



Ian S. Finley

June 25, 1999 - May 2, 2021

Finley, Ian S., age 21, of East Lansing, Michigan and Ewa Beach, Hawaii, went to be with our Lord on May 2, 2021. Ian was the big hearted son of Ryan and Laurie Finley and brother of Nathaniel, Brandon, and Logan Finley. He was the dear grandson of the late Linda Parlette and late Mark Finley, Lynne Brown and Tom Brown, and step-grandson of William "Bill" Stewart. He was a beloved great-grandson of John and Margaret McKinney, Foy and Jane Finley, Bob and Marion Parlette, and Belle and Jim Blaire.

Funeral Service will be held on Tuesday, May 11th 10:30 AM at Risen Christ Lutheran Church, 46250 Ann Arbor Road West, Plymouth. Visitation will be Monday, May 10th 4-7 PM at Vermeulen-Sajewski Funeral Home. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Oahu Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (OSPCA), a no-kill animal shelter, at <https://www.oahuspc.org/memorial>

To share a memory, please visit vermeulenh.com

Previous Events

Visitation

MAY 10. 4:00 PM - 7:00 PM (ET)

Vermeulen-Sajewski Funeral Home Plymouth
46401 Ann Arbor Road West
Plymouth, MI 48170
(734) 459-2250
plymouth@vermeulenfh.com

Funeral Service

MAY 11. 10:30 AM - 11:30 AM (ET)

Risen Christ Lutheran Church
46250 Ann Arbor Road West
Plymouth, MI 48170

Tribute Wall



“ *Ian S. Finley*

December 07, 2023 at 05:11 AM



“ *Rebecca Zenner lit a candle in memory of Ian S. Finley*



Rebecca Zenner - August 12, 2021 at 01:36 PM

JC

“ It’s still hard to grasp that you are gone. I remember how excited I would get when I found out that the Finley’s were coming to Christmas. It always made the trip more memorable and sweet. Even though I can count on both hands the amount of times I got to experience life you in person. Time never stopped for Ian’s and I relationship. We would always pick up right where we left off. The last Christmas I saw him that was more true then ever. We would be up late into the night talking about transitioning into adulthood and talked about who we wanted to be. One of my favorite memories from that trip was when him and I baked nachos for our family. It was him and I slaving away in the kitchen holding off the small children from burning themselves on the oven and trying to make sure the bean to cheese ratios were up to Grandma B’s standards. It will be something I will cherish for the rest of my life. I love and miss you so much Ian.



Justin Conway - May 11, 2021 at 03:36 PM

KA

“*Ian, I still don't know what to say or what to feel besides this hole in my heart knowing that I won't ever get to see you, text you, call you, hug you, play Warhammer with you, or annoy you. You were the only guy friend I had that I felt like I could be entirely comfortable and myself around. I knew I could always trust you. Really trust you. And I know that it wasn't just me. You had that effect on people. You were always so genuine and gentle, not to mention one of the funniest people I knew. There is no one like you in the world, and nothing can replace the place you had in the lives that you touched. I hope you know how much you meant to us. I know there were things that you struggled with and times were never exactly easy as we were growing into the whole adult-thing, but regardless you were always someone that I knew would pick up the phone if I called. And I know you knew you had people who would do the same for you. You meant so much to so many people and my heart goes out to your family.*

For the memories, I don't know where to even go there's so many. I think the warmest memory is in December 2020 when I last saw you during winter break. We went to the beach with Maliah and Kekai. I brought my disposable camera and I jumped on your back for the picture and afterwards, I gave you a big hug. You did that cringe thing you always did but you embraced me back tight and said that you missed it. All throughout high school, I would just hug you randomly or whenever you let me, and you never really hugged me back. But when you told me in December "I miss ya too, I want someone to want my hugs again. Not to say that's the only reason why I miss you", I felt very happy but also very sad that we went to university so far away. Because Finley, if you were in the proximity through our years or college so far as you were in IB, I would give you all the hugs I had in me until I ran out of them if it would make you feel better, feel happier, feel more content, or feel anything as long as you felt better.

I am holding on so tightly to all of the memories we shared. Like those days in IB, like when you randomly broke out into sea shanties. Or when I got you a sweater for Christmas and you wore it almost every week until it got worn out. Or the late-night and

loong text conversations we'd have about how you'd be the person that I can trust to keep an eye on me at parties. Or when you would help me with my coding homework even if it took a while or if you were out and about. Or when you would remind me of how I deserve the world. Or when you would talk to me about Warhammer lore. Or when you and Elijah would talk to me at the bus stop. Or when we talked about marriage being overrated. I could go on for hours.

