



Michael F. Roos

May 7, 1950 - December 24, 2018

Michael Francis Roos, 68, of Sherwood, Oregon, entered into eternal life in his Newberg home on December 24th after a full life of service to family and community. Rosary and Funeral Mass will be on December 28 at 10:30 at St. Francis Catholic Church in Sherwood. Private burial will follow at St. Anthony's in Tigard. Arrangements by Attrell's Funeral Chapels.

Michael was born in Oregon City to Francis and Carol Roos. He graduated from Sherwood High School and Portland State University. On August 10, 1973 he married Carol Reber at St. Francis in Sherwood. He served in the Army Reserves as a Drill Sergeant and then Commissioned Officer for 24 years, retiring in 1992 as a Major. He worked as a science teacher (Silverton) and home builder (Colonial Builders) before retiring from Intel in 2001 and starting his own home repair business. He most enjoyed his family, serving his local Church as an active Knight of Columbus, fishing and hunting.

Michael is survived by his wife, Carol Roos, sons Tony (wife Tiffany) and John (wife Lisa), daughter Abby (religious name Sr. Mary Peter), parents Francis and Carol, sisters Barbara Cook and Johna Murff and 7 grandchildren.

In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to Sr Mary Peter's order, the Sisters of the Society of Our Lady of the Most Holy Trinity, P.O. Box 4116, Corpus Christi, TX 78469.

Eulogy for Dad (Michael F. Roos):

Hello, I am John Roos, the middle son of the Roos Family. I don't know what Dad would think of all of this pomp and circumstance, but I'm sure he would love seeing all of his friends and family here today. It's a great honor for me to represent my family and speak about Dad. Writing this with Mom, Tony, and Sister Mary Peter, we reflected on a life lived to its fullest, and the many big and small ways he loved us. First I must acknowledge our deep sorrow for his loss. Since his prostate cancer diagnosis just over two years ago, which was immediately Stage 4, a very dark cloud has been closing in. Mom and Dad used the full arsenal of modern diet and medicine for only brief moments of respite. My

sadness for his death is tempered by my Catholic faith and personal gratitude.

Gratitude for the time I've had as his son these past 41 years and for the honor of caring for him alongside my family through the last weeks and days of this harrowing ordeal. I want to remember him today by recalling a few special memories that remind us of Dad's love and the relationships he built that will endure in place of his physical presence.

Mike was born in 1950, the first child of Francis and Carol Roos. Soon followed his sister Barbara, and when he was a teenager Johna was brought into his life. Mike graduated Sherwood High School, attended Portland State University for a teaching degree, and enlisted in the US Army Reserve. Mike was always the one who knew at least one good answer to

life's tough questions. He will continue to guide us with an answer to the everlasting question "what would Mike do?" Mike will always be son and big brother. Mike married Elizabeth Carol Reber on August 10, 1973, here at St. Francis, with a reception at the Old Hall. His career started as a middle school science teacher in Silverton. After Tony was born, realizing that teaching wasn't his purpose, or paying the bills, they moved back to Sherwood. He joined the volunteer firefighters, worked for Grandpa's construction company, Colonial Builders, and continued to serve in the Army Reserves. I and then Abby were born. Money was tight during these years, as our homemade clothes and Mom's constant canning would attest. It was a boon to our family in 1984 when he joined Intel. There he worked a prolific 17 years as a human resource trainer and manager. After Intel he started a homerepair business, mainly to fund his fishing and hunting trips, but also to earn cakes and cookies doing odd jobs for parishioners. He used his first Army retirement check to buy his first real boat, at one point having four different types of vessel in the shop; his own salmon armada. As a father Dad was strict but fair. In Boy Scouts, with Dad as Scoutmaster, Tony, I and our Scouting friends learned first-hand of his drill sergeant training during his 24 years in the

Army. He knew how to tell us when we broke the Scout Law, and what to do about it. At summer camp, cleaning the kybos (those are outhouses, for those who aren't Scouters) was a favorite consequence. On the other hand, when a young scout got sick in his only boots overnight, and other dads couldn't get far enough away, it was Dad who stepped in to make sure that young Scout was taken care of. He loved this time teaching us how to organize, serve and lead others with respect. Around the house, Dad's time working for Grandpa learning construction meant there was always a remodel project in process. At the Middleton house he sold our favorite 4wd suburban so that Mom could have a proper kitchen. Dad knew what his priorities were, or at least Mom did in this case! For our big trip to Alaska instead we drove a much older and humble 2wd model which took him a couple years to rebuild. Outside, the property would have a good fence for Mom and Abby's cows, sheep and horses. I remember him driving into Hillsboro one Saturday morning to hire day laborers to get it done fast. I'm sorry, Lisa, that I haven't followed

