



James W. Flood

October 8, 1931 - November 2, 2022

James W. Flood of Crystal Falls passed away November 2, 2022. He was born October 8, 1931 in Joplin, MO, son of the late Louis and Grace (Pottorff) Flood.

He was preceded in death by the love of his life of 59 years, Joan; his parents and a brother.

Jim is survived by five children, Jodie (Danny) Howell of Apopka, FL, Lori (Andy) Piecuch of Manhattan, IL, Bruce (Shari) Bellchambers of Candler, NC, Kimberly (Peter) Swanson of Iron Mountain, MI, and James Flood of Sun Prairie, WI. He is also survived by his grandchildren, Misty, Daniel (Bri), Amanda (Tony), Stacia (Anthony), Todd (Christa), Brittany (KC), Alexi, Sammantha (Rob), Zackary (Tania), Gabriel (Katie), Mackenzie, Emily, Ethan; 16 great-grandchildren and one on the way.

Anyone who knew my Dad knew he had a hard exterior, but if they really knew him, they also knew that he had a heart of gold. They knew he could be stubborn and a harsh critic, but they also knew that if they needed anything, he would be there, every time. My Dad believed in accomplishing the impossible. He proudly boasted that he never graduated from high school, and on his business card under his name, he wrote "General Flunkie". If someone told him he couldn't do something, he was going to do it. When he married my mom, he moved us, his mom and father-in-law, to "his woods" of

the UP, because he felt he could give us a better life. He built us a home, twice – once to start, and once again after it burned to the ground. With the help of 28 pounds of coffee, along with his brother, he built his mom a home in 30 days. When my mom wanted a table large enough to seat our entire family through the many holidays and family reunions, he drove to Alabama to pick up the perfect one-of-a-kind walnut, and made her a table that was threaded with love, and throughout his life, he never stopped working on his home. If my mom saw something she liked, from a unique slated ceiling to a custom door and lava rock entrance, he would make it happen. He was more than determined – he was confident, and the hardest worker on earth. There was absolutely nothing my Dad didn't think he could accomplish. He truly believed, "Work is not man's punishment – it is his reward and his strength and his pleasure." He told his grandsons that if you work 12 hours, then you've only worked half of the day, which left plenty of time for getting things done. In fact, he never took a vacation until my Mom wanted to go to Hawaii, and even then he had a fax machine brought up to his room so that he could work from paradise. His work, whether it was for his family, business, friends – it was all joy.

His projects were endless, even if you didn't want him to follow through with them. We once came home to a giant hole next to our house, because despite my opposition, my Dad felt that my children needed their own rooms, so while we were on vacation, he started construction, and in the weeks that followed, he helped build a room that would eventually house countless Christmas Eve's full of singing and stockings, endless Sundays with Packer cheers and celebrations, and memories that can be heard and seen just by walking into it. I watched my 70 year old Dad sit on a 40 foot high beam, looking down over his work, and I think even then he knew what he was building, but his generosity didn't end with his family. While my mom was often the one people thought of as the giver, my Dad believed in helping people, and did so with genuine kindness. He flew people to cancer treatments, took friends and family on trips to see the world, treated his workers as though they were his

family and never left them hanging. He would bring his grandkids on shopping trips, take them to eat, bring his entire family to White Sox games because yes, it made my mom happy, but more than that, it made everyone happy. He was relentlessly dependable, thoroughly trustworthy, and eagerly reliable. No matter what, he was punctual, and would always say, "If you're not 15 minutes early, then you're late." It was a running joke in the family anytime we would beat him to dinner, because 99% of the time, Dad was there waiting for us, with his basket of onion tangles and glass of root beer. He loved Shut the Box and Chase the Ace. He joked and laughed and had a smile that was infectious. My mom was the matriarch of our family, but my Dad was the quiet glue that silently and proudly kept us together. His spiritual journey was like his life – individual and his own - and his relationship with God was unique to him, but in the last year, it was impressed upon his heart to more actively seek it out. He sat in church next to his wife with his arm around her for 59 years, and after she was gone, he still sat in their spot in the church that he built. He always told us he'd live to 100, and I know he planned to, but I know he couldn't wait to see my Mom. His love for her helped him love Jesus. His favorite song was "Somewhere My Love". He would request it be played on the piano any time someone sat down to play. The end of the song reads, "You'll come to me, out of the long ago. Warm as the wind, soft as the kiss of snow. Till then, my sweet...think of me now and then. God speed my love, 'til you are mine again." Jim is at peace, with his sweet Joan, warm as the wind, soft as the kiss of snow. Written by Kim Swanson and Sammantha DeJesus.

Private family services will be held.

In lieu of flowers, donations can be made out to and sent to:

Iron Mountain Community Church of Seventh-day Adventists
James W. & Joan M. Flood Memorial Fund

N3770 Pine Mountain Road
Iron Mountain, MI 49801

In honor of Jim's memory, vote Republican!

Condolences may be expressed to the family of James W. Flood online at
www.ernashfuneralhomes.com

The family has entrusted the Erickson-Rochon and Nash Funeral Home of
Iron Mountain with the arrangements.

Tribute Wall

GL

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Gene Levenburg - November 18, 2022 at 07:14 PM



“ A New Sunrise Spray was purchased for the family of James W. Flood.



November 07, 2022 at 10:21 AM

MO

“ Our prayers to the Jim Flood Family, This is so spot on! We met Jim in 1998 and yes he had a hard exterior, but after a while he was a very special man. Eugene will miss "his loud discussions" with Jim. We remember the hole in the ground also! Joan & Jim treated us like family. One day he called me and said "do you know your 800 number works from Hawaii" I will miss my phone calls! Michele & Eugene Olsen

Michele Olsen - November 05, 2022 at 03:11 PM

OW

“ My sincere sympathy and prayers for Jim and Joan's family. I knew Joan quite well as we were together in GFC Iron Mtn. Wommen's club. She was definitely a generous person. It was a pleasant surprise one day at a Toronto, Canada Hotel to come face to face with both of them walking in the huge entrance. whre I was for a convention with my mom. They had just flown in to Toronto for a quik trip. God's comfort and love be with your family.
Orice Walters



Orice Walters - November 05, 2022 at 12:13 PM

AK

“ So sorry for your loss. Jim was a wonderful man and a good friend to my Mom and Dad, Susan & Rudy. My Dad's last year with us, Jim occasionally would stop by to say hi and it meant a lot to my Dad to visit with him, they had many years of friendship.

I remember how much Jim loved his Corvettes and years ago stopped by my parents for a visit and was kind enough to let my husband Matt drive the Corvette, Matt loves Corvettes and was so excited to drive a new model with lots of get up an go. Jim kept telling Matt to go faster!!!

Prayers to your entire family that the special memories you have will grow to treasures and always be with you. Angela Mashak Klumb

Angela S Klumb - November 05, 2022 at 10:06 AM