



Henry Robert Girard

November 8, 1941 - February 5, 2026

Henry Robert Girard, age 84, passed away peacefully on February 5, 2026, under the compassionate care of Angela Hospice in Livonia, Michigan. Henry was born on November 8, 1941, in Cohoes, New York, here he was raised and spent his early years. He proudly served his country in the United States Navy, completing four years of active duty followed by two years in the Naval Reserves, and was honorably discharged in 1966.

On May 18, 1968, Henry married the love of his life; Lee Marie Mailloux.

Together they shared over 52 years of marriage until Lee's passing on June 20, 2020. Their life together was centered on family, hard work, and devotion to one another.

Henry was a dedicated employee of the Ford Motor Company. In 1985, he relocated to Michigan with the company, where he continued his career and ultimately retired after 42 years of service.

Henry was a devoted father and grandfather. He is survived by his children, Timothy Girard (Sarah) and Leo Girard (Sherry), and his son-in-law, Brian Hamlett. He was preceded in death by his beloved daughter, Kimberly (Girard) Hamlett, who passed away on January 29, 2025. He leaves behind five cherished grandchildren: Princeton and Paris Girard; Austin and Erin Hamlett; and Blake Girard. Henry is also survived by his sister, Marion (Girard) Guerin, and his sisters-in-law, Elizabeth "Betty" Mailloux and Lynn (Mailloux) Fields.

Family and friends are invited to a viewing on Sunday February 15th, from 2 pm until the 5 pm Funeral Service at Vermeulen-Sajewski Funeral Home, 980

N. Newburgh Road (between Ford Road and Cherry Hill) in Westland, Michigan. Henry will be laid to rest alongside his beloved wife, Lee, at St. Hedwig Catholic Cemetery in Dearborn Heights, Michigan.

Henry will be remembered for his devotion to his family, his strong work ethic, his service to his country, and the quiet strength he carried throughout his life. To share a memory, please use the Share a Memory tab on this web page.

Previous Events

Visitation

FEB 15. 2:00 PM - 5:00 PM (ET)

Vermeulen-Sajewski Funeral Home Westland
980 North Newburgh Road
Westland, MI 48185
(734) 326-1300
westland@vermeulenfh.com

Funeral Service

FEB 15. 5:00 PM - 6:00 PM (ET)

Vermeulen-Sajewski Funeral Home Westland
980 North Newburgh Road
Westland, MI 48185
(734) 326-1300
westland@vermeulenfh.com

Tribute Wall

“One of my best childhood memories is of my sister Kim and me riding the Musical Express with Dad. As the ride went faster and faster in a circle, Dad would be yelling, “Stay on your side! You have to stay on your side!”

We never stayed on our side.

We would slide straight into him, and he’d push us back over... only for us to slide right into him again. Over and over. He was our anchor — and our cushion.

That was Dad. He wasn’t just a father. He was our personal jungle gym. We climbed on him, wrestled with him, and played games like “down the hole,” where he’d stand with his legs apart and push us through onto the floor. Looking back, I’m not sure I could count how many times I could have possibly asked to go “down the hole” again.

Dad had his own special way of waking me up for school. He’d lean in and give me a “Piggy.” What’s a piggy?” He’d kiss, oink, and snort right in the crook of my neck. His beard was scratchy and ticklish at the same time. It was impossible not to wake up laughing. My son can attest.

Dad loved Mom deeply, and for better — or worse, depending on who you ask — I learned from them a very particular, maybe even peculiar, kind of love.

Dad would annoy Mom just to get her riled up. He would have this twinkle in his eye when he was about to start. He would poke and tease and push her buttons purely for the joy of it. And she would swat at him, sometimes with whatever was nearby. This could go on for ten minutes or more... until they were both laughing.

But no matter how much they bickered — whether it was real or play — there was never a single doubt in anyone’s mind: he would have done anything for her.

Together, Mom and Dad were two of the most kind and giving people I have ever known. Each of us kids had friends at one point or another who had nowhere else to go. Mom and Dad opened our home without hesitation. They didn't ask for anything in return. They just gave — food, shelter, safety, love. Freely. Quietly. Consistently.

