**EULOGY SPEECH**

**FOR**

**JIM RICHARDS**

Today we honor the life and contribution of a man that meant a great deal to all of us.... and especially to me. Dick Menard was singular. When they made him, they broke the mold.... or should I say the many molds that comprised the life of a husband, father, partner, colleague, professional, neighbor, but most of all, **FRIEND**. Mark Twain said, “A man’s character may be learned from the adjectives he habitually uses in conversation.” For Dick Menard, I would say his go-to terms were (**pick 3 or 4 words he would use that you feel also describe him**) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. To me, those words sum up the measure of the man. Although he meant so much to so many people, to me, four or five words... or sentences, or passages, don’t even begin to sum up the impact this man had on my life.... going back almost to as early as I can remember.

While we think of him in terms that describe an honorable, stellar, and unforgettable character, for a man not really known to indulge in sporting “haberdashery,” Papa “wore many hats” and was all things to so many people... I’ve had the honor to know him, learn from him, and love him for most of my life, and no matter what hat he chose to wear at any given moment, he unfailingly approached every situation with love in his heart... with integrity, thoughtfulness, consideration, and **character**. I am sure we would all agree that he had a way about him... a charm and sincerity, that will be sorely missed. He will, however, stay vibrant and alive in the stories we tell, in the jokes we share, and in the lessons we learned at the feet of this wonderful man.

I have been privileged to have known so many of the different sides of Papa, beginning when I was a young, possibly brash, kid... It was 1975 and I was in “hot pursuit” of his sixteen year old daughter, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. The first hat I saw him wear was that of a loving, protective.... and, yes, wise, father... **Yikes**... it’s funny when I think of it now, but even I, as a teenager, did some pretty foolish things... sometimes I’d fall asleep on his couch and wake up and leave at oh... two, three, ... maybe even four or five am (**If you want to make a joke you can say**) ... **BOY**!!! I must have been an **enthusiastic suitor!!! (Wait for the laugh**)... but no matter what I did or how I might have misstepped, Dick was the picture of grace and discretion and always handled each situation perfectly.

I must have been doing **SOMETHING** right, because the next hat I saw Papa wear was that of my boss... I delivered furniture for the Colonial Maple Shops... still in my teen years... you know what **THAT** meant... while he did his best to demonstrate his faith in me, I guess I kept things a “little interesting....” There was that **LITTLE** incident when we delivered some furniture in a slightly too tall truck... and we **MAY HAVE** taken down some low hanging power lines by the customer’s house... but Papa was a rock... he was steadfast and supportive... it didn’t matter what the problem was... I never saw him get angry or lose control of his temper. Papa always had that foundation of love.

As life` progressed, I married my teenage sweetheart,\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, and Papa became my father-in-law (**Do you want to add**) ... and now he was free to fall asleep on **OUR** couch... if he wanted to... but as you might have expected.... he was the perfect father-in-law... **THAT** hat, much like the others, fit him impeccably

Over the years, we became business partners, which was another golden relationship, and then we switched roles for a bit and Papa worked for **ME**. He was a crew member on a 48-hour halibut trip in the western Gulf of Alaska.  We caught **54,000 pounds** of halibut, spent 5 days crossing the ocean together and then another 5 days down the inside passage and back home, ... with not **one single negative moment** between us for the duration of the entire two-week journey (**Do you want to add as a little joke**) ... but then again, I didn’t take down any power lines on **THIS** trip ... (**and wait for the laugh**).

He became a doting grandfather to our wonderful kids, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, and of course, that hat was just made for him, and when I lost my father twenty years ago, he was there for me. Papa, by just being who he was... the caring, gentle, loving soul, stepped in and filled that unimaginable hole in my heart. I may not have realized it at the time, but I know now that he was the father figure, perfect role model, and mentor I so needed after I lost my father.

In the most recent ten to twenty years, Papa wore the hat of friendship proudly. He truly morphed into one of my best friends, and all the other hats melded into one of great, deep, and incredible friendship. A couple of years ago, I was blessed to have one of the great experiences of a lifetime. Papa and I played the most glorious round of golf that I could have ever dreamed about at Pebble Beach... the scores? Ah... who needs scores? It was the most fun that either of us ever had playing golf and I am certain I will remember that day for the rest of my life.

I know that each one of you has your own special memories of a man that meant so much to all of us. To me, every relationship... every connection... every opportunity we had together was a blessing beyond belief. Every gesture he made... every action he took, was a clue to his elegant, caring, kind, gentle nature, and having him so close to me, in so many ways, was the gift of a lifetime.

Dick Menard was a loving, amazing, extraordinary man who lived an exemplary life. I love him and miss him and all I can say is, **thank you**.