



James Harile "Jim" Shelton

January 24, 1929 - August 29, 2014

James Harile "Jim" Shelton, was born in January, 1929 in Detroit, MI. He graduated from Cass Technical High School in Detroit with a specialty in the printing trade. Jim entered the United States Air Force in 1948. He married his high school sweetheart, Frances Geraldine "Gerry" Brown soon thereafter. When discharged from the Air Force, Jim and Gerry returned to Detroit. Jim found an entry level job in the auto industry, because there were no jobs open in the printing trade. For the next forty years or so, Jim worked in the automotive sheet metal prototype industry, making parts for forward year cars [and the occasional boat or missile nose-cone]. He worked primarily for Automotive Fabricators ["Auto Fab"] and for Milford Fabricators ["Mil Fab"], which was later bought by The Budd Company. He rose in his factory from Bench Mechanic to Supervisor to Inspector to Foreman to Plant Manager. He was prized by his employer and respected and admired by co-workers and employees. [While respected, he was teased endlessly about being the company's "THB", or Top Hillbilly.] Upon his retirement, the president of the company called Jim "the heart of the company." Jim's humor and buoyant, optimistic spirit made him fast friends and probably kept him out of a few fights. At home in the 1950's and 1960's and 1970's Jim was a good father and husband. Family loyalty was of paramount importance to him. Jim is survived by his wife of 65 years, a son and three daughters, ten grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. He missed his Mom and Dad, when they died, but especially was saddened by the death of his younger brother, Carl, at age

62. He loved his children and grandchildren [and great-grands]. He was open to changing his views. He believed that he learned a lot from his kids, whose values he respected.

Jim used to bring Gerry coffee and peanut-butter toast to her bedside every morning, as his end of a bargain they made early in their marriage--so that Jim wouldn't have to wake up in the middle of the night to attend hungry babies. Jim loved music, singing in the choir and playing guitar. A devout Christian and lifetime member of the United Methodist Men's Group, Jim was often tapped to assume leadership roles in the Aldersgate United Methodist Church in Detroit, Oak Grove UMC in Howell, MI, High Desert UMC in Rio Rancho, NM and Faith UMC Knoxville, TN. Jim believed that his death represented a "Coming home" and he knew that he'd be at home with God. Jim's wife Gerry, their kids and grand-kids believe that part of Jim Shelton carries on in each of us; we are enriched to have known him, and proud to carry his name, his gifts, and his faith as a light into the world. Continuing in Jim's generous spirit, if desired, memorials may be made to Faith United Methodist Church 1120 Dry Gap Pike, Knoxville, TN 37918, CaringBridge <http://www.caringbridge.org/>, or The Alzheimer's Association in the location of your choice <http://www.alz.org/>.

Memorial for James Shelton

Sunday, October 19, 2014, 2pm,

with light refreshments to follow in the Fellowship Hall

Oak Grove United Methodist Church

6686 Oak Grove Road

Howell, MI 48855

(517) 546-3942

Previous Events

Memorial Service

OCT **19**. 2:00 PM (ET)

Oak Grove United Methodist Church
6686 Oak Grove Rd.
Howell, MI 48855

Tribute Wall

“ Although Jim's childhood unfolded mainly in Michigan, his heart always remained deeply connected to family roots in Tennessee. This was most clearly seen in his enduring love for bluegrass gospel and the old country hymns--the simple, strong, old-timey faith-music of his ancestors. Even late in his journey through Alzheimer's, Jim never forgot his love for the music of his youth, songs he heard on his grandfather's back porch; songs that inspired childhood guitar lessons; songs he sang in his Methodist youth group; songs Jim taught to his own children and grandchildren.

But the old hymns were more than historical background; they were blessed reminders of the assurance of Jim's faith in God, his salvation through Jesus. Jim never forced his views on anyone, and he was very economical with words. But Jim was authentic and transparent about his faith life; his children, friends, and colleagues always knew where he stood on matters of eternal significance--and no one ever doubted that Jim's witness was the real deal. This quiet, enduring faith is the narrative warp thread to Jim's life. Scripture tells us--and Jesus reminded us (Matthew 21:31-32)--that God is God of the living, not of the dead. As a teenager, Jim walked to the altar to accept Jesus as Savior. A few days ago Jim took another walk, right into the welcoming arms of his Lord!

One of Jim's favorite old hymns was "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder".

*Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;
Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.*

Praise God, Jim is there, and so may we all. There is no better time than now--right now--to confess Jesus as Lord and Savior, and to share the blessings of His love and care until we get to have our turn to answer God's Roll Call!

