

# In Memorium - Jack Magacs

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## Obituary



John "Jack" Magacs of Trumansburg, NY passed away at home on January 3, 2018 held in the loving embrace of his immediate family. Jack was born December 1, 1933 in his Aunt Mabel's home on Trumansburg Rd., and greeted to this world by his Aunt Elnora, who administered his first spanking. His early education was at the Hayts Schoolhouse on Trumansburg Rd., and he attended Ithaca High School through the 10<sup>th</sup> grade. He spent his professional life as a mechanic and service station attendant, beginning as a teenager at his father's business, John's Gulf Service, located on Ithaca's West End. Soon after, he took a job as an attendant and mechanic with Patterson's Mobil Station at 221 Aurora St., Ithaca, a job which he held faithfully for 38 years.

Jack was dedicated to the life of his church. As an early member of Asbury Assembly of God in Lansing he served as groundskeeper and bus director. His heart for children led him to create the bus ministry, a service that regularly brought children to and from church activities. He and his wife Jean manned the bus ministry themselves, doing everything including procuring, maintaining and driving the busses, designing the bus routes, and corresponding with the parents and greeting the children on every ride. When they moved their attendance to the First Assembly of God in Ithaca, they started a bus ministry for that church as well. Jack worked in the food pantry for many years, often using his own truck for bulk pickups. In addition, Jack served as Co-Superintendent of First Assembly's Sunday school, as a Sunday usher and Financial Accountability Assistant.

Jack was recently predeceased by Dottie, his loving border collie who held a special place in his heart, and bore the earlier losses of his granddaughter Deeanna and daughter Jackie Ann.

He is survived by his loving and loyal wife of 61 years, Jean, his daughter Marianne (Michelle Paolillo) Arcangeli, grandchildren Tony (Trista Thorn) Arcangeli and Kimberley (Marcus) Wemmer, and great-grandchildren Deeanna and Addeline, his sister Betty Hill, and numerous nieces and nephews.

His friendliness and care towards others reaped many friendships, and his love for children stoked his passion for Sunday school. When the weather allowed, he could be found outside transforming his lawn into his own personal park. To the end he was a loyal NY Giants and NY Yankees fan, and also cheered for the Syracuse Orangemen and the Cornell Big Red, both on the football field and on the basketball court. Another favorite team was the Florida State Seminoles. If you were his friend, you could call him Jack, and many, many people did. He leaves us with an example of service and a big hole in our hearts.

Family and friends are invited to celebrate his memory on Tuesday, Jan 9, 2018 at the First Assembly of God, 197 Bostwick Rd., Ithaca, NY. Visiting hours will start at 10AM, and a service will follow at 11 AM. Refreshments will be available in the fellowship hall after the service. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Assemblies of God World Missions, 1445 Boonville Ave., Springfield, MO 65802, account #220263, or to the food pantry of your choice.

## Eulogies

### From Tony Arcangeli

Pop was an amazing man. Seeing how many people are here to celebrate his life shows me that I am not the only one who feels this way. He has touched so many lives in the 84 years he has been with us, and will continue to do this long after he is gone. I could tell you so many stories and memories I have ... from playing catch out back of the house, to him paying me one penny for every fly I caught ... Just to keep me busy. I always loved watching him fix things around the house, working on the tractors, and increasing the size of his lawn.

One thing I remember very clearly from my childhood is when he would get down on all fours, make a loud and scary noise, and chase my sister and me throughout the house. It was so scary but I would do anything to have that back.

There is something that Pop always said to me before I left his house. He would say, "Hey Tony, if you can't be good, be as good as you can." After a while I would finish the statement before he could. He would smile, I would tell him I loved him, and I would leave.

Looking back I feel like Pop was saying that he knew I wasn't perfect, but he trusted me to do what I thought was right. This helps me to remember that I need to be the best person that I can, and to honor Pop's memory every day.

It also helps me to remember that no one is perfect and that we all make mistakes along the way. I could not have asked for a better role model and I will continue look up to him for the rest of my life. I have learned so many things from him in the 34 years I was honored to know him. Hard work, love and caring for those around you are just some of them, but these are the things that I will never forget.

### 1 Corinthians 13:1-10

*If I speak in the languages of men or of angels, but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.*

*Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.*

*Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when completeness comes, what is in part disappears.*

### From Marianne Arcangeli

Dad and I, each stubborn to the core, resolute in our beliefs, and until very recently, I think, firmly convinced that in order to love the other, we must convince the other of our "rightness". During his last eleven days here, we were given the precious gift of time. Time to laugh. Time to cry. Time to share memories of special moments between us. Time to talk in the wee wee hours of the morning. Time to focus on loving one another - just as we are - stubbornness, opposing beliefs and all. Time to share the love that bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, and endures all things. This was truly the best Christmas gift Dad could have given me. Thank you, Dad.

### from Michelle Paolillo

I want to give a small glimpse into what Jack's last 11 days were like with us, because I think our interactions over those days are so clearly summed up in this scripture verse from 1 Corinthians 13:1-10. Jack's heart was open, loving and giving, despite the frailty of his frame. He was good humored about the many indignities of intimate care we gave that he used to do himself, and accepted them as loving service, and as new ways to be close to his family. Even in the midst of his suffering, he was able to fully savor the simplest of loving gestures: holding hands, a shave and a bed bath, a hug, and of course, the words "I love you". I never heard him worry about what would happen to him, but instead, about what would happen to those of us left here. For Jack, in his final days, there was no creed other than love, given freely and unselfishly.

There can be a world of difference between our beliefs and our hearts. What we believe about our world and our circumstances is undoubtedly important, and our beliefs can guide us towards noble action, towards thoughtfulness and deference. But our beliefs can also bring us into conflict, and bring pain and hurt to a world so badly in need of healing. In this 1 Corinthians passage, it is clear that love should be our primary concern, and our beliefs secondary; that the clear purpose of love in our hearts should win out over our opinions and judgements. This is because, as the writer of 1 Corinthians so clearly expresses, we can expect that our knowledge is incomplete, and when completeness comes, when love comes, we should expect our thoughts, opinions and beliefs to pass away.

And this is what happened for all of us. With Jack at the very end of his life, love was the ruler of our hearts as we cared for Jack, and as he relayed his gratitude and love for our presence. Because of this, I more fully appreciate how much we gained, and how much we lost, in those eleven days from Christmas Eve to January 3<sup>rd</sup>. This makes our loss ever so much more poignant, its magnitude something like an asteroid striking the earth, knocking our world off kilter. Jack leaves a crater in our hearts. Maybe we will fill that crater with our tears, until it becomes a lake, and maybe, on a beautiful day, when we look into the surface of that lake, we will see, not our own reflections framed by a clear blue sky, but the smiling face of Jack Magacs, looking back at us, loving us still.