



## David Gerard Guindon

August 28, 1926 - February 5, 2021

In Memory of  
David Gerard Guindon  
1926-2021

David Guindon, was a long time resident of Warren since 1955. For the last few years he enjoyed life at the Legacy of Orchard Grove in Romeo. On February 5, he passed away from complications of the Covid 19 virus. He was 94 years old.

Visitation will be Friday, February 12, 2021, 4-8 pm.

Private funeral on February 13.

In lieu of flowers, please consider donating to:

St. Jude Children Hospital or Wounded Warrior Project

David was born in Detroit on August 28, 1926.

The son of the late Telesphore and Rosalie (Tremblay) Guindon.

He was united in marriage to his wife, Irene Dumont on September 11, 1948.

They were married 63 years. David worked and retired from Uniroyal as a carpenter.

He is survived by his loving children, Marty Guindon (Bob Kapusta), Karen (Jeff) Jarvis and Debra (Howard) Cichoski

Grandchildren, Jeremy (Suman), Joe (Jocelyn), Preston (Lacey) and great grandchildren Ethan, Isabelle, Lilia, Blake, Abbey, Luke and Logan. He was preceded in death by his wife, Irene on 2-3-2011, his brother Don and three sisters, Noella, Germaine, and Claire. His nephews Gary, John and Jerome.

Dave was a very active person. He had many interests such as hockey, baseball and played volley ball well into his 80's. He loved the hydroplane boats, building models of his favorites and being involved in the races with his nephew, James. He also loved driving his 1968 Red Corvaire. Even washing it was a thrill.

Dad loved to talk about his time spent in the navy during WW2. He's very proud of the fact that he not only sailed around the world once, but twice. What he loved most was sitting in the crow's nest for hours just immersing himself in the freedom and peace the seas gave him. He's always enjoyed his tranquil moments of solitude. Later in life, he went with other veterans to Washington to view the monuments, compliments of the Honors Flight. This was a very special, meaningful trip for him.

He also loved to dress up and go dancing with our mother. Music and dancing was a big part of their lives. Many times they would dim the lights in the living room and dance the night away. Even now, when I hear certain songs, I can see them gliding effortlessly across the room. They also enjoyed traveling the U.S. by land and sea.

Dad loved being outdoors and introduced us to many adventures along the way; from flying across the ice while holding onto a bed sheet to working our way into a hidden lake by canoe. Memories of camping, nature walks, swimming and rolling down sand dunes, all played a big part of who we are and what we've grown to love.

As a family we physically built a house in Roscommon together, where even more amazing memories were made; like snow snowmobiling, skiing, sledding or cutting down a Christmas tree and making paper ornaments. We're grateful that his love for nature and the outdoors was planted deep within all of our hearts.

Dad loves his family. He showed us what true devotion looked like when he cared for our mother for twelve years after she suffered a stroke. She was a tender, loving beautiful woman and he loved her very much.

He also enjoyed researching his French Heritage and traveling to meet family, many for the first time. He enjoyed working on projects, even if they weren't his. He could figure out how something that seemed impossible could be done or made.

In recent years, dad mellowed quite a bit. He was less concerned about things he couldn't change and more concerned about enjoying the moment. His tender heart began to shine brighter than ever and we all made new and precious memories. We would have heart to heart conversations, we would act silly, dance, sing, give the most heartwarming hugs and laugh so hard tears would stream down our faces. It was all about the beauty of just being together. We've learned that it's never too late to make new memories, never too late to find joy, not as long as the music is still playing and with dad, it was always playing.

We thank you Lord, for our precious parents. Two people who made a difference in the lives of so many. Toward the end, you could have made them better, but you chose to make them perfect. We are grateful. Until we meet again, your loving family.

# Tribute Wall



“ *David Gerard Guindon*

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October 23, 2023 at 04:00 AM



“ *David Gerard Guindon*

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January 06, 2023 at 05:24 AM

“ I find that, every time someone I know passes away... I'm left with something. A lesson to learn. Something sticks with me in a way it hadn't before. Since Pep'ere passed away last week, I've had something on my mind.

