



Michael G. Moler

October 29, 1957 - January 1, 2020

A private memorial service for Michael Moler, 62 of Enid, will be held at a later date. Cremation arrangements are by Anderson-Burriss Funeral Home & Crematory.

Michael was born to Myron and Jean (McClure) Moler on October 29, 1957 in Tampa, Florida, and passed away on Wednesday, January 1, 2020 in Enid.

Michael graduated from Adams City High School in Colorado and served in the United States Marine Corp from 1975 till 1979. He worked as a police officer in Enid and in Colorado. In 1998 he moved back to Enid where he worked for Penske at Advance Foods, and at Star Tek.

Michael is survived by his children Kandii Cordova of Colorado, Gunnar Moler, Billy Moler, and Hunter Moler all of Enid; 4 grandchildren; and sister Paula Moler of Enid.

Michael is preceded in death by his parents.

Tribute Wall

SL

“ He was his own person. We shared our young teenage years livings as husband and wife in California, Oklahoma, and Colorado ." We were so young!" I remember him most as my High School sweetheart and the father to our daughter Kandii. Thank you Mike for being first a friend and then my first love. Prayers and love to the Moler family from Susan Livingston (Susan Moler)

Susan Livingston - January 02, 2020 at 08:36 PM



Mike Moler was a great, amazing person. He was so smart so funny and so humble. He was my friend from the moment we met. He will be missed and loved forever and always. My thoughts and prayers are with his family during this time of unspeakable lose. Fly high my friend and continue to watch and guide us all through life from above.

Shauna French - January 04, 2020 at 08:55 AM

JM

Hunter, Gunnar and Billy, I remember your father as having a great sense of humor who loved his children! Thoughts and prayers for each of you. Take care!

Joy Minton - January 09, 2020 at 12:50 PM

GW

Learned of his loss a while ago, but could not compose anything that even resembled what he meant to me. Over 40 years of friendship, love and support for each other turns into dribble when you try to put it in writing. Months later, I still reach for the phone to call and share a story with you. I probably always will. I miss your laugh and that always reliable good swift kick in the seat of my pants when needed. Thank you, forever.

Gail Woods - July 25, 2020 at 04:28 PM