



Paul P. Shek

March 31, 1929 - October 11, 2013

Paul Shek of Allegan, Michigan, beloved father, grandfather, great grandfather, brother, uncle, friend, and “American Independent,” passed away on October 11, 2013, at his home surrounded by his family. Paul was born in Chicago, Illinois on March 31, 1929, to Russian/Ukrainian immigrants, Thomas and Catherine (Nahirniak) Shek. Paul grew up in Lacota, Michigan, received his diploma in 1947 from South Haven High School, and graduated in 1951 from Michigan State University, where he studied vocational agriculture, boxed, ran track (1948-1950), and was a member of Farm House Fraternity. After graduation, Paul briefly taught at Fennville High School and he later became an accomplished builder-craftsman, pipefitter, and agriculturalist. Paul promoted the importance of an education, perseverance, self reliance, and a healthy lifestyle. Paul truly loved hunting with his grandchildren, leisurely rides with his daughter Peggy, auction sales, and gardening. He took great pride doing his part to improve the environment through years of planting trees, especially pines. One of his favorite pastimes was conversing with family and friends and sharing his knowledge and experiences. Paul will always be remembered for his wry sense of humor, wisdom, appreciation of nature’s beauty, fascinating life stories, fiercely stubborn independence, strong work ethic, eagerness to help others, polkas, long johns, Wrangler Jeans, Miller High Life, and Skoal Original. While not always agreed upon unanimously, we will always be thankful for Paul’s willingness to share his opinions with all who sat with him next to his percolating wood stove. Paul’s life lessons will continue to be an inspiration to his family and his magnetic, energetic, and uncompromising spirit will endlessly touch all who knew and loved him. Paul will be deeply missed but the memory of him can only make us smile. Paul was predeceased by his brothers Alexander, Joseph, and Thomas Shek; his sisters, Sophie Militello and Tillie Klein; and, his daughter Patty. He leaves behind his sister Katherine Sandona and brother Walter Shek. Also surviving are his ex-wife and dancing partner of 52 years, Rita, and their children, Steve Shek, Peggy (Tim) O’Brien-Johnson, Jim (Erin) Shek, Kim (Gene) Allen, Sue (Dion) Founé, Sherry (Mark) Hilpert, Terry (Bill) Hogan, Merri Beth (George) Wallerius, and Penny (Rusty) Rathburn; his cherished grandchildren who will undoubtedly miss his tender hugs, loving handshakes, and sincere smiles, Cortney (Anthony), Kenny, Codi (Jeff), Cori, Jennifer, Sean, Justin, Ryan, Dana, Kristen (Pat), Mike

(Arlie), Kayla (Robert), Tyler, Kelsea, Matthew, Gregory, Bryce, Brooke, Joey (Rosa), Jeri (Omar), Samantha (Dylan), Zachary, Max, Gabe, and Luke; his dear great-grandchildren, Caden, Simon, Logan, Landen, Jordan, Emma, Cassie, Sean Jr., Kenidy, Aedin, Huddsen, Lexi, Anastasia, Gavin, Xzavier, and Carson; and, many adored nieces, nephews and their children.

“Be good and keep the faith,
you're going to make it just fine.” (Paul Shek)

A Celebration of life for Paul will be held on October 26, 2013 at Sophie's 7379 North Shore Drive South Haven, Michigan from 2-6 pm. Arrangements by BLOOMINGDALE CHAPEL, D. L. Miller Funeral Home, www.dlmillerfuneralhome.com

Previous Events

Service

OCT **26**. 2:00 PM - 6:00 PM (ET)

Sophies

7379 North Shore Dr.

South Haven, MI 49090

Tribute Wall

BD

“ *Our thoughts and prayers to the family. So sorry to hear of Paul's passing. We just heard about it. Sorry we couldn't attend the memorial.*
Bob & Carol Dalton



Bob & Carol Dalton - November 04, 2013 at 06:50 PM

KM

“ *Karen Murphy lit a candle in memory of Paul P. Shek*



Karen Murphy - October 29, 2013 at 03:20 AM

KM

Paul was such a card. I adored him. My prayers to the family and a hug for each of you

Karen Murphy - October 29, 2013 at 03:22 AM

“ For everyone else whom may read this, A few weeks before My Grandpa Passed I had found this poem, if you should call it...and it just reminded me of how strong he is and how strong he would want us to be...

