



Helen J. Randall

April 21, 1931 - May 10, 2025

Helen Joan Randall, age 94, of Lexington, passed away Saturday, May 10, 2025 at McLaren Port Huron Hospital.

She was born April 21, 1931 in Detroit, daughter of the late George and Anna (Skarbek) Rys. Helen married Kenneth M. Randall on December 4, 1954 in Angola, IN. He preceded her in death January 11, 2015.

Helen attended Saint Andrews High School where she discovered a passion for stenography and shorthand. She was also an active member of the cheerleading team and the choir. Prior to becoming a homemaker, Helen worked as a secretary at Ford Motor Company. She enjoyed gardening, canning, baking, sewing, and spending time with her family on the lake.

Helen is survived by her son, Kenneth (Cheryl) Randall; daughter, Karen (Michael) Lemieux; 5 grandchildren, Tyler, Brian, Scott, Tara (Fiancé Trevor), and Troy; her sister-in-law, Joan Rys; as well as many nieces and nephews.

She was preceded in death by her siblings, Eddie, Theresa, Joseph, Genevieve, Stella, Stephanie, John, and Mary.

A Private Family Memorial Service will be held at Great Lakes National Cemetery in Holly, where she will be inurned next to her husband, Kenneth.

In Lieu of Flowers, memorials may be made to the Capuchin Soup Kitchen, or the Charles Bonnet Syndrome Foundation.

Tribute Wall



“ *I remember Helen as a classmate at St. Andrew High. A dedicated Cheerleader for the Flyer's basketball team. She was a fun person always smiling. Rest in peace Helen.*

Charlotte Marena Chmielnicki - May 14, 2025 at 06:34 PM

RB

“ Going to aunt Helen and uncle Randy’s house was always fun. They built a cabin on the shores of Lake Huron, where I could wander the beach and fish.

Uncle Randy was the consummate fisherman, gardner, trail maker, tree planter, and motorcycle rider.

Our families had a joint holiday on Brevoort Lake in the upper Peninsula, where we sailed off into the big water to catch fish in a little motorboat. A big storm blew up and we were close to capsizing before we reached shore, thanks to Captain Randy’s boat skills.

I have fond memories of our parents playing pinochle long hours into the night while the dad’s drank long neck Strohs. I was always fascinated by hearing the Strohs brewery had open taps of beer for the employees. That was ended after a Worker’s Compensation cases connected alcoholism to employment on the job.

Aunt Helen was clearly my mother’s favorite and our families always loved to be in her presence. She was always kind, welcoming and you knew you were going to enjoy your day, if you were at the beach. I remember reading the novel “the ugly American“ while sitting in a row boat on the beach. The neighbor girl took me out for a fishing trip where we were catching perch two at a time and ended up with a boatload of fish. The dream of a young boy.

I also have a beach on Lake Michigan with a 20 acre parcel across from the beach that’s honeycombed with motorcycle trails. I always wondered why our folks planted trees while they were in their 70s. It made no sense I thought, meanwhile I just planted \$20,000 worth of cedar trees.

Letting go is always difficult, especially after you spent years struggling to keep her alive and well. Get ready for what I call psychological whiplash because now you have to face life without your mom. It ain’t easy, but the spirit of Busha and our moms will guide us forward. Most importantly, you’ll never have to go to the

*tombstone and play the game of I wish I would've should've
could've but just did not have the time.*

Ron Bahrie - May 13, 2025 at 01:23 PM