

Raymond Russel Rice

I first met my father-in-law Ray over Christmas break from my freshman year of college. I'd started dating his daughter Michele during fall quarter of 1985, when we met at a dance in our dorm at Michigan Tech. I was a nervous 18-year old, meeting his girlfriend's father for the first time, trying not to be intimidated. At 6' 3", he mostly towered over my barely 5' 8" frame, but he made me feel welcome in his home and put me at ease.



Over the years as I moved from "daughter's boyfriend" to "daughter's fiance" to son-in-law, Ray and I's relationship grew into a deep friendship. We bonded over a love of cars (especially old [MOPARs](#)), family, and a "do-it-yourself" mindset. He taught me much through his quiet way of doing things, not that I've always kept it to his exacting standards.



Married to his wife Nansie for almost 56 years, the two of them embodied the "we're a team who complement each other" couple that you read about but rarely see in real life. Together they raised two daughters, one of which I was fortunate enough to meet and not let get away. He loved his grandchildren fiercely, even if he didn't always express it outwardly.



One example that strikes me about how he cared for Nansie was when they traded their two-wheel Harley in for a trike. His reasoning was, he was starting to feel a bit shaky when holding the heavy Ultra Classic up, and he said "I'd feel awful if one day I dropped the bike with Mom on the back.". The trike allowed them to continue one activity they loved: long rides up the Florida coast, just the two of them spending time travelling.



The last time we were able to spend time with him was December of 2019. We got an AirBNB on the eastern coast of Florida and spent the holidays with them. As a present, we got him the LEGO Harley set. He and Michele spent all day building it together, not stopping until it was complete. I'll always remember him sitting at the table in the rented house, snapping together parts for the engine.



COVID-19 hit the world a couple of months after we last saw them, and any travel we might have planned didn't happen. He & Nansie stayed careful throughout the year, but unfortunately they both caught it shortly before Thanksgiving of 2020. Ray passed away on December 13th of 2020, a week before his & Nansie's 56th wedding anniversary.

Husband, father, grandfather, MOPAR & Harley man, Navy vet, friend. Ray was all of these things and more, and the world is slightly darker at his passing. Miss you, Dad.