*From the moment we're born to the moment we die, we're a work in progress. Many would say that who we become is the sum of our life experiences. Even more so, who we choose to become depends on how we respond to those life experiences... those lessons learned, those stories we accumulate. The longer we live, the more stories we have to tell.*

*Pep'ere was 94. He had a lot of stories. And although I don't remember every single one of them, I remember quite a few. And they had an impact on me. Many of them had to do with his time in the Navy. The places he went, the things he saw, the people he met. The times he would sit in the crow's nest, and the ship would rock side to side so much, he'd actually be directly above the water, not the deck of the ship. Or the time he came home and surprised his mother. He always got choked up when he got to the part about walking up to the front door and looking through the keyhole (back when there were key holes) and saw his mother knitting in her chair.*

*He had so many stories, they could fill books, rooms full of them. I suppose that's why they say that every time an older person dies, another library burns to the ground. We don't get to hear him tell those stories anymore. At least, not on this side of eternity. So, I hope you got to hear as many of them as you could. When he wasn't telling stories, I hope you asked for one. And when he was, I hope you listened.*

*I don't say this to discourage you. Believe it or not, I say this to encourage you. Because we who remain can still tell our stories. And his. We have the ability, the opportunity and most importantly the responsibility to tell our family members our stories. Who we are, what we've been through, what we've learned. That's one very*

*important way we get to know each other better. That's how we can grow closer together as a family.*

*And I don't just mean sharing the good stuff, but the bad stuff, too. In defense of honesty and transparency, tell me your hopes AND your fears. Your accomplishments AND regrets. The moments that fill you with pride AND the moments you're not so proud of. It's all important. Because not only can our stories help us grow closer, but they can also teach us. The younger generations can glean the wisdom of the older generations, not by suffering through the same circumstances, but by learning from the experiences of those who've been there before.*

*We are family. But if I'm being completely honest, there are some in my family who I know very little about, and I think that could probably resonate with most of us to some degree. We must tell our stories. So, to the older generations, please... impart your stories on your family. Share with them. Teach them. And to the younger generation, listen. Take those stories to heart. They can and will help shape who you become.*

*Legacy was important to Pep'ere. But, he understood (as I hope we all understand) that legacy equals the impact we have on others. The lives we touch. And the tremendous ripple effect that can have on generations... if we tell our stories. Hopefully, our stories will outlive all of us. Because our stories are part of our legacy, just as Pep'ere's stories are part of his legacy. We owe it to ourselves and the rest of our family members to keep telling our stories. And we owe it to him to keep telling his.*

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**Preston Cichoski** - February 15, 2021 at 09:59 AM

“ I loved to hear my dad sing, whistle a tune or play the juice harp. Music was so much a part of him. We’d sit together and listen to the opera singer, Russel Watson, getting lost in the words and in the music itself. We would close our eyes and sway our arms in symphonic gestures as if we were conducting the orchestra. We knew every beautiful sound by heart and we were always in sync with each other. We became the music.

Whenever we were together, whether it was in person, face time, or later on through a window, we just couldn’t stop smiling. We talked about how grateful we were for the love we shared and how precious our moments were together. We’ve been loved, forgiven and blessed, What great joy filled our hearts.

I believe every life grows a garden. It begins with the seeds that are unknowingly planted in the hearts of those we share life with. Seeds of love, faith, sympathy, wisdom, sincerity, generosity, devotion and so many more. These seeds take root and mature in our hearts. I can see that dad has planted many seeds over his 94 years, The kind words you have all shared with us is proof of that.

It’s a wonderful thing to look back on his life’s garden and see how it has flourished in so many beautiful ways. We never fully realize how we may have influenced another’s life. I know my dad cared deeply for all of you. And I thank you for being a part of his story; a part of his garden.

As Preston stated in his eulogy, we need to continue sharing our life experiences, good and bad. It’s through these life stories that help us to navigate our own lives. We need to glean as much as we can and pass that knowledge onto the next generation. We need to keep each others stories alive and make them a part of our own story, our own garden.

My dad has gone home because Hope has a name. His name is Jesus. I bow my life and fix my eyes on Jesus Christ. It’s His cross

*that has set my dad free.*

*Though I miss him and my mother deeply, I am at peace, knowing they are experiencing the fullness of eternal life and the ultimate joy of heaven. This, after all, is what our souls yearn for.*

*His love and his music will never end, it's becomes a part of me.  
Debbie Cichoski*

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**Debra Cichoski** - February 15, 2021 at 09:49 AM

JO

“*First of all let me say that I loved Pep'ere very much. He was a tremendous example for me in caring for his wife with unconditional love for all those years. He cherished her and it was so beautiful to witness. I will miss him but am comforted knowing he's in the arms of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and that's way better than his accommodations here. I love you Pep'ere now go get your dance on with your beautiful wife by the crystal sea :)*

*Here's the video we played at the viewing:*

*[https://video214.com/play/U9KA2FWuPjaWHQ9wEjpG7g/s/dark?fbclid=IwAR1DZCGXRKTByo05AaZsZSwLuI0jb8ehkiGac3td331h7E8YH1R9\\_XEv4\\_4](https://video214.com/play/U9KA2FWuPjaWHQ9wEjpG7g/s/dark?fbclid=IwAR1DZCGXRKTByo05AaZsZSwLuI0jb8ehkiGac3td331h7E8YH1R9_XEv4_4)*

