



Joseph Leideker

March 19, 1916 - August 29, 2009

Joseph Leideker Age 93 Long time resident of Macomb County

Passed away on Saturday, August 29, 2009 at Beaumont Hospital Troy

Devoted husband of Marilyn Cherished Father of Kathy Robert Young, Gary Ronda Leideker, Wayne Janet Leideker, Carolyn Craig Morehouse, and Sandy Leideker

Proud Grandfather of Bob Young, Chris Shannon, Brian, and Jennifer Leideker, Danny Leideker, and Marissa, Natalie and Alex Morehouse.

Step Grandfather of Riley and Ron Winters

Great Grandfather of Madison Leideker

Born March 19, 1916 in Cincinnati, OH As a young man, he moved with his family to Detroit. There he learned the art of furniture upholstery, which became his life-long profession, as owner of Leideker Custom Upholstering in Utica, this career lasted nearly 60 years.

Joe and Marilyn were married in 1948, and celebrated their 60th anniversary in 2008.

He is also survived by his brother Anthony, many nieces, nephews and their families.

He was preceded in death by his parents, one sister and two brothers.

Joe loved to hunt, fish, and camp up north with family and friends

Visitation at the Wm Sullivan & Son Funeral Home 8459 Hall Road 3 blks. E. of Van Dyke Utica

Sunday 5-9pm and Monday 2-9pm Funeral Service Tuesday 10am at the

funeral home Interment Cadillac Memorial Gardens East

Family suggests memorials to Our Redeemer Lutheran Church 8600 27 Mile Rd. Washington, MI 48094 for their Building Fund. Please share a memory at www.sullivanfuneraldirectors.com

Tribute Wall

WA

“ Hey dad!!- did you find mom yet?? She should be there, arriving April 2nd 2022 on the morning flight...

Wayne - April 08, 2022 at 11:39 PM

WA

“ Dad: Miss you in the camp, on the boat, along the river, in the woods, buy the fire, preparing for the next season and reliving the stories at the poker table. Thank you for all the years of taking, teaching and showing us the adventures that can be found in the great outdoors. We were blessed that God shared you with us

Wayne - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

WA

“ Dad- Your memory with us is still strong- and we miss you. I miss having you in the boat, in the woods...around the fire in the evening...

Wayne - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

RL

“ Dad, It's been a year and your love for your family is still as strong as ever in our hearts. I miss you dearly!

Ronda Leideker - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

WL

“Dad- 93 years.... You did good. It was a good life- we are all proud of you. You did so much for so many I will miss you and all the times we had together. But I know that one day, we will meet again, and we will never again say good-bye. It's difficult, but we should not cry for your leaving, but instead we should rejoice that God gave you to us. I Love you Wayne

Wayne Leideker - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

DA

imissyou

daniel - May 16, 2024 at 02:30 PM

“Dads Eulogy Dad- With Love. Page 1 of 7 This may start a new trend at funeral homes, but during the course of the next few minutes, I would ask that if you see me start to falter or choke up, to simply throw money at me, 1-5s is fine. This should shock my emotional state back on track... ..its Ok, Pastor Dragek and I agreed to arm wrestle for it. Where to begin... What to say..... 93 years is a long time. A lot that should be said.... A lot has been remembered and reminisced about in the past few days- and there will be many more to come. On Dads 80th we had a party, and I roasted him- and I will lovingly roast him again, and will continue to do so. As you may have read- Dad was born March 19-1916... To help get a little perspective on this for my generation- and younger: - WWI was in its 2nd year, and had 2 more to go Headlines: -The Professional Golfers Association PGA is formed. -Child labor: In South Carolina, the minimum working age for factory, mill, and mine workers is raised from twelve to fourteen years old. -President Woodrow Wilson sends 12,000 United States troops over the U.S.- Mexico border to pursue Pancho Villa. -March 19th Eight American planes take off in pursuit of Pancho Villa, in response to his leading 1,500 Mexican raiders in an attack against Columbus, New Mexico, killing 17. This is the first United States air-combat mission in history. -March 20th Albert Einstein publishes his theory of relativity -Later on that year-The United States National Park Service is created -Woodrow Wilson is re-elected President of the United States -In 1916 the life expectancy for a white male was 50.2 - Updated data today shows that births in 2007 are now at 78 years. Live a good life eh? -Famous people born on that day: Nobody, so its open and all his. 93 years – it was a good run. As we reminisce and share stories... ..did you know- ...that when Dads family moved from Cinn to Dearborn, their property was along property that Henry Ford owned....and that Ford allowed my Dad and his family as well as others, to farm or garden little parcels on his property, and that Ford would often stop in, and discuss the gardens with his neighbors. ...did you know about his dog Duke? Dad trained his hunting dog Duke in Ford's fields behind his home. Duke was trained to respond to only hand and whistle commands. On

