



Michael Lind Whipple

December 13, 1951 - January 2, 2015

Michael Lind Whipple was born on Dec. 13, 1951, in Los Angeles, California, and passed away on Jan. 2, 2015, in Corvallis.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Burbeth and Betty Whipple; and his brother, Jack Whipple. He is survived by his son, Bryan Whipple; Bryan's mother, Patricia Fisher; his stepdaughter, Raquael Vuylsteke; and his sister-in-law, Monica Whipple.

Mike was a charming and lovable guy. He loved music and playing the drums.

A celebration of life for Michael is set for 1 to 3 p.m. Saturday, Jan. 17, at River Center, 4000 S.W. Western Blvd., Corvallis.

Tribute Wall

SH

“ Mike was a wonderful friend and part of the singles group in my church. As a core group of about 15 of us, Mike was very much in the middle of the rafting, skiing, volleybal and so many more activities. i remember him wanting to talk about the deeper side of life, and how much he loved the Lord and his son Bryan. i am very sad about his death but know that he is at peace now with the Lord. And now through his memorial and this wall I see how much he was a wittness for the Lord even in the mist of his troubles. mike you will be missed!

sherri - January 18, 2015 at 05:25 PM

ML

I was close to Mike in the early seventies. I met Mike through my brother (Greg). They were a few years older and they (along with Jon Lester, Brad Beard, Tom Rogers, Lance Smith, Carl Witham, Gary and Don Siegal, Don Hudson, et.al.,) lifted weights at the Loelf residence under the guidance of Mr. Loelf.

Mike was so personable and everyone liked him. He was handsome and had a certain "magnetism" about him that drew people to him.

We shot a lot of "hoops" in my backyard. He loved playing at WHS with the gang of friends in our weekly Gar-Bee baseball game on the Jayvee field at our high school Alma matter. Hard ball, slow pitch, 20 inning games and 10-15 cases of beer consumed by the participants. It's lucky nobody wasn't killed by thrown or batted ball. He loved to compete.

I visited Mike in 1975. He lived in Philomath (Oregon) in a rickety wooden house that was two stories and it was built in 1895. A heavy rainstorm passed through and Mikey assured me that we were "safer" in the house and it wouldn't be wise for me to leave the house at go to the outdoor bathroom shack "with pull chain to flush" for better safety.. So long ago, but the laughs and good times will always be fresh in my mind.

To you Sherri, I thank you for being his friend and it was good to read that he was active in outdoor activities and had many friends. I could go on and on; he loved his dog "Bo". He had a job driving for "Reddi-SPuds", going to the Dodger Games. He worked for his dad at West Jefferson Building Supplies. He loved music and had a blast pounding on his drums after setting them up in Jon's backroom.. That was 40 plus years ago. Sure doesn't seem that long ago.

Michael Loelf - May 21, 2019 at 06:31 AM

JL

“ Brian, I am so moved to see so many tributes to your father by so many people who knew him, but especially those who knew him growing up, before certain things changed. Everyone in this world is special but Mike truly had an additional 'something' that caused so many people to love him. For every tribute here I know there are a dozen more out there somewhere, unwritten. Like Jane, the Whipple's were my 'second' family growing up. I can still recall every room and stick of furniture (and the cribbage board and Tony Bennett records and white wool carpet) in that house on Beland. Someone posted that one of Mike's nicknames was 'Rifle'. That was actually his middle name (given to him by Burb, of course), until your grandmother Betty realized (while still at the hospital) what had happened and had it changed..

I have always wished you could have known the Mike that so many people from his youth remember. The Mike that was voted by his peers the co-captain of the varsity football team-and the fact that there was no doubt in anyone's mind that Mike was going to be one of two chosen. The Mike that came up with the funniest one-liners; it would leave me in stitches, he was just so witty and clever sometimes. It truly never dawned on me that someone who appeared to have it 'all', someone who I would have gladly given 20 years of my life to be just like, also had his insecurities. One's that would play out over time via drugs and alcohol and the inevitable effect consuming quantities of these substances has on one's personality and relationships.

