



Sharon Ann Tosch

September 4, 1943 - January 30, 2024

Sharon Ann Tosch, 80, of Ferndale, Michigan, passed away peacefully surrounded by her loved ones on January 30, 2024. She was born on September 4, 1943, to Arthur and Cecelia (Dailey) Gilman in Detroit.

Sharon made a positive and loving impact on everyone she met. "Mom Tosch" loved and was loved by many, and her passing leaves a hole in the worlds of all who knew her. Sharon was known for her warm hugs, quick laughter, ever-present words of advice, and gentle smile. The impact she made on the hearts of all who knew her will continue to make this world better.

Everyone who knew Sharon was aware of the love of her life - her husband, Daniel Tosch. Sharon and Dan met in high school, introduced by friends while ice skating at Belle Isle on a blind date. They married on a snowy Saturday, November 21, 1965, at St. Ignatius Catholic Church in Detroit, MI. Sharon and Dan's commitment and devotion to each other were as clear on that snowy day in 1965 as on January 30, 2024, another perfect snowy day in Michigan.

Sharon and Dan were the proud parents of two children, Jenny and Danny. However, many others saw them as surrogate parents and mentors. Jenny, Danny, and the neighborhood kids were lucky to have Sharon's full attention during the early years when she was a stay-at-home mom, always present with a cookie, a hug, a band-aid, or often all three.

After her children grew up, Sharon took great pleasure in being a "Nana" to her four grandchildren. She showered them with kisses, cookies, advice, and affection. Sharon valued her time with her friends, caring for her beautiful garden, and deeply appreciated nature, especially when it involved being on the water. Nothing made Sharon happier than spending time on Lake Charlevoix or enjoying a leisurely afternoon on the porch surrounded by the laughter and chatter of her husband, Dan, her children, and grandchildren.

After dancing the night away at Senior Prom with Dan and graduating from Dominican High School in Detroit, Sharon pursued her passion for nursing and completed the Grace Hospital School of Nursing program in 1964. Her love of learning continued at Wayne State University, where she obtained her associate's degree. Sharon's commitment to service and public education led her to proudly serve 12 years on the Bloomfield Hills Board of Education, where she positively impacted the lives of students, educators, and families.

Left to treasure her memory are her beloved husband, Daniel Tosch; her children, Jennifer (Kathleen) LaTosch and Daniel (Erica) Tosch; her grandchildren, Donovan, Quinn, Finn, and Ruby; and her sister, Ellen Dupuis. Sharon was preceded in death by her parents, Arthur and Cecelia Gilman, and grandson Connor.

There are currently no plans for funeral services. However, the family will host a Celebration of Life in honor of Sharon at a later time. Instead of flowers, the family kindly asks that you share a heartwarming, funny, or meaningful memory of Sharon on the memorial website at www.sullivanfuneraldirectors.com and make a donation to Vietnam Veterans of America (www.VVA.org) or the Michael J Fox Foundation for Parkinson's Research (www.michaeljfox.org).

Tribute Wall

DM

“ 4 files added to the album Reunion September 9, 2023



Dan MacAlpine - February 10, 2024 at 02:52 PM

“ Pull up a chair folks and let me tell you a story...

The first (and last) time I ever went skiing was with the Tosch family. I had managed to get through 20 years of my life without ever having to participate in, what I considered, a lethal sport. And there I was, skis clamped on, holding fast to a rope as it towed me to the top of the bunny hill. It was me, a bunch of kids ranging in age from, oh, two to ten... and Mom Tosch.

While the rest of the family sped right off to the blue and (gasp) black diamond hills without so much as a backward glance, Mom Tosch stayed behind with me. I first learned to stand up without toppling over and then ever so slowly progressed to learning how to traverse the hill and implement the 'snowplow' to stop. Every step of the way, Mom Tosch encouraged me!

After spending half the day on that tiny hill (and on my rear end), we got the go-ahead to finally move on. Mom Tosch went first, and I followed behind. 'Remember, Chris, traverse the hill,' she instructed. 'Right, now left, and right, now left...' I dutifully repeated as we made our way down the gentle slope. And just like that, I was skiing!

I'm not sure when it happened, exactly, but I missed a left (or a right) somewhere, and my skis suddenly pointed straight ahead. Suffice it to say, among other things, I was no longer traversing. Like a bullet fired from a gun, I sped past Mom Tosch, bound for the bottom of the hill. As I whizzed by, I heard her holler her final bit of advice... 'SNOW PLOW!'

And this is what I think I'll remember most about her: Mom Tosch always had just the right words at exactly the right time!