Beverly Rotary Club Sprocket Newsletter

How does that minx

keep her top up?

WOW! I'm stoked I can live underwater without any diving gear. This opens up a whole new world for me. Funny I never thought the waters off Beverly were this clean and blue. Almost like a Disney version of the ocean. Ursula have you seen Carla? That nutty ginger Ariel is bugging me.

ARIEL! I forbid you to fall in love with a married surface man. Even if he is an accomplished diver!

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE IF TODAY'S SPEAKERS Forecast come true and oceans rise!!!

l'm just happy l'm a fish that can talk

> That Marshall is so dreamy, I'm glad global warming has brought us together at last.

Everyding, betta, down where it wetter under the sea!

BTW the clams want their cousins back from you and Paul Delorenzo

Pay for lunch, happy dollars, or just a good old donation. Keep the dream alive https://beverlyrotaryclub.ejoinme.org/MyEvents/COVIDRESPONSE/tabid/1143470/Default.aspx



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Last weeks news, Thursday Nov 5.20

cial evening meeting to memorialize Jack be at every philanthropic meeting - early Good

Meeting was called to order by Marshall Handly at 6:00 pm

Pledge of Allegiance was led by Jackie Rapisardi., followed by Freddie and Diane leading us in song and video "My Country Tis of Thee"

Thad Siemasko lead the invocation - in less than 5 seconds in honor of Jack

The following were guests of the Beverly Rotary club:

Susan Good, Jack's Wife Bonnie Kennedy Travis and U Jim & Paula Maryann & Al Tammy and Derek Gagnon John and Jody Young

There were no visiting Rotarians, announcements, birthdays or Sergeant this week.

The Floor was opened to all who wanted to give tribute to or tell a story about Jack. As you can imagine, a common theme ran through the stories. Invariably, everyone had a story about Jack's good nature, friendship, hard work, dedication to philanthropy and basic decency. Here are some of the highlights of some comments. Please excuse the brevity Marshall Handly - A giant of local philanthropy

Peter Hersee - Joined Rotary 47 years ago. Related a story about raising funds for the veteran's memorial in Wenham

Neiland Douglas- Spent time with Jack nearly every day for 47 years. Their views seldom diverged. Jack was devoted to building the Lord's Kingdom on Earth.

Matt Piaker - Jack always had balance. Great quote from Ghandi

Jo Broderick - Always someone to call to for support with bad news or to share good news.

Jackie Rapisardi - Cheerleader for the staff at NS Music Theater.

Elizabeth Macomber - Mentor, friend, cheerleader - all around good guy Thad - A Jack-of-all-trades when it came to philanthropy.

Rotary Meeting November 12, 2020. A spe- Georgina - Wondered if he cloned himself. He'd

Moiph - Came up with a Sprocket profile from 1985

Mark Brislin - Nobody deserved a better name

Dianne Palter-Gill -

Mike Harrington - A Giant

Neil Bernstein - An exercise in grace in human form

Bill Beckman - Jack was good - all the time.

Ed Cahill - Great guy to work the Salvation Army Kettle with

Chet Marcus - Happy to be an auctioneer. Related that Jack went out of his way to find a Rotary Meeting while in Russia.

Ann Curry - The YMCA would not be what it is without Jack Good

Sue Gabriel - If there's anybody you'd want to emulate, it's Jack Good.

Dave Olson - Great stories about Jack's support of the club presidents and Jack's always having a book with him and swapping among a group of friends. You always felt important and listened to when talking to Jack.

Lex Ushakoff - Foundation and Cornerstone around Beverly

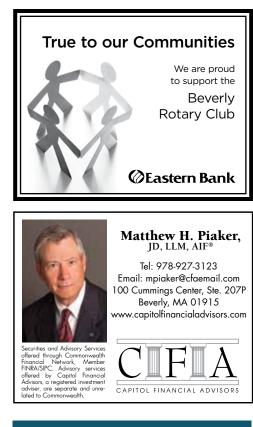
Sue Dollaner - Jack's influence spread far beyond Beverly