Brian, I could fill pages and pages telling you about the Mike Whipple I grew up knowing and the one that EVERYONE seemed to love. But today, the day of his memorial service, I'm just going to send my thoughts and memories and love and tears to my brother Mike, and to you, his son. And know that this world is a poorer place without your father in it.

jon lester

jon lester - January 17, 2015 at 11:05 AM

ML

I too, wish to express my sorrow because of Michael's passing.

Mike lifted weights with my brother (Greg) at the "Loelf Gym" in Westchester. There were others, Jon Lester, Brad Beard, Tom Rogers, Lance Smith and others.

I looked up to Mike; he was handsome, he could play some baseball, he was a helluva pulling guard and I loved shooting hoops with him.

I'll always remember his infectious smile and like Jon said, he could make you laugh.

Michael Loelf

Michael Loelf - November 27, 2017 at 07:58 AM

"R

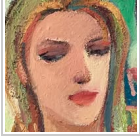
“ I knew "Whipped" mostly from HS football. He made a lasting impression. He was a great person: congenial, helping, and always willing to make you laugh (especially since we competed against each other). I've often thought of him with fond memories. The world would be better place with more people like the Mike Wipple I knew! He is hopefully is in a better place with love ones.

"roach" - January 11, 2015 at 12:20 PM

JK

“ A guy too sensitive for the world in which he lived. In his own words, "I love you man!"

Joe Kirchoff - January 11, 2015 at 10:02 AM



“ *Godspeed Michael! Gone home to meet Jack and Scott.*
Pam Maher

Pamela Maher - January 10, 2015 at 04:39 PM

PS

“ *I knew Mike the best from our shared WHS football moments which were made even better because his superb athletic prowess. His athletic abilities were only overshadowed by his humbling and friendly persona.*

Phil Strenkowski - January 10, 2015 at 03:50 PM

JS

“ *Mike was an amazing person and friend. We met through Babe Ruth league baseball and were a threesome of best friends my last two years of high school along with Kirk Pakes. When we were 15 in Babe Ruth all-stars he was one of our starting pitchers and every time he pitched it was literally a walk on the wild side. Our first game in the regionals he accomplished a feat I'm not sure has ever been equaled. He walked the first man he faced then picked him off first. Then he walked the second man and promptly picked him off. Then he made it a hat trick by walking the third guy and picking him off. I still remember his laugh as we ran to the dugout. We all loved hanging out at his parents house with Burb, Betty and Jack around. They were great people and full of love. I'm sad for his passing but I know he had some big challenges and I'm grateful he is now at peace. We will miss him.*

Jeff Smith - January 10, 2015 at 12:17 PM

NP

Lovely

nancy perry - January 21, 2015 at 08:26 PM

BL

“ I didn't know Mike that well. However, I do remember that we were in the same class a few times. He was always very friendly to me!

Bruce LaFrance
WHS 1970

Bruce LaFrance - January 09, 2015 at 05:13 PM

BS

“ Many have mentioned Mike's ready smile, acceptance of others, and warm sense of humor - all true. I am Jack's age, and there were a handful of us in high school and during college breaks who spent lots of time at the Whipple house on Beland. We considered Burb and Betty our surrogate parents - the ones that were so much cooler than our own. Burb was a man's man and had the shrapnel in his butt from Saipan to prove it. He was warm and accepting to all of us, though he tried to effect a stoic demeanor. When Jack and all his squirrely friends would feebly try to amuse Burb and Betty, we could sometimes get a chuckle out of Burb. But Mike could make him belly laugh at will. Of course, he could do the same to the rest of us. I haven't seen him in a couple decades, but I'm grateful to hear that his warmth and acceptance shined through to the end. RIP, Lil' Buddy.

Bob Sizoo - January 09, 2015 at 10:40 AM

JL

“ I am an old friend of Mike. I thought about Mike often in these past years, and kept hoping he was doing ok. Burb (his Dad) Betty (his mom) Mike and Jack (his brother....who also passed away just a year ago at age 63) were family for me growing up. I loved my Whipple Family. I spent so many many hours over at their house growing up....the dinners we shared....the conversations we had. They were such an important part of my life, and who I am today. I have a great memory of Mike at my wedding reception back in 1975! It is a memory I think of often especially when I hear that song *Bad Bad Leroy Brown!* So my mom and I were standing off to the side of the dance floor ...talking... (while the music was playing and people having a good time ...yes it was a live band!) when all of a sudden both of us look on the dance floor! There in the middle of the floor (surrounded by people in a huge circle) was Mike and his dog Bo..(and yes Bo was invited) (: Bo was up on his hind legs dancing with Mike! Everyone was singing while Mike and Bo danced! My mom and I stopped our conversationlooked at each other and began to laugh I will never forget that happy moment..and Fun times ! (:

