



Mark Jonathan Lee

September 8, 1957 - October 31, 2019

Mark Jonathan Lee, 62, passed away October 31, 2019. He was born in Akron, Ohio on September 8, 1957 to Cecil Lee and Sandra Stringer Lee.

Mark is survived by his loving wife, Mary Grace "Gracie" Lee; children, grandchildren, other relatives and friends who will miss him dearly.

Comments



“ Ohhhh Such Sweet Memories of Growing up together! We had such Joyous times! Mark was such a card! Us cousins, would get together, would, run, play endlessly into the night! And yes, over into the graveyard was always, such fun!!! LoL! Screaming and carrying on! Surprised we didn't wake the "dead"!..haa!! Ohhh and just wonderful food, we all had!! With all our moms & Grandma, Too! Of course, we would be running, under foot! Being told, to stay either inside, or out! Then it would be "picture" time! .. and someone would either be missing.. or didn't want their pictures taken... or just being funny! I will always treasure our times! Such a wonderful time!!!

Mark! You were so sweet, calling years later, and sending me a beautiful letter, too! Along with a very nice Study Bible! Which I still have, and truly appreciate & treasure! Mark, May your heart shine again, and continue to work in heaven! Rejoining all your family, alongside your extended family, too! Praying, I shall see you again, My Brother, Cousin Mark. With heartfelt Love, May your Family Mary Grace & your kids, be in Peace. If ever in need, as a family, we are here.. Love Karla

Karla Murphy - November 07, 2019 at 04:57 PM



“ Karla Murphy is following this tribute.

Karla Murphy - November 06, 2019 at 10:51 AM



“ My memories of Mark go way back! :-) I am Mark's sister, Denise. There were four of us kids. I was the oldest and only girl, then Mark, our brothers Eric and David. Our parents were Cecil (C.W.) and Sandy Lee. We had an amazing childhood and were a close family. I have many memories of us kids, lots of love and laughter and shenanigans! As we grew older we all went our separate ways, following different paths in life and that closeness dwindled away, especially after the deaths of brother Davey and then our parents. But! I have wonderful cherished memories of Mark when we were growing up! He was so funny, especially when he wasn't trying to be. I remember lying out under the big tree in our front yard with our neighbor Julie and all of a sudden Mark was expounding on the leaf...he said "consider the leaf, it's veins are like the veins of life," and he went on and on extolling the virtues of a leaf. We lived across the street from a graveyard and were always thinking up pranks to pull on unsuspecting people in their cars as they came up the road's steep hill. From dummies in the road or hanging from a tree to kids in sheets popping up from behind garvestones, I'm sure we scared at least some people. Mark used to practice his pirouettes (he never took ballet, but that's what he called it) under the street light and we'd laugh ourselves silly. We played loads of tetherball and croquet in the back yard. There were always lots of neighborhood boys at our house (Mom was a kool-aid mom.) playing basketball. Mark used to talk to our cat Ebony in a funny "chinesey" voice. We watched countless scary movies (our Dad loved the Outer Limits and Twilight Zone.) Mark especially liked Rod Serling's Night Gallery and could imitate his voice exactly. Our favorite episode was the one where an earwig ate it's way through a man's brain. Mark and I spent hours listening to the Bee Gees and he could sing just like Barry Gibb! We picked strawberries and blackberries every year with Mom. Mark and I worked together at Little Forest Nursing Home in downtown Akron. I was a nurse's aide and Mark worked in maintenance...some nights (we worked 3-11) were rough but Mark would cheer me up by popping his head around a corner and making the sounds like the Bionic Man made when he was zooming in on something and he always made me laugh when he had to empty the cans that held dirty bed linen as he had to wrap a towel around his nose as he couldn't stand the smell! Mark was a good looking guy and had the most beautiful blonde hair and I had girls ask me all of the time to introduce them to him. One of his first cars was a Super-Bee and he had a motorcycle as well. He was kind of on the back-end of the hippie era and would take walks in the woods communing with nature often bringing home a big bunch of weeds which Mom would put in a vase on the dining room table.

Mark brought joy to my early life and I loved him dearly. I hang on to those memories. It's incredibly sad that he is gone and I wish his Texas family the very best. Rest in peace Markie!

Denise Rutherford - November 05, 2019 at 02:04 PM



“ I love the tribute and I can see the vivid pictures in my mind. Mark was older than I. But I do remember his sense of humor for sure. Always a sweet heart to me. Love you cousin Mark and the rest of the crew in heaven. Give your mom and dad and David a hug for me.

Ginny - November 06, 2019 at 12:44 PM



“ Very nice ...tributes,..im thank ful for them..always will have great memories growing up with my immediate family....spending time together with my older sister,..denise,..mark and David.we have great parents as Well as great cousins,..aunts and uncles.i will remember mark,..right now it's been little tough...for me at least.im glad he is free of pain and with the rest of the fsmily...there in God's hand.i will never forget both him and David...let me tell you those guys ...were funny.always had me in stiches.... Denise ..always the brain of the family.lol.love you all....and God bless to marks...wife Mary-Grace and those children.praying that the Lord will always comfort you..... Eric.

Robert - November 07, 2019 at 10:41 AM



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