



Mr. Jerry Bret Godsby of Capron

October 18, 1966 - July 6, 2018

Jerry Bret Godsby, 51, of Capron, Illinois.

Loving husband of Samantha, nee Hoening; devoted father of Devon Godsby, Jared Godsby and Heather Godsby; cherished son of Johnny and Margaret “Bonnie” Godsby; fond brother of Angelia (Sean) Gahgan and Lonnie (Juli) Godsby; loyal friend to many.

Family and Friends will meet Saturday, July 14, 2018 from 10:00 A.M. until time of memorial service at 2:00 P.M. at Morizzo Funeral Home and Cremation Services, 2550 West Hassell Road, (Northeast corner of Barrington Road), Hoffman Estates, IL. 60169.

For further information please contact the Morizzo Funeral Home and Cremation Services at 847.752.6444.

The family has created a Life Tributes page; at MorizzoFuneralHome.com to share memories, photos and videos.

Cemetery Details

The Directors at Morizzo Funeral Home entrusted with any Visitation, Funeral & Committal; requested.

2550 Hassell Road
(Northeast corner at Barrington Road)
Hoffman Estates, IL 60169
(847) 752-6444
ross@morizzofuneralhome.com
<http://MorizzoFuneralHome.com>

Previous Events

Visitation

JUL 14. 10:00 AM - 2:00 PM (CT)

Morizzo Family Funeral Home, Cremation Services, and Cemetery Memorials
2550 Hassell Road
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Service

JUL 14. 2:00 PM (CT)

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Tribute Wall



“ *Mr. Jerry Bret Godsby of Capron*

November 04, 2022 at 06:54 PM



“ *Country Basket Blooms was purchased for the family of Mr. Jerry Bret Godsby of Capron.*



July 13, 2018 at 05:24 PM



“ *Simply Chic Mixed Plant Basket was purchased for the family of Mr. Jerry Bret Godsby of Capron.*



July 13, 2018 at 09:59 AM



“ *Divine Peace Bouquet was purchased for the family of Mr. Jerry Bret Godsby of Capron.*



July 11, 2018 at 05:21 PM

BH

“ Bruce Hoening purchased the Grande Gourmet Fruit Basket for the family of Mr. Jerry Bret Godsby of Capron.



Bruce Hoening - July 11, 2018 at 05:09 PM



“ Heart's Companion Bouquet was purchased for the family of Mr. Jerry Bret Godsby of Capron.



July 11, 2018 at 11:45 AM



“ You have Lived....A Tribute to my dear friend Bret

The First time I met you was sitting in the Hot Tub at “The House of Pain” and exchanged glances, and accepted each other and started talking about the things we enjoyed. In that 30 minutes of first meeting you, I knew you and I were cut from the same cloth, even though we grew up in different parts of the world, you would be “My Brother From another Mother”. What could 2 young kids with a dream from Terrell, TX & London, England possibly have in common? Well, it turns outeverything I ever wanted in a friend. Everything I had done in my life, Bret had done. We both liked to ride dirt bikes, scuba dive, snow ski, Harley rides, ATV’s & especially Snowmobile! By the end of that “3 Old Style Hot Tub Session” We had become fast friends. I knew right away that there was something that I liked about him, & it was more than his signature TX drawl or “Aww Shucks” demeanor. You could feel his good soul, his character, I could tell...”He has Lived” This all happened in the first 30 minutes of meeting Bret. We were both in our early forties, and as time goes by, so did our adventures. The adventure that is Legend among Man and Beast is the tale of Bret & present company riding on a snowmobile trip 427 miles in one day. Those among us that have ridden a snowmobile know that not only is this amazing, it is only for a few that can take that kind of punishment. I am not sure about the rest of you, but if anyone here can top that, Well, I tip my hat to you, & Bret would as well! On one of our many snowmobile trips together we rode 360 miles in one day, and Bret still had more to go. I wimped out at the 360 mark, but never Bret. He never was a wimp, He didn’t complain, he just put his shoulder into it, and moved the chains. He never complained, even all the crap he was going through the last 2+ years, he didn’t complain, all the pain, surgery, nausea, and suffering, all he did was sit back and listen and smile and interject his wit and wisdom where needed, and if I was lucky I would get his version of “Aint No Rest For The Wicked”, which is much better than the Cage the Elephant Version, If I don’t say so myself... Bret’s Heart and Soul was above and beyond anyone.... If you were

Bret's friend, there was nothing that he would not do for you. It didn't matter what time of day, It didn't matter what he needed to do, Bret was there to help, diagnosis, fix, problem solve, and talk about it, then talk about it some more, and finally talk about the process on how it got to be fixed. Everyone here knows that, and there are few of you here, he has not personally helped, even if it was a middle of the night furnace fix 10 below zero, talking through each step, and you lived hundreds of miles away. He happily did that to make the people he cared about feel good and comfortable. He lived to make his loved ones happy, and I know when ever I would see that blue van roll up my driveway as it did hundreds of times, I was always in better spirits because of it. We shared so much together, and I know in my heart, my dear friend, how much I Miss You, & Love You. You deserve to be in a better place, 427 miles from here, but close enough to know you are looking over us. You have lived my friend, You have lived.....

