



Bruce A. White

January 1, 1949 - May 26, 2026

Bruce Arthur White was born January 1, 1949, and passed away peacefully on May 26, 2026, leaving behind a legacy of love, hard work, and devotion to family.

He dedicated 34 years of service to U.S. Manufacturing before retiring. Throughout his life, he enjoyed many hobbies and adventures, including bowling, golfing, camping, and traveling. Whether spending time outdoors, exploring new places, or enjoying friendly competition on the golf course or at the bowling alley, he embraced life with enthusiasm and appreciation. He shared 58 wonderful years of marriage with his wife, Connie, and together they created a lifetime of memories.

He is survived by his wife, Connie, daughters, Rebecca Elizabeth and Cynthia Evon, eight grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren, all of whom brought him immense joy and pride.

He was preceded in death by his beloved son, Terence James and his daughter Julie Andrea.

Though he will be deeply missed, the memories he created and the love he shared will remain in the hearts of all who knew him.

Services will be private.

Arrangements in care of Jowett Funeral Home – Port Huron

Tribute Wall

JZ

“ *My little buddy we worked for many years side by side at the plant together. I really missed him when he retired he was such a great co-worker, funny, caring, hardworking man, we played golf quite a bit together and we bowl together on a couple league's. Unfortunately I wasn't able to get to see him much after he retired. But Bruce I loved you like a brother and now you're in God hands. Keep that big oh smile going.*

Jeffery Zarling - June 07 at 08:27 PM



“ *1 file added to the album LifeTributes*



Jowett Funeral Home and Cremation Service - June 02 at 08:43 AM

RE

“ One of my favorite memories of my dad is how he would find a daddy longlegs and gently pull off its legs one at a time, saying, "You love me, you love me not," just like people do with flower petals. As a child, I thought it was the funniest thing. It was such a simple, silly moment, but it always made me laugh.

Looking back now, it's not really about the daddy longlegs at all—it's about the time we spent together and the little things that made my dad who he was. Those ordinary moments became extraordinary memories. I can still hear his voice and see his smile, and those memories will stay with me forever.

It's often the smallest moments that leave the biggest imprint on our hearts, and this is one of the memories I will always cherish.

Rebecca - May 29 at 05:17 PM