



Douglas P. Halme

May 19, 1948 - December 25, 2020

Douglas P. Halme, age 72, of Crosswell, passed away on December 25, 2020. He was born on May 19, 1948, on Ontonagon, to the late Wilho and Mildred Halme.

Doug is survived by his children; Amber Halme, Dawn, Douglas (Beth) Halme Jr., and David (Gina) Halme, grandchildren; Halee Halme, Marissa (Colton) Ryder, Elizabeth Halme and Victoria Halme, one great grandson, sibling; Gloria Holsworth, Michele Carpenter and Penny Sue Smith, along with several nieces and nephews.

He was preceded in death by a sister, Mary Louise Hill and brother-in-law, William Holesworth.

A private memorial service will be held at a later date.

Arrangements in care of Jowett Funeral Home - 57737 Gratiot, New Haven.

Comments



“ Doug, you were such a loving brother to me. You were always there to support me. You helped me through trying times. I know your life wasn't always easy but you were a strong man and endured it all. All your children loved you. I'm sure each one has special memories of that they hold in their hearts. I am grateful that you believed in the Lord. You taught me a lot about the bible. If I was curious about things you explained things to me you knew a lot of stories about what the bible portrayed. It was always enlightening to me to hear you tell them. Thank you for protecting me in my life. You had so much wisdom. I loved the memories you shared with me about dad. Now your with Mom and Dad , Mary louise, and all Dads brothers who meant so much to us. I will miss you Doug and you will be forever in my heart.

Michele Carpenter - January 11 at 04:39 PM



“ God Bless you Dad, I will always remember stacking wood in the backyard and in the basement for the long, miserable winters in the U.P. of Michigan. Long conversations on the phone, always ending in "Stay strong son never weaken and don't take any wooden nickels cause they don't spend". Thank-you for being there for me when I was down and out. Love always your son, Doug JR.

Douglas Halme - January 04 at 08:46 AM



“ You my nephew are blessed to have memories of you dad . Just know you boys meant so much to him. He kept you two in his prayers everyday of his life. Family meant everything to him.

Michele Carpenter - January 11 at 04:17 PM



“ Doug liked the fresh air of the Upper Peninsula forest. He was a very strong man who was talented at taking down large tall trees for firewood and at times for the logging companies.

We always seemed to have a wood stove for the cold winters in the U.P. One year we didn't have a truck to haul the wood but... we had a 428 Pontiac station wagon. I couldn't believe his idea.. but it worked. It was a funny sight to see. It was loaded with stringers out the back, and bumper was almost dragging on the ground. He drove it through the woods, working hard, and singing the song by, Billy Joe Shaver- "I'm Just an Old Chunk of Coal", (but I'm going to be a diamond some day).

I remember he and his boys were in town with that old, beat up, dented, and rusty 428 station wagon. They were at a traffic light when a brand new Camaro pulled up, rolled down the window, and laughed at the car. They asked Doug if that rust bucket had anything under the hood and began revving up the engine. Doug nodded, signaling he accepted the challenge. When the light turned, the tires smoked and he left the Camaro in dust, he and the boys came away the winner.

Thankful for the two lives we brought into this world, may you rest now... rest in peace.



Mary Kathy Houle Brandt - December 30, 2020 at 10:09 PM



“ I remember when he got that car thinking, that's some ugly green nasty but he loved it. Talked about the engine and it's 4-barrell carb. It could get up and go. I think he bought it from Charlie Hill (Uncle Charlie).

Gina Dave - December 31, 2020 at 10:46 AM



“ Mary what a beautiful tribute to Doug. You are the best . love you sis.

Michele Carpenter - January 11 at 04:23 PM



“ 7 files added to the album Photo's



Gina Dave Halme - December 30, 2020 at 06:13 PM



“ I’m grateful for the trips I had visiting my grandpa. I will always remember the huge grin on his face when he opened the door to welcome my dad and I with tight hugs.

I remember we went to visit him for thanksgiving one year. We celebrated with a small meal. I remember calling the whole chicken “turkey”, saying it was the best turkey I had ever tasted and Grandpa and Dad laughed.

