



Harold Lee Mosley

OCT 26, 1934 - FEB 17, 2020



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Harold Lee Mosley

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Age 85, of Jackson, passed away at Henry Ford Allegiance Health February 17, 2020. He is survived by his wife, Marlene B. (maiden-Brigmon) Mosley; three children, Valerie (James) Kimble, Sandra (Dale) Lige and Douglas Mosley; eight grandchildren, Jason (Elizabeth) Kimble, Joseph (Mary) Kimble, Joshua (Kelsey) Kimble, Dustin (Megan) Lige, Chad (Cait Yanakeff) Lige, Keisha Mosley (Josh), Steven Krawchuck (Brittany) and Chelsea (Kyle) Barnes and twelve great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his daughter, Lauri Krawchuck; his first wife, Patricia (maiden-Kadwell) Mosley; sister, Suzie Whitehead; brother, Jerry Mosley and his parents, Lee L. and Dorothy May (maiden-Boyer) Mosley. Harold served the nation in the US Army during the Korean War; worked many years for Interstate United Vending and also owned and operated the Center Bait and Tackle in Somerset Center. He loved racing Street Stocks at Butler Motor Speedway, the great outdoors fishing and hunting, bowling and golf. Harold had a smile that would light up a room and when he got laughing you couldn't help but join him. Mr. Mosley has been cremated. A Celebration of his Life luncheon gathering will be held at the Fraternal Order of Eagles #612 (301 Detroit Street) on Saturday, February 22, 2020 from Noon - 3:00 pm. Contributions in his memory are directed to the American Cancer Society. His cremated remains will be interred at Fort Custer National Cemetery with full military honors at a later date.



Tribute Wall

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CM

Cindy Morin posted:

Uncle Harold and my dad, Bob Hudson were not just coworkers and friends but brother's in law. Our families spent many Christmas mornings together with our grandparents, Lawrence and Edith Kadwell, parents of My Aunt Pat, Harold's first wife and my mother Geraldine Hudson. We spent so much time together, not just at Christmas, but vacations, weekends, and most holidays. Harold and my Dad were famous for the trouble they got themselves into. Like wrecking a store to catch a bat that had wandered into the house . The mighty hunters were successful in chasing him into the Bait and Tackle store, but how to catch him alive and get him out? Everyone knows bars are very helpful to the environment but Aunt Pat also was just as adamant she didn't care HOW it left, just that it did. I remember a lot of yelling hats being put on, girls being told to stay back or it would get caught in our long hair, and they bite! Harold had the great idea to chase it out, or rather catch it in a fishing net. Eventually after much excitement, Dad giving Harold sage advise, and finding a piece cardboard and gloves to trap it in the net they were successful. But not without it getting loose outside and trying another attempt to get in. Fun afternoon. Another adventure was when they decided they were going to canoe together from Wamplers Lake through the damn in Brooklyn's Ford Motor Plant. They nearly killed themselves. But they eventually came back went, cold, but laughing all the way. They were more like brothers than in-laws. Harold's laugh was indeed infectious and no matter your mood, when he laughed you couldn't help but laugh along. And when you were around my dad and Uncle Harold, there was lots of laughing going on.

February 18 at 8:00 PM

CA

Cathy posted:

Prayers for you and family. Cathy Kapuga

February 18 at 8:00 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Harold by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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