



Alan John Ladenberger

January 16, 1957 - August 12, 2017

Ladenberger, Alan John, August 12, 2017 age 60 of Wayne. Beloved son of the late William and Rosemary Ladenberger. Loving brother of Linda Lund, Glenn (Carol) Ladenberger and Lila Laden. Proud uncle of three nieces and one nephew. Alan loved reading, riding his bicycle and listening to music. Memorial Service Wednesday 10 AM at Merriman Road Baptist Church, 2055 Merriman Road, Garden City. Interment Alban Cemetery in Ypsilanti Township. To share a memory, please use the Share a Memory tab on this web page.

Cemetery Details

Alban Cemetery

Ypsilanti Township, MI

Tribute Wall



“ *Alan John Ladenberger*

December 07, 2023 at 05:11 AM

GL

“ Some people have asked for a copy of what I shared at Alan's memorial service. Here it is.

--Glenn Ladenberger

I've been thinking about what to say here for a long time. Years. I work on an assembly line for Ford, and have a lot of time - maybe too much time - to think. Mr. Ford only cares about what I do with my arms and hands and fingers. Anything from the neck up, or the ears in, belongs to me.

I've lost my grandparents, my parents, a few friends and co-workers and neighbors here and there. And I lost two cousins from diabetes, but they lived a thousand miles away and we weren't that close. Alan is the first near relative of my generation to die.

I would call him on Sunday afternoons. We'd talk for an hour or so and the conversation would always end with me telling him that he was my favorite brother. And he would always ask, "You mean, out of all of them?" And I'd always answer, "Out of all of them." Alan was my only brother.

This little joke came back to bite me the other day when I was talking with Lila. I mentioned to her that I guess now I was her favorite brother. She just said, "No." Even dead, he was still her favorite, too.

Alan was born with a hole in his heart. Which may have stunted his growth a little. I don't know, but from my earliest memory, I was always taller. In fact, one time as adults I was kidding him about being tall and good looking. He corrected me. He told me that some people were tall and some people were good looking. Then he looked at me and said, "Guess what you got."

He not only got the looks, he got the brains. He never graduated high school, although he did get his GED. But my parents bought a

complete set of World Book encyclopedias and Alan read them all, from cover to cover.

Alan used to outsmart me as a child. Being the only two boys in the family, we shared a bedroom. My parents got a dresser for us with five drawers. I was taller than he was, so he got the bottom two drawers. I took the next two up, and we shared the top one. One day Alan came to me with a proposition: Since I was younger, maybe I should take the bottom two drawers and he should have the next two up. It seemed like a reasonable request at the time. He realized what I didn't: that when we became teenagers he would be able to get his clothes out comfortably, and I'd have to bend all the way down to the floor to get mine.

Our bedroom door didn't shut tight. This worked out well for me, because our parents kept the hall light on and it provided a sense of security for us. Well, for me anyway. Alan liked the room dark when he slept. One night when he and I were ten and nine respectively, he came with a reasonable request. Since we had had the hall light on now for nine years (for me), it was only fair that for the next nine years, we should have it off (for him). And, of course, by the time I was 18, I was used to sleeping in the dark.

Alan never made any bold, decisive moves. He went to church his whole life, but it wasn't until he was 23 that he finally decided to give his life to Christ. It took him 30 years after that to get baptized. He never served on a missions committee or sang in the choir or even pulled nursery duty. Still, I could see incremental growth in his life and I know that his salvation was real. I know he is in Heaven right now.

Everyone in our family figured Alan still had a few years left, but we all figured that he would be the first to go. How appropriate that someone who entered this world with a hole in his heart should depart it leaving a hole in all of ours. Even so, he will always be our favorite brother. Out of all of them.

Glenn Ladenberger - August 17, 2017 at 06:51 AM