

EULOGY FOR KEN SCHULTZ

I would like to share some things with you about dad. Many of you already know much of it I am sure. He was a family man, intelligent, and humble. He had a quiet confidence.

His brother died a few days earlier than dad did. During Uncle Earl's beautiful funeral last Monday, I couldn't help but think of both Uncle Earl and dad when I heard the words: genuine, faithful steward, grounded, and sense of humor.

There is a book I read now and again that offers great guidance called Don't Sweat the Small Stuff. There is one short chapter that suggests we simplify life, slowdown and spend more time doing what you love. My dad did that. He loved his church, and more importantly his faith, which gave him that quiet confidence to do everything else in life. Some of those other things included genealogy, Frontier Airlines history, of the company and more importantly of the people, and, collecting barbwire. And he sure did love collecting barbwire, historic papers, and many other things. Growing up we had our garage filled with collections of life activity, while our cars sat on the gravel driveway. About two miles away is Dad and Ruth's garage, and it also has organized artifacts of dad's passion for his activities.

You can almost close your eyes and see Ken when you hear some other descriptors: singing in the choir, his love for going to the mountains, Colorado State Historical Society, Denver Public Library, and when he was younger, softball, and even younger still – motorcycles. He was also sensible and thrifty. So thrifty, in fact that Ruth would have to throw out his worn-out socks because otherwise dad would just keep wearing them. One year we gave him a watch for his birthday, and he wore it for a short while, but then, like so many other things, it when back into the box because the one he already had wasn't quite worn out yet.

My dad didn't rush through things – he was focused on the current moment and getting it done right. Because he didn't rush things, and because of his great faith and patience, there was no fear with his long battle of cancer. Even at the end, no fear. Some stubbornness, yes, but not fear.

I think my dad was a fine example of what the human spirit is supposed to be. I'm thankful that I live in Colorado, so that, all I have to do, is look up at the cool blue sky, and I see the spirit that he had in his eyes.

~ Greg Schultz, Colorado Springs, Colorado