~ Joel Salisbury

April Salisbury - September 06, 2014 at 12:04 PM

AS

“ My Grandpa passed away the other day. He was the first man in my life. He raised me for the first few years of my life, which I remember many things from that time. He embraced me with love the moment I came into this world and never stopped showing how much he loved me. He was one of the best people I have ever known. He had a full and abundant life. He had a strong faith in Jesus, and God blessed him in many ways. I have much more to say but for now I will say...Heaven just gained a new piece of light to shine down on us all. ~ Danielle Lanthier

April Salisbury - September 05, 2014 at 11:07 AM

AS

“ Knoxville service information is available at http://www.stevensmortuaryinc.com/_mgxroot/page_10780.php?id=1417326

April Salisbury - September 05, 2014 at 10:27 AM

AS

“ 13 files added to the album Jim Shelton



April Salisbury - September 04, 2014 at 11:22 PM

SS

“ *Memories of Dad*
Steven R. Shelton

My dad died Friday at 2:30, MTN Time

He was a good man.

In 1961, when I was a Boy Scout, I went on my first overnight camping trip,

60 - 90 minutes from Detroit, where we lived.

There was a terrible thunderstorm, windy with buckets of rain on our tents...

the water rolled under them and soaked blankets, clothing, everything.

We did what we had to do and went back to bed.

Back in Detroit, my dad watched the weather report unfold on the 11:00 news.

He drove an hour and a half to where we were camped, saw that I was okay and sleeping and drove home.

This is what good dads do.

Steve Shelton - September 04, 2014 at 11:07 PM

“ Memories of Dad
Steven R. Shelton

My mom [and sisters] liked to sleep later... sometimes when I was 8 or 10 or 12, he'd step quietly into my room before anyone else was up.

"Steve" get dressed, "we're going for a ride."

I'd pull on sneakers, jeans and a shirt and follow him to the car.

He'd drive us down to Detroit's Eastern Market ... along the way he'd reminisce about how he met my mom, or how he punched a friend in the nose who dated mm when dad and she were "on a break"... He didn't tell me then that he used to play hooky from Jefferson Junior High School, so he could go to the Eastern Market and pick up spending money by off-loading farmers; trucks, or delivering groceries

It seems like, at least once, we'd stop at a diner where guys from his factory might be having breakfast... he often worked Saturday or Sunday, so I think he took pleasure in eating while they has to finish up and go clock in.

My regrets about my childhood with my father are mostly about wishing I'd had him more.

Funny, that's the same as today.

Jim Shelton was born in Detroit Michigan in 1929 and died in Albuquerque New Mexico in 2014 [this past Friday] But that doesn't tell you much about him.

I had a terrible truck-car accident in 1990. I had a busted hip, some ribs, a closed head injury and cuts and bruises all over. When my dad drove to Lansing to be at my bedside, he noted that a "false tooth" had been knocked out of my upper jaw. He didn't like standing next to my unconscious self feeling helpless, so he left the hospital.

He learned from the Bath Twp police where my car had been towed.

He drove there. He found my crushed Subaru Justy, with the glass windows all shattered and powdered. He pawed through the powdered glass on the floor of the car until he came up with my tooth.

He drove back to the hospital and left it there, until my dentist] whose name was also Jim, could come to my bedside and glue it into place.

What a wonderful act of love.

What a guy. I love him.

Steve Shelton - September 04, 2014 at 11:07 PM

SS

“ Memories of Dad Steven R. Shelton

My dad was born in Detroit in 1929. But, since his folks were traveling North in the winter to build cars and South in the Spring to put in a crop [before the AFL helped the seasonal exploitation of laborers] ... his brother Carl Fay was born in a share-croppers' shack by a crick near Slayden TN [near Clarksville] in 1931.

Sometimes they quarreled like brothers, but as grown men, they were best friends. They each liked to play guitar and they most liked to play together. Bob Wills, Les Paul, Chet Atkins, Johnny Cash, Willie Nelson, Jimmy Rodgers, Hank Williams... they tried to pick up what they could; and were pretty good.

The Smothers Brothers [Tom and Dick] were a very popular music and comedy team in the sixties. Jim and Carl would pretend to be rivals for their mother's attentions, like Tom and Dick did: "Mom always liked me best!"

Carl died at age 62 following a too-brief struggle with Alzheimers. My dad worried whether he'd go that way too. [not clear now whether ALZ or COPD and cigarettes or what else was the real culprit.

Oh yes... and Roy Clark and Buck Owens and]



SH

“ *On behalf of the French Family of Companies, we express our deepest condolences.*

Shelia Hocker - September 01, 2014 at 03:20 PM