



Jerry Kenneth Place

March 14, 1943 - January 19, 2026

Jerry Place, age 82, of Warren, passed away on January 19, 2026. He was born on March 14, 1943, in Detroit to the late Leo and Dorothy Place.

Jerry was a loving father to Lyle (Nikki) Place and a cherished grandfather to Jacob (Aryan) Place, Caleb “Bubba” Place, Corey Place, Addison Place, Josiah Place, and Charleigh Place. He is also survived by his sisters, Carole Boulier and Kathy Place, as well as many friends who were like family to him. Jerry was preceded in death by his parents and is also survived by his former wife, Sharon (Ronald) Henkel.

A proud U.S. Army veteran, Jerry served his country with honor before working as a truck driver for 40 years, from 1965 until his retirement in 2005. He enjoyed a full and active life and found joy in many interests. Jerry bowled in several leagues, played softball, and loved fishing around the state with his son and grandsons. He also held special memories of fishing trips to Ontario, Canada—especially Kent Bridge—where he spent time fishing with his father during his youth, memories he carried with him throughout his life.

Jerry also enjoyed taking pictures, listening to big band music—especially Artie Shaw—and was a true movie aficionado who had a special love for classic films. He was an avid sports fan who faithfully watched the Detroit Lions and Tigers.

He enjoyed walking nature trails, Sunday dinners, and backyard BBQs. Some of his most treasured moments were spent with family, whether it was gathering around the table or sitting quietly playing cards, drawing, and

coloring with his granddaughters.

Jerry had a rare gift for making everyone feel welcome and at ease. He was the kind of man who could strike up a conversation with anyone and turn a stranger into a friend. Known for his kindness and generosity, Jerry was deeply loved and will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

In accordance with his wishes, burial with Army honors will take place on Thursday, January 22, at 11:00 a.m. at Great Lakes National Cemetery, 4200 Belford Road, Holly, Michigan.

The family will be planning a celebration of life in the coming months to honor Jerry's memory and to give friends and loved ones an opportunity to gather, share stories, and remember him together.

Those wishing to honor Jerry's memory may make a donation to the Wounded Warrior Project or The Salvation Army. Memories and condolences may also be shared by visiting www.rudyfuneral.com and lighting a candle.

Cemetery Details

Great Lakes National Cemetery

4200 Belford Rd
Holly, MI 48442-9444
(248) 328-0386

Previous Events

Burial

JAN 22. 11:00 AM (ET)

Great Lakes National Cemetery
4200 Belford Rd
Holly, MI 48442-9444
(248) 328-0386

Military Honors

JAN 22. 11:00 AM (ET)

Great Lakes National Cemetery
4200 Belford Rd
Holly, MI 48442-9444
(248) 328-0386

Tribute Wall



“ I loved playing catch with him. He always made me feel like we were in a real baseball game. I loved fishing with him up north, he was awesome with me growing up. I am going to dearly miss him until we meet again. He was not a step dad to me he was my 2nd dad. Probably the most generous person I ever met. Love you Jerry.

Tony Magyar - January 21 at 02:47 PM

YF

“ Your Guiding Harbor family purchased the Florist Choice Bouquet for the family of Jerry Kenneth Place.



Your Guiding Harbor family - January 21 at 12:59 PM

YF

“ Your Guiding Harbor family planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Jerry Kenneth Place.

Your Guiding Harbor family - January 21 at 12:59 PM

SH

“ He was such a sweet person who always thought of others. He was a wonderful father and grandpa. The family was his life. Many great memories for all.

Sharon Henkel - January 20 at 01:03 PM

LP

Last night, I lost the closest man in my life—my mentor, my teacher, my dad here on earth.

His character was one of generosity and selflessness. When I would ask questions as a little kid, he'd set me on his lap and explain the mysteries of the earth to the best of his knowledge.