*A limb has fallen from the family tree.
I keep hearing a voice that says, "Grieve not for me.
Remember the best times, the laughter, the song.
The good life I lived while I was strong.
Continue my heritage, I'm counting on you.
Keep smiling and surely the sun will shine through.
My mind is at ease, my soul is at rest.
Remembering all, how I truly was blessed.
Continue traditions, no matter how small.
Go on with your life, don't worry about falls
I miss you all dearly, so keep up you chin.
Until the day comes we're together again.
(author unknown)*

Well Grandpa, though I was drawn to those words...I have tried to be strong, But I as I couldn't tell you in the end, and I can't tell you now, how much I miss you. I know you know how much I loved you, as you told me in the last few words we were able to say to each other. I have so much to be thankful for because of you, I wouldn't be the person I am today if it weren't for you. I wish I could've "manned up" and told you all that you meant to me. I just have to believe you know. You were the one in "man" in my life who had always unconditionally loved me and had been there right or wrong. I honestly could go on forever about how great you are and tell cherished stories but I'll save that for another time.. what I will leave you with are a few sayings that I have to believe are true as to where you are now...

*God called your name so softly,
that only you could hear;
And no one heard the footsteps,
Of angels drawing near.
God saw you needed rest;
His garden must be beautiful.
He only takes the best.
(author unknown)*

*God looked around His garden
And he found an empty place.
And then He looked down
upon the earth,
And saw your tired face.*

*He put His arms around you,
And lifted you to rest.
God's garden must be beautiful,
He always takes the best
He knew that you were suffering,
He knew you were in pain,
He knew that you would never
Get well on earth again.
He saw the road was getting rough,
And the hills were hard to climb.
So He closed your weary eyelids.
And whispered "Peace be thine."
It broke our hearts to lose you,
But you didn't go alone,
For part of us went with you ,
The day God called you home.
(author unknown)*

*Thank you God for the time you allowed us to share with the honorable Paul
Shek,
you have truly had an Angel return home to you. Please take care of him.*

Until we meet again, I love you Grandpa.

Jen

Jen - October 24, 2013 at 11:43 PM

CM

13 years later, as I walk among the Pines and smell the earth, I am reminded of the legacy of you Grandpa that is weaved within and will carry on for the generations. I tell your stories and keep your memories close. As I grow older, I remember more and feel your love in the Pines, with the animals and in the joy of your memory! The love of land, animals and trees runs deep and I am honored to carry a part of you with me as I walk out the path of my life. You are missed and I look forward to the day I see you again! None of us are perfect but I choose forgiveness, I choose faith, and I choose to remember all the good and bad because without it, I would not be who I am today.... the oldest of your oldest..... a Redeemer of brokenness! I love you Grandpa, give Grandma a hug for me!!!!

Cortney Lynn Shek Moguel - January 16 at 05:36 PM

CP

“ Cheryl Pendergrass lit a candle in memory of Paul P. Shek



Cheryl Pendergrass - October 22, 2013 at 10:16 PM

“ THE TABLE

Holding that old man up. Alone, yet together, in that room it rests on its four legs, just an inanimate object. Like its cousin without legs, that is just a box. Holding that old man in.

His head resting on his arms splayed across the top where he used to eat, drink, read, converse, laugh and rest; it looks so uncomfortable now. The box beckons - no, it demands!

Its velvety silk inviting him to lay for the eternity necessarily demanded by the circumstance. The table has simply failed, yet tenaciously clings to the familiar warmth of his arms and moist aroma of his sleeping abating breath and, rarely, tears. But for him, it has no meaning, no purpose. Upon his death it will soon be cast away.

Although there it has been for him and everyone to him dear and nearest; far and furthest, the place of his comfort. His spot.

Why it is so much different for a woman only she knows, but it is. To her it seems unimaginable that a hard chair and harder table can or should be a place of repose. To him it is just as incredulous that she knew or knows not why.

Nor, does it matter. Her place of living comfort and repose was hers; his - his.

This table. Old, tired, wooden, faded, and worn. Like him. Simply a place within a space that he would always to escape without retreat.

