



RONALD GROSSMAN

January 14, 1947 - July 8, 2017

SERVICE: 2:00 PM MONDAY 7/10/2017 at HEBREW MEMORIAL CHAPEL

Ronald Grossman, 70, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, died peacefully on July 8, 2017. He was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania and grew up in Flint, Michigan. After graduating from the University of Michigan with a BA in Political Science and receiving his law degree from the Detroit College of Law, Ron stayed in Ann Arbor and built a successful law practice. In his free time, Ron traveled the world on many exotic adventures. Ron was a dedicated son, brother, uncle, great-uncle, and friend. He is survived by his sister, Sandra (Leonard) Gutman, nieces, Jennifer (Lowell) Friedman and Devora Gutman, and nephews, David (Alexis) Lerner, Danny (Melissa) Gutman, Michael Lerner and Geoffrey Gutman. He is also survived by his great-nephews, Max Friedman and Jacob Friedman, and great-niece, Magda Rose Lerner. The funeral will take place at Hebrew Memorial Chapel on July 10, 2017, and interment at Hebrew Memorial Park.

SHIVA;

The family will observe Shiva through Friday afternoon
at the residence of

Sandra & Cantor Leonard Gutman

22865 Pontchartrain Dr.

Southfield MI 48034

THE FAMILY REQUESTS CONDOLENCE VISITS BE MADE
BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 1: - 9:00 PM

RELIGIOUS SERVICES:

7:30 AM Tuesday - Friday.

8:30 AM Sunday

7:00 PM Monday - Thursday.

CONTRIBUTIONS:

Jewish Family Services.

or

Congregation Sharey Zedek.

or

A Charity of Your Choice.

Cemetery

Events

Hebrew Memorial Park Cemetery
33230 Gratiot
Clinton Township, MI,
48035

JUL 10

Service

02:00PM

Hebrew Memorial Chapel
26640 Greenfield Rd, Oak Park, MI, US, 48237

JUL 10

Shiva

Sandra & Cantor Leonard Gutman
22865 Pontchartrain Dr., Southfield, MI, US, 48034

Services: 7:30 AM, Tuesday - Friday. 8:30 AM Sunday.
7:00 PM Monday - Thursday

Comments



“ A webcast video has been added.



Hebrew Memorial Chapel - July 10, 2017 at 11:28 AM



“ If this is the same Ronald Grossman, class of 1965, Ligonier, Pa., then I wish to send my sincere condolences to his family. David Roadman,. class of 1965. Ligonier, Pa. shalom!

David Roadman - February 24 at 03:50 PM



“ It has taken me just about a year of sunrises and sunsets to write the following tribute to my Uncle Ronnie. There have been countless times; I reached for the phone to call him. I have played his last voicemail over and over, just to hear his voice one more time. Still trying to remember with clarity all of the memories I hold forever dear.

As I sit here on an airplane headed home (July 12, 2017), I am trying to relax my mind from the week. The death of one of the greatest men in my life, my Uncle Ronald. This non-traditional Uncle came to me as my fathers best friend of more than 60 years. Through this lifelong friendship, two families will be forever tied. He was my first baby sitter, although as I have been told, that did not go so well. A later baby sitting experience ended with something about a broken collarbone. There are not many childhood, teenage, and now adult memories that I have that he did not stand out in. My earliest memory are the ruff house sessions we had in Orchard Lake Mi. My father and Uncle Ronnie would chase Linda, Caroline and I around the house, hiding in closets to jump out and scare the crap out of us. The memory of his world travels were wonderful stories to me, as a child, the stuff legends were made out of. The three fanged viper that left the scar on his foot while he trekked through the Amazon? Who knows how it really got there. As an adult, I still became a little girl when I heard him say in that distinctive voice of his "Esther Ruth!!" I would always follow by a joyful "Uncle Ronnie!!!" What joy did it give me to hear my own daughter say those very words as well. There are no holiday family gathering as a young person that did not have Uncle Ronnie present. From playing with the ends of his tallis on the High Holy Days while nudging him (and my father) awake to his billowing voice while joyfully singing *Dayenu* (דַּיְנוּ) and *Eliyahu HaNavi* (אֱלִיָּהוּ הַנָּבִיא) will forever echo in my memory. His "representation" of me during the high stakes negotiations for the Afikoman ... who else could negotiate my first Boom Box, a car, trip to Europe, jewelry...etc. Whether in person or a memory from years gone by repeated with joyful laughter. Wonderful memories of time spent around the table, my Aunt Rose (Ronalds mom) and my Bubbie cooking wonderful traditional meals. The trip Wilkes-Barre, PA - playing in the Arcade - winning enough tickets off of Skeeball o get me that "beautiful" blue stone necklace.

Through the sadness of the past week I was comforted by knowing that so many others shared in the love of loving my Uncle Ronnie. I know that the City of Ann Arbor has lost a friend as well. I was privileged to share him with his wonderful nieces Jennifer and Devora and nephews Michael, David, Geoffrey and Danny. Agreeing with Uncle Ronnie 100% of the time was a waste of time. He loved to argue. Thus making him a great Attorney in Ann Arbor. He gave so much of himself, while always challenging the status quo and challenging those he loves and cared for to do the same. He challenged you to think of the world not through comfort but to get uncomfortable. To always look at different answers to the same question.

