

JACK RICHARD WEINGAND

MARCH 22, 1926 – JULY 29, 1987

Married: Jean Lubow - June 20, 1947

Three daughters:

- Jan Truebenback (Paul) Emily, Courtney & Fr. Paul
- Jane Duncan (Stan) Devon
- Jenny Jensrokl (David) Anne & Aaron

Jack was born in Hillsboro, Illinois on March 22, 1926. His father, Milford Weingand, was a professional photographer, and his mother Anna Henderson was a homemaker.

When Jack was three years old, he and his family moved to San Francisco, California. A year later, his younger brother Charles was born.



Jack's first job was at age six as a newspaper boy. He always gave his pay to his mother. All he kept was a nickel and he bought a "Three Musketeers Bar" with it. They came in three separate pieces, chocolate, strawberry, and vanilla. He knew his mother loved the chocolate, and that his little brother's favorite was strawberry and he made sure they had their favorite and he took the vanilla. He told this story happy to be able to give his family something special during such difficult times.

Jack was a veteran of World War II. He served in the U.S. Navy in the South Pacific. He ran a landing craft, bringing Marines to the beaches where they would battle the Japanese.

When he returned home after the war, he and Jean were married. They had met when Jean was 14 and Jack 17. Four years had passed and they were ready to begin their lives together.

Jack went to work for "The Wonder Bread Company." He would work for them for

six years until he joined the “San Francisco Fire Department.” Jack was injured in the line of duty twice where he suffered serious burns both times. He received one of the highest medals of valor from the department for his bravery. He retired as a Battalion Chief in 1986.

Jack was a talented woodworker. He created his own trim and moldings for the house. He made many beautiful pieces of furniture with hand carvings and all the lead glass windows in their home. He also helped restore the “Balclutha”, a grand ship that sits off of the Hyde Street Pier in San Francisco. He was a life time member of the Maritime Museum.

Jack had always had a love for the sea and sailing. He had a lap straight row boat, and a wooden sail boat that he absolutely loved to be on. He outfitted his boats himself. He made oars for his rowboat, the rigging, and even some of the sails for his sailboat using mom’s old sewing machine.

He also loved to read. He had a large library. He believed that a person was capable of doing anything if they had the right book to teach you. And he was proof of that when he decided he wanted to learn how to make lead glass windows. He went to the used book store, bought a book, and taught himself how to make them. He loved to read and there were always books about the house so he could pick one up wherever he was sitting.

Jack also had a way with people of all walks of life. He would always stand up for what he felt was right. Honor was important to him.

Most importantly, he gave his family the gift of faith and made sure we all new the importance of attending church regularly. He would often say “Never get out of the habit of attending church, it’s too easy of a habit to break.”

Jack died in a sailing accident on July 29, 1987, doing what he loved.

He was a blessing to us all.

Our family wants to thank the congregation of St. John’s for allowing Dad’s remains to be reburied in the cemetery. We are all grateful to have him as part of the St. John community..

May his memory be eternal!