



Ronald T. Shilling

July 30, 1941 - June 23, 2022

Ronald Thomas Shilling passed away June 23, 2022, at his home in Weidman. Born July 30, 1941, he was the son of Thomas & Marguerite (Martin) Shilling. Ron married the love of his life, his partner in crime and best friend Barbara on March 18, 1961.

He retired from Great Lakes Gas Transmission Company after years of service, proving there's "nothing finer than an old pipeliner".

A lifelong Detroit Lions fan, on Lions game days, Ron wore a shirt that said, "Just Once Before I Die" and yet again, the Lions let him down.

Ron was a fun loving, witty, kind and caring man who enjoyed working in his yard, chess, old country music (Ron loved a good "Joneser"), boating and fishing, but his greatest enjoyment was spending time with his family and smoking his famous ribs to feed everyone when they gathered at his home.

He is survived and going to be dearly missed by his wife of 61 years Barbara, his children Thomas of McMillan and Kimberly of Lake Station, his sisters in law, Kathie Athey & Jeri Shilling, his grandchildren Nichole (George), Matthew (Sarah) Luke (Cindy) & Lance (Courtney) and one great granddaughter, Amelia, along with many nieces, nephews and dear friends.

Ron was preceded in passing by his parents, his brothers Arnold & Gerald, his in laws Roy & Betty Phillips and his sister-in-law, Sharon Graham.

Per Ron's wishes, there will be no funeral or memorial. Donations can be made to the Isabella County Animal Shelter. Arrangements were handled by the Stephenson-Wyman Funeral Home. On-line condolences may be left at w

www.stephenson-wyman.com

Tribute Wall

“ You Never Even Call Me By My Name”

*Well, it was all
That I could do to keep from crying'
Sometimes it seemed so useless to remain
But you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
You never even call me by my name*

*You don't have to call me Waylon Jennings
And you don't have to call me Charlie pride
And you don't have to call me Merle Haggard anymore
Even though you're on my fighting' side*

*[Chorus:]
And I'll hang around as long as you will let me
And I never minded standing' in the rain
But you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
You never even called me by my name*

*Well, I've heard my name
A few times in your phone book (hello, hello)
And I've seen it on signs where I've played
But the only time I know
I'll hear "David Allan Coe"
Is when Jesus has his final judgment day*

[Repeat chorus]

*[Recitation:]
Well, a friend of mine named Steve Goodman wrote that song
And he told me it was the perfect country & western song
I wrote him back a letter and I told him it was
Not the perfect country & western song because he hadn't said
anything at all about mama,
Or trains,
Or trucks,*

*Or prison,
Or getting' drunk
Well he sat down and wrote another verse to the song
And he sent it to me,
And after reading it,
I realized that my friend had written the perfect
Country & western song
And I felt obliged to include it on this album
The last verse goes like this here:*

*Well, I was drunk the day my mom got out of prison
And I went to pick her up in the rain
But before I could get to the station in my pickup truck
She got run ned over by a damned old train*


*[Chorus:]
And I'll hang around as long as you will let me
And I never minded standing' in the rain
No, a' you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
You never even call me
Well I wonder why you don't call me
Why don't you ever call me by my name*

Bill Cartwright - June 29, 2022 at 09:01 PM

KI

So perfect. Thanks, Bill.

Kimberly - June 30, 2022 at 07:42 PM

 Deb
Shilling-
Brewingto

“ *Uncle Ronnie was one of a kind! I remember when I was 8, we all went to Silver Lake for a day at the beach, picnic included. I had slipped on the dock and broken 2 toes so I got to sit in the front seat between him and my Dad on the way home. Unk had lit a cigarette using the car lighter and as he was putting it back he was talking to Dad and wasn't really looking. He stuck that red hot lighter into my leg!*

You would have thought he killed me by his reaction. He started crying, crumpled up his pack of smokes and threw them out saying "when this habit causes me to hurt a child it's time to quit". To my knowledge he never smoked again. That's the kind of guy he was. Love you Unka Ronnie! Rest peacefully knowing you were loved by so many.

Deb Shilling-Brewington - June 27, 2022 at 05:17 PM