I know Mike would want us all to remember the good times, the joy he brought to us and we all bring to each other. Mike was a very special man. I can still hear his laugh, and see his wonderful smile...when he said Janie. And even though I hadn't seen Mike in a very long time.....I loved him, and will miss him dearly.

Janie Ash Levesque

Jane Ash Levesque - January 09, 2015 at 10:00 AM

JB

“ I met Mike in Junior High School and hung out with him and a group of guys (you all know who you are!) through high school and beyond. Unfortunately I lost touch with him when he moved to Oregon, although we did see each other infrequently over the years. He was an excellent friend who would do anything for anyone. I could probably write a book about all the great times we had through the years...whether it was hanging out at Gillis Beach, the Thanksgiving eve adventures on the ledge, the trips to Mexico for Cinco de Mayo, Bee-Gar baseball on Saturdays in the summer and the great parties when somebody's parents happened to be away for the weekend. The world has lost a great, big man with an even bigger heart. Mike, rest in peace, brother and I'll see you on the other side. Oh, and say hi to Carl for me.

John Burkholder

John Burkholder - January 09, 2015 at 06:28 AM

JG

“ My deepest sympathy to you, Bryan, on the passing of your dad. So many people loved Mike so deeply and he will be missed terribly. Hugs to you during this very difficult time.

Joanne Graham

Joanne Graham - January 09, 2015 at 01:31 AM

CM

“ 1 file added to the album *New Album Name*



Carol mcWilliams - January 08, 2015 at 11:23 PM

“ I knew Mike during the formative years of his adolescence and early twenties. We fell in love when we were 16 and stayed together until his challenges with alcohol and drugs became too difficult to overcome around 21.

I have a such a special place in my heart for Mike, as we both learned about life, each other and navigating the challenges of love at an early age. He was kind hearted and loved to laugh, make people smile and truly cared for others. I have many memories of football games, YMCA parties, dances and spending hours talking to one another about our hopes and dreams. We took several trips to visit his parents in Idaho while they were on vacation and his father taught me fly fishing. I moved to Oregon for a brief time in college to be with Mike, and came to love the area he called home for his adult life.

As an impressionable teen, I can recall how I was swept up by his charm, his terrific sense of humor and how he made me laugh. We had so many fun times together and even my mother stepped in and made him lunch everyday as he didn't seem to come to high school with any food prepared. We had a good circle of friends that enjoyed many a date night, laughs, sport events and good old fashioned board games.

Life seemed simple and pure back in the late 60's. Westchester was an idyllic bubble that we all seemed to live and thrive. When we all scattered for college, we lost our innocence and became attuned to the political and social pressures of the time. Our worlds expanded and so did Mikes, as he often talked about the ills of society. All the while deep down struggling with his own dark demon of drugs addiction.

When I think of Mike, I mostly remember that wonderful smile and his gentle soul that longed to be loved and accepted. I know we cared for each other and although we didn't see much of each other in our adult lives, I thought of him often and wondered if life was

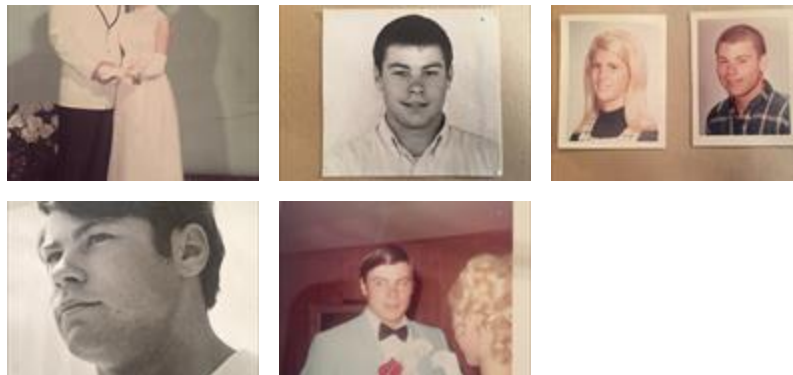
good to him.

