



William Silverthorn

March 8, 1925 - January 27, 2020

William Arnold Silverthorn, age 94, passed away January 27, 2020 in Roseville, Michigan. Born in Harbor Beach, Michigan, on March 8, 1925, he was the only son of the late George Dewey Silverthorn and Myrtle Jane Minard Silverthorn. He was preceded in death by his first wife, Elizabeth O'Neil Silverthorn, and by his second wife, Angelina Marie Silverthorn, as well as his three sisters, Betty Ogden, Eleanor Callender, and Edythe Silverthorn.

He leaves behind five children, Cassandra Silverthorn Hutchins (Thomas) of Marietta, Georgia, Cynthia Silverthorn Hill (Russell) of Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan, William Darrel Silverthorn (Lily) of San Diego, California and Ica, Peru, Mary Silverthorn Cunningham (David) of Afton, Virginia, and Joel David Silverthorn (Minh Bui) of Mesa, Arizona, twelve grandchildren, fourteen great-grandchildren, and many nieces, nephews, step-children and step-grandchildren.

Mr. Silverthorn served his country in the Navy SeaBees during WWII. He was a graduate of Harbor Beach High School (1943) and Mienzingers Art School in Detroit, Michigan. He moved his family to Florida in 1962 and was a Florida resident for 59 years. He worked in the carpet business for over 40 years and owned Carpets Plus in Land O'Lakes until retiring in 1995. Mr. Silverthorn was an artist, poet, and a published author. He was a resident of Zephyrhills, Florida from 1983 to 2019, when he moved back to Michigan to live near family.

A memorial service will be held on March 7, 2020 at 11:00 am with Rev. Sari Brown officiating, at Ramsey Funeral Home in Harbor Beach, Michigan, with interment at Our Lady of Lake Huron Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Harbor Beach Lighthouse Preservation Society <https://harborbeachlighthouse.org>.

Events

MAR **Memorial Service** 11:30AM

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Ramsey Funeral Home, Inc
425 State St, Harbor Beach, MI, US, 48441

Comments



“ 3 files added to the album William A. Silverthorn



Cassie Hutchins - February 06, 2020 at 09:56 AM



“ You are home again Pop, back in your old home town. We wanted to celebrate with you next month at what would have been your 95th birthday. We will still do that, and you will be there too. You are missed already. Give mom a giant hug for me. Another to Ang. I may be in Peru now, but I am planning to be there for your memorial. Love you pop.

We had our challenges, but you were always my pop. Thank you for all that you gave.

And here's your poem you wrote that was published in the local Harbor Beach paper some 31 or so years ago. Your tribute to Harbor Beach.

My Old Home Town

Back in my head where I haven't been, in so long it gets profound
There's a place I couldn't leave fast enough, it's called my old home town.

I've been there so little if you'd say at all, though, there it's been in my mind.
Like a fleecy white cloud, at my beck and call, waiting patiently for me needing to find,

some sort of reason, to bring it all back, a use for the thoughts in my life.
Memories like snapshots, the good and the bad; with the joy all mixed up in the strife.

Oh. it's changed a lot from the time that I left, the stores have evolved quite a bit
They've updated things, that I'll miss a lot and some I don't give a twit.

The school burned down, now it's only a field. It's there that I spent my youth.
There's a brand new school, looks pretty good, though it's nothin' to me that's the truth.

The A&P store where I worked as a lad, when I saw it I'd say my heart sank
There's a super store now with a big parking lot and a hardware's moved into the bank.

Some things are left, I thank the good fates,
like the lighthouse, the dock and the lake.
I wish with the power of him that I pray
to bring back the joy of my youth, in a way.

By letting me live with the sights and the sounds,
that I knew as my old home town.
Oh! I know in the deepest part of my heart, it's a wish that never can be,
but the harm is offset, by the feeling I get and the ache that's felt just by me.

The old city park still sits by the tracks, I'm sure it still plays its charade.
I'll never forget Memorial day, the bands and the Vets on parade.

The soldiers parading with the flag all unfurled, in the march to the land of the dead.

Hoping the loss of youth is enough, war memories accepted instead.

Three Volleys fired in honor of those lost in Wars in the past,
While the children unheeded, scramble to find, all the brass as it flips in the grass.

I'd like to go back to enjoy the old friends, living so far in the past
I'd say in all fairness that I miss the old place, that the chance to go back doesn't last,

The world is a wonderful place to be sure and the visions of life that I've found
Springtime or winter, it matters no more the thoughts all seem to rebound.

It's not a big reach the dreams it would teach.....that I still miss my old
home town.

WAS



William Darrell Silverthorn - February 04, 2020 at 05:32 PM



“ Blessings to you my HARBOR BEACH GELTLEMAN!!!

Claudia - February 05, 2020 at 03:25 PM



“ WHAT POEM AND TRIBUTE TO THE OLD HOME: AH MEMORIES ! Luci Kaminski

Luci kaminski - February 09, 2020 at 09:55 AM



“ VETERAN'S DAY MEANT SOMETHING WHEN WE LIVED IN YOUR HOME. THE
RESPECT OF YOUR PAST, TAUGHT US EVERYTHING ABOUT SERVICE!

Joel - November 11, 2020 at 10:01 PM