)** - April 30 at 03:54 PM