

I'm Sandy Stack and I have been a friend of Jack's for 15 yrs, 10 of those with Avon Lake Kiwanis.

I met Jack and Lisa when I joined Realty One as a part-time receptionist in late 2003. The relationships I built there stayed together, but more so with Jack as he sponsored myself and my husband when we joined the Avon Lake Kiwanis. And that is why I am here, to talk to you about Jack and Kiwanis.

He had joined Kiwanis in 1986 with the urging of his old friend and fellow boat club member, Bob Marimon. Their friendship went back to 1938, they were best friends and best men at each others weddings. Bob even introduced Jack to Betty.

When we joined Kiwanis, Jack introduced us to a club that was full of community service and helping children. It was dinners with loads of chatter, camaraderie and growing friendships as we worked with each other mentoring Key Club, Builders Club and K-Kids.

When a position on the fundraising committee opened, Jack used his wiles and smiles and convinced me to help out. After a couple of times putting placemat ads together, it became our full time spring job getting the placemats ready for print for Kiwanis pancake breakfasts. We developed a system that got things moving quickly and easily for all our Kiwanis helpers selling ad space. We raised a bit over \$3000 every spring. I think every time we met to see how sales were doing, we would work for 20 minutes then talk and laugh for another 2 hrs. More fun than work.

Jack found a new way for the club to obtain funds for our projects by getting our members involved in selling ride tickets at the Duct Tape Festival. With his infamous tag line: "You are sitting in an air conditioned booth for a couple of hours with people throwing money at you" he was able to get enough volunteers to cover a ticket booth for 2 and a half days and earn \$1000 for the club.

He served on the Kiwanis Board a number of times. These would cover 2 yr periods each with monthly discussions on how to improve our club, our community and ways to help our kids grow and become whatever they wanted to be. He worked the line at the Pancake breakfasts, serving sausage and cakes to the community he knew and loved.

When Kiwanis were asked for help, He volunteered at Special Olympics, took part in the Avon Lake Relay for Life as a cancer survivor, and worked with Kids in Flight, a program that is held every June down at Burke Lakefront Airport, helping wherever he was needed. He helped fellow Kiwanians with rides to the Y for exercise when they were unable to drive, or to a meeting, a lunch or even the airport.

He was a friend to many, and a great friend and adventure seeker to some. One of those adventures was of a Jack and Bill Kauffman Fishing trip, or if you want to call it, The Old Men and the Sea, Or a comedy of errors.

This story involves no fish, a stuck anchor which was then cut away, a fouled prop, adrift on the lake, dusk approaching, distress flag with rotten cords, Coast Guard rescue and everyone safe! If you want details just ask Bill or Lisa. No one said what the conversation between them was as they waited for the Coast Guard. Would have liked to been a fly for that one. I don't think they ever went fishing together again.

Jack also loved socializing with his Kiwanis friends outside of our meetings and if he couldn't meet with you an email was swift in coming. He especially enjoyed his Monday morning breakfasts at Athenas with Denny Potonic, Wally Paine, Scott Coy and John Early.

I always looked forward to seeing him on Thursday evenings for Kiwanis meetings. Loved his Hello Hug, & what was going on home or at Independence Village. There was Always conversation.

To say I will miss this man is an understatement. His "aw geez" when exasperated, or His "who me?" with a smile when he got caught doing something he shouldn't have been doing. Loved His pat on the hand and words of encouragement when I felt overwhelmed. He was always kind, a good listener, willing to help and full of the dickens.

I know He loved his life. He loved his wife, and his family. He was very proud of his daughters.

He survived a war, cancer, and many extraordinary adventures, too numerous to tell but known by many.

He lived his faith. He cared about and for others.

I loved being a part of his life. I will never forget him. I love him.