several occasions, Henry Ford would walk out and visit with Dad, discussing and watching him train Duke. ...did you know how his mother gave him 3 cents bus fair for a round trip bus ride to school or when he worked at Nickles Arcade in Detroit as a 'change boy'. How a man who worked at that arcade always escorted dad back to the bus stop in the evening to make sure he got there safe. this was before dad was even 14. ... The round trip bus fair was only 2 cents, Dad would fondly recall later how - he would save that penny a day and at the end of the week, buy a snickers bar and go to the roof of the Hudson's Building and watch the traffic on Woodward while enjoying his treat. And it was. Dad worked hard in those days to help support his family. You had to, all money brought into the family in those days – went to support the family. When he saved up his money to buy a convertible- the decision was made that it should be a car the family could use. So be it. Dad- you finally got your convertible But I think the "3" cent bus fair was his moms way of seeing what he would do with it- perhaps testing him- perhaps a 'early life lesson'. 'Work hard and save your money' was not just a cliché, it was his lifelong motto and practice. He was dedicated, devoted and spoke fondly of his family, Lottie his mother- sister Barb, brothers Tony, John and Al -as he was to the family he would build later in life.

Wayne Leideker - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

“ Page 2 of 7 Did you knowhow through the Tip Toppers club a social club for tall men and women he met and married Marilyn- and they remained together in marriage for over 60 years... in a row!! He often spoke of fond memories of the Tip Toppers. The picnics, camping trips- holiday parties, the friends he made. He enjoyed it so much, almost perhaps- that – well, did he influence others? Fellow members and friends John and Pat Koosma- John proposed to Pat at Mom and Dad’s wedding and they’ve been together for 60 years now. my wish for you is to break Mom and Dad’s record. And these stories of the Tip toppers peaked my curiosity, and that is where I met my wife Janet.He liked ‘people’ parties, ...the more the merrier. Let’s have FUN! Not beer or booze bashes or ‘part/parties’- just good old fashioned wholesome family fun. ...When he dated courted mom, things were a bit different back then. You couldn’t just take your girl friend on a weekend getaway- that was not right. So, to take Mom on a weekend trip up north, Dad also took along Momm’s parents, Joe and Ruth as chaperones, Little did he realize that he would fall in love with his father in law in that they had so many common interests and values, and that Ruth, or Ruthie, was the total opposite of the stereotyped “mother-in-law”. Grandma lovingly distinguished between the 2 Joes as “My Joe” and “Marilyn’s Joe”. He loved his M-In-Law as his own Mother- and being raised in this environment, we never saw the witnessed at home the then stereotyped “mother-in-law” jokes that were being projected on TV shows in the 60’s and 70’. I should get some brownie points with my own mother in law ...did you know ...about his gardening...and his unrelentles patience to stand in the yard- pitchfork in hand- waiting for the ground mole to make his next move- Did you know... he worked on and developed a working prototype of a new mole trap that would have made the now banned-original game of jart’s or a pitch fork look as harmless as dental floss... This thing was so deadly that the only marketing name it could be given would have been “Lawsuit”. Had it been marketed, today it would be borderline classified as a WMD. His love and talent of gardening-it was his ‘therapy’. People unwind and relax differently, and this was his. The apple- pears- peaches-plumb & cherry trees- and all the ‘stuff’ that

goes in a garden....and grape vines... Ah the grape vines...its amazing, how- a person- when in 'their comfort zone'- can sum up another person simply by the way they frame a question. Such as the first time you bring home a girl friend to meet your parents, and upon introducing her to Dad, whose at the time 'in his zone' busy trimming the vines- After the cordial introductions the innocent new prospect asks- "what are those? "Concord"- comes the answer- proud and sure. - And before you can jump in to save her- she follows up with "Concord what?".... He still accepted that 'City Girl'. 2 weeks ago, while that 'City girl' had taken mom out to do some shopping, Dad and I sat on the deck...and he still chuckled about that day.

