



Michael Dennis Nickle

April 25, 1944 - July 29, 2020

Michael Dennis Nickle passed away peacefully at home in Leavenworth, WA on July 29, 2020. Present were Cathy and Wayne Morgan, his sister and brother-in-law, who provided loving care during his illness. He is preceded in death by his parents, and his sister Patricia Nelson and niece Laura Dalman of Sutter, CA.

He is survived by his daughter, Kathleen Nickle, and son, Daniel Nickle, both of Novato, CA, by his sister Cathy and her husband Wayne Morgan of Leavenworth, WA. He is also survived by many nephews and nieces, as well as great-nephews and great-nieces, cousins, and beloved family friends.

Born April 25, 1944 in Alameda, CA to John and Evelyn Nickle, he spent his childhood in Oakland and his teen years in Hayward, CA. Michael graduated from Tennyson High School in Hayward, CA and attended Chabot College. He was also a graduate of the Cordon Bleu Cooking School in Paris, France. A lifelong learner, he was a voracious reader who acquired great knowledge and expertise in history, archeology, anthropology, mythology, languages, music, classic films and cooking. He worked at Consolidated Freightways at various Bay Area locations for 35 years and then retired. Michael also received recognition from the Marin County Historical Society for his multiple contributions in genealogical research during his hundreds of hours of volunteer efforts in the 1990s and early 2000s.

With his daughter Katy, he loved watching and playing along with the TV show, Jeopardy, and watching old movies. Every Halloween they shared a horror-movie-marathon and would stay up well past midnight watching cheesy horror flicks. Michael would also spend hours with his son Daniel playing video games, or just watching and talking with Daniel, encouraging him as he played. And neither of his children would ever skip his famous Sunday morning breakfasts.

His quick-witted humor was legendary among family and friends. On a trip to Hawaii, he stayed in a high-rise hotel and when he went down to the pool, there were no chairs, lounges (or even towels) immediately available. So, Michael simply laid down on the concrete, spread-eagle. A server stopped and asked, "Are you OK sir?" to which Michael immediately replied, "Oh sure, but that is a long drop down from my 18th floor balcony." The stunned server dropped his tray in momentary horror.

A gifted storyteller true to his Irish ancestry, Michael loved telling funny stories of generations past. Some of his favorite memories were of family parties at his parent's house in Hayward. These were regular parties that involved food, stories, wine and a great deal of music and dancing. Late in life Michael would talk fondly of those times.

Michael was a unique, brilliant, funny, talented loving man, a great father, a wonderful brother and uncle, and his family and friends will forever miss him dearly.

Tribute Wall

DT

“ When I think back to our family gatherings, we always had the most fun at Michael's family home in Hayward. Lots of love and laughter.....and dancing. Michael was always so sweet and so hilarious. He taught me how to do the cha cha cha with pizzazz so much so that when we had dance lessons in PE, the teacher called me to the front of the class to show them how it's done. He will be missed very much by all of us. We loved to listen to all of his wonderfully funny stories. He made us laugh until we cried. He was so considerate by staying in touch with my Mom about family news. Our condolences to his family

Donna (Waters) & Steve Thomas - August 12, 2020 at 01:08 PM

DM

“ When I was a kid my Uncle Michael was the first one to show me adults didn't have to be serious all the time. He was the life of the party. His humor, laughter, love, and heart will be sorely missed. I find that the world was a better place with him in it and is diminished with his passing. He will live forever in my memory and my heart. I am sure he is looking down right now with a glass of wine in his hand laughing his backside off. Rest in peace and hopefully, I'll catch up to you at the end of the ride. - Denny

Denny Morgan - August 07, 2020 at 01:34 AM

CM

“ When I was very young, I had a speech impediment. There were numerous sounds that I couldn't say. One of them was the hard k sound, so when I said my brother's name it came out Mytoe Nitoe. I would call out "Mytoe" and he would immediately say "What's wrong with your toe?" It would drive my little brain insane. When I would stay home sick from school, which I did way too often, he made up a song he would sing to me. The words were, "Hypochondriac Neurotic, put it on thick, thick, thick. Put it on thick!" To be fair, I did "fake" it alot. But, it wasn't anything I wanted my Mother to know.

Michael was my first best friend. We played together when we lived in Oakland. When we moved to Hayward, we made new friends. My friends started coming over to see Michael, because he was hilarious. He could go on for hours keeping everyone in stitches. He was our very own stand up comedian, and no one did it better. When Robin Williams first came on, my friends told me that Robin Williams reminded them of Michael. He was that good!

My favorite time with Michael, were the years he taught me to dance. He was a phenomenal dancer and he never tired. We would practice until I had it perfect and then we would practice some more. He taught me dances from the 20's, 30's, 40's, 50's and 60's. At our parents barbecues in the summer, we would be the entertainment. If the music was on, we were dancing. What a great gift to give your little sister.

For that and for many, many more things. I will always love you, Mytoe Nitoe.

Cathy Morgan - August 03, 2020 at 03:37 PM

SB

“ *It seems but a brief, fleeting moment ago we were all together; laughing, eating, drinking, dancing, crying and laughing yet again. All within a minute or so. Generations of us. You had patience with me, you showed me great kindness and were the best friend I have ever had. You listened, we talked, we lived. None of us recover from a loss like this, we but learn to patch our hearts and carry on. We have great experience doing so. If there is something after this lifetime, then I know you and they are having that party, together, yet again.*

Steven Bustin - August 03, 2020 at 03:09 PM

AB

“ Well Nickle, you know sometimes when people want to write something about a person and they click on the name they find out that they are the first to write and it's a bit intimidating. They don't want to sound silly, or make a mistake, or you know lots of crazy things like that. So I'll start since I have no filter now that I'm older, and I'm writing to you about you, so I don't really care about what others say or think. Which is the very first thing you taught me so many years ago. Along with what dill was (private joke) and that I should "let that crap go".

So, here we are. 46 years, 2 kids, a college education, 35 years at a company that we both thought would be around longer than us, a divorce and 2 retirements later, and I'm just heartbroken. We can't have a funeral, a rosary, or a wake. There are no sympathy cards, no prayer cards, no flowers. How does this happen to someone who was the life of the party, everybody's friend, the dancer who never sat down, who told endless jokes, always had people dying from laughter, and never forgot anyone?

I'm at a loss. You used to drive me crazy because you were terribly stubborn and you were going to do it (it being whatever you wanted) your way and I could never change your mind. As I've grown older, I've realized I'm the same way. I suppose we all are to different degrees. I guess the point to all this blabbering on and on is that I miss you and can't stand the thought that I'm not going to see you on holidays anymore, hear your voice anymore, or your laughter anymore. We all love you and miss you terribly. I hope you are finally at peace with yourself.

love,
Me

Annie Bustin - August 02, 2020 at 09:36 PM