

Jerry, or "Jerr-Bear," the handsome man, monkey man (because of his love for bananas), plus many more loving nick names of endearment was loved by anyone who met him. He loved to give out hugs and hold hands. He loved to lay across your lap and rest. Jerry was so affectionate. His smile was so contagious; his laugh was silent but not unnoticed, and it would send anyone around him into laughing and smiling right along with him.

He loved snoozing on the couch but knew exactly when it was meal time. Jerry was either in the kitchen trying to take a bowl of whatever was out to be prepared or go for an unfinished plate. Once he did get served, he would do a celebratory "happy dance" in his chair with a huge smile on his face.

Jerry was often found with bananas that he had torn open, sometimes the whole bunch at once. He would just giggle and smile when he was "found out" and wait for you to open another banana so he could enjoy just one more. He loved his purple and red juice, diet cola, and anything in the "sweets" category was snarfed up in seconds. Jerry was the personality of his home on Indiana street. Staff often joked that he was in charge when leaving for the day.

Jerry loved his pink kitty and loved rubbing it on his face, sometimes throwing it on the ground for someone to then pick up and give back to him. He slept with it during his many naps. He loved to pull his shirt over his head. If you uncovered his face, he would have the biggest smile just for you or other times he would let you know that he would like to stay covered up. Jerry did not use words to speak but did have his own language that he communicated with through gestures, yells, purrs, singing out, and tongue trills. People that spent time around him could decipher what he was trying to communicate and at the same time be in awe of his many abilities to produce so many sounds. Those sounds are gone now and are ever so missed. Jerry lived an adventurous young life and got to slow down and happily relax as he got older. He never went a day without being with someone he loved and also loved him.





High Flight

*Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
of sun-split clouds, - and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of -
wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air....*

*Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace.
Where never lark, or even eagle flew -
And, while the silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
- Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.*

John Gillespie Magee Jr.

In Memory Of ***Jerry Arlan Windedahl***

Date of Birth

August 20, 1948
Carthage, South Dakota

Date of Death

May 20, 2019
Rapid City, South Dakota

Funeral Service

Tuesday, May 28, 2019, at 2:00 p.m.
Kinkade Funeral Chapel
Sturgis, South Dakota

Officiating

Chaplain Joanne Pryor

Special Music

"Return to Innocence"

Pallbearers

Jim Windedahl Robin Denke Tracy Glasford
Shanna Niswender Meda Hansen Brittney Sogge

Final Resting Place

Oak Ridge Cemetery
Deadwood, South Dakota