



Pernell Layne

September 10, 1965 - December 30, 2025

Pernell Layne

September 10, 1965 - December 30, 2025

Pernell Layne, age 60, of Andover, MN, passed away peacefully on Tuesday, December 30, 2025. A kind soul with a heart of gold, Pernell was known for his unwavering devotion to his family and friends. His spirit and legacy of love will live on in the hearts of those who knew him forever.

Life and Career

Born on September 10, 1965, in Columbus, OH, Pernell was the son of Berchie Layne and Sandra Lou (Ritchie) Vanantwerp. He proudly served in the US Army. Throughout his professional life, Pernell was a respected leader in the automotive logistics industry. He dedicated many years as a Director of Logistics before serving as Vice President of Operations and Business Development for car hauling companies. His colleagues will remember him for his work ethic and leadership.

Beyond his professional achievements, Pernell found his greatest joy in the outdoors and the kitchen. He was an avid fisherman and hunter who loved the peace of nature. He also enjoyed traveling and was a talented cook, particularly at the grill, where he spent many happy hours preparing meals for his loved ones.

Family

Pernell was preceded in death by his parents Berchie Layne and Sandra Lou (Ritchie) Vanantwerp, his beloved son, Connor Layne; his three nieces, twins Brandy and Krystal Blade, and Chelsea Zinda; as well as his grandparents, and many dear aunts, uncles, and cousins.

He is survived by:

- His Wife: Robin (Boeson) Layne.
- His Children: Sons Nathaniel (Dana) Pettit and Kevin Kraus, and daughter Autumn Layne.
- His Grandchildren: Jacob, Reylan, Huxley Pettit, and Houston Wallis.
- His Sister: Tina (Bruce) Watson.
- His Nephew: Shane Zinda.

He also leaves behind a wide circle of extended family members and friends who will miss his kindness and unforgettable presence.

Tribute Wall

TW

“ 1 file added to the album *My Husband & Friend*



Tina Watson - January 04 at 09:15 PM

TW

“ 16 files added to the album *My Buddy*



Tina Watson - January 03 at 11:43 PM

TW

“ In Loving Memory of Pernel

*"My Little Buddy" Born in Columbus, Ohio |
Entered Eternal Rest: December 30, 2025*



Saying goodbye to my little brother, Pernel, is one of the hardest things I have ever had to do. Though I was the oldest by only 3 years, I never imagined a world where he would pass away before me. Growing up, he was my "little buddy," and even as we navigated the complexities of adulthood, he remained my Buddy.

Our family was the four of us: Mom, Dad, Pernel, and me. We weren't rich by any means, but we were rich in life. We moved from the city of Columbus, Ohio to the country in 1973 when I was 11 and he was 8. We spent our childhood farming and surrounded by animals, though as we grew into our teens, we both found ourselves missing the pull of the city.

A Brilliant, "Stinker" of a Brother -

Pernel was a character from the very beginning. He was "Momma's boy" through and through, and he knew exactly how to push my buttons. I'll never forget the evening we had soup beans and cornbread; I was so annoyed by his loud chewing that I threw a piece of cornbread at him. Of course, the crust hit him, he cried, and I was the one who got in trouble!

He was also frustratingly brilliant. While I struggled with math, Pernel was a natural with arithmetic, bringing home straight A's that made me cry to Mom, wondering why he had to be so smart.

He was a cook and baker at heart, too. He'd get into Mom's old recipe books and create masterpieces, though he was never quite as good at cleaning up the mess. I still remember the morning Dad told me I couldn't get on the school bus until the kitchen was clean. I tried to explain that Pernel made the mess, but Dad started

throwing the dirty dishes in the trash instead. As I joined in the "trashing," I could see Pernell sitting there, laughing at me whenever Dad wasn't looking. He was a stinker, but he was my stinker.

The Heart of a "Ride or Die" Friend -

Pernell lived with an intensity that was rare. When he loved, he loved hard. He was the kind of man who would give you the shirt off his back. If you were his friend, he was your "ride or die." He was direct, straightforward, and no-nonsense—if you crossed him, you knew it—but beneath that honest exterior was the most loving, kindhearted person I've ever known.

Distance never mattered to him. No matter how many miles were between us or what was happening in his own life, if I picked up the phone in a time of need, he was there. His support was immeasurable.

A Final Visit-

We shared so much loss together. We lost our father to cancer in 1995 when he was only 57, and our mother to the same disease in 2021. This past June, Pernell visited me. As we sat and reminisced, we both admitted a shared fear: that we wouldn't live past the age our father was when he died.

Neither of us knew then that Pernell would only make it three years past that age. Just a week after our visit, he called to tell me he was terminally ill, and six months later he was gone. It remains unfathomable and impossible to understand.

Until We Meet Again -

Heaven is filling up with my loved ones, and on December 30th, it gained another beautiful angel. I don't know how to say a final goodbye to my brother, so instead, I will just carry him with me. I will

carry the memories of the sleepwalking boy marching in the living room, the "math genius" who hated cleaning the kitchen, and the man who was my greatest support.

I love you, Pernell. Until we meet again.

Tina Watson - January 03 at 11:27 PM

MB

“ *To all of Pernell's family you are in our thoughts and prayers. May you find some peace knowing he is in a better place. Love and hugs of comfort sent your way. Mark and Renee*

mark boesen - January 03 at 02:40 PM