

Subj: Re:Dad's Obituary
Date: 96-07-15 22:28:49 EDT
From: gkearl@servicel.uky.edu (Gary W. Kearl, M.D.)
To: cnrc221@access.digex.net (Ed Kearl), bruce@jc.byu.ac.il (Belnap, Bruce),
abhbm@aol.com (Alan Kearl), CyrilK@aol.com (Mom and Dad)

File: OBIT.JPG (46266 bytes)
DL Time (28800 bps): < 1 minute

For Ed: I can open the OBIT.JPG with Apple's "Quick Time Picture Viewer" for Windows. However, I can't convert this into a WP document. Any thoughts on how to do this??

For All: I have attached a plain (ASCII) text version of the Eulogy I wrote and read for Dad at his graveside. It should load into any word processor. GK.

Cyril Max Kearl
(1923-1996)

Cyril Max Kearl was born in Paris, Idaho, on July 20, 1923 to Chase Kearl and Hazel Loveless. Cyril was Chase and Hazel's fourth child, following Delmar, Spencer, and Bryant and preceding Russell and Phyllis. Cyril's early years were spent in Paris, where his father worked as the County Agricultural Agent for Bear Lake County. Although Cyril's family lived "in town," Cyril was expected to contribute to the family economy at an early age by chopping wood for the stove, collecting eggs, and milking the family cow. Cyril was known as a "quick-witted" but somewhat sickly child. He suffered badly from hay fever and his only relief came in those days from the soothing touch of his mother who often stayed up with him at nights when he was severely congested. It was from these early experiences, that Cyril learned the value of hard work and a tender touch.

Cyril's father and mother were well-educated and instilled a love for learning in their children which he transmitted in turn to his own children and grandchildren. Cyril's family was also relatively well off during the Great Depression compared with many of their neighbors; however, Cyril and his siblings were taught to be frugal and Cyril passed this on to his family as well.

In 1930, Cyril's family moved from Paris to Preston, Idaho. Here, Cyril completed his elementary and secondary education. In his personal history, he recalls winning a book for "reading the most books in his grade." His early interest in reading grew into a lifelong habit. He often read several books simultaneously and his children can attest that he habitually left various books he was reading at strategic locations around the house including the bedroom, the living room, and of course, the bathroom. He was particularly fond of history and two history books were found open on the table, close by him when he died.

Following his graduation from high school in 1941, Cyril worked at various jobs until he entered the Utah State Agricultural College in Logan, Utah in January 1942. Cyril majored in Civil Engineering and joined the engineering

fraternity where he made several lifelong friendships. In the fall of 1942, he met a young coed from Salt Lake City named Mary Walker. They soon began meeting regularly at the Bluebird on mornings when they had no classes to attend. Mary would buy the doughnuts and Cyril would buy the coffee. Later Cyril discovered that Mary didn't actually like coffee, but had been afraid to say anything to him about this. This type of miscommunication plagued Cyril throughout his life.

Cyril enlisted in the US Army in 1943. Although he hoped his college course work would qualify him to enter an officer training program, he never quite made it into a program and was eventually assigned to drive a gasoline supply truck for the 20th Armored Division which was training at Fort Campbell, Kentucky. In June 1944, Cyril and Mary decided to be married. Mary traveled from her parents home in Salt Lake City to meet Cyril. Cyril had arranged for them to be married by a local minister in nearby Hopkinsville, KY during a three-day pass. Cyril was eventually sent to the Europe Theater of Operations and there followed his division across France into southern Germany. Here, Cyril's unit helped to liberate the notorious Nazi Concentration Camp at Dachau, Germany. After war ended in Germany, Cyril was shipped back to the United States to begin training for the invasion of Japan; however, the surrender of Japan obviated this and he was discharged from the Army in February 1

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946. Cyril learned from his war experiences of the harsh effects man's inhumanity to man and this further shaped his view of life.