I know I would tell you often, but I'm here to say it again: I love you very much, and I miss you, golden pea. And I'll give you a big hug see you again.



Kiara-Jeane A. - May 11, 2021 at 11:44 AM

KA

***August 2020*

Kiara-Jeane A. - May 11, 2021 at 11:59 AM

JD

“ I’ve been struggling to come up with words about Ian but words alone cannot describe how much love and appreciation I have for him. He was the person I’d immediately bother when I was struggling with APWH, the person who somehow managed to convince me to join IB, the person who would give me a mini pep talk when I was having a rough time, the person who’d make me laugh over the most randomest things and the one who would listen through the dumbest things I’d blur out. He was one of those guys with the biggest and most genuine hearts, often cheering others and supporting them even though he was the one who needed it. My favorite memories I had with Ian was the time he y toto wake up early in the morning with a couple of other friends to stargaze at 5am and talk stories till sunrise and maybe show up late to Hatami’s class. Or the time I could never get over laughing at his intricate jumping dance move during banquet and prom and the face he’d make when he orders meat him. I’ll miss randomly texting him in the middle of the day to catch up with (the struggles) of adult life and later talking on about the warhammer and helping him find paint for his figurines. In a way you were like a brother to me and I will never forget the memories and conversations I had with you. Just know we’ll always miss you.



Jhel Diaz - May 11, 2021 at 07:08 AM

KC

“ I don't know even where to begin. I have a ton of great memories with Ian. This definitely hits home because I have lived a couple houses down from Ian and his family for the past 6 years here in Kipuka. On top of that, we were both were in the IB program while attending high school and grew a much more stronger bond because of that. I will never forget the many car rides to and from school during the school year and especially summer P.E.. I will always cherish the deep conversations we had and our shared passion for delicious food.

To Ian, thank you so much for being such a great friend to me. I admired how much empathy and kindness you had. I will miss your humorous personality and the great laughs we had together. I hope you're catching and surfing the best waves up there in Heaven. I love you, Ian. I will forever miss you, brother.

To Ian's family, my family and I give our deepest condolences to you all during this time. We admired Ian's intelligence and how respectful he was. Sending hugs and aloha from back home in Ewa Beach, HI. ❤️



Kelly Coloma - May 11, 2021 at 02:54 AM



“ A sympathy card was purchased for the family of Ian S. Finley.



May 10, 2021 at 08:32 PM

CW

“ I never pictured myself listening to German dance-metal or Swedish war metal and thoroughly enjoying it, but thanks to his influence, here we are as I write this. Ian was a truly outstanding individual, who I and many others looked up to. Passionate, unique, caring, smart, fun, witty, existential, altruistic, deep. I wish the words I have to describe him were able to fully encompass the person that he was, but they're not. The energy that he carried was so special to be around. He always gave me, and I'm sure many others, a comfortable and accepting space to share anything on your mind, listened with enthusiasm, and left you with more than what you had to begin with.

I very fondly remember when we were driving up north to visit my mom, sharing all different kinds of music with each other and discussing all sorts of everything. We were jamming to Dance Yrself Clean by LCD soundsystem, and I remember thinking to myself, nearly euphorically, how lucky I was to find such a great friend in my cousin. Equally optimistic as he was realistic, it was such a joy learning about the way his mind worked.

Attached is a picture of him on that up north trip, accidentally posing in a bigfoot-esque fashion, which we both found pretty funny.

Your presence will be greatly missed, Ian, but the memories will always be greatly treasured by us all. Rest easy, bud.



Chelsea Ward - May 09, 2021 at 08:16 PM



“ *Ian was one of my son's best friends. Aidan loved him like a brother, and our whole family enjoyed his visits. He was always so respectful, and I really admired him, because he was a rare young man. In an age when young men usually have little to say of any consequence, he would engage in always meaningful conversation while looking me in the eyes. He would do so in humility backed by a confidence in his ability to both hold his own and to learn from my perspective. I was convinced that he would be a teacher... and a really good one. Our hearts are broken for the Finley family. I can't begin to imagine the pain and loss you must be feeling, and every time I try, I cry uncontrollably. So, we will pray for you, and we will never forget your beloved son and our good friend. Someday, I hope to meet him again, and we will have so much to talk about.*

Tracy Ward - May 09, 2021 at 06:10 PM

RG

“ *Rhonda And David Gage lit a candle in memory of Ian S. Finley*



Rhonda and David Gage - May 09, 2021 at 05:38 PM

RG

“ *Rhonda and David G. purchased a sympathy card for the family of Ian S. Finley.*