One summer we went to Lexington beach and walked the boardwalk. I remember going out to lunch near the lake and eating fried food in a basket. After lunch, my dad gave me a quarter to get a trinket from the vending machine and I remember thinking, “I have so much fun when we visit grandpa”. After that, we went bowling and my grandpa taught me how to bowl. He told me to keep my arm straight and use the lines on the lane to keep my ball in the center.

Shortly after I got engaged, I took Colton to meet Grandpa. I remember how proud Grandpa was. He spoke about how I was “just a teeny tot” and now I was a grown woman about to get married. He praised us and reminded us to look to the Bible when things got hard. I will always remember his words, “Colton, you take care of my granddaughter. And you take care of each other”.

My grandfather’s love for the Lord shined each and every time I spoke with him. I vividly remember him licking his thumb, turning the next page in the Bible, adjusting his glasses with his pointer finger, and sharing his knowledge of the Father with me. He had a way of making me feel loved and reminding me the love God has for me.

He taught me to be proud of who I am, be proud of my dad, and be proud of who I come from. Rest in Heaven, Grandpa. There’s so much more I wish I could tell you, but for now I will pray to God that he relays the message.

Marissa - December 30, 2020 at 05:04 PM



“ Thank you Marissa. He was really proud of you. He has writing in his photo album around your pictures. I'm looking forward to showing you some of it.

Gina Dave - December 30, 2020 at 06:21 PM



“ Marissa, honey it was good to read this. It really helped me. Your grandpa love you so much. He talked to me about you with such pride. I pray you remember his forever. I love you, aunt Mitzie

Michele Carpenter - January 11 at 04:13 PM



“ My brother was a hard working man. He worked in the mine when he lived in the upper peninsula of Michigan. He was a lover of nature. He was a hunter and a fisherman. He loved the water. He loved to water ski. Jet ski. He loved doing anything in the water. He was a wonderful father. He loved his his girls. And he brought his boys up to be fine young men. He was a great brother to me. He always protected me. He battled heart attacks and diabeties. He won those fights . He was stubborn and set in his ways in his later years. He tried hard to win the battle that was going on in his brain. But he lost. I will nevet forget his sense of humor. Dont take any wooden nickles he would say they dont spend. And his strength. His love for our Lord. He kept the lord in his heart. Well Doug you will be in my heart forever.

Michele Carpenter - December 30, 2020 at 04:35 PM



“ My Dad was a welder most of his life. He worked at Cleveland Cliffs and the Empire mine. I was born in Ishpeming, Michigan where we get more snow on the average than Anchorage Alaska... thanks Dad :-)

While working at the mine, we lived in a small house in Palmer, Michigan. It's amazing when I think of the "Little House". It did not have in door plumbing and we had an outhouse, which I distinctly remember being afraid of falling in. It was a deer camp type cabin and he made it into a house for his family. He put in a bathroom, plumbing, and added a bedroom. He even dug the septic field by hand. I can still remember him on the trusses nailing in the boards on the addition (with a hammer). He was learning as he went, what an inspiration for young boys. Tiny and Joe Matella, Doug White, Eddie Kynalinen and some others helped him and were close friends at that time. My Dad led the effort and made this my first home and a great place for a little guy to rise up in the world. My favorite memory in Palmer was the time my Dad got my brother and I bandanas and told us we were pirates for the day. He took us through the woods and we had sticks as our cutlasses. What an adventure we had. Good thing we didn't run into any bears that day because the Halme boys would have really taught that bear a lesson.... maybe.

Then we moved to Gold Mine Lake Road where it was Airwolf and Dukes of Hazard TV nights with Popcorn and boxed potato chips. He used to go smelt fishing once a year. I remember them gutting all these nasty little fish. However, they sure did taste good once cooked! One winter he took a garden hose and watered a big circle in the back yard. He went out every day, re-watered it, and shoveled the snow off. I remember thinking, what the heck is he doing? After a week of this, it was an amazingly smooth ice skating rink. I never did learn to skate but I sure did try. Thanks Dad for creating some fun for us, that was really neat. Who taught you that? Wish I would have asked.

