



Michael Brophy

September 2, 1950 - December 27, 2012

Minot, North Dakota: Michael Leroy Brophy, age 62, of Minot formerly of Wibaux, Montana and Glendive, Montana, passed away on Tuesday, December 18, 2012 in Minot. Visitation will be held from 9:00 A.M. until 12:00 P.M. on Thursday, December 27, 2012 in the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Wibaux. A Mass of Christian Burial will be at 2:00 P.M. on Thursday, December 27, 2012 at St. Peter's Catholic Church in Wibaux with Reverend Father Joseph Ponessa officiating. Rite of Committal will follow at the Brophy Cemetery South of Wibaux. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Wibaux has been entrusted with the arrangements. Michael Leroy Brophy was born on September 2, 1950 in Wibaux. He grew up in the Wibaux area and graduated from Wibaux High School in 1969. He went on to Missoula, Montana and majored in forestry and then completed his college at Minot State with a BA degree in psychology and theology. He worked on the BN Railroad for 20 years in Glendive where he raised his three children Audrae, Michael Ryan, and Jodi with his first wife Christine. He met many friends while being involved as a mentor in the Beginning Experience group that he was active in for 18 years in both Montana and North Dakota. He moved to Minot in 1996 where he met the love of his life, Paula. At first he liked her a lot and then she laughed at ALL of his jokes, and he fell head over heels in love! After spending 6 years devoted to each other, he spiritually married Paula in a Native American ceremony on November 28, 2012. Michael's pride and joy was spending time with his family and friends. He has 10 grandkids; Erin, Ava,

Gael, Alondra, Lawrence, Ayana, Oghenetega, Oghenemine, Michael Conner, and Katie. The grandkids all remember Grandpa Mike as a teacher, mentor, prankster, and a friend. He took pride in each of his grandkids and often played card games, spent time at basketball games and various events, declaring thumb wrestling wars, giving "whoop-ti-doo's", fishing, water gun and marshmallow fights. He taught each of them many values in life but the most important one was to always think for yourself, and to whistle while you work. He was a practical joker and enjoyed hanging his grandkids from doorknobs, strapping bungee cords to their belts, telling wild stories, whisker rubs and hair-pulling piggy-back rides. It was most important for him to let each one know just how much he loved them and to spend quality time with each one. He enjoyed spending a great deal of time outdoors with his family. He tried to teach his life experiences of hunting, fishing, rock collecting, and living off nature to all he knew. He was a carpenter, an artist, mechanic, gardener, a jack of all trades and a student of the world. His finest gift to his family and friends were the Native American flutes that he hand-carved from old fence posts off the Brophy farm in Wibaux. He loved to let the flutes that he created play from within him and taught other's how to "let the music come from within". He often played his beloved flute at nursing homes, ceremonies, funerals, and for anyone who would take the time to "just listen". Michael took pride in building his Native American Sweat Lodge and emerged himself in this culture. His given Native name was WoodWalker and he burned this into each of his flutes that he gave away and traded with his many friends. Michael was truly loved by all who knew him. He had a way of making everyone feel comfortable around him and never judged anyone except politicians and bureaucrats. He always had a joke to tell and was so quick witted that you often didn't catch the joke until it was too late! He had many people believing his wild stories and was a master at getting people to do goofy things such as buying blinker fluid for the car, touching electric fences, stealing the BE bell at the monastery, humiliating his ultra-cool kids on main street, and the list goes on! If he could leave one message for all his loved ones he would say "Wake

Up!" He was passionate about teaching others his beliefs about this world. He will be truly missed as he goes on his journey without us. He will be met in the next part of life by his mother Francis, father John, and his beloved friend Thad and many other close friends. But since it fell unto my lot That I should rise and you should not I gently rise and softly call Good night and joy be to you all Remembrances and condolences may be shared with the family at: www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com.

Tribute Wall



“ *Michael Brophy*

December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM