



William C. Shakley

September 13, 2007

William C. Shakley, age 90, formerly of S. Duffy Road, died Thursday, September 13, 2007 at Good Samaritan Hospice, Cabot, PA.

He was born Sunday, July 1, 1917 in Perry Township, Armstrong County, PA, the son of the late Abner C. Shakley and Rene Barger Shakley.

He was a member of North Main Street Church of God. He was a Past Master of Parker Lodge # 521 and a member of Coudersport Consistory. He enjoyed fishing. He was a World War II veteran.

He retired after 27 years of service from the Stainless Finishing Department of Armco.

Surviving are his daughter and her husband, Carolyn and Richard Cooper of Gibsonia; 2 grandsons, Richard & his wife, Lisa Cooper of Alexandria, VA and Scott & his wife, Colleen Cooper of Plum-Monroeville; 1 sister, Mary Jane Rottman of Karns City; 5 great grandchildren, Alexandra, Alivia, Zachary, Michael and Nicholas Cooper; a sister-in-law, V. Ruth Shakley of Rio Rancho, NM and a number of nieces and nephews.

He was preceded in death by his wife, H. Jane Say Shakley who died October 28, 1986, 4 sisters and 4 brothers.

Friends will be received from 7 to 9 PM on Saturday, September 15 and from 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 PM on Sunday, September 16 at the Young Funeral Home, Ltd., Butler, PA. Services will be held at the funeral home on Monday, September 17, 2007 at 11 AM with Rev. Kenneth Hall, his pastor officiating. Masonic services by Parker Lodge # 521 on Sunday at 6:45 PM.

Private interment in the Bear Creek Cemetery.

Contributions may be made to the Good Samaritan Hospice at Concordia, 134 Marwood Road, Cabot, PA 16023

Tribute Wall



“ *Living his Lessons - Thoughts on Grandpa*

Long before you are smart enough to realize that your parents are some of the smartest people in your life, the best friend you could ever have as a young child is a loving grandparent. If this is the metric for unconditional love, then my brother Scott and I were blessed by a metric system that exceeded any type of measurable scale.

For Scott and me, the trips to my Grandparent's house on 128 South Duffy Road were the brief weekend respites from our parents' ardent pleas to do our homework and pick up our toys, bedrooms and messes that our dog, Muffin had left in the yard. It was also the place where we got to stay up a bit later than usual, order pizza as a Friday or Saturday night snack, have breakfast with lots of bacon in front of the TV so we could watch a blizzard of cartoons and get the greatest of fresh-baked pies and jams (which both of my grandparents made). It was even the launching point for fishing trips to Lake Arthur and Black Lake and long car rides out West to New Mexico. Most of all, it was the place that you knew a big hug, a warm smile and a big kiss could be given whenever needed.

While all of these are warm memories of childhoods filled with a lot of love and laughter, they are also the points on our respective road of life that taught us about character, integrity, humility, honesty, doing a job right the first time, standing up for what you believe and those who you believe in.

For my Grandfather, these were just some of the lessons that he would impart on us without our realizing we were about to learn something really important. But they weren't the only lessons we got. Some of life's other lessons might include:

- Learning to use a funny looking tool that you had never seen before that was lying on his basement workbench;*
- Preparing a real Thanksgiving turkey for your family (rub plenty of salt and butter on the inside of it);*

- *Baiting a fishhook without impaling your thumb at the same time was possible but it took a lot of practice;*
- *Praying for a good fish catch was a good thing to do but it works best the night before you went out in a boat;*
- *Buying a piece of lumber with no large knots along the side of the board (so it wouldn't break at that point);*
- *Knowing that Pittsburgh Pirate pitching was something you could never, ever depend upon;*
- *Selecting a piece of white, sharp cheddar to go along with a fresh-baked apple pie had everything to do with its smell and texture (only NY Sharp cheese was the best);*
- *Working the barbecue grill meant it was your foremost duty to sample a piece of the steak before everybody else did;*
- *Cutting a tree down so it would fall the direction you wanted (he was wrong only once!); and*
- *Loving and providing for your family was the most important thing you could do with your life.*

Grandpa would have never called himself a teacher but he loved to show you how to do something. In his 90 years of life, he learned a lot of lessons and he shared many of them with those that were willing to listen.

For Scott and me, those lessons started on his knee, moved to his boat, stood next to us as we got married and sat next to us with beaming pride as he greeted his great-grandchildren with each visit. A simple smile, a hug welcoming us or saying goodbye, a kiss on the cheek and clasp of our hand and saying he loved us was all it took to tell us that we were living his lessons.

As we celebrate and remember his life and all that he gave to us we give thanks to God that he was a part of our world. His greatest lesson though is what binds us all together this day – an unconditional love for one another and memories and lessons that go beyond his life and ours.

We honor him and all that have taught us along life's road by living

their lessons and sharing them with the young lives of today and tomorrow. Those are the monuments to a life well-lived but what more could you ask for from your first best friend...##imported-begin##Rich Cooper##imported-end##

September 13, 2007 at 12:00 AM