wayne I - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

“ Page 3 of 7 Dads pyrotechnics skills came to a crescendo- when one 4th of July he decides to light up the night by igniting a firecracker he’s had in his dresser for 10-15 years, “confiscated from one of the boys’ was heard to be said.... And upon lighting it- found out too quickly that it was a jumping jack that took a path right up the trousers ...and buried into the....hedgerow. I believe that 4th of July- he skewed the Hospitals federal incident report for documenting the median age of treated firecracker burns. Dads love for his friend Ted- and how he enjoyed their rendezvous at the bowling alley in the later years. He had many fond times with Peggy and Ted, getting together, camping, hunting & fishing trips. And this extended to their children, and to their children as well. As the 2 friends aged, and their 180’s 190’s reported bowling scores starting to decline, it was then determined that ‘Old bowlers never die-...just use the damn gutter would ya! Did you know... he loved games- cards, yathzee- with family, friends, anything where there would be friendly people and a friendly challenge. And he was good. I think he was 78 or 79 when I finally beat him at horseshoes. Now, you could say, “well your just not good at it- No- he was good! But that’s not the point- he never ‘let you win’, but he never belittled or discouraged you- if you lost. He encouraged, supported and ...got you back into the game. When we were younger we were camping at Interlocken SP and there was a sunrise to sunset softball game where the whole campground gathered at the ball diamond for a ‘camp’ game that started early in the morning right into dark. The whole campground! There were so many players- and all rotated in and out- came and went...but everyone got a turn. Dad kept it fair, friendly, organized and fun. People rotated in & out all day long- they’d leave and come back in an hour or 2 to get back in the game. It was the Tip Toppers days relived- he was beaming with the fun of the crowd- family and friends- and you could see it- everyone there- became friends for that day. Later in the day, a hot dog player joined in. A guy that was a little too boisterous and over the top for the style of game that we were in. A show off- braggart if you will. I was young- 10 or 12 perhaps, and I remember when he came to bat- the care free game “for fun”, turned to cold competition, because this

guy was out prove something- and he was aiming for the other side of the treeline in the outfield. As the batter stepped up I recall glancing around at the outfielders positions- everyone was backing up, and he was bragging...This guy was right handed...I was in shallow left field. I looked behind me- the deep left fielder that was behind me, was nowhere to be seen....people rotated in and out all day long- a chill went down my spine. As I started to back up, I turned back to the batter- the pitch had already been thrown- and he connected. I watched its trajectory go way- way over my head gaining altitude and speed as it sailed. Is was on a trip to Lk Michigan. A roar went up from his bench- and he started one of those victorious trots toward 1st base. There was no sense in going after the ball- we'll find it next Tuesday. Heading toward 2nd, I remember he expressed the typical 'show off' mentality to the members on my team and as he rounded 2nd- he gave me that look of "got cha" since it did go over my head. I decided to go look for the ball anyway as he rounded 3rd- and as I did, from deep left field—across the outfield road and behind the campsites on the others side of the road came a familiar voice proclaiming "I got it- I got it" and out cam Dad trotting- waiving the ball over his head- The reaction of the entire ball field was as if it were the finial winning catch of the World Series. And the batter stopped 10 feet from home plate. Dad read the player, and that ball spent an e

wayne L - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

“ Page 4 of 7 But he had a passion for hunting & fishing. ‘Outdoors’ is where he belonged, and he had a deep interest for reading or watching documentaries on wildlife. The past 30 or so years our hunting trips changed from Dad, bro John and the boys...to Dad and the ‘new guys’. Hitching up with a new found friend- John Nellenbach the father of my best friend, Dad started another fond relationship, like ...peanut and jelly. You see, Dad loved to talk, and John loved to listen. From outside the tent all Brian and I would hear would be- waa- waa-wwaaaa ...is that right? Wa-wa-wa-wwa- ...no kidding.....” Coupled that with about 6-12 other high school friends of mine, Dad seemed to start a new chapter- a refreshing and new style of hunting...one that involved....poker every night...and the occasional ‘nip of the ol bottle around the camp fire.....which appeared to be the time when Dad would – perhaps- in an attempt to blend into the conversation that sometimes occurs when a bunch of single 20 some guys gather at a camp fire- with beer- during the hunting season- and talk about..... ...that dad would join in and perhaps in an awkward way to fit in, would educate us with all sincerity – about the mating habits of the Blue Whale..... That topic just about extinguished the camp fire as well. That story is still resounded by the guys today. Those trips ranged from 4 to 18 participants. It didn’t matter- he was in the woods. I believe he once told me that he had hunted for 73 years. His last trip being in 2007- he didn’t hunt that year- it didn’t matter. He was up north in November- and he belonged there. He loved the group hunting, the comrodary- the fellowship, no matter who you were- 1st timer or veteran. - You were welcome in the camp... As long as you were safe to hunt with 2nd only to how many quarters you possessed. Now I mentioned the poker. Gary Dad and I played poked when it was the 3 of us, but is was in these days- with the boisterousness of ‘my group’ that joined in- that dad got creative at poker... Games like straight 7, 5 card draw, guts...dad would look around the table- cluttered with beer cans and piles of coins...and proclaimed .. “This game is called Joe Wins”... “lets make it interesting! One Eyed jacks, King with the Axe, 2s and red 5s are wild –a pair or better to open- trips to win- progressive..... I’m the beginning it would take

