

Jack's life was cut short, leaving us at 35 years old. My brother, Jack was just a year and half older, but we never became as close as brothers should have been. As youngsters, we had different interests and friends and by the time we were teenagers we became even more separated. Jack went to Archbishop Williams High School in Braintree, MA, a private Catholic school, while I went to public school. After graduating in 1965, at the age of 17, he left for Oregon State University and never came back to Massachusetts to live. Our paths crossed when he visited the family, but I too left for new horizons and our time was limited.

I moved to the U.S. Virgin Islands and after seven years relocated to Hawaii. By the time I was in Hawaii our phone conversations, even though they were not that often, had us sharing thoughts and ideas and becoming brothers again. I had only been in Hawaii about a year when I got the call that Jack took his own life. A life that I didn't know a great deal about.

I knew Jack to be very good at anything that he did. Student, soldier, smokejumper, deputy sheriff, physician assistant. He enjoyed adventure and it showed in the things he did. He was a husband and father to two little girls and even though the marriage had its difficulties, it was hard to believe he became depressed enough to end it all so abruptly.

When I arrived in Safford, Arizona to attend the services, I talked with so many individuals that knew Jack and held him in such high regard. Jack worked at the Gila Valley Clinic in Safford and all his colleagues were devastated with his departure. Safford was a small town in the desert, but people came from miles away to pay their respect. Jack would travel many miles from town, deep into the desert, to attend to those that needed medical attention. Those individuals found their way to town to say goodbye.

During his years with Army Special Forces, he served as a medic and on one special assignment he found himself dropped into the jungle of Cambodia to set up a clinic for a community of lepers.

As a member of the North Cascade Smokejumpers in Washington, Jack would assist fighting the worst fires that jeopardize life and property.

As a Deputy Sheriff. He served the community with integrity and compassion. The same compassion that he had shown to many others before he arrived at the Sheriff's department in Graham County.

Jack very much wanted to attend medical school but was not accepted anywhere in the U.S. That was hard to understand, knowing that not only was he a great student but he served his country as a trained medic in some incredible circumstances. He decided to pursue the qualifications of a physician assistant. He may have not been authorized to perform operations or write prescriptions, but he was a doctor to many people that lived in Arizona.

It was evident, that even though he worked in several capacities, Jack always served for the betterment of others.

More years have passed since his departure than he lived... but he will always be in our thoughts. Rest well my brother.