



Michael Blake Dennis

November 17, 1959 - February 17, 2025

Michael Blake Dennis, age 65 of Chesapeake, passed away on Monday, February 17th. He was born on November 17th, 1959 in Montreal, Canada, to Dawn Ayre and Robert Dennis. He grew up in Beaconsfield and Saint-Sauveur. After moving to the United States, he received a degree in marine mechanics and worked at Cypress Gardens in Winter Haven, FL. He later moved to Chesapeake, OH, where he worked at Cabell Huntington Hospital before becoming a self-employed mechanic, specializing in fixing, working on, and painting cars.

He is survived by his two daughters, Sabrina Dennis-Anderson and Stephanie Kunze; their mother, Chris Dennis; his brother and sister-in-law, Mark Dennis and Patsy Leahy Dennis; his sister and his good friend and brother-in-law, Heidi Dennis-Oistad and Steve Oistad; his nephews, Timothy Dennis, Kyle Dennis (wife Camille and daughter Juno), Blake Oistad, Sean Oistad (wife Rebecca); his aunt, Jamie Ayre Matteo; and his granddaughters, Taylor Kunze and Lauren Kunze. The family will have a private celebration of life service in his honor.

He was a loving, caring father and will be deeply loved and missed. It's important to talk about the things we love, as it's often what keeps us going. In a world of uncertainty, where everything inevitably has its own time to depart, love is the one thing that cannot be taken from us. Even after a tragic, gut-

wrenching loss, it is one of the very few things that remains after all of this and connects us still to those we've lost.

As his daughter—I want to take some time to talk about the things I knew he loved and invite those who knew him to share the things I may have missed. He loved the Danish butter cookies in the blue round tin and Christmas butter cookies with maraschino cherries in the middle. He loved the dark chocolate Milky Way bars, and made sure he always had one on hand. He adored the terribly bad but somehow good late '90s/early 2000s comedies, like Austin Powers and Ace Ventura, as well as older SNL skits, especially those where the cast members would break character. He loved animals, particularly our precious family Labrador, Bud, and had a soft spot in his heart for my sweet golden, Maple.

He loved to talk about his childhood, growing up with his siblings, Heidi and Mark, and how he wanted us to see Canada one day. He loved Canada—anything and everything about it. His mantra was truly “proud to be Canadian.” We'll take him there again someday. He loved to re-tell stories of my sister and me growing up, like the time I left a small handprint on a freshly painted car he had just finished, and how I hightailed it out of his shop. He simply buffed it out and laughed. Or when my sister ate a worm as a dare during a visit from our cousins—I still hear his laugh when he told that story.

He loved cars, especially 1967 Camaros. Many of our childhood photos feature us standing awkwardly in front of his cars—now, I think, because they were what he was most proud of. He loved the color orange, my Aunt Sue's Thanksgiving dinner, and her mudslide chocolate cinnamon cake. He loved several feet of snow—the kind that traps you in for days. He loved fireworks and cookouts, and it is said that he made the best burgers in our family. He loved music and westerns—I owe him for the fact that The Good, the Bad, and The Ugly is one of my all-time favorite movies. He loved coffee—lots of

coffee—and we shared a love for our favorite blend, Old Village Roaster's Highlanders Grogg. He loved us, I never questioned it and I wish we had more time to discover all the new things we could add to this list.

I'll miss his laugh, that infectious laugh that echoed all around you, and his unique sense of humor that provoked it. I'll miss his face stubble scratching against my face as we hugged when he would welcome me home and when we would say goodbye. I'll miss his playfulness, and the fact that he had a rare ability to be our dad while actively participating in all the fun we had. I'll miss his knowledge and expertise in all things mechanical. I'll miss watching how excited he got talking about Canada and all the memories we'd often revisit. I'll miss his sweetness, gentleness, and sentimentality. He had the ability to make you feel safe just by being near him, and that I may miss the most.

I know there's a lot of us that wish we had one more moment to let him know, to the deepest depth of our soul, that we loved him no matter what—that he was valued and still needed. Most of all, I admired most that he was kind, and I know he's in a place reserved only for the kindest and purest of souls. You will be forever missed and loved by so many. We love you, Dad, truly forever.

Tribute Wall

DL

“ To Mark, Heidi and Michael's daughters,

Mark passed on to me the news about Michael. I knew Michael during his teens as we would ski together and ride motorcycles in the Summer time with his brother Mark. Stories about Michael? I have hours and hours worth that I have always remembered and will look back on with fondness:-)

On behalf of my wife and I please accept our true condolences.

Darryl & Lorna Lesser ,Niagara on the lake ont 🇨🇦

darryl lesser - March 02, 2025 at 09:40 PM

JM

“ *I love Michael Dennis. He was sometimes shy & quiet, but had a quirky sense of humor, & was SO kind. As Sabrina said, he loved talking about his childhood & growing up...But I'll never forget the time when I was watching Mike & Mark while their mom Dawn was in the hospital having Heidi,- they ran from room to room making pow-wow noises, then took black magic markers & drew large faces on their bedroom wall, to greet their parents! 🤔😭❤️*
A precious memory to me- aunt Jaime Ayre Matteo

Jaime Matteo - February 28, 2025 at 01:04 PM

AM

“ I grew up with his youngest daughter Sabrina. We both often stayed with one another on the weekends. Her dad was always so welcoming. He made me feel right at home each time I stayed. I remember once we were outside by the hammock. I hadn't been over but maybe once or twice at that point. He pulled in and was asked if we were hungry. He fired up the grill and just started making us burgers. It's like he just wanted to be sure everyone was happy and having fun. Every time I ran into him in public through the years he always said hi and always asked me how I was. He always asked with a sincere care and smile on his face. I always enjoyed seeing him. It always made my day a little brighter. He loved bragging on his daughters and granddaughters. He as so proud of his girls. It was so sweet and wholesome. He was such a cool-funny guy. Most importantly he was kind. I have no doubt he touched so many lives through his years.

Ashley Meachem - February 26, 2025 at 07:21 PM