



Kathleen Pearl Butler

May 29, 1947 - April 6, 2021

Kathleen P. Butler, 73, of Bainbridge Township died Tuesday, April 6, 2021 at the Lakeland Spectrum Hospital in St. Joseph.

Family services celebrating her life will be held at a later date and cremation has taken place. Arrangements are by the Fairplain Chapel of Florin Funeral Service in Benton Township. Memorials may be made to the American Cancer Society. Please share memories or messages at www.florin.net.

Kathleen was born on May 29, 1947 in Benton Harbor to Max and Emma Bomke. She married her husband, Julius Butler, and together they brought up their family and farmed the family's fruit and vegetable farm in Bainbridge Township. She enjoyed going to Farmers Markets in the area and traveling with her son to his conventions. She was both a homemaker and a farmer who loved and cared for her family.

Her family includes her husband, Julius; and her 2 sons, Keith Butler of Benton Harbor and David Butler of Benton Harbor.

Tribute Wall

MB

“ MB

Mel Bomke 2 minutes ago

Kathleen was always our older cousin. A little older, and a little bit wiser in the ways of the world.. I remember tearing around the farm with her in an old Mercury, I believe, on the way to the fish pond. She would power slide it around the corners on the sand. I think it was her dad's car. And then doing fishhook burnouts on the road, leaving black rubber marks all over the place.

Oh, and then when she got that Mustang. That was a whole different world! And then, somehow that crazy senseless girl had the lapse of common sense to invite me to be one of the groomsmen at her wedding. Being a product of the sibling rivalry between her dad and my dad, was a recipe for the mischief to come..

Of course, I had to find out where the getaway Mustang was going to be hidden for after the wedding. And once I discovered that, I had to reenact all of the mischievous devious things that I had heard from my dad about what he and my Uncle Max had done to their friends on their wedding getaway cars.

But I was kind. It was just rocks inside of the hub caps, a whistler in the tailpipe, tin cans and rocks on a string under the bumpers, And then, rather than mess up the motor like my dad and Uncle Max would have done, I just opened the hood a couple of inches as though I had done something terrible to it and didn't close it shut all the way.

And then I scurried away back to the wedding reception.

I didn't hear until later, that when Kathleen saw the car with the hood ajar, she immediately suspected me, and was ready to rip my head off.

Of course, much later we laughed about it.

Every time I came back to Michigan, Uncle Max, Aunt Emma and Kathleen were always a for sure stop and visit for the afternoon. And by one they have all left us. Thankfully, my memories of Kathleen are many, a kind and cheerful person, always laughing away whatever misfortune came along..

But my most cherished memory will always be of the wide eyed girl, pedal to the metal, power sliding around the corners in the sand.

Peace, my dear friend

Mel Bomke - April 10, 2021 at 12:54 PM

JS

“ With heartfelt sympathy to Kathleen's family. May memories of her love and works be embedded in your hearts forever. We are praying for the family during this difficult time.



Josephine Smith - April 10, 2021 at 10:27 AM

MB

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Mel Bomke - April 10, 2021 at 12:51 PM