



## Michael V. Bialek

January 14, 1951 - October 12, 2025

Michael V. Bialek, born January 14, 1951, passed away on Sunday, October 12, 2025. He is survived by his wife, (Bonnie), daughter (Katherine) and sisters Denise Bialek, and Janice Widmer. He also leaves behind some half-finished projects.

Michael was the Owner of Phoenix Concrete Inc. and later was the Field Manager of Phoenix Rising Construction Inc.

Graduate of Northern Arizona University for forestry, Michael incorporated his passion for nature and the environment in his business practice. He was a volunteer firefighter while attending NAU in Flagstaff, an avid adventurer and friend to animals of all kinds—furred, feathered, scaled—except ‘bees.’

His integrity was unmatched. Though rough and harsh around the edges, and having had a sharp tongue, Mike stood up for what was just. In business, he always had the homeowner’s best interest at heart. He took immense pride in his work, and did all he could to reach perfection without causing strain on his clients—residential, commercial and religious institutions.

His passion was concrete, but he had been a hobby photographer, computer ‘geek’, and an incredible engineer of the “McGuyver” sort. He was gifted with incredible talents to build. Mike could make just about anything from anything.—And he did! He built his own, massive pond, and pieced together a unique and sprawling filtration system and ‘fish house,’ an ‘aircraft carrier’ sized pool deck, and a good portion of the family home.

Mike was not about the ‘extra fluff,’ so please, in his honor, have a glass of

wine, an Old Style beer, cup of coffee and piece of chocolate, or let out a string of unusually combined, explicitly foul words at the top of your lungs (and then promptly continue what you were doing as if nothing happened).

Services for Mike were private.

If you feel so inclined, please support the Morton Arboretum [tribute@mortonarb.org](mailto:tribute@mortonarb.org). as, he was, a tree-hugging hippie of a concrete dude.

Mike, it's your turn to CHILL OUT!

# Tribute Wall

JW

“ My beloved brother Mikey. Growing up with Mike was an adventure. From grade school on he was my "big brother protector". I would often hang out with Mike and his friends. His negotiating skills at a young age were uncanny - from negotiating me out of my Easter Candy to enhancing the time we would play with his army men vs us playing with my dolls, paying me 50 cents for cleaning his room! High school was a hoot. My girlfriends and I would gravitate to Mike and his buddies, especially at basketball games when "sock hops" would happen after the games. (Mike always had my back). College was no different. Mike and his mates were part of my group as well. We would enjoy gatherings as one group - i.e. "Arthur Parties". All for one and one for all! I was especially excited when Mike would come home from NAU for summer break. He would always bring me some "special brownies" that he and his roommates baked. We often would do our late-night rendezvous' at "Bakers Square" for hot blueberry pie a-la-mode and several cups of coffee. We enjoyed life! (Mike always had my back). My dearest beautiful Mikey. Every time I would see you and or we'd talk on FaceTime I ALWAYS ended our conversation with "I LOVE YOU MIKEY". This time is no different. "I LOVE YOU MIKEY" and thank you for always being my "big brother protector".

---

**Jan (Bialek) Widmer** - November 08, 2025 at 08:25 AM

DV

“ 1 file added to the album Class reunion



---

**David Vlcek** - November 01, 2025 at 04:26 PM

BS

“ *Coors Run-- Long, long ago, in the small village of Westmont. Mikey and I decided to become entrepreneurs and beer distributors. At the time Coors was not available east of the Mississippi river. We decided to change that. We hopped in his pickup and drove to Denver. The liquor law only allowed the purchase of 2 cases per person. We took turns on who would go in first at each store. After visiting over a dozen liquor stores, we carefully covered our inventory and headed home. Needless to say, we drove straight through and were careful not to exceed the speed limit. When we arrived at Mikey's house, he called our patrons and they came over and we sold out in one day. We celebrated by having a beer or two, totally enjoying the profits of our adventure, both monetary and liquid. Barry Skurkis*

---

**Barry Skurkis** - October 22, 2025 at 02:22 PM