



Roswell C. Mersereau

June 22, 1924 - August 12, 2015

Roswell C Mersereau

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Roswell passed away at home in Corvallis, Wednesday August 12th. He was 91 years old. He was born in Kelso, Washington June 22, 1924 to Roswell C and Agnes Swarm Mersereau.

His family moved to Portland, Oregon where he grew up, was active in the Boy Scouts and graduated from Franklin High School. He enlisted in the Marines during WWII and served in the South Pacific. He was wounded while on Iwo Jima and received a Purple Heart.

After he was discharged from the Marines he attended Oregon State College earning his degree in Education in 1951. He met Marjorie Jean Flitcraft while at OSC and they married in 1948.

Roswell taught at Springfield High School. He was a founding member of the Springfield Presbyterian Church where he was the Choir Director and Head of Christian Education.

He had a home built on Happy Lane in Eugene and worked for Eugene Fruit Growers. Later he returned to Oregon State University to work on his Master's degree. He was hired to work in the HJ Andrews Experimental Forest in Blue River, Oregon in 1966 where he worked until his retirement. Later he was honored by having Roswell Ridge in HJ Andrews named for him.

He enjoyed fishing, hunting and raising his 9 children on the McKenzie River. He and his wife moved back to Corvallis in 1979 and he retired in 1987.

Roswell will be fondly remembered by his family and friends.

He is survived by his nine children: Gary (Kathy), Linda, Jim (Sandy), Claudia Wise (Daniel), Joel (Mary), Judi Shimabuku (Ray), Cheryl Miller, Lisa Endicott, David (Lori), and his 16 grandchildren, 8 great grandchildren and 3 nephews.

He was preceded in death by his wife Marjorie, his parents and his brother Bill.

A graveside service will be held at Oak Lawn Memorial Park 2245 S.W. Whiteside Dr. Corvallis, Oregon Wednesday August 26, 2015 at 2:00pm.

A celebration of his life will follow at The Walnut Community Room, located in the Scott Zimbrick Memorial Fire Station #5, 4950 N.W. Fair Oakes Dr. Corvallis, Oregon

Cemetery Details

Oak Lawn Memorial Park

2245 SW Whiteside Drive
Corvallis, OR

Previous Events

Graveside

AUG **26**. 2:00 PM (PT)

Oak Lawn Memorial Park
2245 SW Whiteside Drive
Corvallis, OR

Tribute Wall

AM

“ IN MEMORIAM

Roswell C. Mersereau

I was deeply saddened to learn of Ross's death. I respected him -- A LOT -- and counted him among my closest friends, despite the rare opportunities to sit and talk in recent years.

My first impression of Ross and his family provided what turned out to be a true picture of a remarkable man who was friendly and generous, and who clearly was deeply devoted to his family. In late March of 1971, I'd just arrived in Blue River, Oregon with my family after a cross-country trip from Georgia, fraught with dust storms in Nevada, heavy snows as we drove up the east side of the Cascades, and heavy rain after we turned up the McKenzie River from Eugene. We were moving to Oregon so that I could take a position at the Andrews Experimental Forest. Ross was my local contact and when I introduced myself over the phone he immediately invited us to stop by his house, that he'd show us where we were going to live for a few days after we'd had a chance to relax.

The welcoming was just that, and we quickly felt at home as we watched our sons having fun with Ross and Marge's children. And, this scene was replayed again and again over the years, whenever we stopped by their house: a welcoming openness, friendliness and generosity that characterized Ross as well as the whole family.

We quickly became friends, and for about 3 years I worked with Ross almost every day. Then because of moves and changing roles/responsibilities, we didn't work together as often, but we intersected nearly every week for the next 15 or so years. Ross was always in character: kind, generous, considerate, hard working.

Ross's wounds from Iwo Jima reduced his lung capacity, and when we were carrying heavy loads or going up and down steep slopes on various projects he had to take it slow. I never heard him complain, never heard him beg for quarter; he'd take a short pause and then push on. Some of the tasks turned out to be more than two people could do in a reasonable time, and I'd call in help -- but that was at my own initiative, not a request from Ross. I found it very amusing that when his position was replaced by the Forest Service, it was with two, hale and hearty young men, which speaks volumes about Ross's capability and capacity, as well as attitude -- despite his very real disability.

Art McKee - August 25, 2015 at 09:48 PM

DM

Art... All of my best childhood memories include you and your family. Especially the Midnight swims at The Viewpoint...

Dave Mersereau - November 13, 2022 at 11:44 AM

AM

“ *Whenever I think of Ross, I think about how devoted he was to his family, how much pride he had in all of his children. He'd eagerly look forward to, and be sure to attend, the various games, matches, plays, concerts, and so on in which his children were engaged. He enjoyed recounting the events and what his sons and daughters had done -- always with obvious love and pride.*

Ross also loved to sing and play the piano. He had a unique oompah-pah style on the keyboard that was infectious, encouraging people to sing along; and we spent many evenings around Ross and the piano, sometimes singing the same song multiple times just because of how much fun we were having.

Unfortunately, we sorta drifted apart following his retirement -- even more so after my move to Montana. I probably saw him less than 5 times over the last 15 years. But, whenever we did get together it was always like no time had passed, we'd provide quick updates on our families and reminisce as good friends do. I always enjoyed those too-short visits.

People like Ross are rare; they enrich your life in many ways, and serve as models for how we all should treat each other, with genuine respect and simple kindness. I had a couple of chances to tell Ross how much I appreciated him and what he brought to our friendship. I'm sure that no one will be surprised to hear that he was greatly embarrassed and tried to dismiss it. In retrospect, I wish I'd told him more often, maybe bullied him to accept the compliments without embarrassment.

Since learning of his death, I've tried to find time each night to recall some memory of Ross that captures a different aspect of him, to focus on that memory for a bit, and savor it -- to help me remember this GOOD MAN.

All of his loved ones should know that they have my deepest sympathies.

Rest in peace, my friend.

Art McKee

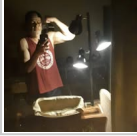
Art McKee - August 25, 2015 at 09:47 PM

JS

“ 1 file added to the album *New Album Name*



Jeff Shimabuku - August 18, 2015 at 10:19 PM



“ *Sincerest condolences to Mr. Merserau's family. A fine neighbor and clearly a great husband, father and grandfather. Prayers and blessings, the Daghlian family*

Paul Daghlian - August 15, 2015 at 12:37 PM