Dad taught me what it meant to be responsible for your family — and he did it without ever saying a word.

I would come home at 2 or 3 in the morning from being out with friends, and I'd see him sitting at the kitchen table, half-dressed, exhausted, lacing up his work shoes. Drinking a cup of coffee before heading out for another overtime shift.

No complaints.

No bitterness.

No request for recognition.

Just doing what needed to be done.

In all my childhood and throughout adulthood, I never heard my dad complain. Life would hand him an unfair deal, and he would just take it on the chin... and keep moving forward.

One time he told me, "Son, in life at some point you're going to be given a crap sandwich. And if you want to be anything in this life, you better get in line for a second helping."

That was Dad, tough, honest, and silently motivating.

Dad gave me plenty of little nuggets of wisdom over the years. One of my favorites was when I walked into the living room as a teenager with my zipper down. He said, "Your zipper's down, boy." I looked down and fixed it. Then he said, "It's okay, son... it pays to advertise."

That was his humor — perfectly timed and completely unapologetic.

When I met my wife some 15 years later, I walked into her office and her first words to me were ,“Your zipper is down”. (I’m kidding about that last part.)

So much of who I am today is a hand-me-down from my father. His work ethic. His humor. His stubbornness. His love. His twinkle.

As I sit here and look at my own son, I can only pray that I’ve done half as good a job as dad did raising me.

Because one day, I hope my son says what I get to say today:

I was blessed.

I was honored.

And I was incredibly fortunate to have had such a great man as my Dad.

Thank you, Dad. I love you.

Leo Girard - February 15 at 08:50 AM

DN

“ *I worked with Henry in fords of green island, he was a good friend and a hard worker. My prayers are for him and his family 🙏🙏🙏*

Dennis Nagengast - February 14 at 10:59 AM



“ *Peaceful White Lilies Basket was purchased for the family of Henry Robert Girard.*



February 10 at 11:36 AM



“ *So sorry for your loss. Prayers for the family.*

linda sokach - February 10 at 06:51 AM



“ *I remember Henry from Ford Motor Co. in Green Island and Sheldon Road Plant in MI. Great guy, will be miss. RIP*

Jim Bailey - February 09 at 03:16 PM



“ *Ocean Breeze Spray was purchased for the family of Henry Robert Girard.*



February 09 at 02:55 PM



“ *Arrive in Style was purchased for the family of Henry Robert Girard.*



February 09 at 10:09 AM

MM

“ Mike & Lynn Mailloux purchased the Be My Love Bouquet with Red Roses for the family of Henry Robert Girard.



Mike & Lynn Mailloux - February 07 at 11:41 AM

JG

“ My memories of Uncle Henry:
Other than being a humble gracious man he was my God father. I remember making my first communion he gave me a present, it was a box that was filled with wrinkled up dollar bills 1,5s,10s,20s and even a 50 dollar bill! I was in aww as a kid coolest gift ever!

We always worked on different house projects growing up our team: Dad,Uncle Henry, Pip, Brother Jimmy and me. Whether his house, our house, or Mim n Pips house. It was always a laugh one time he and I were working in Pips bathroom ripping out walls when Uncle Henry said stop! I think we busted an open a sewer line not knowing he broke wind. Good thing there was toilet nearby lol. He was on the floor laughing hysterically while I dry heaved in the toilet!

That's My Uncle!

An era gone by with nothing but great memories! Rest in peace
Uncle Henry may all our paths meet once again!

👍 oe Guerin

Joe Guerin - February 07 at 11:33 AM

E(

“ Henry you always took great care and love the had for My sister Lee. I will always love you for that love you.(Lees twin sister) Lynn Fields



Elizabeth (Betty)Mailloux - February 07 at 11:06 AM

E(

“ I always said that you where a brother to me. I will miss calling you/ But I know that you are in Lees (your MONKER) and Kim's. arms. You where always there for me. Rest in please . I Love you. XOXOXOX.



Elizabeth (Betty)Mailloux - February 07 at 11:00 AM