I thought that Bryan would enjoy seeing some of these fun pictures of his father, during his happy time in life. I hope you can absorb the many sides of your Dad, and know that he loved you dearly, was so proud of you, and called me to talk about you with such pride in his heart.

I am deeply saddened by the loss of Mike.

Carol Carter McWilliams

I



Carol mcWilliams - January 08, 2015 at 11:20 PM

TR

I was so sorry to hear of mike's passing. I grew up a block from his family's home. Traveled to Corvallis to visit him and brother Jack. Mike will be with me always.

Tommy Rogers - February 04, 2015 at 03:00 PM

JW

“ Mike and I were friends and classmates all the way through high school and only reconnected on Facebook a few years ago. He always ended his notes to me with "Blessings" and, even though we are different faiths, that was somehow specially meaningful to me. Blessings to you Mike -rest in peace.

- Jerry Witkow

jerry witkow - January 08, 2015 at 10:48 PM

SO

“ Mike was one of the kindest gentles soul I ever met. He had a heart as big as the Grand Canyon. He would literally give you the shirt off his back. I had the privilege of knowing Mike in Jr. High & High School. Nothing but good memories. May he rest in peace.

Steve Olson - January 08, 2015 at 09:15 PM

“ This past Friday, the Westchester family lost Mike Whipple. He was known to some of us as Mike and to others as "Whip", "Burb" and/or "Rifle". Growing up, I played baseball with Mike, was part of a YMCA club, and played in a rock and roll band with him. I also spent many evenings sharing a beer or two and laughing nonstop with him.

Knowing about the incredibly difficult road that Mike traveled in his adult life, I, like many of you were deeply saddened by his passing. But knowing Mike the way we did, we know that he would much rather us focus on the joy that he gave us and not the sadness that we all feel right now. So ... I'm going to share a few stories about our dear friend and encourage those who knew and loved Mike to post your remembrances so we can all collectively honor and remember this beautiful soul.

#1 - A bunch of us were playing basketball out on the blacktop at Westchester High during the summer of '68. We were all pretty competitive and this day was no exception. I remember that Brad Goldsmith and Mike were on opposite teams and Brad was pretty full of himself - smack talking and laughing the way that Brad does. Brad makes a shot and starts his "machine gun" laugh right in Mike's face. In the blink of an eye, Mike snorkels up a loogie and launches a snot rocket right in Brad's mouth. Mike didn't say a word, turned and jogged to the other end of the court. We didn't hear a peep out Brad after that. Still makes me laugh to this day.

#2 - At my wedding reception in 1975, everyone is dressed like you would for a wedding. I finally get a chance to talk with my new father-in-law off to the side of the dance floor when I see Rifle alone in the middle of a circle dance wearing a brown corduroy jacket and white levi's. He does a spin move and bends over revealing a huge hole in his backside that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. I'm talking NO underwear!!! He sees me and runs over to hug me. I'm laughing my rear end off and my father-in-law was actually laughing as well. After the hug, he says "kiss me." I say "what"? He

says "kiss me, Doogie". So I kiss him on the cheek and he grabs my face, plants a big one on my lips, and walks away. My father-in-law turns to me and says while laughing, "That was interesting".

#3 - A few months after my wedding, Mike and I are driving through Westchester in his beat-up VW when he abruptly pulls over and turns off the engine. He looks at me very sincerely and says, "I just want you to know how special you are". I'm a little taken back because none of us really talked to each other like that back then. So I say, "You're special to me too, Whip". He says, "No ... I want you to understand how special YOU are. Don't ever forget it". Now I don't think I'm special. But in that moment, and in every moment since then when I don't feel special, I think back to that 30 second block of time and remember how Mike made me feel. It was the last time I saw Mike but I have never forgotten that moment, and never will.

I'm sorry for the long post but I wanted to share my feelings for a guy that I loved and know that I will see again. Thank God, Mike is finally at peace.

Like I said, since most of us will not be able to attend his memorial service up in Oregon, if you have a story about Mike that you can share with the rest of us, please post it so we can collectively honor and celebrate Mike's life. I think he would love that.