Rhonda and David G. - May 09, 2021 at 05:36 PM

MO

“ How does a mother choose a favorite memory of her child? That's like trying to fill a shopping cart with water...it's impossible. All my memories of you are my favorites. From the minute I learned I was going to be a mom to 3 babies, you were part of my world. Even though I didn't have an ultrasound to prove you were a boy, I just knew you were. We had a hard time coming up with a name for you. Nothing seemed to fit. One night when I was about 6 months pregnant with you, I was determined to find a name. One that was yours. It had to be perfect. I was reading baby names out of a baby book out loud and every time I said the name Ian, you jumped inside of me. No other name made you do somersaults. I said the name out loud a few more times. Each time, it was the same...you moved enough that you made the book that was on my belly, move. I told your dad and he agreed, that you would be our Ian. You had a strong love for books, for history, for animals and for war hammer. You would have been an incredible teacher. You had such passion for the things you loved, and it showed in everything you did. It showed in how you cared for your friends, your brothers and for dad and I. I could write for the rest of my life the memories I have of you and it would still not be enough time to tell the world what an incredible young man you were. You are my favorite memory. My third son. My E. I love you forever and miss you so much.



Mom - May 08, 2021 at 02:38 AM

DA

“*Ian's life was blessed with great friends and family. Each and every person in his circle filled his too, too few years with great joy and happiness. Among many things, he was an avid reader and writer. He thankfully left behind plenty of words for us to remember him by, from emails to family videos to texts. I'll always and forever miss our board game nights, movie nights, and his trying to get me to understand Warhammer lore. The list is endless, really.*

While it's easy to lament what his life could have been, there's much to celebrate for the life he had. He loved and was loved by his family and friends, he travelled, and brought us so much joy. He provided many misadventures which will allow future nephews and nieces to know Uncle Ian through the stories we can share. Near the top of the stories is when he had his drivers permit and snuck out one night to joy ride. We only found out because, sensitive guy that he was, he wanted to replace the gas he used. He did so not with unleaded, but diesel. At 1a.m. "Mom, dad, come get me? The car just died."

I'm grateful perhaps most of all for the three weeks we shared the summer after he graduated Campbell High School and we went bumping around Europe. His luggage was lost on day one and we had to improvise for the whole trip. Adventures include our 'lost and found' episode with mom and Grandma in Yorkshire to pouring a perfect pint at the Guinness Brewery in Dublin, touring the Versailles and learning about the Sun King's bathroom habits; drinking wine, eating pizza, and 'smelling cigarette smoke' at a streetside cafe' in Paris, getting sunburned boating down the Rhine, missing a train stop and ending up in Switzerland, walking our legs off around Mad King Ludwig's castle in Bavaria, or the former East German tour guide in Dresden who drank vodka like water and helped us find the Big Lebowski Bar, and honestly just too many adventures to share here.

Two highlights in pictures, however, is visiting England's Bovington Tank Museum (his only hard and fast requirement for the trip) to

stand beside a Tiger tank and visiting the Eagle's Nest in Austria. He experienced in life so much of the world he read about and imagined. We should all be so fortunate.

Thank you Ian, for being our son, brother, and friend. The light you brought can never be replaced and we're forever grateful to carry your memory in our hearts. We love you, Burgalot.



Dad - May 08, 2021 at 01:30 AM

HW

“*Ian lived next door to us for a few years as a little boy. We greatly enjoyed being neighbors with the Finley family. My husband had a jeep and the brothers liked to pretend they were driving it. It always warmed my heart when I saw them pretending. My younger son looked up to him so much that he named his pet leopard gecko Ian. I always felt like Ian had a bit of a crush on my daughter who was close in age to him. He would follow her around with an adoring gaze. He always seemed happy to just be in her presence. He was a sweetheart of a little boy!*”

Heather Weaver - May 07, 2021 at 08:13 PM

BV

“ You king, you may rest now, you will forever be missed and loved by us boys. I will never forget all the times we had together with the fellas. We all watched each other grow up from kids to young dumb adults. I wish I can relive all the moments we had from watching movies, to late night drives, riding bikes around the neighborhood, playing games religiously, hearing you talk about tanks, working out at the gym and so on. You were one of the most solid “Haole” local braddah I knew, you had my back in anything and would do my best to have your back as well. The most memorable moment I will always laugh at is the time you and Pena boi decided to come to my place just to ride moped late at night, but you rode your fixie and Pena boi rode his moped. On your way to my place (about a quarter of a way to my place) you wanted to lock up your bike an the gate along Walmart in Kunia, then you got packed the rest of the way to my place. When you got to my place I would see the fattest smile on your face just going back n forth riding the moped down my street. But the funny thing is you lost your key to the lock for your bike, we scavenged all night for your keys but couldn’t find it. So you decided to just undo your wheel from your bicycle and take the rest of the bike home after you were done riding moped. Every time I’d pass by the gate where you locked your bike, your wheel that you left behind is what I would always see and I would always think of you and laugh. The boys got you no matter what, drive all the tanks up there and drink all the liquor you can. Till we meet again love and miss you big bro.