To be continued in the next post....



“ One of the greatest memories I have is when I was 18 and he took me to Europe (thanks to the Afikoman). When we landed, he handed me the maps (no GSP or cells back then) and said where are we going?? I looked at him through sassy eyes sounding a bit like Gary Coleman and said "What are you talking about?" The experiences we had climbing the 7 hills of Rome in one day have lasted forever. Being able to have private tours of great masterpieces by his dearest friend Catherine while we were there are priceless. Our impromptu trip to Corfu Greece because it was raining in Capri. His forever jabbing at me for blurring the only picture I took of the Mona Lisa. And for all of the pictures I took of the Art and not the people around me. How I wish I would have taken more pictures of him on that trip. The memory of flying to Cancún (in my dads plane) with he and my dad, only to be diverted during a tremendous thunderstorm, to Cozumel after the Cancún airport was closed due to bad weather. His reassuring looks back at me while I grasp the life raft for dear life. All three of us kissing the ground when we safely landed. Climbing the great ruins of Chichen Itza with him. Sharing our "beverage" with the pestering flies so we could drink in peace. He gave me a love for reading. I will forever treasure all of the Shel Silverstein, J.R.R. TOLKIEN, Richard Adams books he sent to me. My love of Art (he is the reason I received my minor in Art History and Visual Arts), my desire of travel. He opened my eyes as teenager to challenge myself, by not being always comfortable. He will forever be my Uncle Ronnie and so much more.

Esther R Able - July 07, 2018 at 04:20 PM



“ I miss Ron already. I have always called him "my brother from another mother" which he was. He often stayed with me when traveling through NY, always gave me advice whether I wanted it or not and would constantly tell me to "follow my heart". I feel like a little piece of me died. He was "mishpucha" I always knew he would be at every occasion he was invited to and my children even called him Uncle Ron. There is a big void now but I am so glad I got to see him one last time at his nephew's wedding. I have so many memories to keep me going. For those I'm very grateful.

Gayl Board - July 19, 2017 at 07:28 AM



“ Ron was my friend. We met when we were young due to some random dorm assignments at Michigan’s East Quad in 1964. We did things college kids did in those turbulent times. And we became friends. Guys who would be there. We shared rooms in a rented house, 604 Mary Court; drank, ate, shared stories and our lives and studied when necessary. We followed different paths, but we were friends. I never quite knew what Ron was doing, but he was always there in the background. I was married to beautiful Jill, raising kids and following the corporate world. I know Ron became an attorney since he asked me as an ‘upstanding’ citizen to sponsor his license application. How could I not support the guy who gave me my first marijuana hit. I got vicarious pleasure in listing to his travels and adventures. The years piled up but we kept in touch.

“Ron where are you?” I called and we would visit as the years melted away. He met our kids as they grew up, and they were his friends. He urged then, and apparently all the youngsters he knew, and helped to find their paths and “get out of your box”. Selfishly, he was my friend first.

Ron was a bachelor, but a family man first; uncle, brother, nephew, and any other title you can think of. But he was my friend. He moved through life and was magnetic, everyone attracted to this independent force of nature- his spirit and smile.

He had his health issues, and perhaps modern medicine kept him with us longer than we had a right to expect. That was good because we had more contact in the last few years than we’d had many times before and he was my friend.

I helped bury my friend yesterday. We won’t get to talk on the phone anymore. Long distance doesn’t go that far. I will only see him in photos and memories. I am more of an island in the ocean with him gone. Ron was my friend and you can’t say that very often.

mike broder - July 14, 2017 at 11:23 AM



“ Mike, beautifully expressed. I knew Ron (Ronnie!) in the mid-60’s, too. He was a sweet, zaftig, funny young man and our mutual friend David Fink made us a happy trio. I have great memories of those days and Ron. We mocked him for being in Flint but he was stoic and fired right back. So glad to have known him.

Marilynn SteinLangley - July 15, 2017 at 09:20 AM



“ A man of abundant warmth and charm, Ron put a smile on our faces every time he would stop by and visit. Witty and wise, his sunny presence will be sorely missed.

Ben, Carol, and Emilie Sun
Eastern Accents Bakery
Ann Arbor, MI

Carol Sun - July 10, 2017 at 07:41 AM



“ Ronald, Ronald how did we get here? July 9, 2017

From early on you have been a gift never to be forgotten.
Loyal, generous, wise, and you always found ways to add to each moment.
In our last embrace of friendship three years ago celebrating then nearly sixty years -
-how can we know what will be last moments?

You have been an enduring friend that I can remember no other way.

Over many decades you helped me through some of the lowest moments in my life
and made possible some of the most joyful moments. As they say, there are no
words for this.

Of the greatest of your gifts was by each occasion to teach the art and being of
friendship. In being thankful to others I will be forever thankful for you.

Gary L. Jedynak
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Gary Lee Jedynak - July 09, 2017 at 07:42 PM