

Jack Kinsner's Eulogy

May 29, 2018, to May 12, 2018

Hi, I'm Kathy, the oldest of the three Kinsner girls. Our middle sister Sue doesn't trust herself to speak in situations where crying might be involved, so I'm speaking for both of us.

95 years. We are all so lucky to have had Jack in the world for so long! Research tells us that the number one thing that helps people live a long life is social connections. Take a moment to look around you. These are the people who kept Jack in the game.

We'd especially like to thank our sister Lisa and her husband Steve, who kept a close eye on both of our parents as they got older. Lisa went to every medical appointment and became really good at Internet research. There were countless games of Scrabble and trips to the lake to watch the sun set. There was a Plan A and a Plan B for everything—with a phone charged and standing by in case a Plan C was needed. We are so grateful.

Thanks to Sue and her husband Tim, my nephews Rob, Pat, and Jack*, and their spouses and kids for making our dad's world a fun place to be. To Sara Pepper and Don Pepper—who've demonstrated time and again that once you're part of the Kinsner family, you don't get to leave. And to my husband, Josh. Even when you weren't able to be here, we felt your love.

So many people to thank! Our dearly departed mom Betty for her 64 years of patience and good humor. My parents' housekeeper and dear friend of 20 years, Diane Velez, who took over the impossible task of making order out of my Dad's chaos after my mother died. Yolanta and the team of nurses' aides at Independence Village. Kathy and Audrey at the front desk, the guys at the Monday morning breakfast club, the poker players, the members of this church, realtors, Kiwanis, the judge and bailiffs at the Avon Lake Municipal Court, the folks at the North Coast Community Woodshop. Our Uncle Jim and Aunt Nancy, cousins, neighbors and friends. And Missy Jones and Maurie and Mary Tomanek, who were there when three sisters weren't enough.

And, of course, my dad's special friend and scrabble-playing partner, Jean Lamvermyer. He loved your adventures together!

It took a village to arrive at this day, and we thank all of you.

Keeping this brief is challenging. Fortunately, Jack has written many stories about his early life. If you look in the back of your bulletin, you'll find a link to more than 60 pages of them online.

Many of his stories involve mischief of some sort. For example, my Dad was always late. Always. But never quite so conspicuously as one day long ago, when I was still in elementary school. Jack was participating in some Boy Scout event, got his car stuck in the mud, and was HOURS late to pick my mom up from grocery shopping. On her birthday. Her initial relief that he wasn't dead passed quickly, and she reached into the shopping bag and started throwing things. Cantaloupes. Which Jack caught, laughing, as if he were at a sporting event for tardy spouses.

Our dad took a huge interest in our lives. When I was teaching, he made plywood Christmas ornaments for the kids in my class. When I was working in kids' TV, Dad flew to New York City to celebrate an Emmy nomination. He rented a tux. He looked very handsome. Our show won, which made for a really fun night. As we were leaving the Marriott, I left my Dad at the curb, holding the Emmy while I hailed a cab. He was promptly approached by two soap-opera fans, who were pretty sure they'd spotted a celebrity. "Who's that?" said one. "Oh," said fan #2, "That's nobody." Dad got a kick out of that.

He was definitely somebody—somebody who made every day count—often to the alarm of those who were hoping he'd live a long and healthy life.

7 years ago, he was out on the lake fishing with a buddy in the last and smallest of his boats. He fouled his anchor line, broke the shear pin, and had to be towed in by the Coast Guard. He was 87. His co-captain was also in his 80s. After that, we suggested a new rule: that the combined age of two fishermen in a tiny boat shouldn't exceed 150 years. We would also like to thank the Coast Guard.

Wherever he went, our dad lit up the room and made everybody else happy to be there. His absence leaves a big hole in the world. I hope all of you will help us fill it with his stories.

Love you, Dad.

*I neglected to mention Tim's kids, Tim, Tammie, and Tessie, and their spouses and children, also an important part of my Dad's life. Apologies. We love you!