



## Edward Niesluchowski

January 25, 1927 - January 14, 2022

Edward Niesluchowski was born on January 25, 1927 in Detroit to Eugene and Bernice Niesluchowski. Edward passed away on January 14, 2022 at Henry Ford Macomb Hospital in Clinton Township, Michigan at the age of 94. He is the beloved husband of Dolores. Loving father of Edward Eugene Joseph (Deborah) Niesluchowski, Thomas (Karen) Niesluchowski, and Paulette (Kevin) Harvey. Very proud grandfather of Zachary, Rachel, Olivia, Nathan, Hannah, Braeden, and Kaitlyn. Dear brother of the late Ted Niesluchowski, Mitchell Niesluchowski, and Lucille (the late Jim) Friesma. Instate Wednesday 9:30 AM until 10:00 AM Funeral Mass at St Therese of Lisieux Catholic Church 48115 Schoenherr Rd (n of 21 Mile Rd), Shelby step.

# Previous Events

## Instate at Church

JAN **19**. 9:30 AM - 10:00 AM (ET)

St. Therese of Lisieux  
48115 Schoenherr Rd  
Shelby Twp, MI 48315  
(586) 254-4433  
frontdesk@stthereseeparish.ws  
<http://www.stthereseeparish.ws>

## Funeral Mass

JAN **19**. 10:00 AM (ET)

St. Therese of Lisieux  
48115 Schoenherr Rd  
Shelby Twp, MI 48315  
(586) 254-4433  
frontdesk@stthereseeparish.ws  
<http://www.stthereseeparish.ws>

# Tribute Wall

“ My mentor and hero. My father came from a simple upbringing. A Polish family, who’s parents came to this country for better opportunity. My hero was a person that I wish I could be. He was that special father ... easy to talk to and always slow to anger. He was a simple man that learned quickly from his father that hard work would someday payoff. I never met my grandfather but somehow I believe I have already met him through my father.



He grew up as a child in the aftermath of the depression and was too young to participate in WWII, but finally found work after graduating from HS. He took his work ethic from his father ...he told me endless stories of helping his father stripping floors and refinishing them to pay the bills. He was very fond of his father and so disappointed that cancer robbed him of his time with him.

He, his two brothers and his father shared one car. His oldest brother, Thaddeus, was the leader of the family, however, after a manufacturing accident, Thaddeus never completely recovered. He struggled with mental health for the remainder of his life.

My father eventually got a job at Hudson Motor Car Company where he was a drawing runner between the engineering team and the assembly plant. At the same time, it was unique to learn that my late mother-in-law, Phyllis Bilot, worked in the same office at the same time without knowing each other.

Sometime after, he landed a job at Ford Motor Company that would give him the security that he was looking for. It was rough at first, being laid off in the early 1970's but that only solidified his will to provide for his family.

I remember my father working long hours because his job demanded overtime. He would regularly come home around 6 or 7 pm each night and leave for work at 5:30 am.

He never rejected or ignored his boys even while working long hours. But it was obvious that my sister was his favorite. As my brother and I grew up, he was always supportive of us. Both my brother and I were baseball pitchers. We could not have done it

*without our father playing catch in the backyard. Early on, without any complaints... my father would don the catchers glove and be our catcher as we developed. As we got older and stronger he never complained... because I think he loved what he was doing. I never knew what he was going through until one day he said he needed time to heal. I didn't understand it until he showed me both his shins .... They were so black and blue from my brother and i's errant pitches ... but he never complained.*

*My father showed me how to invest in the stock market .... a skill that he learned from the engineers that he worked with at Ford ... and he was passionate about it, because he saw how much his family struggled through his early childhood during the depression. He would always remind me that as a child they had so little to eat, that he was forced to eat onions in the same way that he ate apples. This is what drove him to save ... a trait that he never could overcome. He would alway tell my mother that after he was gone ... we would be set for life.*

*My father will always be my hero. He worked hard and contributed long hours for our family and demonstrated that hard work eventually pays off ... that is a life's lesson without a word (or a "lecture" as my children remind me) from him ....*

*My Hero ... you can now join your family ... and rest in PEACE .....  
God Bless you and I can't wait until we meet again!*

---

**Tom Nies** - January 18, 2022 at 04:06 AM

MS

*That is a beautiful Tibute Ed. Thank you for sharing your Dads life story. My deepest condolences*

---

**malissa Shobe** - January 18, 2022 at 03:25 PM

FH

“ *Rest In Peace Uncle Ed. A life well lived, a large beautiful family and throughout all the years and New Year's Day parties you were always kind, gentle and a kept a permanent smile no matter what was encountered.*

---

**Frank Holovaci** - January 17, 2022 at 11:16 AM