I was glad to see that Dale also worried about the 3-5 minute time limit that Beth imposed on all of us, because Beth can be really tough about such things. Indeed, fearing Beth, I worked hard to cut my remarks down to 4 or 4½ minutes, but I trust you won’t mind if my ad libs add a few moments.

And no, Catherine, you needn’t worry—I won’t embarrass you with the several stories I could tell about your youth. So let me start . . .

How fortunate it was in 1983 for Ruth and I and the kids to move next door to Jack and Julie and their kids—Beth, Bill and Katherine. Any celebration of Jack’s remarkable life would be incomplete without also honoring Julie and their wonderful children.

Jack was a most remarkable and loving friend who enriched my life in more ways than I can say, and let mention a few: But before I do, as David reminded me, after Jack and Julie came back from Spain, I too can’t count the number of times Jack also said to me “I think, Michael, you should take a sabbatical!”

• He dragged me into his medical tennis crowd where Jack and I partnered against Kutub Kahn and others of his medical buddies. The fun of doubles play was exceeded only by the constant laughter and non-stop kidding, interspersed with their grousing about medical colleagues and the growing difficulties of modern practice.

  o Of course arriving home allowed us to always brag about how Jack and I played superbly and beat the pants off the others.

• In addition to our constant banter about sports, politics and the local headlines; we were also running partners for a time—jogging around the North golf course by the Law School. Jack, of course, was always a step or two faster and much fitter than I.
• Jack also introduced me to the developing world of computers, and later the internet—always way ahead of me, excitedly explaining each new discovery.

  o I was overwhelmed by his self-created system (before the internet) to keep his own patient notes on his home computer, so that patients could feel free to call him at home where he’d have the data at his fingertips.

• I experienced first hand the special quality of his caring and loving professionalism, when my ex-wife came under Jack’s treatment at the end stage of her struggle with breast cancer. He focused intently on her and also on my eldest child, AJ, who had become her mother’s care giver as a young teen-ager. Indeed, even as late as a couple of months ago—when AJ and I visited Jack and the family at their Taos cabin—I know that in their private conversations it was still Jack, tending to and caring for AJ. (Just the kind of thing stressed in Ernie’s letter which Paul shared with us earlier)

• When Ruthie was later diagnosed with breast cancer, it was Jack’s loving care and attention—as Doctor, Neighbor, and Dear Friend to us all that saw Ruth, and us, through the tough treatment that saved her life.

(Ruth is not with us today only because she is in Montana tending to the imminent arrival of Daughter Pippa’s second child, but Ruth insisted I share the remembrance of Jack’s famous pose. Since I see a number of former patients here, you will all remember how he would stand with his arms folded on his chest after looking at your blood test results—considering how low your white blood cell count had fallen, and whether he should allow another chemo treatment or delay it a week. He would stand there staring at you and thinking, and most often confidently burst out: “You can handle it; let’s go ahead!” It is then that I understood how medicine is both a science and an art.

  o Ruth and I often recall the special nature of this wonderful Cancer Center (then in its old facility) and how it took on Jack’s personality and approach—from the warm and inviting infusion center overseen by Bev Seymour, to Jerry at the desk, to Joe and Inez in the blood draw room, and of course to James and his cheery greetings as he monitored thecomings and going at the front door.
Jack also became the in-house oncologist for my colleagues at the law school, treating them and their families, as well as providing comfort to those who were concerned with family members dealing with cancer in far away places—*just as he did for David and his wife in that situation*. One result was, that whenever we had law school events at our house, our colleagues always asked to make sure Jack and Julie would be there.

Which brings me back to Julie and the kids, who—by a most loving husband and father—were guided in their dealing with his illness and the weeks and days leading to his death. They were not coddled or sheltered—*as Paul made clear in his remarks*. Jack made sure they talked incessantly; cried together; and laughed together--thereby providing each other the caring and loving support so important at such times.

*So if you’ll forgive me a serious conclusion*: Although the loss is incalculable, keeping Jack in our hearts and minds:

May we seek to emulate in our professional and personal lives, the ways of Jack Saiki; and

May we also learn from Jack to face our own demise, as Jack did his, with grace, dignity, and with the loving care for families and friends that we too must inevitably leave behind.