



Shirley Luella Leitner

August 30, 1919 - February 8, 2013

Leitner, Shirley, age 93 of Gilroy, CA formerly of Plymouth, passed February 8, 2013. Beloved wife of the late David L. Leitner. Loving mother of Andrew Leitner of Gilroy, CA and Beverly (Dan) Lucas of Avella, PA. Visitation Saturday February 16, 3-8 PM at Vermeulen Funeral Home, 46401 West Ann Arbor Road (between Sheldon & Beck) Plymouth. In state Monday February 18, 10 AM until the 10:30 AM Funeral Mass at Our Lady of Good Counsel Church, 47650 North Territorial Road, Plymouth MI 48170. Interment Oakland Hills Memorial Gardens, Novi. Memorial contributions may be made to Alzheimers Association, 20300 Civic Center Dr, Ste. 100, Southfield MI 48076-4166; or American Cancer Society, 20450 Civic Center Drive, Southfield MI 48076. To leave a message of condolence, please use the link on this page.

Tribute Wall



“ *Shirley Luella Leitner*

December 07, 2023 at 05:11 AM



“ *My deepest sympathy to the family. I know exactly how you feel right now because I just lost a brother on February 10th. God bless you all in your time of sorrow.*

Jami - December 12, 2014 at 10:12 AM



“ *I am so sorry to hear of the loss of such a beautiful, sweet and funny woman. Shirley was one of my dearest customers at the Plymouth Kmart Pharmacy. I loved when she came in because she always had a smile, a story and could make me laugh. She will be truly missed. I loved her. R.I.P. Sweet Shirley*

Jami - December 12, 2014 at 10:12 AM



“ *I first met Shirley 40+ years ago through the Sero Scotty Club. What funtimes we all had camping together. My earliest memory of her was of her laughter. She was always cracking us kids up over something. What an amazing, crazy, fun, energetic, and endearing woman. I have many such fond memories of her that I will treasure always. I aspire to live my life with as much gusto as she lived hers (not sure though if I will try "hog" riding in my 80's! lol). I will miss her. RIP Shirley.*

Laura Updike O'Reilly - December 12, 2014 at 10:12 AM

“ Tonight, my sister and I lost our grandmother. When the phone call came, I wished for one more time sitting at her feet and hearing her stories about the time my baby sister escaped out of her crib and what it was like during the Great Depression—when a loaf of bread was 10 cents—and the time she went camping with two toddlers in the middle of the woods, and how she met her beloved husband, Dave, and all the times they rented horses for an afternoon to go riding, only for her mother to launder her riding outfit three times successively because she could not deal with the scent of horses. My grandmother said that anyone who cannot appreciate the smell of horses was bad news, mother or not. I have more memories of my grandmother than anyone else. She taught me to tie my shoes and play cribbage and knit and that grilled cheese is best with bread-and-butter pickles. We probably ate at least 5568 grilled cheeses together. And 7000 packages of lemon drops. She let me pour the cream in her coffee when we went out to breakfast and she said a little chocolate with every meal never hurt anyone. She lived to be 94, so I guess this must be true. Unlike our parents, she was always early picking my sister and I up from school, which is a great comfort to a girl who was always anxious to escape from people—even school kids—to spend the afternoon recovering from an entire day’s worth of people—especially school kids—among her animals and in her box forts and from underneath the pine tree in the backyard, which she was once certain was a great and vast wilderness. She had a kind, compassionate grandmother who never bothered to correct her. Our grandmother came to every school program, every horse show, every Easter, Thanksgiving, and Christmas, and every living room show that typically followed. She used phrases like “Two-ton-Betsy” and “kaniption fit” and “gosh-by-golly-gee-whiz” and “ohhh-la-la” and I never knew what they all meant, but I always knew what she was saying when she used them. She was there when I fell on a cactus in Arizona and had prickles in the most uncomfortable of places. As she fixed me up, she never said a word or told a soul or even laughed, which must have been a feat. Somehow, she knew modesty is everything to a serious 10-year-old horsewoman. After my first adventure to the

Canadian side of Lake Huron, in which I proceeded to gather every single shore rock I found, as they all appeared to be more precious than jewels or pirate treasure, she sat with me the whole day after, as I washed them and showed her each one, one-by-one. She handled and inspected and admired them as intently as I did. She relived the whole adventure with me and seemed to find the same awe in found, ordinary, wet lake rocks as I did. That means the world to an adventurer. She claimed to be too dumb to help me with my elementary school homework (which wasn't true), but she sat there with me while I figured it out for both of us. She used to worry I spent too much time reading books, but she'd keep my little sister especially occupied while I hid out in one of my many "secret" forts to read for hours, happy and on my own. And sure enough, if I was in there long enough, she'd slide a grilled cheese and a glass of milk under the trap door. She never blew my cover on the days I was a cowgirl, a Cherokee Warrior, a power ranger, a pioneer on the Oregon trail, a runaway, an astronaut, a Bedouin, a mermaid, a bird, or Anne...with an "E." When I got a little older, she drove me to my riding lessons and on one, particularly memorable winter day, she stayed with me in the freezing barn while I desperately tried to soak my stubborn horse's tender sole in a bucket of water and Epsom salts in -10 degree weather. She never complained or hurried me along. And then, to soothe my worries and my grumbling stomach after a 6-hour escapade, she took me out for hamburgers and hot chocolate with whip cream. It was that day that I was first aware that grandmothers are old, and maybe 6 hour days out in the cold aren't good for them. Yet, she still followed m

Jennifer Sulkowski - December 12, 2014 at 10:12 AM

MB

“ Deepest sympathy to the Leitner Family. Mrs. Leitner will no doubt be missed. All of the human family have lost a loved one in death. (Romans 5:12) And death is an enemy of old and young alike. Jehovah God never intended for his human family or creation to experience this. But thanks to Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior he has provided a loving ransom for us imperfect humans. At (Acts chapter 4 and verses 1 and 2) that while Jesus' Apostles were preaching the good news about God's Kingdom and about Jesus' resurrection to the people the chief priests and the captain of the temple and the Sadducees were annoyed because the Apostles were teaching the people and were plainly declaring the resurrection from the dead in the case of Jesus. (the Sadducees did not believe in the resurrection) So, we see that Jesus himself was resurrected by Jehovah God as (Acts chapter 3 verse 26) said. And many other scriptural proofs shows this. So, we can be confident that there is going to be a resurrection(a standing up again) Jehovah God cannot lie (Titus 1:2) also see; (Acts chapter 24 verse 15) If you would like to know more, please contact myself or any of Jehovah's Witnesses. Our official website address is www.jw.org

Mrs. Brannon - December 12, 2014 at 10:12 AM

EG

“ You will always be with us, Shirley...a second Mom, a camping buddy, a true friend, forever. We met you back in 1976, and you and Dave introduced us to the wonderful world of camping. We'll keep you close, remembering your great cooking (roast beef dinners, "oooie gooie", green rice casserole and much more) accompanied by Dave's fabulous salad creations. You were always ready with a great story, sitting 'round the campfire; and didn't own a pet but loved all the canines and cats of your friends just the same. Orange was your favorite color, and chocolate was your favorite food group. Known as "Toots" by your loving Dave, we loved you as Shirl and always will.

Ernie and Linda Gauche - December 12, 2014 at 10:12 AM