Dad's example here. All of this work on the house and property wasn't just to accommodate us and the constant stream of family and friends he and Mom brought into our lives. It was a visible expression of his priorities and love. Out of high school is where the culmination of Dad's example and wisdom was really put to the test by us kids. Dad was the first in the Roos family to get a college education, so it was a given that we would too. However it was up to us to decide our own path. If you knew Abby as a student athlete at OSU you would never predict Sister Mary Peter. Dad and Mom's example as Catholics played at least a small role in this. When it became apparent Tony excelled at the social aspects of college, Dad was very "encouraging" when Army basic training and the GI Bill became an option to support finishing his engineering degree. For me, Dad's example of balancing career and a rich family life guided my decisions and still guides me today. As adults we've seen and known the love and courage of Dad. He didn't put off a tough conversation or just tell us what we wanted to hear. He coached us through his illness, getting us as prepared as he could. Dad, our loss of your physical presence knocked many of our walls down, but don't worry up there. You gave us the tools and wisdom for our next major remodel. You will always be our Dad. A lifelong parishioner of St. Francis, Dad loved serving the Church. One time that meant using his Intel manager training experience in coaching a Priest on how to structure a homily. Another time it meant overseeing construction of the St. Francis school gym. He agonized over every detail, making sure the Church got the highest quality. One of Tony's contractor friends learned first hand, in a short order, that Dad was a seasoned professional - he knew things, and people to make things happen. Dad served the broader Church on multiple trips with Mom to New Mexico, a heavy load of tools in his truck, to make repairs and improvements to Sister Mary Peter's convent in Holman. Just before his illness, as a neighbor on Cullen Road, the City determined that the springs and distribution system supplying water to a large swath of properties on the northwest side of Newberg were outdated and repairs would triple the rates. Dad testified to City Council and was quickly elected by his fellow property owners to lead the lobby effort for a different solution. They won, and in the process Mom and Dad had another reason for dinner parties with more new friends. Dad made and kept many lifelong friends. Steve, Ron, Randy, Mark - you could each stand up here with hours of stories about Dad. From CCD in grade school, frequent fishing, clamming and hunting trips, and most recently margaritas, ATVs and bee stings in Cabo San Lucas earlier this year. All those fishing reels Mom cleaned out of the garage? Those were not just because Dad was an impulsive buyer of fishing gear, but to share on fishing trips. Dad would think nothing of a 5-hour drive to the Blue Mountains for hunting trips, with no tag to hunt,

just to be the camp cook and scout. He truly cherished time with you.

Dad loved his grandchildren dearly. Aidan, Avery, Dawson, Nola, Hazel, Truman, Franklin - to him you were pure joy. One of the most difficult facts to accept was that he would miss so much of your lives. Napping together in his favorite chair, fishing for blue gill in the Willamette, Jeep rides in Eastern Oregon, driving with Aidan when he first got his learner's permit, pressing apple cider one last time on that sunny afternoon at Great Grammy and Grandpa's house this past Fall. These memories we'll treasure, and there are far too few of them. It's clear to me that Dad's passing brings us some marching orders. Mom, you need some

well-deserved rest, then get out there with Grandma Reber, sisters and friends and continue your travels. Don't forget to come home to watch the grand kids once in a while. Sister Mary Peter - your SOLT mission makes Dad and us so proud. Continue on. Tony, Dad loved hearing your stories of projects and people in Alaska, Washington DC, Yamhill County and throughout the US. Your ability to build relationships must have come from Dad. Continue on. Knights of Columbus, before and throughout his illness Dad never spoke about our founder's mission to care for the Church's widows, but here we are. In addition to that, with

Dad gone, somebody else needs to swap military stories with Keith and Ed. Chuck, you're going to have to lose somebody else's fishing pole over the side of the boat. Somebody else needs to troubleshoot RVs with Rob. Somebody else needs to give Cookie big hugs, and plumbing advice. Somebody else needs to lend a sympathetic ear for Adolph's corny jokes.

And for all of us, we need to continue in our own ways to serve and love each other as Dad did. Meet that neighbor, finish that project, catch that fish with a friend, call the clam hotline...and take Mom clamming.

I'll conclude with some things I am grateful for. To his friends and the Knights, I want say thank you for loving and supporting Dad and Mom as much as they have loved and supported you. Leroy, your spiritual words to Dad strengthened him immensely for this battle, by reminding him of the power in trusting God and accepting His will. To everyone who helped them through this very hard physical transition, from moving two times, to flooding their new small kitchen with cards, flowers, cookies and pity fish (that is fish brought home to friends who couldn't go fishing with you). This past year was a lot of work, but I see it as a precious time. Dad made and kept awesome friends. To Grammy and Grandpa, thank you for giving us Dad. This is especially hard for you both, an experience I pray I never have as a parent. I'm very sorry Grandpa is unable to attend today. The only thing I can think to do is what I think Dad would do: lean on your Catholic faith. To Aunt Barb, Uncle Darrell and Aunt Johna, thank you for everything you've done for the family - especially over the past months, weeks and

days. And a personal thank you to Aunt Johna and Uncle Jeff: thank you for the ongoing care of Ol' Humble, the Roos family suburban. To Mom, thank you for your incredible grace through this tragic loss. You've always been graceful. On our childhood road trip to Disneyland, while Dad was driving us in Ol' Humble with the travel trailer through LA rush hour traffic, and after Abby dubbed Dad the Grump

Pump, Crank Tank and Grouch Pouch she turned to you and asked why are you smiling all the time? Your response stays with me always: "Well why not? It does more good than frowning all the time". We love you Mom.

Lastly, thank you Dad. I am so grateful for your influence on me, our family, your friends and the Church community. I am thankful for the things you built and remind me of you daily, but even more the relationships you built that endure. You will live forever in our hearts and minds, and the impact of your selfless love on this world is immeasurable. We love you Dad. Goodbye, for now.

Comments



“ 1 file added to the album Photos



Randy Hite - January 01, 2019 at 01:59 AM



“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Randy Hite - December 31, 2018 at 02:52 PM



“ 4 files added to the album Photos



Randy Hite - December 31, 2018 at 02:45 PM



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John Roos - December 29, 2018 at 09:59 PM



“ 6 files added to the album Photos



Tony Roos - December 27, 2018 at 05:19 PM



“ I'm so sorry for your loss. Mike was an important part of my sons lives and a good friend to Carl and I I understand your grief Carol. I'm so sorry I can't be there for mikes services.

Gayle Pykonen - December 27, 2018 at 03:12 AM