Brennan Valdez - May 07, 2021 at 12:00 PM

BV

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Brennan Valdez - May 07, 2021 at 11:59 AM

SS

“ Another memory is when I went to go visit my sister when they lived in Oklahoma.

We were all out running around town doing errands and while their mom would run into the store or bank the boys and I would stay in the car. I was in the front seat messing with the radio when Rascal Flatts I'm already there came on and Ian and I started singing along together. When the song was over Ian said he loved that song because it made him think of his dad when he was away, he talked about how proud he was of his mom for taking care of him and his brothers anytime his dad was shipped off for the army.

I love you so much. Until we meet again.

Sarah Shinabarger - May 07, 2021 at 12:43 AM

SS

“ So many memories with this sweet boy with me being his aunt.

One I want to share is this last Christmas we all got to be together, which I am truly grateful for even more now. We didn't get to all be together very much as we all live all over. So it was Christmas evening and we were having dinner at Grandma Bs house. My oldest Abby was kind of making me crazy. Ian walked up to me and said it's okay Aunt Sarah your a great mom. It made me smile, in that moment I needed to hear that. He always knew how to make you feel better about yourself.

I love you burgers.

Sarah Shinabarger - May 07, 2021 at 12:20 AM

NF

“ *Being a brother, there are so many memories and moments that I'd love to share, but there are too many to choose from. Instead, I'll share the most recent.*

On December 13, 2020, I wanted to see the Geminid's meteor shower. Ian had recently flown in from college and was jet lagged, but he was still willing to come with me to hang out for a couple of hours. We ended up spending the entire night outside talking about everything. We talked about family, ideas of the future, fears, our faults and flaws, love, astronomy, history, our passions, and so on. The entire time we talked, we kept seeing meteor after meteor cut through the sky. It was breathtaking, and I remember being so distraught once it was over because I was reminded that moments like those were fleeting in life and I wasn't sure when the next time him and I would have a chance to do it again. I wish I had known it would have been the last...

It's going to be hard not having my little brother around to geek out with. I hope you're in the sky the next time the meteor shower comes around, man.



Nathaniel Finley - May 06, 2021 at 11:57 PM

CC

“ *Ian was, while not by blood, always one of our brothers. Whether it was playing together online or hanging out in real life, Ian was always one of the most laid-back and optimistic people. From the countless sleepovers at his house when we were teens to the late-night cruises as we grew older, to the beach days that he always looked forward to, Ian was always a joy to be around. I remember when we had built his fixie; he was so determined to build it that we ended up spending a couple hours and rewatching the same episode of Black Mirror over and over again until it was built. I'll miss the days when we used to show up and have random conversations backgrounded by the golf course, or the days where we'd crowd up at the Xbox and play Halo. Ian, wherever you are, we love you and we'll miss you. Rest easy brother.*



Chris C - May 06, 2021 at 11:52 PM

RZ

“ I have too many wonderful memories to share of my sweet nephew. If I were to pick a favorite though it would be when I was driving cross country in 2005 and I stopped to stay with my sister and her family in Oklahoma. Ian was always telling his mom how beautiful she is. However, on this day it was my turn. With the most honest and sweet look in his eyes he said “Aunt Becca you are so beautiful.” I’d been told I was beautiful before. But when Ian told me at 6 years old...I really felt beautiful. I will forever miss your smile and kind heart. I can’t wait to meet with you in heaven sweet boy. I love you always.



Rebecca Zenner - May 06, 2021 at 07:46 PM

JL

One of the sweetest I've ever met. He was kind, soft spoken, considerate and loved his family.

jani lovett - May 06, 2021 at 08:37 PM

NB

On behalf of Grandma Blair and our family, we are sorry for your loss. No parent should ever have to post an obituary for their child. May God bless you and give you strength to endure

nancy brown - May 07, 2021 at 04:38 PM

MG

Ian was 11 when I last saw him in N. Carolina and Grandma Linda's home. What a sweet boy and so polite! - something that he had in common with all his brothers. He even looks the same except for his height. We are so very sorry to hear of his passing. We offer our heartfelt sympathy and prayers for all of you. Much love, Marcy, Jim and Leah Grimmer

Marcia Grimmer - May 24, 2021 at 12:10 PM