

I would like to welcome everyone here this afternoon to talk about Don Clark's life. It is so special to see many of Don's friends and family come together and I thank you on behalf of myself and the rest of the family.

It is hard to talk about Don's life without talking about family, friends, kids, and sawdust.

As a small child I can always remember Grandpa taking time to be with me, and all the other children in his life. He never made me feel like I was in the way or a bother, but in fact, I was part of the days' activities and his life.

I can always remember being young and going to work with my grandpa. One particular instance was when he carried me up on the roof to shingle with him then nailed my pant leg to the roof to ensure that I was close to him and still would not fall off the roof, furthermore, I'm sure he wouldn't have wanted to explain that to my mother.

Things like this showed how my grandpa cared about all the children in his life. Family was always His first priority.

Another part of my grandpas life were the friends that surrounded him. He meticulously managed to juggle time with friends and family showing them they were the most important people in his life.

I know it's a common popular cliché saying the door is always open and the coffee pot is always on, but this was never more true than in the case of my grandfather. No one in need was ever turned away, many of you here in the audience today know exactly what I am talking about.

All of the recreational activities Don engaged in included his friends and family. Some of his prominent activities included flying his powered parachute, riding his four wheeler, camping, playing cards, and especially his New Years eve poker

parties, which included family, friends, playing cards, hanging out with his buddy Bruce, and the yearly shot of Wild Turkey.

One of the things people who knew Don noticed were his hands. Don worked with his hands his whole life, and when you looked at them you could see it. His hands took regular wood and turned it into useful things for his family, friends, and customers. Don was a carpenter by trade and he excelled in building fine things. His eye could see a straight line, an angle, and any other shape required for the job at hand. He always prided himself on doing the job right, which is a value he instilled in his whole family.

Don's business sense and work ethic were first class, you never had to worry about getting a fair deal from him. His honesty and integrity were never in question and could be used as a model for others. He never asked for a handout but was always willing to give a hand up. All of these things are lessons that our family, and I personally live by today.

The last thing I would like to share is my grandfather's love for his wife of 51 years, Chris Clark. They were always sharing and doing things together. It is a truly remarkable feat this day and age, that a couple stay so committed to each other and in love for so long. His wife was there by his side till the very end. It is this kind of commitment that form the values that brought all the other pieces of Don's life together.

If a life were measured by the memories made and the time spent with those that you dearly loved, then this man had a truly perfect life. My grandfather was my hero, my role model, and most importantly my friend. We are what remains of a truly great man, and we will all miss him greatly.