Love to all.
Doug Corbin

Doug Corbin - January 08, 2015 at 09:03 PM



“ Gary Wilkes: I got to know Mike better than the casual acquaintance of High School when we were in our mid-20's in Corvallis, where he died. I was a bartender at a tavern/pizza joint and one night the manager told me we had a new pizza cook. It was Whipple. The manager thought we were gay lovers or something because we were jumping and hooting and hugging like crazy. I have been very sorry over the years to hear of his struggles and now though not surprised much, very saddened that he lost the battle. I was never with him that that I wasn't gladdened by his presence. He had that almost smirk that lit up the room. Peace be to you, friend.

Gary Wilkes - January 08, 2015 at 08:55 PM

SH

“ my name is shelly (bohn) hock. my mother was burb's (mike's dad) sister. i cannot believe both mike and jack are gone and their death's so close together. i grew up with these guys and due to some mysterious family dispute, we did not see a lot of each other as we grew up in our teen years. i did, however, reconnect with mike a couple of years ago. we emailed and chatted on the phone for hours. he was clean & sober then.....i thought for sure he was going to make it. our family, unfortunately, has a wide variety of alcoholics!!! i'm 12 years clean & sober myself. mike was such an incredible story teller and just a sweet man. we laughed so hard in some of our conversations, he had a great sense of humor. it's a wonder that such a handsome, smart, witty, creative man could end up like this.....wish i could give him a hug. poor guy, he really did try to fight the "demon alcohol".....guess it was just too much for him to handle. i love you more, mikey. xoxoxo

shelly hock - January 08, 2015 at 01:34 PM

JR

“ I met Mike on December 7th. We talked for quite a while about many things: movies and books, the Grateful Dead, local history - he struck me as someone I'd like to know better. I made two photographs of him that day and am honored and flattered to see one of them here - I'd given Mike two prints just before Christmas. But it's a tragic surprise that Mike is gone.

Monica - if you or your family want additional copies of either photograph I made of Mike, please contact me via my website at <http://johnritchieimages.com> . I'm happy to help you in any way I can.

John Ritchie - January 08, 2015 at 10:15 AM

KL

“ Mike Whipple was and always will be my dearest friend. In my hard times he was always there. Those close to Michael knew his struggles and pain. I knew a man with a gentle spirit and a heart for God. We shared Jesus often and now my dear friend, the struggle is over. You are now and forever with our Lord and Savior. I will see you soon, love you Mike. Casey Linn

Kathie Linn - January 08, 2015 at 01:03 AM

KI

“ Mike had his struggles but he rarely complained. He is one of those rare people that nobody disliked. I hope he is finally at peace. Lots of people to talk to now, Mikie. It was a privilage knowing you.

Kelly irons - January 07, 2015 at 02:46 PM

CL

“ Mike Whipple was and will always be my dearest friend. In many hard times he was always there. Those close to Michael, knew his struggle and pain, but I knew a man with a gentle spirit and a heart for God. We shared Jesus often and now my dear friend, the struggle is over. You are now and forever with our Lord and Savior. I will see you soon, love you Mike. Casey Linn

Casey Linn - January 07, 2015 at 09:45 AM

JG

“ So many memories, Michael. Zeon Hotel, all the Metolius River Extravaganza weekends, you living next door at the house on 4th Street, the 14th Street house, the Night Deposit. And I always picture you with your sweet dog, Bo. You and Jack are now reunited but the world is a much, much sadder place without the Whipple brothers in it. Thank you for being my friend. I love and miss you. Joanne Graham

Joanne Graham - January 07, 2015 at 04:26 AM

D"

“ My name is Doyle Franklin Aka "Pops". I met Mike back in 2011 when I first became homeless in Corvallis. I met a man a real man who was a friend to anyone in need. We used to talk all the time about his trouble with alcohol and what steps he needed to take to get his life back on track. The funny thing is he did for a while but regardless of the problem that he had with that demon as we all have them, Mike was a true friend . I always enjoyed our talks and the friendship that we shared. I'm going to miss you terribly old buddy, but as he used to always say to me and I to him. God Bless you Brother. Because regardless of the color of our skin we where and will always be brothers. Love you Mike, and I'm going to miss you a lot. We'll meet again one day and our talks will resume. Peace.

