



William W. Whitmer

February 20, 1923 - August 9, 2020

William Wright Whitmer, age 97 of Ft. Gratiot, passed away Sunday, August 9, 2020 in his home.

He was born February 20, 1923 in Detroit, son of the late Floyd H. and Gladys (Mott) Whitmer. William married Delphine Luksza on October 10, 1948. They were married for 66 years before her passing on June 21, 2017.

William retired from Hazel Park Schools, where he taught 6th grade science.

He is survived by his daughter, Margaret (John Hollingsworth) Whitmer; and 2 grandchildren, Aron Miller, and Abigail Hollingsworth.

No Services are planned at this time.

Comments



“ Grandpa loved going to garage sales and filled his basement with all kinds of kitch and do-dads, making it a veritable playground for me as a child. He hung streamers over the doorways and beams in the basement, and one of my favorite memories was begging him to turn off the lights and push me in a wheelie chair through the basement as fast as he could. He would make all of the sound effects, jerking the chair from side to side, and I would pretend as the streamers were hitting my face that they were actually the fuzzy hands of monsters or ghosts, reaching out of the darkness to grab me. I must have asked him to do this 1,000 times from the age of 5 to 11, but he never turned me down.

I loved the tiny little bon-fires we would make off of the driveway, in a little grove of trees. He would help me make s'mores, and it felt like we weren't in the city anymore.

Grandpa loved his clocks--he had over a dozen at least, and would set them all 1 minute apart, so that he could hear each one chime the hour separately. To him, what time it was didn't matter so much as appreciating the ritual of its passing. When he would come to visit, he would lovingly wind up any clocks that we had allowed to stop, so that their gentle tick could be heard again.

Grandpa was also a wonderful pianist, but shy, because as he got older, I think he was self-conscious of how arthritis had slowed his playing. Sometimes I would hear his fingers running over the keys from the other side of the house, and I would drift closer, standing just outside the doorway and listening. I never went in, because I knew. if I did, he would stop playing. I especially loved when he would play the Peanut's theme song.

I remember Grandpa could (and did) gerry-rig everything (including trying to add a new outlet into a set of Christmas lights...thank God nothing caught on fire!). He also never paid more than \$5 for a pizza and wasted nothing. He took pleasure in really small things and loved making jokes. There are many Bill-isms that will go down in the family history forever. Some time I will have to go to a restaurant and ask the waitress for a "Pine Float."

In the winter, when it was time for my family to go back home, he would always go scrape the ice and fog from the head-lights, just to make sure we were safe. He and Grandma would always stand in the driveway and wave us off until we were out of sight.

Now I am the one waving goodbye, but even though you are out of sight, Grandpa, I know you are still there. You are with Grandma now, your "Bun," and I know it is exactly where you want to be. <3



“ I remember his love of music. Margaret and I were best friends in high school and I was always delighted when I would visit and Bill was playing his organ. It sounded like being at a baseball game! I loved that Bill and Del always welcomed me into their home and made me feel like family. May his memory be a blessing.

Lee Arent - August 11, 2020 at 12:30 PM



“ And also we went woo-woeing in the woods hehe

Margaret E Whitmer - August 11, 2020 at 05:11 PM