



Michael LeRoy Knox

January 29, 1942 - June 9, 2021

Michael LeRoy Knox, age 79 of Chesterfield, passed away on June 9, 2021. Michael was born on January 29, 1942 in Kalamazoo, Michigan. Beloved husband of Carol. Loving father of Rebecka, Lisa (Scott) Thayer and Michael. Dear grandfather of Emily Thayer, Hannah Thayer, Evan Thayer and Margaret Thayer. Dear brother of Nancy (Andrew) Brough, the late Patricia Carlson and the late Victor Nickodemus. Memorial Visitation 10:30 a.m. until Memorial Mass at 11:00 a.m. on Friday, June 18, 2021 at Immaculate Conception Church, 9792 Dixie Highway, Ira, Mi 48023. Please consider a donation in his memory to Cole Canoe Base through the Friends of Scouting website: <https://michiganscouting.org/donate-friends-of-scouting/> Be sure to note "Cole Canoe Base in Memory of Mike Knox"

Tribute Wall



“ 0 file added to the tribute wall

Wasik Funeral Home, Inc. - January 25, 2022 at 04:18 PM



“ Mike Knox loved his dogs. We remember fondly his daily puppy walks and connecting to so many of us here in his neighborhood. He would always be ready with doggie treats and to share a warm smile, friendly greeting and a thought or two about the day.

June 18, 2021 at 12:00 AM



“ Mike and Carol would be at mass and I would show up and if there was a spot they would gladly let me share in the celebration and always had a good word to hear from them both , The times I would speak to Mike he would ask me if I would like to join the Knights of Columbus ,,and I would say I was really too busy and then again after mass week after week,,, finally I checked in on that after his persistence ,I agreed and Mike handed me the form and I joined as him being my sponsor and friend..RIP Mike your friend,,, Tony Cz.

June 17, 2021 at 12:00 AM



“ I am sorry for you Mick, I will always remember the years at scout camp as your dad helped, watched and guided me to keep Me going on the right path in life. Chris Wirth

June 15, 2021 at 12:00 AM



“*"Punkin" is what he called me. I called him "daddy". My daddy was a tinkerer. If it was broken, he could fix it. Or, he could build it. Always figuring out how to solve any mechanical, household or automotive problem. I would often follow him down to his basement workshop to see what he was doing. The workshop smelled of lead solder, shotgun bluing, solvents, model rocket glue and paint, amongst many others. In his workshop, he etched circuit boards, soldered leaded glass lampshades, built model airplanes and rockets, hand polished Petoskey stones and taught me how to clean a muzzleloader. When I learned to drive, he bought me a four-way tire iron and taught me to change a tire before I ever drove alone. He taught me to install a ceiling fan, change a thermostat, pack wheel bearings and troubleshoot all sorts of mechanical items. He spent many years volunteering with Boy Scouts of America. He ran the archery and rifle range at Cole Canoe Base. He helped lots of kids obtain their Hunters Safety certification. He was awarded the Silver Beaver, one of of the highest awards for his volunteerism with the Scouts. My dad had lots of friends as there were no strangers in his life, only people he hadn't yet met. He had a knack for connecting with people. Often to our embarrassment, he could, no, he would, strike up a conversation with anyone - from the waitress at a diner to the stranger walking down the street. He was quick to a smile accompanied by a hearty laugh. This man who was a giant in my life died yesterday.*

June 14, 2021 at 12:00 AM