



## Mr. Kenneth Dale Wilson

December 7, 1930 - December 30, 2025

It is with great sadness that we announce the passing of Kenneth Dale Wilson, 95, beloved husband, father, grandfather and great-grandfather. He passed away at his home in Guntersville Alabama onto his heavenly home, on December 30, 2025.

Ken leaves a legacy of generosity of his faith and love to all who knew him. His kindness for those in need, never ceased. He valued his family and loved his neighbors, friends and church, active in leadership of his church, an inventor, entrepreneur and a follower of Jesus. His hobbies were many, as he enjoyed traveling and playing golf. He built numerous model boats, including the Titanic and Grand Banks, a replica of the one he had owned. He was a pilot and at 80, he built a 125 HP Lightning, composite 2 place plane in Shelbyville, TN. His love for the church was evident and he played an active part in every aspect at the First Methodist Church of Guntersville, went to a retreat to take the Walk to Emmaus, a life changing event for him.

He was never a spend-thrift and told stories about how his mother raised him and his brother Phil, never to waste anything. He washed his paper towels and reused them as napkins and continued to be saving all his life. He loved reading and had a collection of many books, and an avid Bible reader, as well as, his Kindle and his depth of knowledge was amazing. He received his BS in

Mechanical Engineering, University of Iowa, MS in Industrial Engineering, University of Iowa, Engineer at Eastman Kodak, Rochester, NY, Assistant Chief Engineer, Evans Corp., Moline, Illinois, started Reels, Inc., East Moline, Illinois, CEO/Baker Mfg., Hartselle, AL, Designed and built 100,000 SF Manufacturing facility for steel reels. Guided the company from one plant to 9 plants in seven states. Formed Home Security Systems of Alabama, Received Real Estate Brokers license, joined South Realty, and later purchased it. created EPIC, LLC (Empty Pocket Investment), a partnership with the late Gene Garrett and Jim Vaughn, built shopping centers, apartments, office buildings and condos and invested in real estate.

Ken is survived by his wife, Joyce Wilson, daughters Lynn (John) Price, Lauri (Troy) Stewart and Kenneth Dale Wilson II; Step Children Kimberly (Fred) Joiner and Ronald Hunt; Grandson Jeremy (Malory) Whitaker; Step Granddaughter Christie Davis; Nephew Greg (Pam) Wilson and special friends Joe Noel and Jim Vaughn; Preceded in death by Brother Phillip Wilson.

In lieu of flowers, the family asks that donations be made to Southern Care Hospice or to Guntersville First Methodist Church. Visitation and Ken's funeral was held Friday, January 2, 2026 at Guntersville First Methodist Church, with Pastor Terry Bentley officiating. Burial was at Maple Hills Cemetery, Huntsville, AL. Pallbearers were Men's Bible Study Class and honorary pallbearer was Bob Strong.

# Cemetery Details

## Maple Hill Cemetery

202 Maple Hill Drive  
Huntsville, AL 35801

# Previous Events

## Visitation

JAN 2. 9:00 AM - 11:00 AM (CT)

Guntersville First Methodist Church  
539 Gunter Ave  
Guntersville, AL 35976-1527  
(256) 582-2001

## Funeral Service

JAN 2. 11:00 AM (CT)

Guntersville First Methodist Church  
Guntersville, AL 35976

## Burial

JAN 2. 1:00 PM (CT)

Maple Hill Cemetery  
202 Maple Hill Drive  
Huntsville, AL 35801



# Tribute Wall



“ *Laurie Raulston lit a candle in memory of  
Kenneth Wilson* ”



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**Laurie Raulston** - January 02 at 08:33 AM

“ 1.1.2026 Kenneth Dale Wilson from Lynn Wilson Price

*Dad was born on December 7, 1930, and often noted—always with his wry sense of history—that he arrived “11 years before Pearl Harbor Day.” He and his brother, Phil, were raised by their mother, who worked as a nursery aide. Money was tight, but their home was rich in resilience and love—“Grandma always had food on the table somehow,” he would say—and Kenneth remembered those early years with deep fondness.*

*A gifted problem-solver and lifelong builder, Dad earned a Master’s degree in Mechanical Engineering, paying his own way by sweeping up after class and taking on odd jobs whenever he could.*

*(Somehow, he even won a car along the way—and promptly wrecked it, a story he could tell with perfect comedic timing.)*

*Dad loved adventure—especially if it involved something that moved. He loved flying, and as his children were growing up he piloted a Cherokee Piper , turning family trips to visit relatives in St. Louis and Iowa into true adventures. He also loved boats, buying one of the first houseboats in Decatur, Alabama—“basically a box on pontoons,” as the family remembers it—before graduating to a Grand Banks that carried him to countless fun trips and memorable destinations.*

*In the 1960s, Dad and a partner started Baker Reels. He told me he “didn’t know what he was doing”—he had only seen a reel manufacturing plant once—but that didn’t stop him. He designed the machinery, engineered the process flow, and built the business through relationships with Alcoa and other industries, helping the company become a thriving success. Over the years he also sold burglar alarms in Huntsville (we were extremely well protected), and later found a strong fit in commercial real estate, where he truly excelled.*

*Dad put his engineering mind and determined hands to work at home as well. He designed and planned the family house in Decatur, pouring himself into the project and creating a home full of stories. The home backed up to a wildlife refuge, and the family raised bunnies and “all manner of wildlife,” surrounded by a neighborhood full of kids, laughter, and prankster adults—pranks*

*the children often found themselves on the receiving end of. His life also included moments of sheer survival and grit. Dad and Phil once lived through a tornado that tore off the roof, shifted the foundation, and turned ordinary objects into projectiles—curtain rods embedded in walls “like darts,” and even a VW bus flipped upside down in a tree above a pool. Kenneth said it sounded like a train, and that they were “biting the carpet” to keep from being blown away.*

*Among his many acts of everyday love, Dad helped me buy my first car—a Ford Falcon with a jumper cable for an antenna, a hood wired shut, and a trunk gas tank sealed with rubber all the way around. “You had to roll down the windows or you’d pass out.” It was classic Dad: practical help, a good story, and a memory that stayed forever.*

*Over the years, Dad taught us by example: the importance of being honest and kind, that your reputation was only as good as your word, and that hard work and doing the right thing—especially when it was harder—was simply how you lived. Above all, Dad treasured time with his family, and he valued his friends, neighbors, and church community. He loved reading the Bible, and his faith was a steady anchor throughout his life.*

*I’m happy he’s in Heaven, I’m sad that his physical presence is gone. Love you Dad!*

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**Lynn Wilson Price** - January 01 at 05:55 PM