



Michael Reynolds

August 26, 1939 - March 23, 2014

Michael James Reynolds, born August 26, 1939 passed into eternal life Sunday afternoon, March 23, 2014 at his home after an extended illness. Michael's passions included many years involved in hunting and gunsmithing. He also worked as a diesel mechanic in the U.S. Navy, spent time as a logger in Northern California and Wisconsin, drove truck for many years, and restored antique boats.

Above all, Michael quietly displayed his faith in Jesus Christ as his savior and Lord. With dedication to his fundamental values and to his family, Michael devoted himself to providing and caring for all around him. He will be truly missed by all who had the pleasure and the privileged to know him.

He is survived by his wife Joanne, two sons, Brian (Jennifer) Reynolds of Johnson Creek, WI and Derek of Wausau; six grandchildren, Joel C. Ryan, Alyssa, Sara, Bekka, Eddie and Mondrea Reynolds; two brothers Tom (Dian) of Lake Mills; Steve (Lydia) of Cotton Wood, AZ and a sister Pat (Chago) Camacho of Adams, WI.

He was preceded in death by his mother Eleanor, a brother Gregg and his Step-Dad Dick Scott.

Funeral services will be on Saturday March 29, 2014 at 2 PM at the Woodruff Baptist Church. Burial will be in the Hazelhurst Cemetery. Visitation will be one hour prior the service at the church on Saturday.

In lieu of flowers memorials are suggested to either the Wounded Warrior Project or the charity of your choice.

Previous Events

Visitation

MAR 29. 1:00 PM - 2:00 PM (CT)

Woodruff Baptist Church
1200 3rd Ave
Woodruff, WI PO Box 350

Funeral Service

MAR 29. 2:00 PM (CT)

Woodruff Baptist Church
1200 3rd Ave
Woodruff, WI PO Box 350

Tribute Wall

DR

“ *Brian I am so sorry for your loss. Words can not do any justice at a time like this. Here is a big hug and know that you and your family are in my prayers. Take comfort knowing that he is in GOD'S arms now.*

Diane Rust - March 29, 2014 at 09:31 AM

BR

“ *Dad,
If I could have one more day with you, it would be in the woods where I learned so much from you. Respect for creation, others, and myself. Frost on the colored leaves in late September as the hounds can be heard in the distance. Sharing steaming hot coffee from your thermos as our breath can be seen in the cold morning air. This is my favorite memory of you and this is what I choose to hold in my heart until I see you again.*

Brian

Brian Reynolds - March 26, 2014 at 08:10 AM