



James J. Mance

April 5, 1952 - May 6, 2012

Mance, James J. Age 60. May 6, 2012.

Dear son of the late John and Velma. Survived by many family and friends. A special thank you to the Southfield American House employees and Spectrum Private Duty Care. No services to be held. Memorials to Hospice of Michigan appreciated. Arrangements by Wm. Sullivan & Son Funeral Home, Royal Oak, 248-541-7000. Share your memories at www.sullivanfuneraldirectors.com.

Tribute Wall

GT

“ Like Jim Karshner, I have known Jim and his parents for many years - since 1963. We were in Boy Scouts together, also junior high school and high school. I used to go over his house and go down the basement, where Jim would play the drums. He actually was extremely fast - we used to call him Ginger Mance because he could get 17 beats per second and Ginger could hit 18 to 19. He was an eccentric chap and was into Fleetwood Mac long before Stevie Nicks and Lindsey Buckingham joined the band. Jim was a pretty fair basketball player and runner. As a kid he did some bizarre things like collecting rare bottles of wine when he was 13 years old. He was the hit of the evening at our 20th high school reunion, and to this day we still joke about him sneaking in through a side door of the reception hall to avoid paying for the tickets. According to some sources, he used a phony press pass and he actually was wearing a trenchcoat. Anyways, here's to a most hilarious boyhood friend, whom I did have a very long connection! And his parents were so sweet and nice. Sincerely, Greg Turner

Gregory Turner - July 28, 2018 at 03:10 PM

JK

“ I've known Jim and his parents since the late 50s. I cherish the memories we created through Boy Scouts, especially summers camping on Neff Lake. Jim--not a natural swimmer he hated getting his face wet--persevered through several years and many attempts to finally earn his Lifesaving merit badge and attain Eagle status. Rest in peace, my friend.

Jim Karshner - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

JK

“ *R.I.P. Jimmy. So sorry. You were moved out of your house so fast to who knew where. No one could find you. We tried. You were part of the neighborhood. We don't even know what happened to you. So sad. So sorry. Maybe whomever moved you out will come back to the neighborhood and let us know what happened to you. You will be missed, but at least you are with Mom and Dad.* ”

Janice Kobert - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM