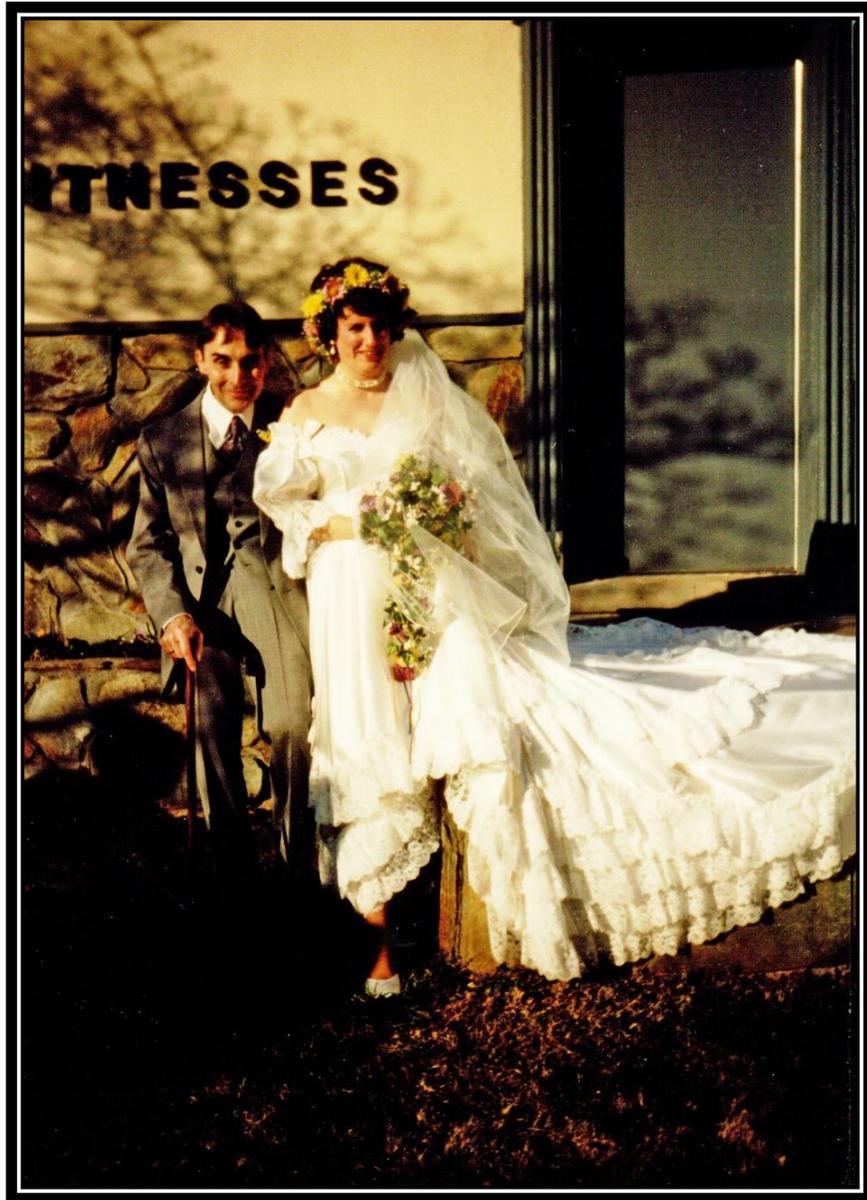


In Loving Memory



Goglin Funeral Homes are honored to serve
the family and friends of Ken Jiricek.
www.goglinfh.com



Kenneth Jiricek

November 27, 1949 ~ July 16, 2025

**In Loving Memory
Kenneth Jiricek
1949 ~ 2025**

Visitation

12:30 p.m.

Memorial Service

1:30 p.m.

Wednesday, July 23, 2025

Goglin Funeral Home

Yankton, South Dakota

**Speaker from the Kingdom Hall
of Jehovah's Witnesses**

Music

Yesterday

The Beatles

I Never Thought I'd Like to Be a Hundred

Moody Blues

Here Comes the Sun

The Beatles

To paraphrase Mark Twain, the rumors of my death are not at all exaggerated. I've bitten the dust, bowed out, taken the bullet, went over the cliff, I am dead. A high school friend was fond of jokingly defining life as follows, "One thing leads to another and before you know it, you're dead."

As I aged, I often thought about that statement. It is the truth of the matter, I realized. Now, along the way I made friends, lost friends, abandoned friends, was abandoned by friends, made a few enemies and don't really care, their problem, not mine and I am very, very sorry about the people I hurt. If I could undo it, I would. People told me I was funny. I know this much, I was outgoing and enjoyed, for the most part, visiting with people, perhaps I said something clever now and then.

Truth of the matter, I was a bit of a misanthrope. I enjoyed people as

individuals but despised mankind. Actually I despised the blighted fruits of their labors. Humans seem to be an infestation, a parasitic creature who, aside from a minority, have no respect for our little rock. That said, I loved people, learned what love is and the most important kind of love, agape, ask one of my friends to explain it. I had what I considered good friends; had a decent enough marriage. I cannot say enough about Dorian. She was so kind to put up with me and believe me, she did PUT UP WITH ME. I have a son, Silas, whom I love and had a decent relationship with a sister, Kathy Taylor and cats. Dorian (who beat me to the finish line) and I loved cats.

Sometimes I worried about them more than anything. My feelings for cats, were one of the critical questions from Dorian to me as we courted. If I had said no to cats, it would have been no to me. As a student of history, I could see no good ending to this worldwide infestation, we humans just seemed to have our engine locked into slow-motion suicide, a rise to a plateau, a decline and collapse is the unceasing, unrelenting cycle of civilizations and societies and I witnessed an unprecedented and profound rapid ascent and decline in my lifetime. However I enjoyed telling individuals about what I learned to be the truth about the outcome for humankind. A loaded topic I know, but either the Bible is right in its promises or humans will bite the dust, be a flash in the pan and adios. I prefer the promises, the only way it will end on a good note.

As one of Jehovah's Witnesses I enjoyed the companionship and friendships and I would like to believe I had some decent ones, (if not, keep it to yourself joke joke). My life was turbulent, but as I approached oblivion, I realized everyone has a turbulent life, some more than others, but everyone has their own little bag of spoiled food they rummaged around in from time to time. We just can't get rid of it can we! So I have the luxury of being conscious of nothing at all, Eccl. 9:5, "The living are conscious that they will die but the dead are conscious of nothing at all." I also hope to qualify for a resurrection, not back into this mess but into a peaceful, harmonious society and a pristine earth, Act 24:15" ...there will be a resurrection of both the righteous and the unrighteous." Imagine that, John Lennon! So, enjoy yourselves, weep a little if you are inclined, say good riddance if inclined but do so under your breath, you'd just look bad if you said it out loud. And have a laugh on me as well. So long, maybe see you later.

And if you must know, I was born 11/27/49 to Ruby and Melvin Jiricek, both deceased, as am I now, such is life (and death).