



## Bruce Michael Pitt

January 7, 1957 - June 26, 2018

Bruce Michael Pitt, age 61 of Farwell, passed away unexpectedly on Tuesday, June 26, 2018 at his home. Bruce was born the son of Francis F. and Iris Ann (Bisard) Pitt on January 7, 1957 in Owosso. He had served his Country in the U.S. Air Force. Bruce had returned to Farwell from Georgia 6 years ago; he had worked in construction. He enjoyed fishing and watching Westerns and sports, especially Football and Baseball.

Bruce is survived by his siblings, Richard (Dorothy) Pitt, Pat Cross, Randy (Debbie) Pitt, Merry Kay Pitt (Michael Cowell) and Sally Pitt; 19 nieces and nephews and many, many great and great great nieces and nephews. Bruce was predeceased by his parents.

# Tribute Wall

PC

“ *When our family lived in Owosso we had a porch us kids could get under so bruce thinker of us kids gets me and randy under the porch he has a old record player he says let's all hold hand and when I plug this in watch what happens so we did needless to say the electricity when thu each one of us thinking we didn't fall so easy the next time he tried to trick us.*

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**pat cross** - July 01, 2018 at 11:08 AM

RP

“ So, when Iris and Fred lived in a little house in Lake George, Bruce, Randy and me were all at their house visiting. For some reason we thought it would be a good idea to go to the very old and small Lake George Bar. The bar had 5-large cement steps going into the bar, but at the time I still used a manual wheelchair, so Randy picked up the front, Bruce picked up the back and into the bar we went. Randy has always thought that he was the next coming of Minnesota Fats (famous pool player). By the end of the night Randy had lost some money from the local pool hustler. I said to Bruce we should try and get Randy's money back! So after a few more shots of Tequila I asked the local Pool Hustler to sit down in a folding chair next to me. He did, Bruce and I had decided if we could not get Randy's money back by talking to the guy, we'd do something else. The Hustler set down, he told me that he had won the money fair and square. At that point I looked at Bruce who was behind the guy, I hit him square in the face, at the same time Bruce pulled the folding chair back. The guy went flying, the owner had already called the Sheriff's dept. All three of us headed for the front door. As we got to the door we noticed the police at the door. They say me and the wheelchair, The police opened the door Bruce tipped my chair back we rolled out the door down the steps, thanked the police officers for their help. Bruce began pushing my wheelchair as fast as we could, laughing so hard we all had tears in our eyes until we got to Mom and Dad's house. Went inside and went to bed. We never went back to the Lake George bar, but what a night! Love ya, Bruce!!!!

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Richard Pitt - June 29, 2018 at 08:50 PM