



Alan Greiner

February 2, 1937 - April 20, 2026

GREINER - Alan., 89 of Cedar Grove, NJ passed away on April 20, 2026 in Livingston, NJ. Born in 1937 in Oradell and was a long-time resident of Cedar Grove, NJ. Alan was a retired Aerospace Engineer. He worked at Kearfott Guidance & Navigation for 42 years. Highlights of his career are working on the navigation systems for the Space Shuttle and the two Voyager spacecraft that visited the planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. Alan is survived by his son Glenn Greiner with his wife Ruth Ann, daughter Lynn Foley with her husband Mark, and four grandchildren, Michael Greiner, Kristen Greiner Ouellet with her husband Jacob, David Foley, Elena Foley. Alan was predeceased by his beloved wife Gail L. Greiner who passed away in 2003. Alan's hobby was gardening. He had magnificent flower gardens at his home in Cedar Grove and his former weekend home in the Poconos. He traveled to all 50 states and several European countries. Traveling to all 50 states was a bucket list item for Alan. He enjoyed having lunch monthly with his former co-workers from Kearfott Guidance & Navigation. He always looked forward to the last Thursday of the month for his "meeting" with his friends. Visitation hours will be on Monday, April 27, 2026, 3:00 PM – 7:00 PM at VAN TASSEL FUNERAL HOME, 337 Belleville Ave, Bloomfield, NJ 07003. Funeral Service will be on Tuesday, April 28, 2026, 10:30 AM in St. John's Lutheran Church, 216 Liberty Street, Bloomfield, NJ 07003 followed by Interment in Hollywood Memorial Park & Cemetery, 1500 Stuyvesant Ave., Union NJ 07083.

Memories of Alan Greiner from Lynn Foley

One of the biggest things Dad gave me was a love of the outdoors and the mountains, in particular. Some of my earliest memories are of vacations swimming and sailing at Lake Dunmore in Vermont. In 1974, Dad had a small vacation home built for us in the Pocono Mountains. Every Friday night during the school year, we religiously piled into the car for the 90-minute drive, listening to radio shows and 8-track tapes, my brother and I playing travel bingo and occasionally being forced to sit on our hands when fights broke out. Dad was so determined to make it to his retreat, regardless of the weather, that there was a time or two that the car had to be abandoned at the side of the unplowed road, around the corner from our house, and everyone had to trudge back and forth through the snow, lugging everything packed for the weekend. Once the car was unloaded, though, we got to building snowmen, ice skating or sledding. My mom would hold onto Dad's hand for dear life while skating, and my parents would share a sled where they flew down a series of streets that were not heavily used in the winter and often not completely plowed. If conditions were perfect and our neighbor iced the corner by his house (unknown to the adults), an up to half-mile ride ensued, culminating at the bottom of what Dad called "Whoops Hill." Summers were spent swimming; taking long walks; sailing; fishing; picking blueberries for cakes and pies; or playing badminton, bocce or a wonky game of croquet in a backyard covered with shale.

Dad also loved to spend his time gardening. He was proud of his green thumb, and everything had to be "just so". He kept both homes' gardens full of flowers, and an array of colors in the Poconos literally slowed traffic. Well into his '80s, he could be seen in his yard, hand watering his precious plants with a wand on his hose when Mother Nature was not cooperating.

Dad also instilled in my brother and me the importance of working hard and

doing a job the right way. He graduated as a salutatorian from Irvington High School. He earned a full scholarship to Steven's Institute of Technology in Hoboken, where he studied engineering and graduated as a valedictorian. While in college, he started what became a lifelong career at Kearfott Guidance and Navigation, where he was proud of the precision of his gyroscopes, which determine direction and orientation. He handpicked the gyroscopes used in the Space Shuttles and Voyager spacecraft. Years later my brother met astronaut Scott Kelly, who said those gyroscopes always reliably did their jobs.

Dad loved to travel. When we were kids, there were many road trips, the bulk of them teaching us some aspect of American history. Once we were grown and the house in the Poconos was sold, he and Mom began to travel farther afield — Hawaii, a canyon loop drive, and San Francisco were among the destinations they visited. After Mom died, he continued to be bitten by the travel bug and went on many tours in the US and abroad, taking hundreds of pictures along the way. Always a frugal man, it was his one indulgence. Dad was happy that he accomplished his bucket list of visiting all 50 states during his lifetime.