Following his discharge from the Army, Cyril enrolled in the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, Michigan and pursued studies in mechanical engineering. Although he and Mary received some assistance from the GI bill, Cyril had to work at a variety of jobs, while carrying an average of 18 hours each semester. In spite of this, Cyril graduated from Michigan in 1949 in the top 15% of his class with a bachelor's degree in mechanical engineering and a new son, Edward. Although, Cyril and Mary's life at Ann Arbor was austere, Cyril always took pride in having attended Michigan and hoped someday one of his children would chose to attend this university.

Following his graduation from Michigan, Cyril took a job with the General Electric Corporation and was assigned to work in Erie Pennsylvania. Cyril's initial pay was \$315/mo. After deducting for the added cost of rent, the cost of a telephone, and a subscription to the local newspaper, Cyril and Mary discovered that they were not much better off financially than they had been when they were living in student housing at the University of Michigan on the GI bill. Nevertheless, during the next four years, three more children: Gary, Martin, and Jamie joined the family and Cyril and Mary were able to purchase their first house. It was here that Cyril began the first of many do-it-yourself home remodeling projects. As only one of five active priesthood holders in the Erie Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints, Cyril also helped build the first LDS chapel in Erie. Finally, in 1953, Cyril was called to be the Branch President and Mary was baptized into the !

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ch. Years later members of the Branch would welcome Cyril and his family back one emotional Sunday and tell his teenage children how much they appreciated

his untiring service to the Branch during those years.

In 1955, Cyril was transferred by General Electric from Erie to Louisville, Kentucky. Cyril and Mary purchased a modest ranch style house in a partially completed subdivision on the east side of town. Cyril continued to help with the design and manufacture of refrigerators. During this period he developed several small but important design concepts which were patented and he advanced through the engineering organization at General Electric. But, his work in the home was much more impressive. He and Mary built a wonderful screened room over the carport, finished the basement and landscaped their 3/4 acre lot. Cyril's pride and joy was a 10,000 square foot garden which he always planted with corn, beans, tomatoes and other crops each spring, even though the bounty of the garden was usually harvested each year by neighbors because the family was almost always gone on vacation when the garden was at its best. Years later, Cyril's neighbors would recall how much they appreciated his generosity with the garden.

In 1958, a fifth and final child, Alan was born to Cyril and Mary. By now Cyril was heavily involved with his career at GE. He had also embarked on an ambitious plan to earn a masters degree in mechanical engineering at the University of Louisville, nevertheless as his children grew up he served as a Scoutmaster, for his sons, captain of the family boat, and expressed his love by building special things for his children to play with. For example, he set up a ping-pong table and a shuffleboard court in the basement, a tree house in the back yard, and he painted scenes from nursery rhymes on the walls of his daughter's bedroom.

After 11 years in Louisville, Cyril was transferred to the Hotpoint Division of General Electric and was assigned responsibility for quality control in the manufacture of Hotpoint Refrigerators. He was recognized by his fellow engineers for his keen mind. On one occasion, he became incensed by a government contract which called for needlessly complex and expensive design specifications on refrigerators which were to be manufactured for a federal housing project. He personally contacted the project engineer and persuaded the man to accept a less complicated design for the refrigerator which saved the Government a substantial sum of money. He was never recognized for this but years later told his son, "It made no sense to me for them spend money that way!"

After moving to Illinois, Cyril settled his family in a comfortable home in Wheaton, a western suburb of Chicago. He sent his oldest son Edward off to college and later to fight in Vietnam. Although Cyril had served proudly in World War II, he questioned the validity of the Vietnam conflict and feared that Edward would become another casualty in the jungles of that country. Nevertheless, he suppressed these thoughts and supported Edward fully. When his worst fears were finally realized, Cyril drove thousands of miles to visit Edward while he convalesced for several months in a military hospital north of Chicago.