Anyway, he lived life his way and I have a bunch of good memories. He loved his Finnish heritage and taught me what Sisu Power is. At the end of every phone call or visit he would say, "Stay strong and don't weaken. And don't take any wooden nickles... they don't spend." Then I could see his big smile with lips closed, hint of sadness in his eyes at seeing me leave. Love you Dad.

Gina Dave Halme - December 29, 2020 at 09:34 PM



“ A beautiful and enlightening essay. Thank you.

Dawn Marie - December 30, 2020 at 01:49 AM



“ He was also a lumberjack. If not working in the mines, he was working in the woods like his father before him. He was amazing with his saw. My brother and I went to work with him one day. It was old school, no machines, just men with pick axes and chain saws. He worked alone and would drag the logs up to the road when he would be paid by the cord of wood. The more you fell, the more you eat. He was an entrepreneur at heart and was proud when he learned I had opened an LLC with the family name. I remember the lumberjacks yelling TIMBER!!!!

Gina Dave - December 30, 2020 at 06:47 AM



“ Thank you for sharing these memories. I learned a little more about him from this. I am so sorry for your loss. Now my mom,(your dad's sister) and him are together again with their mom and dad. It warms my heart and puts a smile on my face. Take care! Hugs and prayers to all! Love your cousin, Maija.

Maija Grace - December 30, 2020 at 12:55 PM



“ I remember him playing guitar, not the best but he put in the effort. He was singing a Bobby Goldsboro song called honey. May he Rest In Peace.

Rene Houle - December 30, 2020 at 01:01 PM



“ lol Uncle Rene, my Mom was just telling me about that song. She played it for me and said the girl dies in it and she didn't like that song. I laughed hard when I read your post.

Maija, it's been way to long. Great to hear from you. I remember a big group of family getting together at Aunt Mary's and playing Bunco. That was over 30 years ago... what fun.

Gina Dave - December 30, 2020 at 06:20 PM



“ Doug liked the fresh air of the Upper Peninsula forest. He was a very strong man, taking down large tall trees, for the logging companies and firewood. We always seemed to have a wood stove for the cold winters in the UP..One year we didn't have a truck to haul the wood out of the woods. ..But we had a 428 Pontiac station wagon. Couldn't believe his idea, but it worked. It was a funny site to see it loaded with stringers hanging out the back. Back Bumper hanging so low. But Doug drove it through the woods. Working hard and singing the song , by Billy Joe Shaver. “I'm Just An Old Chunk Of Coal”. (“But I'm gonna be a diamond some day”). I remember he and his boys were in town with that old beat up dented and rusty 428 station wagon ..they were at a traffic light when a brand new Chevy Camero, rolled down the window laughing and raced the engine. Doug Nodded and took the challenge. He left the Camero in the dust. Doug and his boys came away the winner. Thankful for our Children we had. May you Rest .. now.. rest In Peace.

Mary Brandt - December 30, 2020 at 09:38 PM



“ The memories are 40 years old. Two little boys, Doug and David, you are in them. A grandmother. The Pontiac Michigan area? Other memories maybe 35 yrs or so ago, Michelle, Jimmy and Lisa— you are in them. Imagine my shock to find that Doug and I were having heart surgery at the exact same time in 2015, lying in hospital beds. A few attempts through the years to make contact were unsuccessful, such is life. This news—A small gut punch catching one off guard and taking the wind from the sails. I can say “Rest in Peace”....such a cliché perhaps.... my condolences to those that had a bond and my thanks for being thought of during this time.

Dawn Marie - December 29, 2020 at 12:02 PM



“ Dawn, I love this post. So well said and I remember meeting you at the roller skating rink. We lived in the upper peninsula for most of those years but it would have been nice to spend more time with my sisters.

Gina Dave - December 29, 2020 at 09:06 PM



“ Dawn, i know you were young when you parents divorced. It was a horrible time . it tore our families apart. And i wish things could have been different. I truly do. But life goes on. Just know that your dad loved you and Amber. He wanted so bad to have a connection with you. He did try to contact you through me. I tried but it just wasn't the right time. Please just know, he did try . He loved all his children.

Michele Carpenter - January 11 at 04:53 PM