



## Michael Louis Flood

January 30, 1937 - January 30, 2018

Michael L. Flood, 81, of Lindenhurst, IL, passed away Tuesday, January 30, 2018 surrounded by his loved ones. He was born on January 30, 1937 in Chicago, IL, to the late Edmund and Violet Flood. Michael was a dedicated iron worker and a longtime member of the Iron Workers Local 1. He worked for the Metropolitan Water Reclamation District of Greater Chicago for many years and retired in 1999 as Assistant Master Mechanic. During his tenure, he was an instructor for the American Indians Ironwork program. Michael constructed numerous buildings, such as the Sears Tower, Prudential Building, and the Zion nuclear reactor. Michael proudly served in the United States Army during the Korean Conflict, serving in the 101st Airborne division, from 1954 to 1957. He was an instructor for jump school and he was awarded numerous honors. Michael had a heart of gold. He never hesitated to reach in his pocket to help a stranger out if it appeared they had struggles. He was also an animal lover and got up extra early to feed stray cats, the birds, and then his own dogs. Michael donated to many charities in his lifetime. He was skilled with his hands and the craftsmanship of his work has been admired greatly. He will be remembered for his sense of humor and unmatched storytelling abilities.

He is survived by his wife of 48 years Angeline, his children Michael (Roselle) Flood Jr., Lita (Richard) Werling, Jennifer (Tom) Polczynski, Miranda (Steve Cooper) Flood, and Jennifer Flood; step-daughter Kimberly (Mark) Ingram; grandchildren Morgan, Patrick, Michael, Conor, Moira, Brennan, and many other grandchildren and step-grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by his son Richard (late Rebecca) Flood and step-daughter Cherri (Bob) Parsons; and his siblings Edmund Patrick "Pat" Flood and Maureen Hawkonsen.

Visitation will be held on Monday, February 5, 2018 from 10-11 am at Ringa Funeral Home, 122 S Milwaukee Ave, Lake Villa, IL. Funeral service will begin at 11 am, with procession to Warren Cemetery in Gurnee, IL, to follow.

# Cemetery

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# Events

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## Warren Cemetery

1495 N. Cemetery Road  
Gurnee, IL, 60031

**FEB** **Visitation** 10:00AM - 11:00AM

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**5**

Ringa Funeral Home  
122 S. Milwaukee Ave. (Rte. 83), Lake Villa, IL, US,  
60046

**FEB** **Service** 11:00AM

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**5**

Ringa Funeral Home  
122 S. Milwaukee Ave. (Rte. 83), Lake Villa, IL, US,  
60046

# Comments

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“ Mike Flood Jr & Family purchased the Divine Peace Bouquet for the family of Michael Louis Flood.



Mike Flood Jr & Family - February 03, 2018 at 07:53 PM

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“ 51 files added to the album LifeTributes



Ringa Funeral Home and Cremation Service - February 03, 2018 at 12:27 PM

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“ I'm numb and I feel lost. My head has been in a fog. My hero, my rock, my daddy, Michael L. Flood, has passed on. He passed on his birthday a couple days ago in the Intensive Care Unit at Condell. Just the night before, I cut his hair in the hospital room and he was in good spirits. I had planned to come back the next day with a birthday cake with my husband and kids and my Mom to celebrate my Dad's 81st birthday. He was such a wonderful man and my source of strength. I need to share his legacy.

If anyone can help me spread the word about his funeral arrangements and services, I'd greatly appreciate it.

I need help contacting the Metropolitan Water Reclamation District of Greater Chicago, his employer of 40 years, as an Ironworker and the Assistant Master Mechanic, and he was a longstanding member of Ironworkers Local #1. My dad told me so many great stories of his career as an ironworker from being an apprentice all the way through Assistant Master Mechanic when he retired. I remember him telling me about his first welding job that really mattered, he was just a kid really, a young ironworker, and he was watching a crane lift a multi-ton load that all depended on his weld. His heart was in his throat, but it was a success. He took great pride in being an ironworker. He was also a teacher of ironwork for the American Indian program, and he thoroughly enjoyed that opportunity. I would like all his friends, coworkers, etc. from the District and from Ironworkers Local #1 to remember my father. My dad

was always expanding his horizons. During his time as an ironworker, he also pursued his real estate broker license and sold a few properties on the side for Knox Realty in Zion. He also earned his Locksmith license.

Michael Flood was also a paratrooper in the US Army during the Korean Conflict. He proudly served our country from 1954 to 1957, and was an instructor for jump school in Fort Benning, Georgia. He was awarded several honors during his military service. He was proud to be a sharpshooter. I quote him from a recent letter that I just located, "...with an M - 1 rifle, I fired a score of 211 on the rifle range at Fort Benning, Georgia, while attached to the 3rd Infantry Division, and I also fired a 211 in Korea. I remember this like it was yesterday because it was so ironic. The first half of my enlistment, I was a terrible shooter with an M - 1, and then in the last half of my enlistment, it just came to me out of nowhere. I didn't just become good with a rifle, I became very good with a rifle. This is supported by the two scores of 211, which was one (1) point under expert (212). My dad was honorably discharged from the United States Army as a Specialist Third Class in December 1957.

After retirement, he traveled with my mom, Angeline Flood, out west, and he took up many hobbies including drag racing his beefed up Dodge Magnum at Great Lakes Dragaway, target shooting with many firearms that he purchased and improved, and also a stint of enjoying his motorcycle and feeling the freedom of riding on the open road. He absolutely loved animals. He had two dogs, Peabody "the Pooper" and Oxbull. He took care of his dogs better than anyone, as far as I'm concerned. He had a routine every morning of cleaning their ears, their eyes with eye wash, brushing them and he even hand fed them the best quality sirloin, but Peabody preferred shrimp. You should see the sweaters that he bought for his dogs, and then he sewed on baby booties so that their paws wouldn't get cold in the winter and snow.

