

# PAT TURK

## “MORE THAN A FEELING”

1998



#### A TRIBUTE TO MY FRIEND PAT TURK.

In the confines of the crowded waiting room, Pats mother sobbed that "It isn't supposed to happen like this - parents are not supposed to have to bury their children". Sadly - she was right. The way it is supposed to happen is that we are born, gradually learn to walk, talk and reason, and live a full and complete life. The way it was meant to be was that we should grow to adulthood, honor our parents and community, grow, prosper, and multiply. Pat was off to a wonderful start. He built his own home, married a lovely girl, had a fine young son, and gave his time freely to his family, church and community. We are expected to live to advanced years - long enough to become an embarrassment to our children, and an aggravation to our neighbors. But that was not to be.

At the services in the small church in Chittenango Pat was referred to as a person of many aspects. There was Pat- the businessman, Pat-the devoted husband and proud father, Pat-the parishioner who made his religion an important part of his short life, Pat- the musician who had mastered the bass guitar, and moved on to head his own band, "Tickets". Pat- the old school chum who never forgot his childhood friends, and the Pat that most of us knew- that of a famous vanner. From coast to coast, from his birth along Rt.66 in Grants NM, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and north into the Canadian provinces, he was known as a "Superstar of Vanning", both for his perfectly finished and detailed van, and his pleasant and friendly manner. His van was masterfully built and impeccably maintained. When our van club wanted to impress the members of another club - we only had to point to Pats van ! I often referred to "More Than A Feeling" as the flagship of our fleet. No-one deserved the title better than he....

None of us suspected just how much the silent killer had invaded his system, and we were sad and worried when he became ill, but had great hopes for a recovery. People from all the states and faiths sent prayers up to heaven for his recovery, but there has to be a reason for the way it turned out. Perhaps God needed something built and called in his finest worker. Over the past year I am happy to have had the opportunity to tell my friend how much I loved and admired him, how I appreciated his gentle way, and enjoyed participating with him in our hobby. Many people do not know about vanning, and it is hard to describe. The best I can come up with is that it is a family, different from the biological family, but a family never the less.

Pat has now moved on, and we have no doubt that he is at this very minute sharing stories with our fellow vanners like John Peters, Reaper, Mindy-Ann and fellow club member Nick Giambatista. John as usual went on ahead, and is saving a place for the rest of us when we too - make that long trip and are reunited with family and friends. Pat, you are gone now, but you will never be forgotten - either by your two families or your friends. We will "Sea Ya" again.

I would be remiss if I failed to mention again just how much Pat and his family appreciated the cards, thoughts, and support through this troubled time. He knew early on just how many friends he had. At the Van nationals in Illinois this summer there wasn't a dry eye in the crowd as Pats name was called and he rose to accept the coveted "Best Of Show". It was his fondest dream - one that was a long time coming. Godspeed Pat - TIETIS -Knighty

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