



Jay Arthur Drogmiller

December 20, 1939 - April 21, 2020

"On Monday, April 20th of 2020, Jay Arthur Drogmiller, talented photographer and loving family man passed away at the age of eighty in Novi, Michigan. Jay was born on December 20th of 1939 in Howell, Michigan. Jay was preceded in death by his father, Lloyd Albert Drogmiller, his mother, Kathleen Mary Drogmiller and two children, Brian Jay Drogmiller and Dawn Marie Drogmiller. Jay is the oldest son of nine children, and had many beloved nieces, nephews, and friends. Jay is survived by his wife, Judith Drogmiller, and his two children, Curtis (Kathleen) Drogmiller and Laurie Drogmiller. Jay was a warmhearted grandfather to David Papaj, Lindsay Papaj, Hope Drogmiller, Melissa Drogmiller and Joshua Drogmiller.

Jay started his career in photography at the age of eleven and was later self employed by Jay's Lab where he spent many years creating art. On September 28th of 1960, he married his loving wife, Judith Marie Drogmiller. Jay had a passion for fishing, photography, bird watching, and was a life-long Detroit Tigers fan. He enjoyed quality time with his family and had a strong belief in family traditions. Jay was known for his quick wit, sense of humor, infectious smile, compassionate heart, and his love for family and friends. Jay Arthur Drogmiller will be buried at Lakeview Cemetery (920 Roosevelt St, Howell, MI 48843) in Howell, Michigan."

Comments



“ Uncle Jay Booger...the smile who made you smile behind the camera as well as in front of it. The man who never tired of the typical dad jokes—he was the pull-my-finger king. I can still hear him singing ‘hello dolly’ when I entered the room as a little girl...the uncle who handed me a quarter when I showed him my new purse “Because It’s bad luck to have a new purse with no money in it.”

I remember afternoons at their house in Southfield, when the brothers would get home from salmon fishing while the smells of the home made smoker filtered into the air...the crunch of an oven toasted salt bagel with cream cheese and grape jelly from Detroit Bagel after the adults played cards...

The love in his eyes whenever he looked at Aunt Judy, and the sultry grin he would get when he heard those Bluesy songs, singing along to Mack the Knife and Steamroller. The chuckles he got from watching a poopy diapered Justin walk up to unsuspecting people who wanted to see that cute baby until they caught the scent of him.

My most recent memory of 4 brothers together at Pete’s 76th birthday party, although all of them officially ‘seasoned citizens,’ acting like 10 year olds, poking through with their goody bags, razzing each other, with pure joy in their hearts because they were able to be together.

This man was human. Maybe even a little imperfect as us Drogmiller’s sometimes are (haha). But he loved his family, his friends, and had so much to be proud of. He may have dropped the first line into the ultimate heavenly fishing hole, but those of us who are still on earth, look forward to admiring his catch when it’s our turn to join him. Xo



Debbi Welch - April 24, 2020 at 08:44 PM



“ Jay loved life. his family, hunting, fishing, monthly poker games, occasional Casino trip, making people laugh, gently teasing almost everyone. And as the reactions would happen he would get that elfin grin and wink.

I’ll never forget going hunting with the Guyes at Clarion Swamp. What a challenge you and the Guyes presented me.

He was a professional photographer and had his own studio. Although he took thousands of photos of the famous and not so famous, the new cars for the Big 3, his family photos captured time for all of us. But he excelled in the dark room where he worked magic with negatives that were flawed. He always elfin joked that he “did his best work in the dark.” A hardworking man who was also an Artist. Always willing to show those interested in his craft how to do it better.

Although he was my husband’s brother, I considered him my older brother too.

Thank you for all that you did for us. You are greatly missed. Until we meet again.



“ I spent a lot of time at the Drogmiller house growing up. Mr Drogmiller, Jay, always seem to have a big smile on his face. Even when we would go to his lab and use up all of his chemicals and photo paper, I think he was happy that we were doing something constructive. He always called me Mr Brew...I liked that. God bless you sir!

michael Brewster - April 24, 2020 at 07:01 PM