*Here's some pics & videos from the viewing/funeral/burial*

*<https://photos.app.goo.gl/hDsVAMTJoVcHr8iE6>*

*Here's a recording of what Preston said from the podium:*

*[https://1drv.ms/u/s!AuKpgVzeeEK\\_jcQR1IXOk01ewtG21g?e=6upH9B](https://1drv.ms/u/s!AuKpgVzeeEK_jcQR1IXOk01ewtG21g?e=6upH9B)*

*Love you all!!*

*-Joe*

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**Joe** - February 14, 2021 at 06:59 PM

AA

“ Dear Guindon family so sorry to here of your loss your parents use to baby sit me when i was small Debbie and I were close in age I read the obituary WOW what an amazing life your Dad had I remeber his hydroplane models sounds like he had a lot of talents Debbie and I were close in age I remember her and I playing with jars of mercury on the sidewalk God Bless you all SONNY

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**ALEX AFELT** - February 12, 2021 at 08:23 AM

KE

“ Dave was a neighbor of mine for 34 years and we shared a passion for cars, I would often help him work on his 1968 Corvair. I would love listening to the old stories of the cars he had in the past and how he managed the large tire on I-94 when he worked at Uniroyal tire. I will miss Dave dearly and will always have fond memories of him.

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**Ken** - February 12, 2021 at 07:53 AM

LG

“ *When our family reconnected with David after a long time of no communication he told me the story of how he got a hold of us.*

*He had a long list of phone numbers - a directory of Guindon's in Montreal, Quebec. He started calling, explaining he was looking for his cousins from the offspring of his grandparents. Eventually after numerous cold calls he found someone in Montreal who recognized some of the names, but they were unable to assist him they and told him to call my father in California. He called and spoke to mom and dad on the phone but dad was very hard of hearing and did not understand.*

*Luckily one of them took down his phone number and on my next visit to see mom and dad they gave me his number and asked me to call and find out what it was all about. Once mom and dad figured out who he was they were also pleased to have news of him and his family, after all these years.*

*We probably lost track of the Michigan Guindon's sometimes in the 1960's after a move across the country and David found us sometime in 2012. I'm so glad he did, it was great to get to know him, through phone calls, cards and letters. He also made a visit to Montreal where he reconnected with more of his cousins in 2015. What a pleasure to have met him there and my other cousins.*

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**Lisa Guindon** - February 11, 2021 at 10:19 PM

ST

“ 4 files added to the tribute wall



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**steve** - February 11, 2021 at 08:08 PM

SS

“ *Dave was my friend. We trusted each other and loved each other. He never knew my name, he just called me buddy. We had a special handshake, and he would box in slow motion with me. We laughed, we cried together once, then we laughed again. He loved music, he loved to dance, he loved to talk in French to confuse me, he loved talking about the crows nest on his navy ship, and most of most of all he loved his family. I'm grateful that I had a relationship with him. He noticed when I was away for a few days, and I missed him too. Now I look forward to the day when I meet him again in his perfection.*

*Karen, Deb, and Marty, thank you for sharing your dad with me!*

*Thank you for entrusting his care to me. I love you all.*

*Steve*

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**steve smith** - February 11, 2021 at 08:00 PM

JJ

“ *A video tribute to my grandfather, David Guindon, Pep'ere: <https://youtu.be/Lof991taNhE>*

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**Jeremy Jarvis** - February 11, 2021 at 02:41 PM

JJ

“ We fondly remember Dave’s happy smiles, stories, and devotion to his family, especially to Irene.

Joel Jarvis - February 11, 2021 at 11:39 AM

JF

“ Joel, Kathie, Amy, Julie, Tony, and Families. purchased the Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum for the family of David Gerard Guindon.



Joel, Kathie, Amy, Julie, Tony, and Families. - February 11, 2021 at 11:34 AM

TL

“ As part of the Guindon clan I wish i could have met him and talked about our common heritage. My condolences to the family.

Tim Lintz - February 10, 2021 at 10:08 PM

AB

“ Sending sympathy to Marty, Karen, Debbie and their families. We were neighbors and I have wonderful memories of time spent together. There was such a feeling of love between Dave and Irene, and even though I didn’t understand it, I felt it. Just reading the wonderfully written tribute, he will certainly be missed. Rest In Peace, Mr. Guindon

Arlene Bowen - February 10, 2021 at 03:53 PM