Dad had a legendary sweet tooth, which for better or worse, seems to pass to each generation. He always said he ate the main meal to get to the dessert. Mom baked regularly when we were growing up, and after she died in 2003, he learned to make Christmas cookie and pie recipes rather than to go without.

My parents also taught us that marriage was something you don't give up on without a good fight. They were married for 43 years when Mom died suddenly on New Year's Eve 2003. Though shocked and heartbroken, he was always one to carry on. His love for her was probably most evident by taking a

look inside the house, where he would change the many decorations she bought with the seasons. He even put all the Christmas ornaments on the tree every year by following photos of the tree Mom decorated during her last holiday season.

Last but not least, church was always an important part of Dad's life. During our time in the Poconos, we spent many hours in youth group activities, vacation bible school, Sunday Services and potlucks. In his final years, despite it being hard to walk and it taking him three hours to get ready, my brother Glenn still took Dad to St. John's once a month. On the other Sundays, he took time out for a tele-ministry service.

Rest in peace, Dad. We'll miss you but take comfort knowing you are in a better place back with Mom.

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Memories of Alan Greiner from Kristen Greiner Ouellet (Granddaughter)

When I picture Grandpa in my head, there's usually a camera in his hand. Whether he was dodging basketballs or a foul ball at one of our sporting events, snapping pictures of graduations or concerts, or doing some rendition of "Say money, say funny, say honey" before a family group picture while trying to make sure there was at least one picture where no one blinked, he was always taking pictures to capture the memories of our family.

When the weather was nice, visits to Grandpa's house always included games of hide & seek and wiffle ball among the meticulously maintained flowerbeds in his backyard. Grandpa would pitch and all four grandkids would try to blast the wiffle ball through the gaps in the trees to land in the neighbor's yard across the street. Inevitably, one of us would get the ball stuck in the branches instead, sometimes to the point that Grandpa would need to grab a broomstick from the garage or climb a ladder to retrieve the ball as we

shouted out directions from the ground. Grandpa also had a collection of board games for us to pick from in his basement, and he indulged us with countless rounds of the Flintstones board game and the flower matching card game at the dining room table.

From Grandpa, we learned that you get through dinner to have dessert. He famously had a sweet tooth that was passed on to his four grandchildren, and you could always count on there being a plate of brownies on the table shortly after a meal of porcupine balls (a family favorite). After Grandma passed away unexpectedly in 2003, Grandpa even learned to bake the same cookies she made every Christmas to make sure that all of our favorites were still on the dessert table. As we got older, he shared family recipes, like apple pie, anise seed cookies, and snickerdoodles, with us. I remember the first time I made the anise seed cookies, Grandpa called me before I started baking to make sure I knew his secret tricks to make sure the cookies came out just right.

Grandpa also instilled in each of us a love for travel. Growing up, we heard about Grandpa's adventures traveling across the United States with Grandma, my dad, and my aunt. After Grandma passed, he continued to explore, expanding his travels to parts of Europe. He completed his goal of visiting all 50 states, and he was happy to share stories and show pictures of his experiences. When we were older and he was no longer able to travel, Grandpa loved to hear of our adventures. He would give us tips if he had been to one of our upcoming destinations, and with his photographic memory, you could rely on him to tell you down to the street intersections where to find the best bakery in a city.

Most importantly, Grandpa showed us the importance of staying connected as a family. Growing up, if there was an event for him to be at, you knew Grandpa would be there with his camera. He cheered us on at various soccer, basketball, and softball games. He watched band concerts, choir concerts,

and school plays. Whether half an hour or eight hours away, he would be at awards ceremonies and graduations. And as we each moved out of our parents' houses to begin our adult lives, Grandpa called every Sunday evening to hear how our week had been and if we had any fun plans, to let us vent about how work or school was going, and to give an update on other members of the family. Those calls will be missed greatly.

Grandpa had a keen interest in the history of our family, which could be seen in the gigantic binders of stories that made up the Greiner family tree that he worked on for as long as I can remember. In recent years, Grandpa also began bringing photo albums with him to family gatherings so he could share moments from his childhood and early adulthood with us all so we could know his stories. I will always cherish listening to him recount things like the pranks he and his friends pulled on each other in college, or hearing how he proposed to Grandma by asking, "Missy G, do you want to be Mrs. G.?"

