



William Kamischke

October 30, 1942 - July 15, 2018

William Kamischke, age 75, passed away on July 15, 2018. William is the cherished husband of 55 years of Sharon; the beloved father of Pamela Semak and Cynthia (Rob) Coulon; the loving grandfather of Ryan (Amanda), Kyle, Sean, and Trevor; and the dear brother of Richard (Hillary Burns) Kamischke, James (Jan) Kamischke, Janice Ogg, and Roxanne (John) Goeth. William's family will receive friends on Wednesday, July 18, 2018 from 2:00 p.m. until 8:00 p.m. at the Wm. Sullivan and Son Funeral Home, 8459 Hall Road, (3 blocks East of Van Dyke), Utica. A funeral service will be held on Thursday, July 19, 2018 at 11:00 a.m. with visitation beginning at 10:00 a.m. at the funeral home. Interment at Clinton Grove Cemetery, Clinton Township. Memorials are appreciated to the Pulmonary Fibrosis Foundation. Please share a memory at www.SullivanFuneralDirectors.com.

Cemetery Details

Clinton Grove Cemetery

Cass Ave @ Moravian
Clinton Township, MI 48036

Previous Events

Visitation

JUL 18. 2:00 PM - 8:00 PM (ET)

Wm Sullivan and Son Funeral Home
8459 Hall Road
Utica, MI 48317
(586) 731-2411
utica@sullivanfh.com
<https://www.sullivanfuneraldirectors.com/>

Visitation

JUL 19. 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM (ET)

Wm Sullivan and Son Funeral Home
8459 Hall Road
Utica, MI 48317
(586) 731-2411
utica@sullivanfh.com
<https://www.sullivanfuneraldirectors.com/>

Funeral Service

JUL 19. 11:00 AM (ET)

Wm Sullivan and Son Funeral Home
8459 Hall Road
Utica, MI 48317
(586) 731-2411
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Tribute Wall



“ *Sympathy to family. So sorry for your loss. Leo, Dorothy, and MaryLouise Lacelle.* ”

Mary - July 18, 2018 at 08:34 AM



“ *Beautiful in Blue was purchased for the family of William Kamischke.* ”



July 17, 2018 at 11:01 PM



“ *Jim and Jan purchased the Fairest of All for the family of William Kamischke.* ”



Jim and Jan - July 17, 2018 at 08:16 PM



“ *Basket of Memories was purchased for the family of William Kamischke.* ”



July 17, 2018 at 10:52 AM

LP

“ Love, Andy, Kim and AJ Platevoet purchased the *Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum* for the family of William Kamischke.



Love, Andy, Kim and AJ Platevoet - July 17, 2018 at 08:49 AM



“ The infinite words of the most wonderful Daddy I had could still not scratch the surface of the man that you are to me. You will always be the first man I loved and the only man that never failed me. I will learn to live on this earth without your guiding words of love, wisdom and compassion. How do I do this without you, my rock, my friend, my heart? Your “Happy Birthday “ singing voice, your “Santa hat”, your everything that you are to our family. I guess by living the rest of my life here with everything you raised me to be. Till there is no space between us and I come home to bask in the glory which you are enjoying without struggling to breath and knowing you are looking upon us who loved you so deeply that it hurts. You gave Mom, Cindy and I such a wonderful life, for that I have you alive in memories as much as it hurts, you will live on forever in my thoughts. I love and miss you so much~❤️~

Pam Kamischke-Semak - July 17, 2018 at 07:01 AM

“ For 71 years, Bill has been my older brother. As a four year old, he held me while my parents drove home from the hospital, now the young parents of two boys. Growing up on Vernier Road, I remember only a few days when we didn't fight, and although that seems like an exaggeration, I remember our quarrels drove my mother to tears on more than one occasion. Of course, being four years younger meant that I was totally incapable of winning, yet Bill never punished me as he could have. I used every dirty trick I could think of to get an advantage, often trying to kick him. He would simply catch my foot and make me hop around until I agreed to quit. There were times, during these fights, he would sit on my chest, pinning my hands to the side, but he never tried to hurt me, as he easily could have.

So, the first thing I want to say about Bill was that he was kind. For some reason Vernier Road had a lot of older residents and few kids to play with. I would often hang around with Bill's little gang of friends, playing flashlight tag on summer nights, illegally setting off fireworks (supplied by the policeman's son, whose father had confiscated from someone else's son) or trick-or-treating on a Halloween night. He never once tried to get rid of his tag-along little brother.

The second thing I want to acknowledge was Bill's ability to learn, often teaching himself. Bill always had trouble succeeding in school, but as a former educator, I know that his low grades stemmed from a school system's inability to teach a guy with nontraditional learning needs. How else can we account for the fact that he built his own computers or that he stayed current in the printing business as it changed from mechanical presses to highly automated ones? How else can you explain that he kept the business going when his first boss, Bernie Doman, when Bernie became sick and Bill ran the whole operation, a capability Bill repeated more than once for other employers. No, Bill was a bright guy, stuck in a bad educational system, and he succeeded despite it's short comings.

Bill was a superior athlete. This was recognized early when Little League first started in the 1950s. Bill was immediately placed in the A league, playing with the best, dressed in full uniforms, using groomed fields with home-run fences, and playing against teams named after professional ball clubs. Bill played for the Boston Red Sox and was considered a star. This in contrast to hundreds of other kids, including me, who were issued t-shirts, played on dusty little fields, and played on teams with uninspiring names. I played for the Columbus Jets.

As a senior, Bill was recruited to play varsity football for his high school team, but a mandatory physical revealed a heart murmur which kept him from showing everyone what an athlete he was. In high school I was fourth at the Class-A state track meet in the hurdle event, an race that combines speed with efficient form going over little fences. But as Bill demonstrated on one occasion, he could beat me in a foot race even then, street shoes and all.

Probably more important than all of this, Bill was a good man. He loved his wife, his children, and grandchildren. He was steady, reliable, constantly positive, and never shirked from his role as big brother to four siblings. Bill and I only exchange a half-dozen calls a year and met face to face even less, but I always knew he was there and was as close as the phone. His death is a blow to those of us who counted on Bill as our touchstone, a way to orient ourselves as we lived our lives. I will miss Bill for the rest of my life.

Dick Kamischke - July 17, 2018 at 03:56 AM



Beautifully put Uncle Dick. Thank you for your words of love for my Daddy.

Pam Kamischke-Semak - July 17, 2018 at 06:34 AM

CI

“ *Love and miss you daddy.*

cindy - July 16, 2018 at 10:44 PM

AM

“ *Sharon I'm sooo sorry to hear this.
I still remember the first night you met Bill. That seems sooo long ago. LOVE YOU.
Allan & I will see you Thursday.*

Audrey Maiorana - July 16, 2018 at 09:08 PM

LH

“ *Love, Dick and Hillary purchased the Rose Romanesque Bouquet for the family of William Kamischke.*



Love, Dick and Hillary - July 16, 2018 at 06:45 PM

TF

“ *The Goeth family purchased the Emerald Garden Basket for the family of William Kamischke.*



The Goeth family - July 16, 2018 at 05:04 PM