He wonders how he can explain it and knows that he can not. Even when, if he were asked, when he could articulate any answer he could devise, no answer could he devise. It just happens. That is no answer. But it does. So why respond. And why is really the question. Polite society spins out of comfort at the use of a four lettered word. But not that three lettered one. Why is not a question; it is the manifestation of reality that no one asks until mortality becomes that reality that we need to ignore. Or, would like to. Not.

Be sad and cry standing before your tears dry, they see. Laugh until you cry standing, they see. Shed your tears head down resting on your arms and let them secretly drop on the surface of the table, whether from mirth or sadness, no one sees. Men must not cry. The drops of liquid that collected upon the surface must have been spilt by a man, once young and now old, that never cries.

Oh, but he has. A reality ignored even by himself, who would never admit it, known to be a lie by the table, which knows nothing because it can't. Yet it does. As do they. I write this for you and for me and "they" are for you and for me. An inclusive word that is surprisingly exclusive. Because for you, I do not know who all they are. For me, I do. Yet I can guess as some of yours.

Why, would I. For you it would matter not. If you guessed as to mine, it would matter not. Your they is different from mine, but some are the same, even if for different reasons. Your spot is not mine. My spot is not yours. Yet we share many of the same memories and names in our respective simple place within that space to which we escape.

Now, this singular moment in time, really is a part of their space, memories which they will and do have because they shared yours. When, indefinitely definite, is only the conclusion of the mortality that remains the inescapable reality that you no longer ignore, but adventurously embrace.

As did those to whom you were included in their they. Oh, They, need not be named as we know theirs, and they yours. Long gone or teetering at the edge, perhaps never known, certainly mysteries and adventurous sorts, they wait for that extremely unpredictably predictable person whose tenacity is the only thing that is totally predictable.

And there the table stands holding that person up as laughs cascade over it, possibly because of it, definitely as a result of it. A place, within a space, that the neighbors would visit to just share because they care, or cared.

Yet it matters not. What matters is the laughter. That simple biological reflection of happiness; a mindless state of mind that causes the muscles in your face to tighten to a smile, a smile which causes a mysterious warmth that joins, perhaps
c

James Shek - October 22, 2013 at 09:05 PM

RS

“ *My thoughts and prayers to the Paul Shek family. Paul was a smart and very intelligent man. One thing you didn't want to do was to get on his bad side or disagree with politics. Paul was a man who could dance and I had the pleasure to share with him! What a character who will be missed dearly. God Bless until we meet again here is my last kiss!*

Robert and Sharon (Decker) Schultz - October 22, 2013 at 06:21 PM

MS

“ There are so very many great memories it is so hard to choose. The one I love the most would have to be the last talk that we encountered about three months ago . We sat and talked about the last cook out they had had, and then he told me that he was so proud of me for working as hard as i did to raise the four children I had, that "I had the world by the ass but then I fell." But that it was alright because I was getting back on track and Never once did I ask for help. He said "you did it by yourself, and never asked us for anything". I then knew, that through my own stubbornness and independent way,(of course the way he taught me) that although I fell, he loved me as much now as he did when I was Born. Thank you Dad for being so strict on us. I would not be the person I am today or have the beautiful children I have if it were not for you!!

*A man of strong ethics, great pride and strong will,
excellent advice and direction, A man that never stood still.*

*Full of love for his children, although not often said,
whether we failed or succeeded, He never turned his head.*

*He had his strict rules, as any dad does,
with all of them daughters, Thats just the way it was.*

*He touched many hearts, through his way of giving,
His legend will live on, Through all that is living.*

*I llove and respect you DAD, More than you could have ever imagined and I am
so very thankful I had the chance of telling you this while you were still here with
me.*

Merri Beth Shek-Wallerius - October 20, 2013 at 04:08 PM

SW

“ *Star Warning lit a candle in memory of Paul P. Shek*



Star Warning - October 20, 2013 at 11:37 AM

CO

“ I love every moment I spent with you. The passion you had for the value of education, land, trees, nature, farming, and so much more. You were exactly who God made you and your confidence was contagious. I loved your many animals you befriended.. deer, turkeys, billy goat, and countless others! Thank you for all our conversations and loving me in the best ways! You will live on through our family and Caden and Simon will hear about you often! I love you.

cortney - October 20, 2013 at 08:13 AM

KM

Cort so sorry about your Grandpa. Love and hugs for you

Karen Murphy - October 29, 2013 at 03:31 AM

MR

“ Thank you Grandpa Paul for all the great memories and life lessons. You will always be missed. Your stories and life lessons will live on and be past on.

