

## ***Jack Veasey's Reflection at Joe's Funeral Mass***

**JOE VEASEY**, a person that must be among the top ten South Euclidean in the history of this distinguished suburb to be prayed for. One of the recent entries on the Caring Bridge website wondered if one of the puposes of Joe's brief life here was to bring us together in prayer. If that is the truth, I can say "mission accomplished," Joe.



Who wouldn't be proud of a person that enriched others while on earth? Joe had a favorite expression, 'you know what I mean.' I know I heard the phrase come from his lips time and time again when he waxed eloquently on just about any topic, you know what I mean. For me it's a **Joeism**, you know what I mean. Whenever I hear the phrase it will immediately bring his memory back to me, you know what I mean.

One never tried to sneak in a "yes" or "no" response to his do you know what I mean because he'd already be just a few words away from the next one.

Joe would not like the attention he's getting here. For this student of architecture this is the last building on the earth that he'd want to be in....and it will be.

Joe was a friend and a flirt, a comedian and a critic, a leader and a lover, a wise guy and a wonderful person, a teacher and a teaser, a cell phoner and a cell phoner. He loved to talk, to debate and to win. He enjoyed a party and people. He surrounded himself with friends. He had at least fifty who he called "his best friend" and he seemed to talk to each one of them every day. Did I say he was a cell phoner? Sonia recently reminded me of the time when we got a \$300.00 dollar bill for his over-use of the cell phone. We did not bail him out. The contact list on Joe's cell phone seems to have half the population of the United States. Here is an image I have of Joe when he was at home from school. (Take out cell phone, put it to ear and say, "Hi, dad."). Joe's large ears were made for cell phoning. We saw how Joe was a spender and not a saver, a helper and not a hurter. Joe helped a countless number of people in many different ways. I had a cell phone which I kept in a drawer and never carried. The day he first went into the hospital the cell phone came out of the drawer and became my companion. He helped me become a cell phone user though I must admit that I wish he hadn't done it the way he did.



For two of Joe's four years at Villa Angela St. Joseph High School I was his Spanish teacher. Usually he would let me know how I was doing...trying to help his father again.

In this regard what came home to me was the fact that my son let me know I was doing a good job in the classroom. He was proud of me. When he was in the hospital he told me that I should be at school with the students, not with him in the hospital. After his relapse he actually made me promise two things: 1) I would not stop working and 2) promise that I would watch out for his little sister, Mary Rose.



Joe was an organizer and a planner. During his last extended stay at the Cleveland Clinic, Joe set up rules for visitation. He wanted it known that you had to schedule your visit with him at the hospital. He wanted no surprises and he wanted to be in control. Sonia was the only one who said she would not abide by his wishes. "I'm his mother and I don't care what he says, I will not be scheduled." Bravo for Sonia. Today the rules are different. We scheduled ourselves and the Veasey family thanks you. We are here to give glory and praise to God for Joe's life, to give mutual support, to show that we believe in

eternal life and to help turn our sadness into joy.

Joe loved technology. Like each one of our children, Joe taught Sonia and me how to do different things with the computer, that is, if he wasn't going out a date, cell phoning,

texting, eating wings with his friends, enjoying a Thursday night beer night, golfing, bowling , playing poker, traveling, or making money at the golf course so that he could do all of above. Joe loved life, people and learning.



In the summers Joe worked for eight years as a caddy at Oakwood C.C. He had a very good relationship with many of the members and many of them have kept in touch with him throughout his illness. While in remission this past summer he was able to work in April, May, some of June and a little of July at the golf course. I believe July 15 was the last day he carried golf clubs. At least a dozen of his best friends were either caddies or members of the country club

Joe was always a risk taker. As a child he would climb trees and occasionally fall out of them. At the age of eight he fell from a tree in Lima, Peru while watching a parade. He landed on his head and went into convulsions an hour and a half later. Fortunately he was still being treated at the emergency room of a nearby hospital. They were able to stabilize him and transport him to a hospital where there were specialists who dealt with head trauma. Sonia and I remember the anxiety we had that day as we waited 14 hours for him to come out of his coma.

Joe played soccer for all of his high school years. He did it because another of his best friends said the team needed players. In his freshman year the team had only eleven and a half players. The other sport he practiced was track. He and still another best friend worked with and motivated one another in the pole vault. Joe felt very bad for his buddy at the district finals. Joe qualified for the Regional Track Meet and his friend did not make it.

Studying architecture was something Joe did for himself and while doing it he discovered twenty or more best friends. Many of us know how he loved his college days. His often painful battle with leukemia was very hard, but not being able to go back to school at Miami of Ohio University was an even greater hardship.

Joe, very shortly we will be taking your body to the sacred grounds of your burial place. However, because you are buried deep in the hearts of so many people, we know we can find you in an instant in our hearts

Finally, if Joe calls you on your soul phone, smile, be glad and talk to him for as long as you like.



Jack Veasey