JP Robson

Jon-Paul Robson - July 10, 2018 at 08:40 PM

DG

“ *One of the nicest people you could ever meet.*

Donna from GECB - July 10, 2018 at 02:42 PM



“ *Medium Dish Garden was purchased for the family of Mr. Jerry Bret Godsby of Capron.*



July 09, 2018 at 09:58 PM

TS

“Bret was my best friend growing up through the high school years anyhow. It was the 80's and we had some fun. Bret oozed confidence. He was adventurous. He was courageous He knew how to do everything. And he could always do things a little better than i. He used to drive his dirtbike 14 miles to come by my house and visit. I remember tying a rope to sheetmetal and dragging each other all over the pasture. We grew up together and he was more a brother than a friend. Bret had a nice z28 camaro and a nice truck. And he liked tweek en em. And we ran the country roads. We lived in a small country town 30 miles east of dallas. And then Bret moved to illinois. And i missed him. Thought i might try it up there. But it was too cold. I made it a couple of months. From that i remember me and Bret riding down the road in a blizzard, a whiteout it was called. we both looked over at the idiots who slid off the road. I believe we were laughing at em. When we looked back at the road , we could not see it . I know why its called a whiteout now. And we became idiots, as well. And there was a time when bret stopped on the train tracks when a train was coming and acted like the truck died. But when he went to start the truck , it would not start. And literally at the last second it started. There were many memories. The one that sticks out the most to me is. We thought we would rent a sailboat. It was small boat, tiny, one sail. Although neither of us had ever sailed, we knew we could do it. We could do anything. So we assured the guy renting the sailboats that we were competent sailors. Once we pushed off from the dock we went straight for the rocks. We had no clue how to maneuver the boat. We had to be rescued and left with our tail between our legs. I can attribute my career choice to Bret. I was 17 and in jail. I needed to get out of town. I told my dad, sign me up for that school Bret went to. I figured if it was good enuf for Bret. And i have been in that field all my life. It is the people you grow up with, that mold you into what you become. having been able to share those years with Bret is one of the many blessings in my life. And i will always cherish those years. I have missed Bret for a lifetime, now. It goes by so quick. Like so

many of us, i truly thought one day we would be able to share each others company, again.

I have always carried a little of "Bret godsby " in me. And always will. He now lives in us that knew him. He will be a spark of courage. That sense of adventure.

I would like to take this time to thank the "godsby" family. Knowing them made me a better person. Not only did i pick up some things from Bret. I picked up a few things from johnny and bonnie as well. Good things. The whole family "rides with honor"

I do not believe i will attend the memorial this july 14. As it turns out, I will be starting sailing lessons on that day. And as sure as i am that he will be with yall at the memorial, there will be a part of him with me.

*Bret Godsby,
thank you , for being who you were. It was a good run, but it was too short.*

*Goodbye my friend
Todd Starnes*

todd starnes - July 09, 2018 at 09:24 PM

AK

“ *So many great memories of Bret. Snowmobiling, camping, even working. But the ones I will always cherish the most were just sitting in his garage drinking Old Style. Just sitting there talking about family & life. Listening to his many stories about growing up in Texas, and how much he loved his RC planes. Bret always gave more than he ever received back from people. I will always regret not being a better friend than what I was. He truly was one of a kind.*

Art Kreutzer - July 08, 2018 at 07:55 PM

TH

“ *Offering our deepest condolences during this difficult time.* ”



Those of us at Morizzo Funeral Home - July 08, 2018 at 12:51 PM

JH

“ *the story of Basset pond*

Bret and I had just finished getting certified in scuba. we both were really excited about the idea we could now go on our own and explore the depths anywhere and everywhere . Bret suggested we make our first adventure at an old swimming hole that alot of people had frequented. There was a story attached to Basset pond about an old crane that was at the bottom of the pond. It was there because before it was a pond it was a gravel pit all be it a small pit ,reason being that when they were digging the hole they hit a spring and it flooded before they were able to get the equipment out. Sounded like a perfect place to discover something ,or at the very least see the crane looming in the darkness of the murky water, you can almost picture it .

How awesome it was going to be we thought.

so there we were . I drove my truck loaded with our brand new scuba equipment onto this property (yes ,it had no trespassing signs posted) Anyway ,thats not the point , we were on a mission ! we got all suited up, which is no small task . we made our way to the ponds edge .gave each other a high five because we had finally made it there. We jumped in and put our regulators in our mouths ,let the air out of our BCD's , gave each other the thumbs up and went down into the murky depths to discover the crane that was said to be there.Well , there wasn't much for down and there certainly wasn't any sort of depths to be found . we swam around puzzled at first and thought we were needing to go to the otherside where it surely had to be deeper. It wasn't. there was no crane . I think we achieved a whopping maximum depth of 11 feet that was with our depth gauges stuffed as deep into the muck and seaweed that covered the entire bottom. we got out of the water and sat in the back of my truck laughing at how we even bought into the story. because the pond actually was quite small and really was not realistically capable of having a machinery of that size . that was our first non instructed dive adventure. we weren't disappointed ,we were amused...

Jeff Hack - July 07, 2018 at 11:57 PM