



Shirley A. Michaud

July 3, 1940 - April 30, 2022

Shirley A Michaud (Rioux)

Shirley was born in Portland, Maine on July 3rd, 1940. She grew up in a large family on Peaks Island, where they swam and played like they all had nine lives. Everyone is amazed all the siblings made it to retirement. She met Maurice Michaud in 1958 and married in the same year in a world wind romance that stayed with them their entire marriage. Their ridiculously sweet marriage produced four children. They grew up in Lewiston under the leadership of Shirley, the bad ass homemaker. She kept the house military clean, made amazing meals, and taught her kids and all the neighbors kids how to cuss with the class of a drunken sailor. Shirley loved to babysit her grandchildren and spoil them with sweet baked goods. Her favorite part of being with the grandkids, was sending home the grandkids all sugared up and rowdy. She loved to sew, knit, crotchet, play cards and any other craft that involved glue and glitter.

Shirley and Maurice moved to Missouri in 2011 to be near their youngest grandchildren and enjoy the life that only tornado alley could offer. She lost Maurice in 2018 and missed him every day since. We all know she is reunited with Maurice and is playing on a beach somewhere in Heaven, arguing over who should do the dishes.

Shirley leaves behind four children and numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Mark and Kathy Michaud, of Auburn, Maine; April and Greg Bubier of Buckfield, Maine; Daniel and Joella Michaud of Brewer, Maine; and Joyce and Jaime Pacheco of Neosho, Missouri. Grandchildren: Michael, Jonathan, Cassie, Aline, Calvin, Emily, Liam and Jonah; and several great-grandchildren.

She will be deeply missed by all those who appreciated her salty language and big heart

Arrangements are made by Midland Cremation Society in Joplin, MO.

Tribute Wall

RQ

“ I will always remember my Aunt Shirley when she and Uncle Maurice lived on Riley street. This was the place where got in the most trouble ,we all would go across the street to go in the mud and clobber each other with cat o nine tails. Then go back only to hear her say “ you are not coming in my clean house like that” .
I remember great meals with the kids doing dish duty. Lol
No wonder uncle Maurice was in the basement after dinner building something, the only way he could have some peace. The only way he could get away from 5 kids(including me).
I will alway think of aunt Shirley as hard on outside but soft inside just like her beloved sweets. I will miss her but not the great memories.
Love Rhonda Rioux Quirk

Rhonda Quirk - May 12, 2022 at 01:01 PM

RG

“ I will be forever grateful for Shirley’s friendship with my mother Val at Webwood. They shared a sardonic sense of humor and quick wit. I’m glad mom had such a good friend to pal around with.

Rebecca Gray - May 06, 2022 at 05:14 PM