One by one, each of the remaining children grew up and left the family home. Edward recovered from his wounds and completed his studies in labor relations at Cornell University and later earned a doctoral degree in economics at the University of Maryland. Gary earned a bachelor's degree in Biology at the

University of Illinois, a doctor of medicine at Rush University and master of science of public health at the University of Missouri at Columbia. Marty earned a bachelors of science in accounting and master's of business administration from the University of Utah. Jamie earned a nursing degree from Brigham Young University. And Alan earned a bachelors degree in economics from BYU and an MBA from Purdue University. Cyril never finished his master's degree work at Louisville. Yet as each of his children met and then surpassed his own educational achievements, his only regret was that none of his children saw fit to attend his beloved University of Michigan.

He subsequently retired from General Electric in 1983 and moved west to work on his cabin in Garden City. However, in retirement, he was not content to sit and idly watch the world go by. He became involved in the Garden City Ward and took an active interest in the affairs in Garden City and Rich County. He worked slowly and steadily on his cabin but also made frequent trips to visit his children who were now married and were struggling to build homes of their own. He and Mary contributed generously to down payments and helped with countless remodeling projects for each child in turn. But mostly he doted on his grandchildren. He loved to make wooden toys for them. His work always had imperfections because he was always in a hurry to finish each project. Nevertheless, somehow he learned from them a measure of patience which had eluded him so often with his own children.

Cyril was not a conventional member of the Mormon church. He did serve as Branch President in Erie, a counselor in the Presidency of the Louisville East Branch and as a Gospel Doctrine Teacher and Aaronic Priesthood Advisor. Later, in Chicago he served as the executive secretary to the Bishop and in retirement, he and Mary served Family History Mission in Salt Lake City. However, it was through quiet acts of service that he expressed his testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. For example in 1963, he took his small scout troop on the 32 mile Lincoln Trail in western Kentucky. The rules indicated that the scouts were to carry everything they would need for the two day hike. He knew that his scouts were in trouble when he observed cars from other troops leaving the starting point loaded down with food and camping gear. Nevertheless, he believed that the spirit of the rules was important, so he set off with his small band of scouts arranging for each to carry a share of the!

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up's food and equipment. As the day wore on and the packs of the scouts became heavier and heavier, Cyril gradually took sleeping bags, tents, and food cartons from each tiring scout and added them to his own load until it seemed as if he were carrying everything. The troop finally arrived late that night well after the other hikers triumphant that they "had carried their equipment the whole way." Years later, his scouts grew up to realize that Cyril had carried their camp baggage in the same way that Christ carries spiritual baggage for each of us. Although Cyril never served a proselyting mission for the Church, he sent three of his sons on missions to Argentina, Belgium, and France. Cyril was never particularly vocal in professing his faith. In fact, he used to sit in fast meetings and time each speaker and make comments about the excessive length of each testimony. Nevertheless, He later visited each of his sons as they completed their missionary labors and surprised each in turn by bearing public testimony of his belief in the Gospel of

Jesus Christ. Finally, as his children prepared to enter the Temple to be sealed to their respective spouses, he prepared himself to do likewise and was sealed to his beloved Mary in 1973 after 29 years of marriage.

He was sorely tried by each or his children. Part of the problem was that communication thing. One year at Christmas, he told Gary and Marty to cut down a large Juniper bush in front of the house which he which he did not like. He had planned to give it to a less affluent family in the Church to use as a Christmas tree. The two boys understood him to say "cut down the Christmas tree" and went to the back yard and cut down a beautiful scotch pine (which had been used as a live Christmas tree by the family several years earlier and which had been planted afterwards to beautify the back yard) instead. When Cyril came home and learned what had happened he swore an oath and took the two "incompetents" to the front yard and pointed the Juniper bush and had them cut it down. When he tried to take the Juniper bush to the church family he found that it was too large to fit through the door of their small apartment. Chagrined, he ended up having to give the smaller and more attractive

scotch pine to the church family and used the despised Juniper bush for the family Christmas tree because it would have been a waste of money to pay for a cut Christmas tree. Each of his children added to his gray hairs as they learn to drive and in succession to wreck one or more of the family's cars. Although he spent considerable sums of money repairing dented fenders and doors, his only question at the conclusion of each sad phone call was "are you alright?"