longer to repeat, understand and explain that sentence than it would be to play the game. It wasn't uncommon for 2 or more players to have 5 wild cards..... He loved to deer hunt- and so relentless was he at it- that the deer came to him, having one crash through the kitchen window, slide across the table and land at the door of the refrigerator. He was on his way into the house for lunch when it occurred- so he got there immediately after it happened. Looking into the kitchen at the deer he quickly retrieved his pistol and returned, and decided that before he take action, that he should call the police to not only report this incident- but to also tell them of what his intentions were.... I believe.... when the deer heard him identify himself the police- he realized who's home he was in – and got up, ran out of the kitchen across the living room and exited out a 12x12 pane glass window. Mom would later muse that deer had put himself right at the door of the freezer- and Joe still couldn't get him in the freezer. Then the last deer that dad did get- when its size, somewhat resembling that of a collie was questioned, with all sincerity and honesty he shrugged his shoulders and replied- "there's just your mother and me now, and we don't eat much"

wayne L - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

“ Page 5 of 7 His views on politics and taxes.... Let me put it this way- if you think Ted Kennedy went to heaven and can now relax and retire and rest in peace- well guess who just showed up! I-am- sure, that last Saturday morning, after dad finished going through the meet and greet line in heaven, he turned to Kennedy and said “Teddy- I’m going fishing right now- but when I get back, I’d like to talk to you, and bring your friend ‘tricky Dick’ with you Richard Nixon He loved to fish- and here, he loved to ‘teach’ young ones how to fish. He enjoyed the peace and calm that fishing gives. And he ate- all that he caught. Hundreds of bluegill and sunfish Now there’s nothing wrong with that- but they are very boney fish. But being an upholsterer- and spitting tax- which is the long lost art of -----eating a sandwich at the same time- he had such a fine/fine sensitivity with his tongue- that the rest of us- feasting on a plate of 10 bluegills- are taking hours to pick out the bones- weather out of the fish – or our of our gums- and here’s Dad- downing the last bit of coffee- and stating- “what takes you so long”... as he neatly pulls out a rolled and ‘bailed’ block of bones from his cheek. He knew right from wrong- fair from cheating and never crossed or fogged the line. He always did what was right, even if it was not to his favor. Dad was honest & fair. Upstanding and moral. Believed in and protected his name. As his name- his family’s name- was the name of his business- Leideker Custom Upholstering. He knew the vital importance of maintaining the integrity of his name. Starting at age 14 in the upholstery trade, it would develop into his 1 man operation in 1948 to an abrupt ‘semi forced’ retirement in 1979 – 31 years, put him in at around 58 / 59 years in the trade? A classic example of his honesty was in the form of Hurclon- it was a newly -tight woven/durable fabric that was all the rage In the late 60 early 70’s. Gary and I witnessed this as we occasionally worked out there with him- we’d be tearing a couch or something apart- Dad would be running the sewing machine- once someone commented to me about ‘your dad runs a sewing machine? What’s he make- curtains? -. “No” I proudly replied, “Hunting Tents!” anyway- the customer would be looking over the sample books and we’d hear them announce- “oh I like this one”....Dad would walk out- mumble

something about- "don't pick that one"- come back- grab a book of matches, go back out to the front- and we'd start to pick up a stench in the shop.... He'd be explaining- that once lit- the flame can go out- but it will still smolder and continue to melt giving off toxic fumes that would kill or poison their family- all this while I'm watching the smoke curl and roll about the florescent lights... When the customer would leave we'd open the doors to vent the smoke out.... Now- imagine you're the sales rep for Hurclon- and you stop into update the samples... Dads love of the outdoors....was the framework of his soul. Hunting- fishing- camping- travel to the south/north and west. I'm not sure if there was any interest to the east- most likely because a majority of the politicians reside in that part of the country- And that discussion usually started to bring out a strange 'southern' accent where lawyers were pronounced lairs...

