



Michael J. Conroy

October 24, 1962 - August 19, 2017

Conroy, Michael J. of Westland. August 19, 2017. Age 54. Beloved son of James. Dear brother of Daniel, Susan, and Antonio. Cherished uncle of Christina Crutchfield and Sean Conroy.

Cemetery Details

Immediate Cremation

Previous Events

Memorial Service

AUG **28**. 10:30 AM (ET)

St. Cyprian Catholic Church
13249 Pennsylvania Road
Riverview, MI

Tribute Wall



“ *My uncle Mike was a great man. A man's man. He knew football better than anyone I know. He taught a lot about it as a younger kid. Now I can cherish that forever in his memory. I'll never forget the wrestling belt he had gotten me when I was young. He tried to make bad days better in the ways he could back then. He will be missed.*

Sean Conroy - August 24, 2017 at 10:31 PM



“ AT THE END OF THE DAY

For my brother, Michael J. Conroy

Sunrise: October 24, 1962

Sunset: August 19, 2017

*Just past midnight, a few days after you had left us
Though after many years of your illness, it was sudden in the end
I sat and wrote this for you, after much prayer and deep reflection
In awe of the wonders of life's jagged road, with its curves on a
bend*

*I thought about our loss is really the beginning of your redemption
Thinking back on our last conversation, as hindsight reveals
perfection
We said so many things that I now know needed to be said
I looked in the mirror of our brotherhood with the clearest reflection*

*I am so glad now that you took the time to reach out to me
For so long, I felt it a burden, even guilty for not reaching out to you
enough
Time is not promised to us, and though memories last a lifetime
They can fade in weathered passages, especially when the going
gets rough*

*I do remember, though we may not have been close as adults
Given age, life circumstance and all that it can throw in the way
We shared so much, straight from the heart especially when it came
to
Baseball games, splitting a meal, going to the movies back in the
day*

*And the music, let's not forget about that – it was the common
denominator
In our family line, we can all remember jamming on any given
Saturday*

*In the living room, the four of us kids rocking it out
Music runs through our bloodline so rich and strong*

*I mostly remember occasions along the way
Christmas, Thanksgiving dinners, Easter, our birthdays
You going away to college, even that time you came to my show
The distance between us meant nothing, by picking up the phone
with a simple hello*

*It is in these vignette's from where I gain my strength now
I can find serenity in the knowledge that you are not suffering
anymore,
This life's struggles seemed mountainous for you
And the worries a constant test of your faith*

*I remember all the times you prayed for us, all the masses you
requested be said
I value the times you kept me in line, when you felt I had done
something wrong
And like any big brother, you guided me the best way you knew how
and
In the end, you finally showed me appreciation and gave me the
acceptance from you that I sought*

*Now, I hear your voice so plainly as you broadcast to my senses
I smell the fragrance of your spirit, I hear the music of your way,
I touch the air feeling your energy, I taste the sweetness of ice
cream,
I see your greatness and love after all of it, at the end of the day*

By Antonio Cassone © 2017 – All Rights Reserved