Matheson Rathburn - October 19, 2013 at 09:14 PM

PE

“ "His bark is worse than his bite." While riding next to him on the planter one day...he reprimanded my mother as the tractor (that she was driving) ran over a rock...really...not reprimanding... but yelling! . She began driving again...and as she continued her gaze forward...I handed him a plant with my left hand...and he winked at me with his right eye and gave that smile of his that let me know he was feigning anger!
It was that very day that I vowed NEVER to become the tractor driver...and I lived by that vow. I was , however, fortunate enough to remind him of that story in the month preceeding his death. He gave that same wry, knowing smile of his!! Oh, Dad, you will be missed. I will be forever grateful for the life lessons you engrained in my soul.

penny - October 19, 2013 at 07:30 PM

“ Margaret Brown lit a candle in memory of Paul P. Shek



Margaret Brown - October 19, 2013 at 04:32 PM

SB

“ We are so very sorry to hear about Paul. He was one of the wisest man we will ever know, we are so blessed to have known him. You all are in our thoughts and prayers.

Punk and Shelly Boerman

Shelly Boerman - October 19, 2013 at 02:51 PM

CC

“ Peggy and Family, I am so sorry to hear of Paul's passing he was a great man, I loved to listen to him tell stories he always made me laugh. I will miss walking in the deep snow with him to pick out my Christmas tree.

Carissa Coulson - October 18, 2013 at 08:34 PM

DI

“ Denise (Decker) Ileskiewicz lit a candle in memory of Paul P. Shek



Denise (Decker) Ileskiewicz - October 18, 2013 at 03:37 PM

DM

Supposed to be Denise (Decker) Mileskiewicz

Denise (Decker) Mileskiewicz - October 18, 2013 at 03:39 PM

BM

“ Paul was one of a kind. He will be missed. He was always ready to give you His viewpoint on any topic that was brought up and he often got you thinking the same way as he did. HE WAS A GOOD GUY!!!



BILL MESHKIN - October 17, 2013 at 03:44 PM

RM

“ Rob Matthes lit a candle in memory of Paul P. Shek



Rob Matthes - October 17, 2013 at 03:17 PM

JH

Paul will be missed his stories his advise his knowledge .He was a very giving person if he had it you needed it he gave it .To sit an listen to him talk about the good old days you would learn something from him every time he spoke, I will miss his smile his caring ways but will be in my heart forever. I lost my dad when I was 9 so when I married in the family I looked up to him as a father a friend your memory will live on in your grandchildren and great grandchildren to be the best of everything .RIP I know you are dancing in the sky with that beautiful smile and we know that you will always be looking down on us.I love you and will miss you but I know you are home and happy love Jessie

Jessie Hale - October 19, 2013 at 04:52 PM

MW

“ So sorry to find out that Paul has passed. I will always remember his great smile and wisdom he was always so eager to pass on to anyone that would listen. I will also miss the great vegetables he grew, the best sweet corn I have ever eaten.

Marla Wedge - October 17, 2013 at 12:13 PM

RK

“ Rick And Susan Kridler lit a candle in memory of Paul P. Shek



Rick and Susan Kridler - October 17, 2013 at 09:52 AM

KO

“ My thoughts and prayers are with the Shek families.

Kimberly Otten - October 17, 2013 at 07:57 AM

MF

“ Grandpa, I will miss dancing the night away with you! You have and always will be a blessing to all of us! Until we meet again, love always mike, Arlie, and little sassafra????

mike and family - October 16, 2013 at 07:23 PM

WF

“ Our thoughts and prayers are with the family.

Walle Family - October 16, 2013 at 04:26 PM

TL

“ *Tim & Jodie Laraway lit a candle in memory of Paul P. Shek*



Tim & Jodie Laraway - October 16, 2013 at 01:06 PM