



Jerry C. Tatum Sr.

January 14, 1943 - January 25, 2026

TATUM, Jerry C., Sr., 83, a resident of Prattville, AL, went home to be with the Lord on Sunday, January 25, 2026. Jerry was a devoted husband, loving father, grandfather and great-grandfather. He was a man whose life was marked by a service to others and trust in God's promises. For 45 years he shared life with his beloved wife, Sheila Kelley Tatum; they enjoyed Alabama football for many years and travelling together. He is survived by his wife of 45 years (2026), Sheila Kelley Tatum; two sons, Butch Tatum (Michele) and Shane White; four grandchildren, Jessica, Holly, Gabby and Weston; four great-grandchildren; sister, Becky Tatum Wilson (Randall); brother, Larry Tatum (Becky); extended family and friends. Jerry was preceded in death by his parents, Clarence and Myrtis Tatum and brother, Paul Tatum. Brief family graveside service will be on Wednesday, January 28, 2026 at 2:00 pm at Prattville Memory Gardens with Prattville Memorial directing. In lieu of flowers, memorials may be made in memory of Jerry to one's favorite charity.

Cemetery Details

Prattville Memory Gardens

841 Fairview Avenue
Prattville, AL

Previous Events

GRAVESIDE

JAN 28. 2:00 PM (CT)

Prattville Memorial Chapel and Memory Gardens
841 Fairview Avenue
Prattville, AL 36066
(334) 365-7147
prattvillememorial@live.com

Tribute Wall

SB

“ Sheri Yarbrough Bush lit a candle in memory of Jerry C. Tatum Sr.



Sheri Yarbrough Bush - February 16 at 12:08 PM

SF

“ Skinner family purchased the Crystal Cross Bouquet for the family of Jerry C. Tatum Sr..



Skinner family - January 28 at 10:18 AM

SW

“ Jerry was the most kind, loving Spirited man I've ever known or will ever know this side of eternity. Jerry truly did have a servants heart and I'm honored to have been called his son. I will miss him dearly and I'll see him soon in glory. Jerry told me his testimony personally and he was saved (TRUSTED JESUS CHRIST AS HIS PERSONAL LORD AND SAVIOR) as a teenage boy. He will be missed so very, very much!!

Shane White

Shane White - January 26 at 12:20 PM

A Story About Papa

If you asked anyone who truly knew him, they'd tell you Papa didn't need big speeches or fancy words to show how much he loved his family. His love lived in the small things—quiet gestures, steady presence, and the way he always seemed to show up exactly when you needed him. He was the kind of man whose heart spoke louder than his voice ever needed to.

Papa was tender-hearted in a world that sometimes forgets how gentle men can be. He wasn't one to say "I love you" every day, but somehow, you never once doubted it. You could see it on the sidelines of ball games as he clapped, smiling under his cap; in the camper/RV seat as he drove to an Alabama game with him beside you, and especially in the kitchen, where his cooking could make even an ordinary day feel like a holiday.

He never raised his voice, not once—not because life was always easy, but because he carried a patience most people only dream of. He was a giver by nature. If someone needed help, Papa was already grabbing his keys. If you wanted something, he found a way to make it happen. "No" simply wasn't a word he kept in his toolbox.

I remember as a little kid he worked for ICEE, he'd bring home those frozen treats like he was delivering treasure. To a kid, it felt like pure magic—your very own ICEE, straight from Papa, as if he'd gone on a special mission just for you. And honestly, he had.

Every summer, Papa took on another mission: opening the pool. He did it joyfully, almost ceremonially—uncovering it, cleaning it, testing the water, making sure it sparkled just right. He didn't do it for praise; he did it because he wanted you, your family, and your friends to have a place to laugh and be together. When that pool was open, you knew summer had officially arrived—because Papa made it so.

And oh, the Alabama fandom. If passion could be measured in heartbeats, his would've been beating crimson. He cheered hard and carried his love for the team like a badge of honor. Sharing that with you wasn't just about football—it was about time together, memories stitched into Saturdays, and a bond strong enough to last a lifetime.

Papa wasn't perfect—no one is—but he was something far more rare. He was dependable. Gentle. Giving. A man who loved deeply, though softly. A man who didn't need to say "I love you," because he lived it every day—through home-cooked meals, open pools, quiet kindness, and a devotion that wrapped around you like the warmest blanket.

He loved you like his own, because to him, you were. He truly loved his family. All of us.

And in the story of your life, he won't just be a chapter. He'll be a steady, glowing presence—one of a kind, irreplaceable, and forever treasured. Papa is now with our loving Savior, and we can't wait to see him again one day.

From his granddaughter, Gabby

Gabby - January 26 at 12:56 PM