



Philip G. Mosher, Sr.

October 26, 1934 - April 23, 2020

My dad, Phil Mosher was not a perfect man, but he was a believer in Jesus who read his Bible daily and who tried to treat people as he wanted to be treated. He loved Jesus, his family, adventure and life itself.

He was born October 26, 1934 in Bronx, NY and passed quietly into eternal rest to the arms of Jesus on April 23, 2020 at 10:29 am with Margaret by his side.

His mother was Marion E. (Brady) Mosher. His father was Everitt W. Mosher. Phil was raised in a one bedroom apartment with his mother and grandmother in the Bronx. He never liked NY, and once as a small child, told his mother he was leaving there and never going back.

Phil joined the US Navy in 1951 and served four years as a teletype Operator aboard the USS Ticonderoga and the USS General H.W. Butner. He went through the Panama Canal from The Pacific Ocean to The Atlantic Ocean, it was there that he got his one and only tattoo. He spent 2 ½ years traveling from NY to Germany and England. While in the Navy, Phil was introduced to Dixieland Jazz. That music was near and dear to him for the remainder of his life. Phil spent three years as the president of the Northern Colorado Jazz Society. Throughout his life he played many musical instruments including the trombone, clarinet, piano and guitar. Phil was honorably discharged from the US Navy in 1955 and soon after he met Margaret Greco, a tall red head who would become his wife on July 26, 1958.

In 1964, Phil and Margaret along with their children, Philip Jr. and Lorraine, moved to Newburgh, NY. Phil brought his mother out of the Bronx in 1965 to live with the family. They stayed in the Newburgh area until the mid 1970's when they came to Fort Collins. He was inspired to move to Colorado when he found out that the climate was dry. He always hated humidity. In 2000, Phil moved to Lake Havasu City, AZ and Margaret followed in 2001. They returned to Fort Collins in 2003.

Phil was known as Gordon (his middle name) until he met his wife in 1956. She asked him if he had another name and the rest is history, he was Phil from then on.

To say that Phil had many jobs in his life is an understatement. He can document 68 different jobs. For most of his life he repaired household appliances either in his own business, in partnership with others or working for Sears or other appliance repair businesses. He was an excellent repairman who always treated people fairly. He was the cleanest person I have ever met. Someone once asked him as a mechanic how he kept his hands so clean, his answer was simple "I wash them".

Phil's philosophy in life was based on something that Albert Einstein said, "Life is experiences, everything else is just knowledge". He considered life to be one big adventure. Always looking for a new challenge.

Phil had a unique sense of humor and that, coupled with his love of experiencing new things, allowed him to have a lot of true stories to tell. People often remarked "I love when you come to fix my washing machine because I enjoy your stories so much". My dad always said that life was like the Game of Golf. It doesn't matter where you came from or what mistakes you have made in the past, the flag is still your goal and you need to get there.

Phil played his first round of golf with rented wooden clubs at the oldest golf course in the USA, Van Cortlandt Park Golf course in NY, NY. His love of golf continued into his 70's until he was no longer physically able to play. He still would watch the final round of all the major tournaments.

Phil was always looking for a new challenge. In the late 50's he wanted to be a cop. He applied to the NYPD but they would not take him because he had had too many different jobs. So when he moved upstate in the politically turbulent 1960's, he created a volunteer police force in the town where he lived to ensure the safety of the regular police officers and the community. Phil fought for their right to carry a weapon to ensure their own safety and he won.

When Phil was a young man, he enjoyed hunting and fishing. He shot Pistols competitively at West Point and has Medals to show for it. He was one of the first Hunter Safety Instructors in the United States in the 1960's when the program first started.

At age 36, Phil started playing Ice Hockey and formed his own team, The Newburgh Kings. He played ice hockey into his early 50's. In 1978 Phil started The Fort Collins Ice

Skating Association which pushed the City of Ft. Collins to build EPIC in 1986. Around the same time as he started playing hockey, he got his private pilots license, something he had dreamed about since he was a child. In 1976 he tested for and received his commercial Pilots license.

In the 1980's Phil's dream of one day owning his own airplane came to fruition. He bought 25% of a Cessna 172. That's when his aerial photography business was born.

In 1994 at the age of 60, he went to school and got his CDL to drive Semis over the road. He did that for 3 years always playing by his own rules which included no mountain driving in the winter.

My Dad has always been my hero. I know he is not that to everyone, but many other people love and respect him. He always believed in me and told me that the word can't was not acceptable. He will be with me always as his words of wisdom have been and will be passed down to my daughter and one day to my grandchildren. I love you Daddy with all my heart.

Phil is survived by his wife of almost 62 years, Margaret Mosher, of Fort Collins; daughter Lorraine Archer, her husband Kevin Archer and their daughter Diane Archer all of Windsor, Colorado; a son, Philip Mosher of Hayward, CA, grand daughters Haley Mosher of Vallejo, CA, Rebecca Mosher of Hayward, CA and Ariel Reynolds; also surviving are great granddaughters Matilda and Trinity.

The Mosher/Archer family would like to extend our thanks to Halcyon Hospice for all the love and support over the past 18 months, special thanks to Jennifer Tanguay for your dedication and for loving all of us through this difficult time.

A memorial service will be planned at a later date when we open things up again.

Comments



“ I was a neighbor to Phil and his family when they, first, moved to Ft Collins. He was a great neighbor and friend. He took me flying shortly after he received his pilot's license. I remember how much he loved hockey, and was instrumental in bringing it to Ft Collins. Margaret, Lorraine, and Phillip, please accept my deepest condolences for your loss.

Jerry Fox
Loveland

Jerry G Fox - May 03, 2020 at 10:54 AM



“ He was always so kind to me and very helpful. Such great knowledge that he was more than willing to pass on. I am so sorry for your loss. He truly was a great man.

Joyce - April 27, 2020 at 06:25 PM