



Thomas J. Benchley

September 14, 1946 - August 10, 2024

We bid farewell to Thomas James Benchley age 77 of Evart. Born September 14, 1946 and departed from this world on August 10, 2024. A pillar of strength and a beacon of love, his absence leaves a void in our hearts. To commemorate his remarkable life and the memories we cherish, a service will be held at the Brown Corners Church in Clare, Michigan on Saturday August 24, 2024 at 11:00 am with Pastor Jeremiah Ketchum officiating. Burial will take place at 3:00 pm in the Warren Twp. Cemetery. Visitation will take place at the Clare Chapel of Stephenson Wyman Funeral Home, August 23, 2024 from 2:00 pm to 4:00 pm and 6:00 pm to 8:00 pm.

We welcome all who knew him to join us in celebrating the life of a man who was loved deeply and will be missed.

He was a man of immense humor and cherished every moment spent with his loved ones. His passion for family, playing checkers, telling jokes and his unwavering spirit will forever be remembered.

He is survived by his Daughter, Tammy Marie Gladwin and Son in Law Kirk Gladwin his Grandchildren Lance Thomas Benchley and Scarlett Benchley, his Great Grandchildren Athena and Shiloh, His Step Son Randy Artlip, Brothers: Revey (Margo) Benchley, Kenneth (Cherrie) Benchley AND Sisters: Barbara Jean Boyd of Houston Texas, Dorothy Cameron of Coleman, Michigan, Delorse Collins of Hubbard Lake, Michigan, Sister-in-laws: Barbara Benchley, Virginia Benchley, Donna Benchley, Joyce Benchley, Jean Benchley, as well as many nieces, nephews and cousins who will all continue

to honor his legacy by living their lives to the fullest.

Thomas James Benchley was number 15 of 16 children. Proceeded in death and reunited with his Parents Kenneth & Mildred Benchley and brothers and sisters:

Miles Benchley, Lois Hammerburg, Floyd Benchley, Marvin Benchley, Robert Benchley, Donald Benchley, Elmer Benchley, Daniel Benchley, Paul Benchley, Bernard Benchley. Thomas was also predeceased by brother-in-laws: Dr. Kuno Hammerburg, Kent Boyd, Kenneth Cameron, Richard Collins and sister-in-laws: Nellie Benchley, Vivian Benchley and Dorothy Benchley.

In lieu of flowers memorials are suggested to St. Jude Children's Hospital. On-line condolences may be left at www.stephenson-wyman.com

Cemetery Details

Warren Twp. Cemetery

4360 N. Coleman Rd.
Coleman, MI 48618

Previous Events

Visitation

AUG 23. 2:00 PM - 4:00 PM (ET)

Stephenson - Wyman Funeral Home (Clare)
1005 North McEwan St.
Clare, MI 48617
(989) 386-7451
wymanhf@chartermi.net
<https://www.stephenson-wyman.com/>

Visitation

AUG 23. 6:00 PM - 8:00 PM (ET)

Stephenson - Wyman Funeral Home (Clare)
1005 North McEwan St.
Clare, MI 48617
(989) 386-7451
wymanhf@chartermi.net
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Service

AUG **24**. 11:00 AM (ET)

Brown Corners United Brethren Church
5540 S. Clare Avenue
Clare, MI 48617

Burial

AUG **24**. 3:00 PM (ET)

Warren Twp. Cemetery
4360 N. Coleman Rd.
Coleman, MI 48618

Tribute Wall

GS

“ This is Gary Smith this is a eulogy for Tom Benchley. I met Tom 70 years ago when the Benchley family moved from Clare out to Wise Township and he came to Anderson School. He made the fifth person in our third grade class. When I first met him he came up to me and bet me 25 cents he could do something I couldn't do. So I bet him and at that time he had a pugged nose that didn't have a bone in it and he pushed his nose flat which I obviously couldn't do so I thought I would whip him instead of paying him the quarter but that didn't work so we just became friends. We run together through all the schools and up to high school. When we were kids we would get fifty cents from somewhere or our folks and walk to loomis about five miles each way. We would buy a box of 22 shells. We would hunt on our way home shooting anything we could find. At some point in time we each either had a pet coon pet skunk or other pet we always had something that was an orphan. We may have been the ones that made them orphaned tho. We got very good at hunting we were quite efficient. One day we were walking along the crick and we seen a bunch of ducks so we decided to sneak up on them we snuck down went around and came up and popped up I would take the one on the left and Tom would take the one on the right and we would drop back down and do it again. We did it on the first one then popped back up and got the second ones about the third time we popped back up we realized they were Jack Tices tamed ducks, so that was the end of the duck season. Probably around the eighth grade we decided to skip school. We rode the bus home and I got off at Tom's we was walking out to the barn and Tom met his dad, his dad was quite a forceful man and he explained to Tom he shouldn't skip school so I wandered home and my dad explained to me, not quite as forcefully that we shouldn't skip school. The next day we went to school and was sent down to the principals (can't remember the principals name, might have been Snyder) while we were sitting there getting our butt's chewed Tom punched me in the ribs and pointed to a sign on the wall where there was a paddle and under it said board of education. We got to laughing so we got a little more chewing but we never ever got caught skipping school again. We definitely figured that out to never

get caught skipping school. We ran around throughout high school and hunted a lot and had a great time.. From there we went to work in Lansing we drove back and forth to fisher body. We moved down there for about a month or two and lived together, we used to race Larry Thompson he drove a big Plymouth and Tom had an old Chevy II. We raced from Lansing to Clare. After that I ended up going in the service and Tom got married with the exception of Tammy I don't know who got the best end of the deal but we did survive through that. A few years later we were still around there and tom and I went out for a Saturday We was just going to drive around and have a few beers somewhere. We stopped at the roadrunner bar west of mt p to go shoot some pool. We were having some beers and shooting some pool drinking some beers there was all the cues in a milk can but anyway, a biker bunch came in they started giving us some shit and one took a swing on tom and that's about all she wrote. It didn't make no difference to tom how big they were or how many there was if there was something to be done, ya got at it and got it done. He grabbed the milk can full of sticks and we headed to the bathroom and hung out and the cops came and the bikers left. That was just a Saturday afternoon with tom and we had a pretty good time with it I guess. Then tom took and moved out of state and we didn't see much of each other then he ended up going overseas for work. In the last couple of years we were fortunate enough that we tried to get together probably once a month. Here a couple months ago we were discussing mortality and life expectancy and we said we were both pretty satisfied at where we were in life and if it was time to go, it was time to go it was no big deal. I took and told tom, you know I am not going to go to go to your funeral, but I did go. I cant remember if I ever paid Tom that quarter so I did slip one in his casket. When I told Tom I was not going to go. Tom had a babyish voice he would use when he wanted something and he said, "but Gary why wouldn't you come to my funeral." I said, "Well Tom, the main reason I wouldn't come to yours is because you won't come to mine, now why should I come to yours if you won't come to mine?" I appreciate all the good times we had, he gave me a lot of good memories, I am going to miss you, take care and I will see you a little later.

Gary Smith

Gary Smith - August 26, 2024 at 11:45 AM

TC

“ *The NCBC Crew purchased the Beautiful Dreams for the family of Thomas J. Benchley.*



The NCBC Crew - August 19, 2024 at 10:22 AM