



David Alan Bordow

May 2, 1954 - July 25, 2025

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David Alan Bordow was born May 2, 1954 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to Milton and Perle Bordow. David was a dedicated civil servant who always put the needs of others before his own. He was a kind soul and mentor to all, with friends in every corner of the world, and his influence and care was felt every day.

David grew up in Milwaukee, and was the oldest of three siblings. He knew some of his closest friends, Tom and John, as early as elementary school, Maple Dale, and high school, Nicolet High School.

David graduated from the University of Oregon in 1978, where he met some of his best friends Stan, Dixie, and Doug. It was in Eugene where he fell in love with the outdoors, a passion that he had his whole life. David loved sharing stories of his travels, tales of losing gear on adventures, cars breaking down on mountains, countless shows seen on the road.

He then graduated from California Western School of Law in 1981. It was here where he developed his devotion to helping others, a trait he carried with him

throughout 33 years of practicing law.

David's life in Milwaukee was highlighted by the practice he and his brother, Ira, shared with his father. He was a regular fixture at Milwaukee's Children's court, but rarely turned away anyone in need of legal help, and became known for this dedication. He established lifelong friendships and relationships, and became a pillar of Milwaukee's law community.

David loved maps and geography. He took countless trips to Oregon and California, Utah and New Mexico, and always brought back a new ski guide or topographic map. Nothing pleased him more than reliving these memorable trips than studying the maps and literature he brought back. He knew the answer to any question about geography and map reading.

David was immensely proud of his son, EB. They watched jeopardy together almost nightly, listened to new music, played cards, and gardened. He taught EB to always learn, no matter the topic -cars, airplanes, maps, baseball - always learn, and EB is that person today.

You could always catch David riding his bike around Shorewood, or enjoying some beautiful weather with a strong espresso. He listened to baseball and basketball games on the radio, often cursing the Bucks and Brewers on their poor performances, but praising the best ones. He loved music of all sorts, especially the Grateful Dead and Los Lobos.

David is survived by his sister Mimi and son EB, step-daughter Cassandra Rodriguez and nieces and nephews Jeffrey, Melanie, Arielle, and Ross, and by countless friends, confidants, and clients. He was preceded in death by his brother Ira, and his mother and father, Perle and Milton.

David's family extends their sincere gratitude to the staff at Columbia St.

Mary's, and all the nurses and aides at Ascension who provided him friendship and positivity. His family also wishes the greatest thanks to two of his best friends, Robb Marcus and Al Polan, who provided care, comfort, and counsel near the end of his life.

David will be missed by all who knew him. His family asks that you join them for a celebration of David's life on October 18th in Milwaukee. More details will be shared at a later time.

In lieu of flowers, David's family asks that you consider making a donation to one of these organizations that were meaningful to him:

<https://legalaction.org/donate/>

https://store.oregonstateparks.org/index.cfm?do=v.dsp_donation

Tribute Wall

AE

“Bordy was something of a pick-up basketball player at the Milwaukee JCC. Occasionally those games were pretty intense. One close game, I was guarding Bordy. The next basket was the winner. Bordy got the ball, way out in 3-point land -- not within 15 feet of whatever range he had. I was thinking, "This is entertaining." So I let him wind up and throw up from thirty feet. It wasn't pretty, let me tell you. Something between a dry heave and a spastic reaction to a yellowjacket sting. But the damn ball went in the hoop, Bordy was jumping up and down, yelling and pumping his arms like the second coming, and I was thinking "How the hell did THAT happen?" My gift to Bordy. A JCC basketball "miracle minute." -- E

Andrew Ewert - July 31, 2025 at 02:20 PM

JO

“ I first became aware of David Bordow during a Nicolet Knights basketball game pep rally at Nicolet High School - we were 15 years old at the time. David’s birthday was 9 days before my own and perhaps that played some small part in our affinity for each other; and, our shared love for the outdoors, comedy and of course - mischief of all kind.

In Negril, Jamaica the locals referred to him as Joe Pilot; in the great outdoors (from Oregon to Wisconsin to Canada) he consistently served up a banquet to hoards of hungry mosquitoes; and, despite not catching many, he loved to fish.

In Canada, we both watched a very large muskie follow his #5 Mepps Spinner through the clear water of a small bay - although it never took his lure. For years, Bodie would ask me, “Why didn’t that musky take my lure? And, what was the name of that elder, native Indian who guided us?”

On Lake Winnebago in WI we fished for walleye. It was an epic day with Ronnie Hanson and myself bringing in one walleye after another - we were jigging with leeches. It was Dave’s first time and he was getting frustrated. Finally, near the end of the day, he felt something and reeled it into the boat - it was a clam!

Throughout the years, Dave and I had many adventures. Our dear friend Tom Engel shared in more than a few of these; and, while we genuinely loved and cared about each other - Tom can attest to the endless laughter we partook in - our times together rivaled some of the greatest comedies ever enjoyed by anyone.

I could tell stories about my dear departed friend for days, but in the end, we will all miss him - there will never be anyone quite like Bodie.





John - July 29, 2025 at 01:34 PM