He would get down on the floor and play with me—whether it was rolling a ball down the hallway between his legs and my legs, or cars, or playing swords. He would let me put boxing gloves on and box with him. He listened to me when I began to read, and he offered encouragement—always.

He took me to countless movies at the theater through the years. We went to the lake so many times, to the public pool for swimming. We went to Canada, to Cedar Island and Cedar Beach more times than I can remember. He took me fishing all around Lake Erie.

I remember being afraid of the minnows when we went out on the sandbar at Lake Erie—there were billions, maybe trillions of minnows all around us—and I got scared and had to walk on his feet. I remember getting hurt at the playground, falling off the slide, and he would pick me up and carry me while I cried into the collar of his neck as he carried me home. His smell always calmed me.

He taught me how to ride a bike all throughout our neighborhoods—Wayne, John street, howe rd, Annapolis Road—everywhere. He took me to places I had never heard of.

We went to Boble countless times—wonderful times at Boblo—where my imagination bloomed. We went to the Toledo Zoo, the Detroit Zoo, and even the Belle Isle Zoo, along with the Belle Isle Dossin Museum, the aquarium, and the botanical gardens. He took me to places like Cedar Point, Kings Island, and Niagara Falls, where we made so many memories.

When I was bowling in the youth league, he bought my equipment. Again—more coaching, more encouragement through the years. He stepped up and took me to tournaments all over Michigan: Grand Rapids, Milford, Waterford, Muskegon. Then in 1998, we flew to Reno, Nevada, where I bowled at the National Bowling Stadium for the Junior Gold Championships. Then again in 1999, in Orlando.

We went to Manitoulin twice—the island just north of the Bruce Peninsula in Ontario—fishing on the largest freshwater island in the world. Later, when I got older and got married, I tried to repay Dad by taking him on trips.

We went to Copper Harbor at the top of the Keweenaw Peninsula and fished Lake La Belle next to Mount Bohemia. We went to the Caribbean and visited places like Princess Cays and Amber Cove in the Dominican Republic. We went to Fletcher's Floodwaters and fished there, taking some of the kids with us, renting a pontoon boat, and having wonderful times catching countless bluegill.

We went to Drummond Island. We took a fly-fishing trip to an outpost cabin called Chris Willis Lake near Temagami, Ontario, where we had to take a bush plane—and we took Bubba with us. Corey went with us when we went to Drummond Island.

But it's not just about the vacations.

It's about sitting at the kitchen table together. Sitting on the couches. Talking about things. Talking about big band music—his favorite was Artie Shaw, along with Benny Goodman, Freddie Martin, Ray Knoble, Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, and Paul Whiteman. We talked about classic movies—John Ford films, Frank Capra—and our favorite actors: James Stewart, Henry Fonda, John Wayne, Charles Laughton, Spencer Tracy, and even a few of the newer guys.

I'll miss talking about all of that with Dad.

My dad was a man who loved his family so very much. I was his only son, and when you walked into his trailer, it's nothing but pictures of me, his parents, all of my kids, and my wife—covering the walls over his table. Almost a whole section of his kitchen is dedicated to 8×10 photographs, and some even larger.

My dad was so giving, so loving—constantly bringing groceries, pop, chips for the kids, and treats. He would sit at the kitchen table with all the kids and play tic-tac-toe and cards. He loved talking with my mom and my stepdad Ron. We would all sit at the table and talk about the good old days, talk about the kids and what they were going to be when they grew up.

I'll never forget this. I'll remember it always.

When you've got a dad who made the effort and taught you how to have the character of love, you don't forget that. And I have to say—just as Paul ran the race in faith in the Bible—my dad sure ran the race as a dad who was sold out to being the best he could be.

I couldn't ask for a better dad.

None of us are ever truly gone—we just change our address. And I

have a hope in my heart that the words I've spoken to him about our Savior reached him, and that he's waiting for me.

I pray to God that above all things.

Lyle Place - January 20 at 08:02 PM