My dad constructed everything and was an avid designer and planner. He was a natural at building things and using his hands. It was a gift, and ironwork was in his blood. His brother, Edmund Patrick "Pat" Flood and his father, Edmund D. Flood were also Ironworkers and belonged to Local #1. My dad helped put up the Sears Tower, the Prudential Building in Chicago, the American Eagle wooden roller coaster at Great America, and the Zion Nuclear Reactor. He was so intelligent, wise, and witty, and he was always making new inventions around the house to make things easier for my Mom or him. I just ran across a jeans waist stretcher that he made out of turnbuckles, and you can bet that he spent hours designing it in his head and then on paper. He designed and constructed a cat house on his back porch for a stray cat, which had heat, a light, and a soft bed, and he fed that cat (who ended up bringing all his friends) every single day. He made bird house stations and made sure to get up extra early every morning to feed the birds, then the stray cats, and then his own dogs. I remember how proudly Peabody would sit on the front of the tractor while my Dad mowed the lawn. My Dad had constructed a top notch basket seat with a pillow for Peabody to relax on while my Dad made laps around the yard. Anyone he ran across who looked like they might be struggling, my dad wouldn't hesitate to reach in his pocket and help them out. He donated to many charities over the years.

I remember him with a bag of Brachs hard candy and an ash tray at his bedside, and he read books upon books, Clint Eastwood westerns, and he enjoyed crossword

puzzles, doing the Celebrity Cipher and reading Tom Jedlicka's latest auto review. No one could complete the complex weekend crosswords in the Sun Times like my dad did every single weekend. And he just loved his Neapolitan and spumoni ice cream. Every summer, he would take us to Adrian's Frozen Custard in Burlington, Wisconsin. That was a real treat getting a delicious custard the size of a car battery loaded with plump sweet cherries.

My dad was a staunch supporter of our second amendment and often took me target shooting. He never did let me fire his 454 casull. He said it would have too much recoil for me to handle, but he absolutely enjoyed going to the Outdoorsman Shooting Range in Wadsworth with his wonderful friend, Hurvy Dykes and son-in-law, Steve Cooper . Oh my goodness, and the way my dad took care of his things. He knew exactly where he put them, so if I ever snuck anything of his, I'd have to put it back the exact same way, pointing north, facing up - whatever.. He was meticulous about how he took care of his things, including guns, tools, shoes, sharpening his knives, his computer accessories....you name it.

He'd spend hours and hours with me out in the garage teaching me about tools when he worked on his cars. Every Saturday he took me to the Waukegan Coin Shop to see if there were any new interesting coins that came in or if his coins or silver went up in value. I remember when I was in nursing school at NIU and when it was time for me to start my nursing clinicals in different towns/cities such as Sycamore or Elgin, my Dad would come on the weekends to make absolute sure I knew where I was going and how to get home. My dad called these practice runs "dry runs", and sometimes they took hours of driving the same route from my dormitory to the hospital where my nursing clinical was and then back to my dormitory - and then back again until I had the route memorized and down pat.

What a wonderful man my father was. I want him back so he can tell me more stories. No one could ever tell a story like my dad could. No one. He always had everyone roaring. When he told that story, it was like you were there. He struggled this past year so very much with his breathing. He couldn't even stand up from the chair anymore. He needed 2 nasals cannulas and 20 L of oxygen to walk 15 feet to the bathroom, and he said it felt like he was suffocating and he was gasping for air. When I visited him, it broke my heart to see him that way. He has always been my strong Irish dad, stronger than an ox physically and mentally, who protected me. I was the apple of his eye. At the end, he was so lonely, so hard of hearing, and he just wanted me to stay by him. I wish I had more time with him to hear his voice again and to hold his big strong hands. My youngest son, Brennan, is so very sad that he can never hug Papa again and feel his big strong arms. Papa and Brennan had a very special bond.

By the time I had children, my Dad was older and his health was starting to diminish, and he wished that his health was better so he could be more hands on with with my kids, Morgan, Patrick, Michael, Conor, Moira, and Brennan, and his other grandchildren. He wanted to show them a thing or two about baseball, target shooting, boxing, constructing, welding and ironwork, but his health had diminished so much in these past 15 years. He was an awesome grandfather, and he was always there for them though.

God bless my father, Michael L. Flood. May Jesus always hold you in His tender care. I hope you are having a blast with Uncle Pat and Aunt Maureen right now. You are young again, you can breathe easy, you feel no pain, you're standing tall and are strong, and you can hear everything. Please watch over the kids, Mom, and me, Daboo. I love you with all my heart and soul forever and ever.....

**Miranda Flood** - February 01, 2018 at 08:00 PM



“ Miranda, what a moving and beautiful tribute to your dad. It was a joy to know him and I know how much he meant to you.

**Kathy Stilp** - February 04, 2018 at 01:36 PM



“ Miranda I'm sorry for your loss. Jennifer told me about him and I wanted to give the family my love and sympathy, I will pray for him.

**Harry Gramig** - February 06, 2018 at 06:52 PM



“ sorry for your loss, prayers to the Flood family

**John Weber** - February 01, 2018 at 06:56 PM



“ Angie and family,  
Our deepest sympathy to you and your family. We missed you both by moving away to Wisconsin and not being able to talk to you.  
Jerry & Mary Ann Piotrowski (who was 2 doors down from you)

**Jerry Piotrowski** - February 01, 2018 at 05:04 PM



“ My deepest sympathy to the family of a good man.

Bob Boskovich

**Robert Boskovich** - February 01, 2018 at 02:50 PM