Cyril struggled with his temper. He was famous for blowing up and then cooling off with remarkable frequency. However, he gradually learned to control his anger by some remarkable means. Once many years ago, he was daydreaming while sitting at a red light and was rudely jolted back to the reality of a green light by a blaring horn from the car behind him. His first instinct was to get out and tell the guy where he could put his horn. Instead, he got out of his car and carefully walked around and carefully "inspected" each tire and then quickly jumped back into the his car and crossed the intersection just before the light turned red again. In later years, his anger mellowed and he often counseled this son to be more patient with his wife and children.

Cyril's acts of kindness are legendary. He helped stranded motorists by the score in Logan Canyon. Not content to simply pull them to a safe location off the road, he and Mary often took them considerable distances to obtain help. Once he was assigned by the Bishop to arrange for housing among ward members for a group of LDS youth and their leaders who were passing through Chicago on their way to the Hill Cumorah Pageant. After every member of the group was linked up with their host family, Cyril took two adult leaders and two young women who were assigned to stay in their house on a night time tour of Chicago. On an impulse he drove them by the Chicago Playboy Club and asked "would you like a little souvenir?" To their amazement and utter delight, he subsequently returned from the club with swizzle sticks for each of the visitors which were crowned with the famous Playboy bunny ears. However, it was his ability to spot and help ordinary people who were in need that was!

t amazing. One day he was wandering around the Church Office Building near Temple Square while Mary was working in the Family History Center, when he spotted a Chinese man who was trying to read the office directory. He walked up to the man and introduced himself and discovered that the man was from mainland China and was touring the US to collect Christian hymns which he hoped to use in his homeland. The man explained that he had been told he should come to Salt Lake to meet the Mormons but didn't know whom to contact. Cyril proceeded to take him to various departments within the Church Office building in search of the materials he was seeking. Afterwards, Cyril invited the man to stay with them in Bountiful for several days while they toured Salt Lake together. Although Cyril opened his home to family, friends, and total strangers, he had a particularly soft spot for Heidi, Alan's firstborn daughter, who was afflicted from birth with multiple handicaps. At first Cyril!

was devastated by Heidi's condition and like many other people felt uncomfortable around her. However, he persisted in volunteering to take care of her and worked especially hard to include her in family activities. Many years later he grieved when she died prematurely of complications from her many medical problems and said quietly "when I die, I will lie down beside her in this cemetery so that she won't be alone any more." In so many ways he followed the Savior's admonition: "for in as much as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it to me."

Cyril was loyal, sometimes to a fault. Although he never rose to his true potential within General Electric, he was proud of his work there and always remembered his fellow employees - even those who deliberately sabotaged his career. He always bought American cars, even though they rusted and broke down more frequently than foreign built cars. Finally, at the end of his life, he looked forward to jury duty. Even as his health failed precipitously, he dragged himself to court each day until the Judge finally excused him from further service.

Cyril was not large physically, but he was brave, particularly when his family was threatened. In 1959, he took the family on vacation to Yellowstone National Park. Shortly after arriving, the ground began to shake from a massive earthquake. Cyril and Mary were staying with Jamie, Alan, and Mary's mother, Ruth Walker in a tourist cabin. The violence of the tremors was unexpected and caused great concern. Grandma Walker was convinced that a geyser was erupting beneath the cabin, but Cyril quickly deduced that a bear was shaking the cabin. Armed with two flimsy sticks of firewood, Cyril ordered Mary to open the cabin door and let him out to confront the bear. All Cyril found was a park ranger who was passing through to warn the campers that the shaking was due to an earthquake. We always joked about this incident and wondered what Dad would have done if he had actually met a bear large enough to shake the cabin. It was this courage which enabled him to face the uncertainty!

tainty of war, peace, and eventually poor health.

There is a scripture which sums up Cyril's life: D&C 58-28.

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