Doyle Franklin aka "Pops" - January 07, 2015 at 01:51 AM

SL

“ Mike and I not that long ago. He lost his battle with his demons but because he put his faith in the Lord he has won the war. Mike was a kind person who just couldn't beat alcohol.



Sandy Lindell - January 07, 2015 at 01:13 AM

GL

One of my best friends from 8th grade till H.S. graduation. Played football on same team and had a band during our teens.

Gary Lee - May 25, 2015 at 12:57 PM

“Mike Whipple, "Mikey," was my first best friend. The Whipplés lived three doors down from my family on Beland Avenue in Los Angeles. In those days, Westchester was an idyllic suburb with sidewalks covered in pastel chalk hopscotch squares and "Olly Olly Oxen Free" an everpresent call on warm summer evenings. Looking back, I remember it as perfect.

Mikey was every bit as perfect a friend. We were inseparable, climbing trees barefoot, sleeping over at each other's houses, and riding our rocket scooters up and down the street. I remember being so proud that I wore one of Mike's outgrown shirts for my 2nd grade school picture. I always think of him when I stumble across that photo in the yellowed pages of my mom's old albums.

Mikey was kind and sweet and funny. He charmed with an impish smile and a twinkle in his eye that endeared him to my family. He always treated me with respect. Always.

Regardless of the things about him that may have changed through the years, those qualities never did.

I hate the fact that I did not have a chance to talk with him before he left us. I look forward to making up for that one day.

Then, that truly will be perfect.



Carole Holiday - January 06, 2015 at 11:50 PM

SL

“ Mike and I not that long ago. He struggled with his demons and lost this round, but I know he loved the Lord and now has final victory through him.



Sandy Lindell - January 06, 2015 at 11:43 PM

TF

“ Tammy Franklin lit a candle in memory of Michael Lind Whipple



Tammy Franklin - January 06, 2015 at 02:37 PM

HL

“ I knew you for a mere few years through Sandy. Your long time friend and former coworker, Sandy, is taking your loss harder than he is admitting. I saw you in some highs and some lows but you were always steadfast in your faith. You were a good person. RIP now in the arms of Jesus.



Sandy's wife Helen

Helen L - January 06, 2015 at 01:47 PM

TM

“ *Teanna McMahan lit a candle in memory of Michael Lind Whipple*



Teanna McMahan - January 06, 2015 at 12:35 PM

MW

“ *1 file added to the tribute wall*



Monica Whipple - January 06, 2015 at 12:04 PM

AN

“ I am writing to let you know the connection I had with Mike.

In the last two years I was at our Post Office, and as often is the case, there was a homeless man sitting by the steps. It was a rainy day if I remember and as I came out I went to my car and grabbed some power bars and a booklet, “Steps to Peace with God”.

I went to the man and began a conversation with him. He was covered to keep warm and had a full beard so really all I could see was his eyes. As we talked I was so surprised when he called me by name and even mentioned that he had played basketball with my husband years ago! We had been in a support group together in the 90’s at NWH. I never would have recognized him, but as he told me his name I remembered what a help he had been in our group!

His demeanor was humble and kind and he was grateful for the little I offered him. He told me he had played drums on a church worship team for years. I asked him how he came to be on the streets and he quietly said something about addiction to alcohol. He knew it wasn’t where he wanted to be or the influence he wanted to be under.

I had hoped to see him again and thought often of trying to find him, so it was a terrible shock to find the article of his death on the front page of our paper this week. My heart is grieving over the loss of such a man.

Anna - January 06, 2015 at 10:20 AM

JG

“ *Joanne Graham lit a candle in memory of Michael Lind Whipple*



Joanne Graham - January 06, 2015 at 01:43 AM

VT

“ *My sincere condolences to the family of Michael Whipple. May you find comfort in your loving memories, and in God's promise to soon "swallow up death forever" and "wipe away the tears from all faces." (Isaiah 25;8) While grief at the loss of Michael is great, joy at welcoming him back in the earthly resurrection will be greater. (Mark 5;42) With deepest sympathy,*

v. thompson - January 05, 2015 at 07:25 PM