



Marilyn Zimmerman

April 2, 1931 - December 4, 2020

Marilyn Zimmerman, born in Detroit, MI on April 2, 1931 to Merrill and Nellie Blair (Keaton) was welcomed into the loving arms of Jesus on December 4, 2020. She was an extraordinary wife, mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, sister, aunt, and friend to everyone she met.

Marilyn attended Southeastern High School in Detroit, MI. While she was a homemaker for many years, she also had “social careers” at Michigan Bell Telephone Company and later at her beloved Kelly Junior High School. She enjoyed many adventures in life with her late husband of 64 years and partner in crime (Bob Zimmerman), but her real talent was hosting parties. There didn’t need to be an occasion, she would find a reason to have a party. Even at 89 years old, Marilyn carefully selected an outfit and accompanying accessories every day, even if she had no place to go. She never lost her joy, her love of all things sweet, and the ability to make a perfect gin martini.

Only two things matter on the eternal scale: our relationship with Jesus Christ and our relationship with others. Knowing how much Marilyn excelled at both, we are comforted by the promise of where she will eternally reside. We are certain that she is already on some hospitality committee in heaven.

Marilyn is survived by her daughters, Roberta Flick (Dan), and Sandy McCarthy (Jim), 4 grandchildren, Emily Lock (Doug), Leah Flick, Meghan Rogers (Rick), and Jimmy McCarthy, 3 great-grandchildren, Addison and Easton Lock, and Rori Rogers, and her sister, Betty Blaga.

Because of Covid, a celebration of life service will be postponed until spring. Marilyn will be interred at Great Lakes National Cemetery. As a breast cancer survivor, memorial gifts can be directed to the American Cancer Society.

Comments



“ Dear dear Marilyn. We will miss you so much. You and Bob were so much fun. How can we ever share a laugh without thinking of you two.

We were not life long friends, only becoming close in the last 20 years of our lives, but boy did we make those years count. I think we visited most of the restaurants in the greater metropolitan Detroit area. And we drank at every one of them. No place was too far for us to try. But most trips began with your famous hors d'oeuvres. We were hard pressed to keep up with your culinary treats. But at least we were able to make a martini that you continually raved about.

We had our favorite places, of course, but they were all memorable. It was customary to go to Kruse and Muer's at Christmas time. Not just for the food, but also the light show in Rochester. We came home one night in a blinding snow storm with Jerry white- knuckling the steering wheel (going about 15 mile per hour), Bob unusually quiet, and you and me praying in the back seat. When we finally arrived safe and sound, you said "wow, that was sure some fun". Also we remember a rain storm as we came out of a restaurant where we had to wade in ankle deep water to get to our cars. Again, no problem for you, just a glitch in the journey.

Marilyn, you never sweated the small stuff. You played the hand you were dealt and did it with guts and grace. That's what we loved about you. You meant the world to us.

The last time we talked on the phone, we ended like we always did by saying I love you to each other. A good way to finish things, because we did love you.

Kathie and Jerry Worley

Kathie and Jerry Worley - December 14, 2020 at 06:48 PM



“ I love you, Mom...I will miss you terribly until we are together again. You are an amazing woman, an incredible mom, THE HAPPIEST hostess with the mostest and the ultimate party planner! You have left a legacy to our family that will be remembered throughout our lives.

The strength and courage you have shown the past few weeks has been astonishing. If anybody were to hear of an 89-year-old entering the hospital with COVID-19- pneumonia, it would be natural to think there cannot be a favorable outcome. But then when the Remdesivir helped to get you feeling better so much that you were able to voice that the hospital food was not so desirable, in your words, “crap”, (I was being kind), we were encouraged that you’d beat this. Very tough decisions were then made and our prayer was that you would be comfortable and that God would intercede and bring resolution through those decisions. His Plan was better than ours. The battleship you were held you on for longer than we’d wished.

Mom, there won’t be a Christmas light I ever see again that I won’t think of you. The “experience” that you and dad both made Christmas will be our fondest lasting legacy, has accelerated through the generations and has intensified with Emily, Doug (God help you), Addison and Easton. We’re grateful, though, that this Christmas season you will be spending WITH Jesus.

Your love of cooking and new recipes, Mom, has already passed through generations in our family. The love may have skipped a few members, but has definitely stuck with this present generation! The “snacks” and the presentation of snacks is what we will all remember. That was an art form for you. A spicy hot Bloody Mary in the morning and martini with bleu cheese-stuffed olives (in Jim’s copper martini vessel) were the start and finish of your most special days.

Your love and interest in others’ lives, Mom, was a special part of you, always asking specific questions. Even arriving at your side for my last few hours spent here with you your question to me “Did you get the bar stools returned?” Only you at a time as that were thinking of others and what is going on in their lives. Dan was always amazed that you would ask him how his hunting trip had been or where and how we’d golfed a particular day. You could always make a special small joke or share an old saying visiting with your doctors, aides and others that you would just meet in passing.

Leah will be one in the family that will miss you most, Mom. She was our liaison between you and the outside world really for the past four years, coming and going with your laundry and delivering special treats to you, and I will miss hearing you both chat together about “The Rose” and the people there when we would gather as a family. The Rose was such a special connection for conversation between the two of you. We will take special care of Leah in the days ahead.

I’ll remember your love of poker (with your “poke” of Grandpa Blair’s with you), online and in person with friends, and the games we played while in the camper. Emily and Leah will remember the “Sequence” games we would wear out.

You made sacrifices for Sandy and me while growing up and there are many instances that I carry with me. Your love of sewing our clothes taught me to be a pretty good repairer and I can joyfully respond "YES, I CAN!" when I hear, "Grammie??? Can you fix this???" Your sewing machine is lovingly used for just such projects.

There will be memories that pop up in my mind, Mom, through my years ahead and I will smile and remember you. When I hear or see "Neiman Marcus", I will hear you saying "Neimus Marcus". That was a favorite.

I miss you already, Mom. I look forward to a formal celebration of your life in the spring and reuniting with dad at Great Lakes overlooking the beautiful pond. I am comforted thinking of you visiting with dad, family and friends who have gone before you. I will see you there.

I love you Mom,
Berta

Roberta Flick - December 11, 2020 at 05:54 PM



“ So sorry to hear of the loss of your mom Roberta and Sandy. She was a very great person. Johnston street always had a host for all the parties that is for sure. She never failed to have a smile when I saw her. I remember her talks over the fence when I would come to visit my mom. She will be truly missed. Condolences to all of you. May she RIP



Kathy Little (Carter) - December 11, 2020 at 10:22 AM