

Welcome to Family & Friends

Thank you Rick and Dad.

Good morning everyone and again welcome to the memorial service today for our dear family member, friend, and co-worker Ken Stiles. Before I begin there is one thing I have to say. There are many things in my life that I am proud of, but being able to speak today at the memorial service for the man I admired so much, is the greatest honor I have ever had. While these times are difficult, Ken would have wanted today to be a day for friends to gather, comfort each other, and to remember his life.

For those of you that don't know me, my name is Kendall Roberg and with respect to my own family, I love and feel a part of the Stiles family. I am Shelley's Boyfriend, Jessie's buddy and classmate, and in Ken & Erin's words "the son they never had."

Now, Ken was not a religious person and I honestly don't know how he would feel about us holding his memorial in a church. However, maybe if he hadn't made so many friends, it would have made it easier for us to find a location. But we are extremely grateful to the La Crescenta Church of Jesus Christ of Ladder Day Saints, for their generosity and sense of community in

offering their facilities to us. This act of kindness and friendship means so much to the family and I am sure it would mean so much to Ken.

Today is an opportunity to remember and share the good times we had with Ken. He would want this service to be light and uplifting, short & sweet, and he would want us to smile and to laugh.

It my pleasure now to introduce to you John Hickman, Ken's long time friend and boss.

Transition

Thank you John. If you know the Stiles, then you know the Bruntons. These two families have grown and shared everything with each other. The Bruntons have always been there, and over these difficult past 2½ months they were still always there. Yesterday Paul and I were talking and he asked if there was anyway he could get a microphone that is free from the podium. I told him I could arrange that as long as he promised me no karaoke. So with that in mind, it is my pleasure to introduce Ken's best friend Paul Brunton.

Open it to friends

Thanks Paul.

Well it's my turn now. When I first met Ken I was some strange water polo boy who was friends with his daughters and would occasionally show up at his house and eat his food. Things were good and we got along well, for a while. That all changed when I started dating his daughter. Like any protective father he was for lack of a better word, intimidating. But as the years went by Ken and I became great friends. Over the past 5 years we have done a lot together. He was my partner when played trivial pursuit. We often won on Ken's knowledge alone of pre 1980 entertainment facts. Ken was a hard worker and I was always impressed when after a long day at work he would go out and clean the swimming pool, or help his daughters with a car problem.

Perhaps some of my most cherished memories with Ken are when we would go to garage sales. For more than 3 years I have spent nearly every Saturday morning with Ken, Erin, Shelley, Cindy Classens, the Bruntons, or even Dave Krausse a few times. Most the time it was just Ken, Erin, and I but on many of these occasions it was only Ken and I. With no wife or girlfriend, not only did we did have a blast, but we perfected the art of efficient garage

saleing. It was not uncommon for us to shop more then 30 garage sales, covering more then 50 miles, have breakfast at Tommy Burger and still make it home in time for the late morning golf match.

Going to hundreds of garage, yard, and estate sales with Ken we experienced a lot together. I heard him say some of the funniest things I have heard anyone say. His specialty was golf clubs and whenever he disagreed with the price of a set of clubs, he would have to comment, usually something like “the bags not even worth that much.” We really did have a wonderful time.

The aspect I admired most about Ken was his love and interest in others. One day a few years back, Shelley and I pulled some golf clubs out of my garage and hit the holes at Verdugo Hills Golf Course. Ken was so excited and took us back to Verdugo a bunch of times, where he consistently creamed us both at golf. A few months passed and I got a call on the phone. It was Shelley and she excitedly told me “Daddy has a surprise for us”. I drove up and beautifully laid out and displayed were two complete golf sets, bags, and hand caddies for Shelley and I. For weeks Ken had been secretly purchasing golf clubs one at a time from garage sales and thrift stores to

assemble perfect sets for each of us, right down to the pink golf balls for Shelley.

Ken was always happy to listen and support whatever new hobby or adventure I was into. He would even listen to me talk about the horrible boring stuff I am studying in school. About 6 months ago I got another phone call, once again it was Shelley and she excitedly told me “Daddy has something for you”. I drove up and beautiful displayed in his living room was more than \$800 worth of Scuba Diving equipment. He asked me to guess what he paid for it, I did and he proudly corrected me stating he had negotiated a price of \$50 for the entire lot.

His caring for others never stopped. A little more than a month ago I spent the night at some friend’s house in Altadena. The next morning on my way home I decided to stop by the hospital. It was Sunday I expected to find the Stiles and grandparents there. When I arrived no one was there, I walked into his room in ICU and he turned and looked at me and said “Hey Kendall”. I during those months I had visited him more than a dozen times and he had never responded to me, so I was pretty surprised. I asked him how he was doing and he said “okay”. I told him he looked good and he said

“thank you”. Then he asked me something strange “Did you bring your equipment?” At first I was confused and then I realized what he was referring to “My Scuba equipment?” I asked, “Yes” he said. For the next 10 or 15 minutes we had a conversation about me, my last scuba adventure, how school was going, the dog television show that was on TV. Even as he laid in the hospital, his concern and attention was on others. After we talked he fell back asleep, and as far as we know this was the last conversation Ken had with anyone. He was truly a kind and selfless man to end and I will miss him.

At this time I would like to open the podium for anyone who like to share kind words about Ken. A friendly reminder is that we are in a church, so please keep your stories and words G-Rated

Conclusion

Again, I would like to thank everyone for coming today. Your support has been astonishing and the family is deeply appreciative. We will now conclude with the benediction offered by Sean McKelvey. Following the prayer the ushers will escort the family and begin the recessional to the patio area where refreshments will be served.

