

In the early morning of Tuesday, August 25, 2026, Kenneth (Mike) Marler peacefully took his last breath, at peace with Jesus and ready to be welcomed home. He was born October 10, 1947 to the late Kenneth L. Marler and Vera Athleen Marler-Knapp (McMillan).

Mike is preceded in death by his younger brother Stephen Lee Marler (Denise), and cousins, Jaqueline (Lewis) Mason, and Libby Lewis.

Mike's legacy continues with wife Christine (Stamm) Marler, daughter Becky (Josh) Pemberton and their daughters, Evie Jane, and Penelope Marie; and son Joe (Jamie) and their daughter Ava Christine. Sister Carolyn (Jim) Sheppard, nephew Zachary Bekemeier and niece Kaitlyn Sheppard; and sister-in-law Denise Marler, and niece Emily (Andrew) McFarland, and their girls, Lucy and Violet. Being Papa was the world to Mike; giving tractor rides around the yard, taking walks to pick up leaves and sticks, playing on the floor, and playing "tickle monster" or "spider walks," so many giggles.



Mike grew up in Granite City, Illinois and we often heard stories, told through bouts of laughter, about all the antics he and friends got up to growing up. For a short time, Mike attended university in San Diego, California and SIUE. He returned to the St. Louis area to begin work and settle down. He worked at Sunmark when the kids were little, and would often bring home fresh granola bars, chocolate milk, and candy from production. What a treat those nights were! Most of his adult working career was spent as an inspector for McDonnell Douglas, now Boeing. Because of his slender stature, Mike was able to maneuver into the small spaces of planes. He often brought the kids to see test flights and tell of the incredible sound and power he witnessed working around such feats of machinery.

Mike and Chris married on November 28, 1970. They raised Becky and Joe in Arnold, Missouri. Family vacations were often to Table Rock Lake, where Mike would revel in his happy place - fishing in the early morning hours out on the lake. When not peacefully on the water, Mike loved to bowl. Monday nights, Thursday nights, and many, many weekends away at tournaments were spent with friends. During his last days at home, friends stopped by to visit and so many stories were told of times at the lanes. Mike was able to keep bowling until just the past year, when his breathing would no longer allow him to continue. Mike was a lifelong fan of Cardinal baseball and Mizzou sports. When we were little, our summers sounded like Jack Buck and Mike Shannon announcing the ballgame, with the TV muted.

Mike was someone who was a helper. If you needed help moving, he helped. If you needed help sandbagging during a flood, he helped. If you needed a weekend without the kids, he helped. If you needed help putting in floors, he helped. If you needed something, and it was within his means to do so, he helped. To help honor Mike, help others, and, take care of yourself; get check-ups and screenings, ask questions about your health, and stop smoking.

There will be celebration of life at a later date.

