



Roy Erickson

June 7, 1915 - January 30, 2010

Erickson, Roy January 30, 2010 age 94 of Plymouth. Beloved husband of the late Ruth. Loving Father of Laurel Appelt and William (Jane). Proud grandfather of Ten; Beth (Bob), Douglas, Susan, Linda, Stephen (Renea), Heather (Tom), Jennifer (Mike), Sara (Phil), Mark and Matthew (Jill), and great grandfather of sixteen. Tribute from Bill Erickson ~ My first recollection of Dad was when he was making an Olympic sized swimming pool for me. It was a few years later that I learned this pool was made with 2 x 4's and a canvas liner that he cut and hand sewed. While I never saw him leap a building in a single bound, he could do anything. Years later when I was driving home from a college class the cars oil light came on, but I made it home anyway. Dad pulled the car into the back yard and proceeded to take the motor apart. Growing up in the Depression one always fixed anything that was broken. Over a few days he took the motor apart cleaned the parts and put it back together, and when he turned the key it started!!! Dad worked for The Pullman Co. for 24 years. He was responsible for keeping the passenger cars that went through Detroit, air conditioned. Dad had the fewest cooling failures of any railroad hub in the country. That is why he was given the job of maintaining the air-conditioning for The General Motors Train of Tomorrow. Dad said that when he had a problem he could not solve he would prey to the Lord for a solution and it would come. This faith and ability kept him in demand. He worked up until he was 88 years old. During World War II he was an expert marksman and was chosen by his C.O. to go with him to scout out

German positions on a regular basis. One of Dad's buddies told him he was dumb to hit the targets during practice. His buddy never hit the target and was always left back at camp to peeling potatoes. Dad's primary job in the Army was to climb utility poles and cut down the German communication lines and put up American lines. He would take a jeep out at night, in the front lines, to do his job. He was lucky because he always had trouble reading a compass. Mother was always the one that had the map and knew which way to turn. When I had left home Dad and Mother took care of 38 foster children from Lutheran Social Services. These children ranged from 2 days old to battered children. On one occasion mother hid out at the pastor's house of Christus Victor Lutheran Church until the threatening father could be arrested. Dad learned how to play the piano when he was young. His blind piano teacher came to his home on Trumbul Avenue on a street car and gave him his lesson for 15 cents, including her street car fare. When Mom and Dad moved from Dearborn his piano was in the basement. He thought it was too heavy, old and expensive to move. So, he went out to the garage and got a sledge hammer. He used that hammer on the piano until the pieces were small enough to carry out to the trash. The piano was an old upright grand piano with ivory keys made by Steinway!!!! Dad wasn't always right, but he was my Dad. I love you Dad. My first recollection of Dad was when he was making an Olympic sized swimming pool for me. It was a few years later that I learned this pool was made with 2 x 4's and a canvas liner that he cut and hand sewed. While I never saw him leap a building in a single bound, he could do anything. Years later when I was driving home from a college class the cars oil light came on, but I made it home anyway. Dad pulled the car into the back yard and proceeded to take the motor apart. Growing up in the Depression one always fixed anything that was broken. Over a few days he took the motor apart cleaned the parts and put it back to together, and when he turned the key it started!!! Dad worked for The Pullman Co. for 24 years. He was responsible for keeping the passenger cars that went through Detroit, air conditioned. Dad had the fewest cooling failures of any railroad hub in the country. That is why

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Center Drive, Suite 100, Southfield, Michigan 48076. To leave a message of condolence or share a memory with the family, please click on the view and send condolence link on this page.

Tribute Wall



“ Roy Erickson

December 07, 2023 at 05:11 AM



“ Dear Erickson family, We are saddened to hear of the passing of your Father/Grandfather Roy. We are the family that moved into the old Benton house at 9090 Baywood. Though we only had Roy as a neighbor for a few years, we feel truly blessed to have had the chance to be his neighbor and to get to know him. He was truly a great guy! God bless all of you. Cordially, Mike and Paulette Avolio

Paulette and Michael Avolio - December 12, 2014 at 10:16 AM



“ To Susan and Family: I was so sorry to hear of your loss. I only knew of Mr. Erickson through Susan and it sounds like he was such a delightful man. May you have many fond memories.

Ann Kresowski - December 12, 2014 at 10:16 AM



“ To the Erickson and Appelt family, Mr. Erickson sounds like a wonderful man and the ideal father/grandfather. It is uplifting to hear about people who have such faith and good character. I can see that some of that has trickled down to further generations of his family members. I'm sorry for your loss and the sadness it brings.

Karen Stauble - December 12, 2014 at 10:16 AM

CB

“ To Suzanne and Family: Please accept the deep sympathy sent from me and everyone here at the OCC Royal Oak Library. It is never easy to lose a loved one. What a wonderful long life your grandfather lived!

Carol Benson - December 12, 2014 at 10:16 AM

DO

“ To the Erickson/Appelt Family: How blessed were you all to be able to share so many years with your loved one. Although I only knew of him through Suzanne I know Roy was a cherished and beloved family member. May your memories comfort you as he continues to live on in your hearts in the years to come.

Darlene Johnson-Bignotti, OCC - December 12, 2014 at 10:16 AM

LK

“ Dear Bill and family: I was very sad to read your dad's obituary in Sunday's newspaper. I just read it this morning, Tues. Otherwise I would have been at the funeral home. Mr. Erickson, as I called him at the bank was one of my favorite customers. I waited on him for a number of years and he always came with the best of attitudes and friendliness. I shared with him my trips to Chicago with my girlfriends on numerous occasions. Therefore whenever I wasn't there when he came in, he'd ask if I was in Chicago. He made me smile along with a lot of others, I'm sure. I will miss seeing him. Bill, I was so impressed reading your tribute. I'm taking it in to work so others can read about what a good, hard working and intelligent man your dad was. Thanks for sharing. Linda

Linda Kraynek - December 12, 2014 at 10:16 AM

CB

“ *My condolences to the entire Appelt Family. May God be with you during this time of sorrow. My thoughts and prayers are with you. With Deepest Sympathy, Cheryl Blake-Bagley*

Cheryl Blake-Bagley - December 12, 2014 at 10:16 AM

LL

“ *Every morning when I would come into work, Roy would greet me and make me smile! We shared many long talks together. He held a deep love for his family and missed his wife so very much. He would often show me the locket of her hair that he carried with him, always close to his heart. Roy was a jokester and never failed to make me laugh. Roy, you will be missed so very much by so many. You were my bright spot each day. Rest Well dear friend.*

Lauren Lucas - December 12, 2014 at 10:16 AM

YN

“ *Roy, you were an amazing man. Always willing to do whatever you could to help each of us. You kept our business going for many years and taught us to continue your work. You will always be in our hearts and minds. We will miss you our good friend!*

Your Friends at Norquick - December 12, 2014 at 10:16 AM

PM

“ *Sara , We're so sorry for the lose of your grandfather . We know how close you were to him and how much you loved him . He truly was a very nice man Please give your family our condolences Sorry we can't be there Love Phil , Mary Fran & Marc Phil , Mary Fran & Marc*

Phil , Mary Fran & Marc - December 12, 2014 at 10:16 AM