After the Tributes, Bob Murphy read a letter from Jay McGovern. See other page

A wonderful video with dozens of pictures of Jack smiling with friends and colleagues was played to "What I did for Love"

Meeting Adjourned: around 7:30

Scribe of the week: Nick Biancucci Nov. 17, 2020





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Sweet Toast Send Off

A fitting send off at end of last weeks meeting included a Orange/Citrus send off. An orange or some other citrus fruit was raised toasting our friend Jack, who if you recall often ate an Orange (or Apple) at lunch every week. That's a lot of chicken dinners and a lot of Vitamin





Worldwide Adventures of Handly

I was deftly raking leaves on Clark Avenue the other day, barking at any passing dogs who were not wearing masks, when a passerby called me "curlish". "GAWK!" I thought, "That fellow citizen must recognize my championship curling technique." My temperature rose in a flash, as I recalled first meeting Carla on our intercollegiate coed curling team. Sure, the volleyball team might travel to Fort Lauderdale, but our spring breaks were spent in Loch Glascarnoch Scotland, the coldest wettest spot in a cold, wet country. Coaxing large stones - the technical term is "rock" - across the "curling sheet" - that's ice to the layman - to the "home" (aoal) honed the teamwork and finesse which are the hallmark of our boutique law firm. Not sticks, not bats, but brooms are deployed to induce the rolling stone over a straight path and long distance. Like romancing the stone but with granite blocks instead of jewels. If you've ever seen me usher a variance through the Zoning Board of Appeals, you'll recognize that my silken inducement comes from seasons behind the broom. Years of "chess on ice" have translated into "suasion on highly waxed linoleum". While I was delighted to recall that my all-star form remained visible all these years later, it occurred to me that perhaps my dog walking neighbor called me "churlish" not "curlish". In which case, I shall have to take that under advisement. Until we meet again, whether sweeping the rock or threading the ZBA needle, stay healthy! Wallet.



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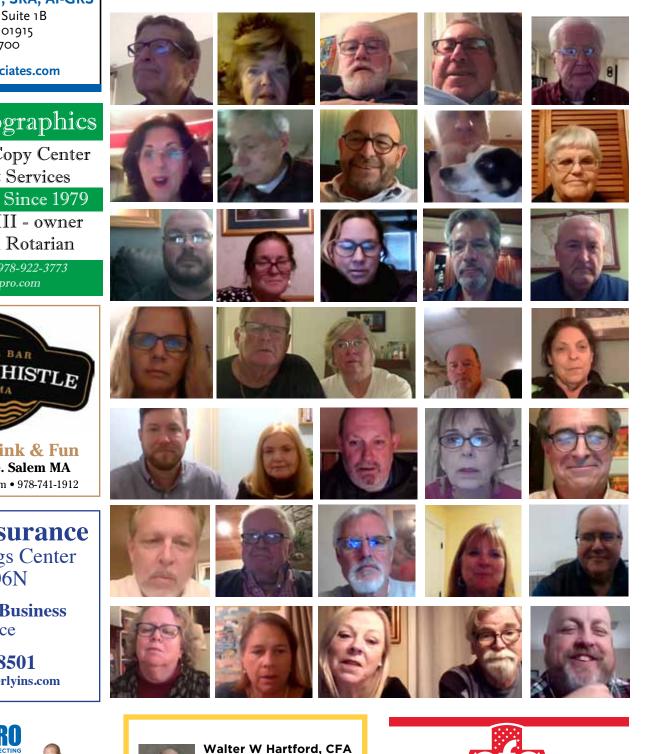
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Zoom with Beverly Rotary

Around the Zoom last week. We have so many guests, visitor's and regular Rotary member we have to go to two pages. Look elsewhere it's not that many pages, do I have to do everything for you? Speak up I'll grab ya.





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Pictures continued

As mentioned more pics of last week with all the beautiful people. Including Prez Marsall's homage to Wakefield Diner. Unfortunately we don't have picture proof of Neil putting Eliza into a headlock to make some point about something no one heard because they were aghast at the headlock. Human resources is talking with Neil at this very point and we see anger management and community service in future. Leave it to Eric and Marta to get extra comfy on the couch. Yout! They know how to party.





