

David Lynn Sherck 1934-2016



Ruth's life and my life would have been very different if we hadn't known Carol and Dave Sherck. They were wonderful friends for so many years (1957). Now they are both gone (Carol 2015)...far too soon. Their impact on our lives will last until the days we die.

I met Dave during our last year in NROTC at The Ohio State University (OSU). Dave had been in the five year engineering program and we had never been together in classes until that last year. I was into athletics (Soccer) and Dave (and Carol) were very active in their fraternities and societies. Actually, they were Big Man and Big Woman on campus...being very active in campus politics and activities. I got to know Dave, but not Carol, until Dave and I were both accepted into the Naval Aviation program, and after our marriages the weekend after graduation, we were transferred to Pensacola, FL for flight training. The flight students and their wives soon became very close and our friendship with Carol and Dave became close. When we were the only officers from OSU

transferred to San Diego, our bond was cemented. When Dave and I would “go to sea” for months at a time, Carol and Ruth would support one another. After our Jeff was born, Carol was his first baby sitter, and we often joke about the time that Dave carried Jeff on his shoulders through a doorway and Jeff bumped his head on the door frame. It wasn't a big bump, but any mistake little Jeff would make (e.g., saying a word wrong, or falling down, we would attribute it to Dave injuring Jeff while carrying him on his shoulder).

After the Navy, we reconnected with Carol and Dave while they were with G.E. in Erie, PA and then Louisville, KY. While in Louisville, we were invited to several Kentucky Derby parties. At the first party, we were with a group in the infield and only saw about 100 yards of the race from the rail, just enough to see Promise Land (the horse Ruth had placed a bet on because everyone had been telling us that Saltzman was a Jewish name) unseat his rider. The second race was in 1970 and Dave had been able to get box seats on the finish line... Bear Bryant sat in front of us and Princess Margaret was five rows behind us. Bob Hope was twenty seats away and Ruth got her picture taken with him. It was a “heady experience” that we will never forget. On the way home that Sunday, we heard that a building on campus had been burned by rioters at Kent State, where I was a professor, and raced home to find our near campus home surrounded by National Guard troops and our children visiting with the troops on our street.

Dave was transferred to Mexico City and they invited Barb and Tom Badger and us to visit them. Barb and Tom are gone now, but we use to joke about our first day in Mexico City. Carol had arranged a tour for us as we arrived from Ohio. She took us from the airport to the tour company but did not take the tour with us. We were worn out from the trip and as the tour progressed, Tom became more agitated, as the guide, unfortunately only spoke to us in Spanish, a fact of which Carol was not aware. Tom started, in a not too quiet voice, saying that we were being held prisoners and wanted to be freed. The tour was nearly five hours long and none

of us ever forgave Carol for that one!! While in Mexico, we met the Sherck's landlord, Gustavo Spinolo and developed a family bond which still exists as two of his children, Letty and Maria have spent extended periods with us in Kent, and Letty became like a daughter to us, visiting us many times, the latest in Florida two years ago. After one of her visits, Letty said her grandfather would like to reciprocate our hospitality by offering his cottage in Acapulco to us and our friends for a vacation. We invited the Badgers and Shercks to join us as our guests and the "cottage" turned out to be a twenty-six bedroom mansion with two guest houses, a staff of six and several boats, located on a private bay in Acapulco. Our only neighbors were President Allemande's family and their house guest, Rochelle Welsh. We all decided that we would never live that high again!

Another Sherck input that changed our lives was when Dave called in 1985 to say that one of his Mexican colleagues in G.E. wanted his son, Enrique, age 12, to have an English speaking experience and wondered if we might host him for the Summer. We did and this relationship has lasted to this day. When we picked up Enrique at the airport, he barely spoke English, but we knew he would be OK when on the way home he saw a McDonalds and said, "McDonalds hamburgers." Enrique has returned to our home many times, once for a year while he attended Kent State University for a year and more recently this past Summer when he brought his wife and three children to stay with us for a week. We call Enrique our Mexican son.

When the Sherck's returned to the U.S., we visited them in Westport, CT, Baltimore, MD and exchanged many visits with them in Wooster, OH. During this time, we celebrated our thirty-fifth wedding anniversaries on a barge trip through the Champagne area of France, complete with a balloon ride on the exact date of our anniversaries. Some years later we took a ten day bare boat trip with the Sherck's and Badger's through the British Virgin Islands on a forty-three foot sailboat "Captained" by Tom. Thank God, Dave and I had naval experience!!!

We stayed in constant contact with Carol and Dave until each died. I wrote Dave letters after he moved to Charolette and although he never responded, Mike said he taped some of them to the wall in his room. Ruth spent a week with Carol while she was trying to recover from cancer...even talking on the phone with her for an hour, several hours before she died. Carol explained to Ruth that she wanted no more treatments and was electing to go on hospice, which they had discussed many times before as Ruth had been a hospice nurse. We knew Dave was losing his cognitive abilities long before it was announced. One night in Florida, four or five years before his death, at a cocktail party, I told a story of Dave's flying prowess, telling of the time he flew the whole family to visit us while I was teaching at the University of Colorado. En route to CO, Dave lost power in both engines because of a gasoline problem, needing to shift the fuel tanks and restart the engines, all the time losing several thousand feet. His family was asleep, but Dave just went about his emergency protocol as he was trained to do. He didn't even tell Carol until he shared that story with us at dinner that evening. When I finished recounting this story to our friends, a story of real heroism in my mind, Dave said, "Nice story, but that never happened to me." A week later, while riding with Dave in his Prius, I said, "How have you liked your Prius?" and Dave said, "Don't know, I've never owned one." We knew that his dark journey had begun.

What a man, what a marriage, what a family. Two bright, exciting, energetic, caring, beautiful people robbed of more great living by two terrible diseases which couldn't be conquered. Our bond with them goes so far beyond being over-the-top Scarlet and Grey fans. They were really great people who gave of themselves during their whole lives. Their legacy will live on through Mike and Kelly and Kerry...no one could have better children...a testament to Carol and Dave's parenting skills. Ruth and I have always said that their children were our children and it is even more so today.

What more can one say about the perfect couple? They fell in love and never fell out; they attacked life and brought it to its knees; they loved their children and were loved and respected in return; they had an energy that only death could harness; Dave and Carol Sherck enhanced the lives of everyone they knew. We were blessed to be their friends and the quality of our lives would have been much less fruitful had we never known them. Thanks for a wonderful ride Carol and Dave.

October 2016

Note: The following **links** are stories about: Carol's funeral, our sailing trip with the Badger's and Sherck's and our joint anniversary trip in France. The last two were written by Carol. Just tap to read.

[Celebration of Carol Sherck's Life](#)
[The Buckeye Six Conquer the Carribean](#)
[French Canals, 35 years and Mickey](#)