wayne L - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

“ Page 6 of 7 But the shop- the shop..... our bus stop- shop. Dad saw us off every morning- waiting in his shop for the school bus. He saw us off to school- and was the first to see us home. I seem to recall- I think Dads wage to Gary and I was 50cents an hour- pretty good then, but remember –he was passing to us, what his mother did with the 3 cent bus fair. There was a bonus plan with our jobs though- we got to keep what we found in the furniture. - there can be coins to – you don’t want to know. I think though- that perhaps he ‘seeded’ a chair from time to time. And I remember when I’d come home from school I’d hop off the bus and run into his shop through the front door to see if he had gotten in any jobs that I could work on.... well- except for the days when I’d see he had a customer and there was smoke pouring out the front and back doors... But our dad’s job- was at home- all the time. In the summer- the 3:00 coffee and cookie tray we’d take out to him. Occasionally- in mid day, he’d come out and toss a ball, or shoot some BBall for a while. He always perfected the long shot...going further and further down the driveway... And to hear him whistle in his shop. Whistling- as he did it- was an amazing – amazing talent he had. Think of John Phillip Sousa marches- the traditional patriotic ones...think of the fife, or flute- the runs up and down on the scale- that’s how he whistled. Our Dad was always there for us. And he was. Now before you say “oh how sweet....” Let me rephrase that He was always there for us- I mean-we never- never heard the phrase-“just wait till your father gets home” He managed, and he provided. And teamed up with our mother- we couldn’t, and we didn’t go wrong. He built his own house- starting in 1948 with a airstream trailer- and adding sections on- the trailer was finally jettisoned somewhere around 1957. And the old house on Van Dyke began to take shape. It was somewhere around this time that that the infamous Joe Rule came about of 1 is good- 2 is better 3 is best!!! This was a rule that involved screws, nails, tape, glue and from what I recall- drywall plaster/mud as well.... I believe mom once said she was still finding piles of drywall dust after 20 years in the house. Dad liked simple things- a simple, un-convuled straight way of life- meat & potatoes kind of guy. He was open, honest, friend to all and a peace maker to many. He

could imitate barn yard animals. Dead on cows, pigs, chickens....When kids don't get up when their mom's been telling to get up. Next came the rooster calls..... You'd swear you were on a farm- in the pen- with the rooster on your shoulder. Did you know he drove his truck till he was 92? We all expressed concern of this with his reflexes and all, but he felt he could still handle it- when questions about his ability to stop quick enough he said- 'but I don't drive that fast'

wayne L - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

WL

“ *Page 7 f 7 Did you know..... Yeah ya do. Ya see, these are – just a few fond memories... There are so many more....yours...and yours ...and yours.. And in closing- I tried to make some philosophical reference...or “what does it mean” or ..something. And every timewhat I wrote on paper- my words caused me to crash and burn. Its emotional, yes. But I think we can complicate this event sometimes- I mean- its as simple as‘its the changing of the guard” The old guard, that loved, protected and taught us, has stepped down- his job well done, time to rest. The sons step up, the daughters turn to their husbands, and the mother is protected. And we- all of us, take what all of our ‘old guards’ taught us, we share their memories, we remember their love, and we try to teach and live by their principals. So that their love, knowledge, memory and spirit surrounds us, as we teach and pass on these memories and traits- to the next generation, our replacements ...and in doing so- the ‘Old Guards’... yours and mine... ... will always be with us.*

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Wayne L - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

RL

“*Dad - Being in the family only a few years I remember the day you welcomed me with a smile and open arms. You always had a hug for me. I guess I will have to wait till I see you again for you to collect all those hugs I owe you! You will forever be in my heart. I love you pop.*

Ronda Leideker - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

GL

“ Dad, thru these tears of hurt and sorrow, a heart-felt and enduring love from Father to Son, and Son to Father, will always and forever shine brightly. I rejoice in all of the memories that I hold for you, of you, and with you. I am at peace with the knowledge that you are no longer in pain, and I know you are, too. I will see you again, Dad, just none too soon, OK ? And thank you, Dad, for I owe all that I am to both you and Mom. Love you, Dad ! Gary

Gary Leideker - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

ST

“ Wayne, Janet and Danny Just want you to know my thoughts and prayers are with you and the other members of your family during your time of sorrow. Wayne, I am glad I had the opportunity to share some time with you and your dad. I know he was wonderful man that cared about his family. Steve

Steve Thorpe - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

MB

“ Carolyn & family, Please know you are in our hearts and prayers. We will be thinking of you and send our love your way that it may help at least a little.

Mark & Patricia Burnham - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

DD

“ Our deepest condolences on your loss. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leideker have always been a joy to our community and an example of how life should be led. Sixty years of marriage is something we all wish we could obtain. Our thoughts, prayers and wishes for Marilyn and the family to find beauty amongst the sad, warmth with the memories, and strength in the coming days. Denise Dailey, and sons Nick and Jeremy.

Denise DeSantis Dailey - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM

CM

“ *There are no words for how blessed I am to have had Dad involved in my life. I already miss him.* ”

Craig Morehouse - March 25, 2015 at 12:00 AM