

Jack and I were both members of the NCCW

We first met nearly 5 years ago, when I joined the woodshop on its opening day. Jack had been involved earlier as one of the initial founding members.

That was typical of the Jack I got to know; he was on the ground floor of a new adventure at 89 years old.

Keep in mind this was a time others his age were losing friends. Jack was making new friends.

Quite often woodworking is a relatively solitary hobby. Men and women working in a basement, garage or driveway, simply for the satisfaction of having made it themselves.

The woodshop Jack and I belonged to changed that solitary hobby to a community hobby that provided camaraderie, fellowship and a good dose of humor to our woodworking efforts.

Jack personified that camaraderie through his ambitious projects, willingness to learn new methods, and a dogged determination to see a project through.

The beach chair you see here is a shining example of not only Jack's ability but also his ingenuity.

The story about the chair goes like this; Jack shows up at the shop one day announcing his plans to build the beach chair he saw while on vacation with his family.

When Bill, one of our members asked if he had any plans, well Jack pulls out a drawing with some pretty cryptic notations on it and begins to explain that it is \$10.50 high, the seat is \$5.25 high, the arms are \$5.75 long and \$1.00 wide and so on.

Well, lacking a tape measure or ruler while on vacation, Jack measured the chair he wanted to build with a dollar bill!

That was Jack, the lack of a tape measure or ruler certainly wasn't going to hold him back. And if a measurement was a little off... well... that's what wood putty was for.

As Jack grew older, he used wood putty a lot. He didn't sweat the small stuff, something we all should do a little more of.

As a matter of fact, Jack was so fond of wood putty that at times I thought what when his girls were growing up and skinned a knee or elbow, Jack must have just put some wood putty on the abrasion, told them let it set up for five minutes and sent them back out to play.

But you know, even as a woodworker, Jack didn't leave his salesman roots at the woodshop door.

He was personable and outgoing with visitors to the woodshop, engaging them in conversation, and selling them on the benefits of joining the woodshop.

Selling was in his blood, and he was good at it.

I'm proud to call Jack a friend. He not only always listened to what you had to say, but he cared about what you said and felt. There's not much more you can expect from a friend.

At the woodshop, Jack was an inspiration to us all, his friendship, subtle humor and quick smile will be missed.

Godspeed my friend.