



Michelle Frary

February 21, 1938 - March 7, 2017

Michelle Frary passed away surrounded by her son, Chris, daughter, Jen, and granddaughter, Erin on March 7, 2017 in American Fork Hospital. She was born on February 21, 1938 in Potsdam, New York to Edson Perkins Roberts and Mary Ellen Page Roberts.

She married William Thomas Frary November 1963 and had four children, Richard Thomas Frary, Christopher John Frary, Jennifer Ellen Frary Mills, and Timothy James Frary.

She is survived by her children, her grandchildren Brielle Jennifer Frary, Emma-Lee Rose Frary, Greydenn Griffin, Erin Michelle Frary, Jordan Richard Frary, Matthew Jordan Mills, Savannah Rose Mills, Gregory Allan Mills, her great-grandson, Everett James Frary Ellett, and her dog, Daisy.

Michelle worked her whole life caring for the needs of others. She drove the bus for the elderly in Potsdam, New York; took care of her aging mother; took care of an elderly couple, the Kelleys, for 13 years; and most recently cared for Chris's family in several ways when she came to live with them in 2002. Michelle was an avid reader; devouring books faster than her favorite authors could write. She loved collecting recipes, even if she didn't make them. She loved lillies and roses and the outdoors, especially if the sun was hot.

She will be missed for all her unique and eccentric qualities, and we take solace that she is in a more peaceful place without any pain or suffering.

Funeral Services will be held Saturday, March 11th, at 11:00 am, at the Grove Creek 10th Ward, 475 North 700 East, Pleasant Grove, Utah, where a Viewing will be held prior to services from 10:00 to 10:45 am. Interment in Pleasant Grove City Cemetery.

Funeral Directors: Utah Valley Mortuary.

Cemetery

Pleasant Grove City Cemetery

600 North 100 West
Pleasant Grove, UT, 84062

Events

MAR **Viewing** 10:00AM - 10:45AM

11

Grove Creek 10th Ward

475 North 700 East, Pleasant Grove, UT, US,
84062

MAR **Funeral Service** 11:00AM - 12:00PM

11

Grove Creek 10th Ward

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Comments



“ Today my friend Jennifer and her brothers “Tiger”, Chris, and Tim lay their mother Michelle to rest. I was fortunate to meet Michelle in 1984 after my family moved to Abilene. Michelle pretty much adopted me, as she did all of her children’s friends. She later adopted Allan Blevins into our expanding circle and he has been waiting since 2002 for her arrival.

Michelle was our second Mother. When none of us could drive ourselves anywhere, she was there. Those drives stand out in my mind the most. She had an old car that every time she made a right turn, the horn would honk. People would give mean looks and it was embarrassing, especially at traffic lights. Michelle was not one to honk when people took too long pulling back into traffic. So, what to do? All of us kids would start waiving after the horn went off. We turned those trips into moving parties. Michelle would just laugh. I bet she thought we were all crazy, but she played along, made sure we were safe, and took care of us.

Michelle took us all to the library on a weekly basis. She would carry at least two totes full of books. Most of them were hers (and she read them all). She helped me get my first library card and made sure I had a way to get there. I already loved to read, but was not exactly encouraged to do so. She encouraged it. She is one of the people that I can attribute my education to. I still use the library regularly.

Michelle helped me get ready for my first date. I was so nervous that I had trouble putting makeup on. My eyelid was shaking so eye shadow was a toughie. We all laughed about it and solved the problem.

When anything was tough for us kids, Michelle would always listen. She would let us get the whole story out and would ask questions that showed she listened. She might not give us the answer to our dilemma, but at least she was there. Sometimes, when we were really messing up, we would get to see her sharp wit and that would fix the problem.

After she moved away, I wrote her often. She was a caregiver for Mrs. Kelly in Niceville, Florida. This is when she went from being Mrs. Frary to being Michelle, which was kind of a rite of passage, although it was weird to call her that at first. Life took over and the letters became less frequent, but I had the fortune to see her again in 2001 after my son was born. She still had the sharp wit and we all had a good laugh.

I have said this before, when my Father passed, even though you know it is going to happen there is no way one can prepare emotionally for the death of a parent. So, to all of Michelle’s kids I can only say “hang in there”. I will not throw out the usual platitudes. It may or may not get easier, we all grieve in our own ways and there is no time limit. Just know that others are there to listen and grieve with you and sometimes that can be a comfort in itself (knowing you are not alone). Remembering the good times and how she truly touched the lives of others. I will think of her often, especially when going to the library.