



Kenneth B. Klugh (December 4, 1939 - February 13, 2023)

EULOGY FOR KENNETH B. KLUGH

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Once upon a time, there was a father who had his young children curled up next to him as he read fairytales, fables and other children's stories in ways that held his small audience engagingly. He was not just the reader but a guide through the pages making each book cover he opened a moment of great anticipation. He put voices to the characters and frolic rhythms to the words. From Geppetto chiding the naughty antics of Pinocchio; When Grandmother's kiss was passed along to reach Little Bear; When the three sons of the Lighthouse Keeper visited the islands; When Tootle the steam engine left the tracks; When Mike Mulligan worked his steam shovel; When the other puppies came down the hill to see what the Poky Little Puppy had discovered...

Roly-poly... pell-mell... tumble-bumble... down the hill they came.

He brought the stories to life, and all his children loved each moment of it.

He was part of a family line that was filled with storytellers, music composers, cartoonists, visual artists, craftsmen, and inventors. Every generation of his family had several creators among them. Thus, there were many tales, poems, pictures, music, illustrations and other works written and drawn to paper or recorded on phonographs. His family line had a passion for invention, some were just made for convenience, and some so significant, his ancestry received over fifty patents for their ideas. This father could make almost anything he needed out of wood, and his constructions graced the décor of his house, or they served as a needed tool to whatever he thought a need for.

Music was the strongest passion passed down in his family line, and this father loved to sing and play the piano, just like his own father, his siblings, his children, and his grandchildren. His favorite songs to sing were mostly those of Al Jolson. In the morning as he shaved, the bathroom was his stage. His children would hear the lyrics coming out of him, accompanied with the smell of aftershave... lyrical lines that became commonplace in the home...

"I'm looking over a four-leaf clover"

"In your Easter bonnet"

"If I only had a match"

and “When the red, red robin comes bob bob bobbin’ along” ...

songs that he would remember his own father singing while playing the piano in his childhood home.

He liked spending time with his kids playing games like Fist-stock or clapping their little hands to nursery rhymes like “Pattycake”. And, he told some of the best dad jokes you ever heard. Like this one:

“Are you brown from the Sun? Oh. I’m Ken from Earth.”

Meals at the table, he would make an open forum to puzzles and philosophic discussion. He would set the salt shaker, pepper shaker and whatever other item he could find and line them next to each other on the table. He would point to each item saying, “This is a fox, this is a chicken, and this is a bag of corn. The farmer can only take one item with him in his boat crossing the stream. If left alone, the fox will eat the chicken, or, if left alone, the chicken will eat the bag of corn. How does he get them across?” The philosophic discussions could get so deep and impassioned that debates could start up. It benefited everyone at that table because it gave all a chance to communicate, consider and expand one’s understanding. His own father did the same when he was a child.

This father had his shortcomings too. One in particular was in the management of Easter Eggs. He would hide these eggs in the yard and then have his children look for them. Some of his hiding places were obvious, some were difficult to find, and some were so devious and clever in the way they were hid, that even he completely forgot where they were. Eventually, over the weeks to follow, these remaining eggs would reveal themselves. Like one that was placed into the piping of a metal swing set. At one point, while the swing set was in use, this long-suffering Easter Egg finally fell from the swing set pipe opening. Bereft of its holiday that was now long ago, this egg had become rotten. When it broke as it hit the ground, the smell was so overwhelming from that dreadful egg, that it caused everyone to evacuate the yard until the toxic odor dissipated.

When it came to being adventurous, this father knew no boundaries. A bicycle trip could end up in this father leading his kids through a large drain tunnel under High Street, blazing the path before him using a newspaper set on fire like a torch. Or, he would try to find a shortcut on the bike path by bypassing the trail and trying to ride his bike down the boulders that sloped up to the bridge. It did not work out. But, this father and his family going up a forested hill on a trail, they would assuredly make it to the top. However, it was coming down the hill on the trail where this father would branch off, to left or right, and start making his way deeper into the forest. This father always wanted to go to the places that few others traveled. His spirit longed for adventure, but not just venturing from a trail in the woods, but venturing in life as well.

He was not afraid to set about a task without any planning. He knew he would be able to handle any problems that he might come upon. So, he was not afraid to think boldly on his goals, and he would even challenge what seemed impossible. One task he would approach again and again, was creating a perpetual motion machine. He followed that pursuit with zest, designing one contraption after another. Was the endeavor a pointless one? Not to this father. He was bold and courageous enough to face daunting obstacles. After all, it was in the blood. It was there before him when his own uncle faced the U.S. Congress on the matter of music and its use on the new radio broadcast technology. This father’s family line faced the odds without hesitation. They dared to dream... and follow those dreams. They dared to pursue what they felt they were meant to be in this life. For this short life was the chance to have those dreams. One did not have to “grow up” and give up one’s dreams... because those dreams were the individual... they were the purpose. This father let his creativity always be present in his life, and his children and grandchildren were inspired by it.

Important above all to this father, was the love he had for his wife. He lived his life by her side. They went through good times and terrible times always making it through, side by side. Through their years, she took care of

him... and he took care of her... even to the end. And, three days after his wife died, it came time once more for this father to be by her side. Suddenly, he was gone from this life, but his desire and his final dream was to be there with his wife... and he was brought back to her.

This father did many things in his life. He loved his wife. He loved his children. He loved his dreams. When time came, he ended a wonderful story... one that saddens the soul to have the book cover close upon. In Eternity though, the tale goes on, with a father and mother who went home... together... and be happy forever after.

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