



Byron N. Dwylitis

December 23, 1947 - April 9, 2026

Byron N. Dwylitis, age 78 of St. Clair Shores, passed away peacefully in his home on April 9, 2026. He was born on December 23, 1947, in Highland Park, Michigan at Detroit Osteopathic Hospital to the late Clifford F. and Carolyn T. Dwylitis.

He worked as an engineer at Chrysler Corporation and displayed a wonderful knack for solving problems. Byron truly lived life to the fullest, through simple pleasures; chatting with friends and family, cooking hunting, fishing and woodwork. Byron had an uncanny ability to reach people in a deep and positive way.

He is survived by his sister, Trudy Dwylitis and many family and friends.

Byron will be cremated and placed next to his father as he wished.

Services will be private.

Services in care of Jowett Funeral Home – Port Huron

Tribute Wall



“ Byron was many things to many people—but to me, he was simply Uncle Byron.

Though not bound by blood, he was family in every way that truly matters. From my earliest memories, Byron showed his love through quiet generosity and thoughtful gestures. Even when he didn't have much, he gave what he could—like the Barbie camper he gave me for my second birthday, a gift I cherished more than he probably ever knew. As I grew older, he continued to look out for me, surprising me with name-brand clothes when I otherwise went without. It was never about the things—it was about how much he cared.

Byron had a gift in the kitchen that brought people together. Whether it was pig roasts, homemade pasta, or the bagel sandwiches he'd bring by, his food was an extension of his love—comforting, generous, and unforgettable.

He was also a man of many talents, someone who could build just about anything with his hands. He shared that generosity in countless ways, including giving me my first car—a 1963 Javelin. I didn't fully appreciate it at the time, but it's a gift and a memory I hold close now.

Byron didn't just give things—he gave experiences and lessons that stayed with me for life. He taught me how to shoot a crossbow, a bow and arrow, and a gun. Because of him, I learned not just the skill, but a deep respect for hunting and responsibility. He also took me ice fishing—memories of sitting in an oversized shanty, freezing cold, yet somehow feeling like it was the greatest thing in the world, are moments I'll never forget.

Some of my favorite times were spent at his home—long days and nights in the hot tub, laughter all around, and his beloved Bouvier dogs, Hammer and Mallet, never far from his side. Those moments were filled with warmth, comfort, and a sense of belonging that he created so effortlessly.

Byron was not only my uncle, but also my godfather—a steady, kind, and giving presence throughout my life. He had a way of making people feel seen and cared for, often without needing recognition.

*He will be remembered for his generous heart, his talents, his cooking, his lessons, and the love he gave so freely. While he may be gone, the memories he created and the kindness he showed will live on in all of us who were lucky enough to know him.
He will always be my Uncle Byron.*

Shawn Lynn - April 23 at 11:39 AM



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Shawn Lynn - April 23 at 11:38 AM