



Edward W. Morse

February 13, 1943 - March 28, 2015

Edward W. Morse, 72, of Kirtland passed away Saturday, March 28, 2015, at Altercare of Mentor. He was born February 13, 1943.

Edward was an electrical engineer at Northrup Grumman for many years prior to his retirement. He was a member of Old South Church and the Kirtland Grange. Ed had an exploring mind on a wide variety of interests including computers, bee keeping, astronomy, good cooking, and lively conversation.

He is survived by his paternal aunt, Helen Madden; and the many friends he has made over the years.

A Funeral Service will be held 11 a.m. Thursday at Old South Church, 9802 Chillicothe Rd., Kirtland, OH 44094. Friends can gather and visit at the church from 10 a.m. Thursday until the time of the service.

Interment will be in North Kirtland Cemetery.

In lieu of flowers and in memory of Ed, contributions may be made to Old South Church Memorial Fund.

Arrangements entrusted to the Brunner Sanden Deitrick Funeral Home & Cremation Center, 8466 Mentor Ave., Mentor, OH 44060.

Please offer condolences at www.brunners.com.

Cemetery Details

Kirtland North Cemetery

9016 Chillicothe Rd.
Kirtland, OH 44094

Previous Events

Visitation

APR 2. 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM (ET)

Old South Church
9802 Chillicothe Rd.
Kirtland, OH 44094

Funeral Service

APR 2. 11:00 AM (ET)

Old South Church
9802 Chillicothe Rd.
Kirtland, OH 44094

Tribute Wall

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“ I met Ed in Cleveland, Ohio about 7 years ago or so in the late fall. He signed up to participate in a pre-trial legal research focus group I was running. I remember him as a rather large man wearing a long dark brown winter coat. At the conclusion of the project Ed asked for my business card which I handed over. Ed taught me about friendship - long distance - from Ohio to Southern California. Usually he forgot that he was in the Eastern time zone & I was in the Pacific & 7AM for me was closer to lunch for him. There were cards, phone calls, small gifts that went back and forth. I have some photos he shared of trips he made, a few of himself, many of his woodworking, and of his beehives, the work he did on the back stoop of his home & the work he hoped to do on his Depot - or man cave - plus CDs he thought I might like & the strangest assortment of books. What I wish I had now was a recording of him saying, "I love you, kid." Our early morning, mid-afternoon or late night chats ranged all over the place: parenting (although neither of us had children), tips for making pastry crust, dinner party ideas, Graeter's ice cream, weather, climate chaos, cats (his was Plato), politics, religion, Sanscrit, Hebrew, spirituality, devotion, friendship, economics, honeybees, food, his woodworking, string theory, music, and just about anything else that came to mind. Ed's was a most eclectic mind. I helped him revise resumes and letters of application for jobs; but I think it was just a joke project - or maybe a way I would learn who he was before. He had a great affection for his childhood, his church & his honeybees. It was Ed who started a Facebook group for beekeeping & invited anyone and everyone with an interest in honeybees to join. When Ed began his chemo he would call me from the chair where he was receiving "the Round-Up" as he called the treatment he was getting. He cajoled nurses to get on the phone and say hello to me. I am indebted to Mary Jones for the opportunities she gave Ed and me to chat by phone and Skype. And I am grateful to God for the gift I never knew I would get when I flew to Cleveland those years ago. They say that as long as we continue to tell the stories of those who have gone before us, they will remain alive in our lives. Buen Camino, Ed. XO





Diane Wyzga - March 30, 2015 at 06:04 PM