He was the keeper of our family's memories, and his memory will live on in us.

Previous Events

Visitation

APR 27. 3:00 PM - 7:00 PM (ET)

Van Tassel Funeral Home
337 Belleville Avenue
Bloomfield, NJ 07003
(973) 743-1234 or (973) 743-1761
<https://www.vantasselfuneralhome.com>

Visitation

APR 28. 9:30 AM - 10:00 AM (ET)

Van Tassel Funeral Home
337 Belleville Avenue
Bloomfield, NJ 07003
(973) 743-1234 or (973) 743-1761
<https://www.vantasselfuneralhome.com>

Funeral Service

APR 28. 10:30 AM - 11:30 AM (ET)

St. John's Lutheran Church
216 Liberty Street
Bloomfield, NJ 07003

Graveside Service

APR **28**. 12:00 PM - 12:30 PM (ET)

Hollywood Memorial Park
1500 Stuyvesant Ave
Union, NJ 07083

Tribute Wall

JD

“ John D. planted a grove of 3 [Memorial Trees](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Alan Greiner.

John D. - April 27 at 11:03 AM

MA

“ Manny A. planted a grove of 3 [Memorial Trees](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Alan Greiner.

Manny A. - April 26 at 07:35 AM



“ Peaceful White Lilies Basket was purchased for the family of Alan Greiner.



April 24 at 03:40 PM

JG

“ John and Eileen Gargon purchased the Florist Choice Bouquet for the family of Alan Greiner.



John and Eileen Gargon - April 23 at 10:19 PM

JG

“ John and Eileen Gargon planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Alan Greiner.

John and Eileen Gargon - April 23 at 10:19 PM

BG

“ hi Lynn, Glenn, Ruth Ann, Mark and family! where to start.. ? Praise GOD from whom all blessings flow... seems like a good start.. give credit, where due. I'm in happy tears reading your memories, Lynn, and so blessed that our parents were friends in church from the time they were probably sunday school age, maybe 6 yrs old for our mom and your dad. What a wonderful life!! .. and a beautiful, amazing mind! For Tina and I, we are So blessed by your family.. that your parents wanted to double- or triple the fun, by having us spend many weekends with your family in the Poconos... blueberry hunting.. He knew where all the best berries were.. And there was Always a plan... don't just pick willy-nilly... you have to Taste from each bush first.. make sure they're Not crunch berries!! we'd take our little yogurt containers, and would probably feel like it took hours to fill your cup, w those little wild Jems!! But, there probably was a lesson for us there too.... u want a tasty treat? it takes some hard Work!! (espec if you kick over your little cup on the ground!!o} I remember the sledding on streets... the back yard badmitton and even trickier, on uneven shale... Basketball... 2-on-2 ... what a Competitor too... and, as a 10-12 yr old kid, there was no getting around him, and his lanky (bony butt)/ frame... it felt like playing against Wilt Chamberblain, And Kareem Abdul-Jabbar... but, what fun we had!! And then there were New Year's eve's.. whenever we were old enough to tag along... wow... we were So blessed. By your mom's hospitality, her baking (blueberry pies, etc, etc), and the LAUGHTER. Oh what a Laugh that man had... and the twinkle in his eyes. I am so glad for our heavenly father, that put our parent all together. Alan had the best stories.. of our dad, and his method of staying awake in night school, etc, etc, etc... i'm in tear writing this, but thank you for the trip down memory land. We love you all.. we are sorry for your loss, but thankful he is reunited with his sweet Gail... the way he cherished her memory, with his meticulous decorating at Christmas... priceless... That's how we should love.. in life, and even after losing someone so precious. I'm sorry one went so fast, but you got bonus years with Dad!!! looking back.. it's so crazy that your mom left us on New Year's eve.... and that our mom joined the heavenly chorus on New year's morning, many years

later, but i'm sure... we will have Lots of laughter... And, no more tears... where we're all headed... "when we all get together... what a blessed time that will be." Our saviour will provide... even all the good weather... and no shadows or darkness at all.. Hallelujah = praise GOD!!!!
love, Brian and Bonnie.... Tina and Wayne too!!!

Brian Godwin - April 23 at 08:48 AM

GG

Brian, your memories had me laughing. I needed that. Especially, the description of our 2-on-2 basketball battles against our dads.

Glenn Greiner - April 25 at 06:11 AM