SIX WORD STORIES

I hope you'll consider telling us your pandemic story in six words. We want to preserve Beverly's collective experience of 2020, a most unusual year. Add to Beverly's pandemic stories by submitting yours. We will submit your entries to the Six-Word Memoirs website and add them to our local history collection. Submit your entries by Monday, November 30.

That's Allison Babin/Library Rock Star behind the mask





ENTER THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Witness a well respected man, well groomed, a financial giant if you will, at right in the throes of taking superb notes for the Sprocket. His zest for creative writing is only surpassed by his money management acumen. Last week his notes were pure rapture, possibly Pulitzer prize winning for their insightful view on the tribute to Jack Good. Yes it was the white whale of writing and you'll never see them since he forgot to save. Todays notes are a redo based on memory.



LETTER ABOUT Jack good



THIS SEAT IS RESERVED FOR

MR. JACK GOOD



Friends,

Yesterday was my birthday. My wife Susan and I were returning home to Newburyport after 3 nice days in North Conway. We headed south along Route 16, and as the lunch hour came and went, we surrendered to our hunger pangs and looked for a suitable place to stop. We stopped at the Miss Wakefield Diner in Wakefield, New Hampshire. It's one of those classic "old" diners with the glistening silver facade. We had passed it many times over the years, never stopping.

There were just a couple of other customers in there, and the place was appropriately modified with plexiglas barriers between the booths and the signage we have all grown used to, requiring masks and social distancing. We plopped ourselves down in one of their cozy booths, and ordered an inviting lunch.

As we ate, I noticed that the cook had emerged from the kitchen out back, and he grabbed a seat in the booth next to ours, where he started a conversation with the customer already sitting there who apparently was a regular.

I couldn't help but pick up snippets of the cook's comments to his friend: "...he was a dear friend...had a major stroke...sent to Portsmouth Regional Hospital...died the next day...such a good man...only 77... Jack?..I still can't believe it."

Well of course, with the recent passing of our dear friend Jack, not only did my ears perk up, but I rose from my seat and went over to the cook.

"Excuse me, are you talking about a friend named Jack, who recently died from a stroke?" "Yes" the man answered, with a tear in his eye. "Was it Jack Good, from Massachusetts?" I asked. "Yes! " he shouted. "Oh my God," I said, "Jack was a very good friend of mine. We'd been friends since I met him in 1979.He was a mentor to me all throughout my career!" We wanted to hug, or at least shake hands—but because of the virus, fought the impulse to do so.

The week before, I had ignored the statement in Jack's obituary indicating that the services at the gravesite would be just for the family. On the morning of the funeral, I went to the gravesite anyway, where indeed none of the throngs of people who would normally have been there, were there. I arrived early and stood off to the side. It was cold, rainy and foggy. The funeral procession had not yet arrived. As another car approached, I was surprised but very glad to see old friends Mark and Karen Kostegan get out of their car. We hadn't seen each other in years. And standing under our umbrellas, we had a chance to catch up and talk about Jack, while we waited for the procession to arrive.

Mark told me that Jack had been at his cottage on the lake in Wakefield, New Hampshire. He had spent, for the first time ever, most of the summer there, because of Covid. Jack and Mark had continued to communicate via email, and not surprisingly, they shared a lot of stories and laughs over the summer.

I asked the cook his name. He was Scott (photo attached). He owned the diner, and he occasionally pitched in to cook, especially during Covid. I said, "How well did you know Jack? Did he come in here often?" "Every day, for breakfast. For years" "Every day?" I said. "Yes, Every day that he was up here, and this year he'd been here every day since April."

Scott continued, "He was a dear friend for many years. I know Sue, I know the whole family. If you line up 10,000 people who knew Jack throughout his lifetime, you wouldn't find a person who had a bad thing to say about him." "Couldn't agree more," I said, "He touched so many people in so many ways, a very special man. Like Jack, I spent much of my career in hospital fundraising. He got me started in the business. Jack was a teacher and mentor to me, and hundreds of others over his career."

Scott directed my attention to the counter across from us, and there it was (photo), a sign that had been taped to the counter, reading "This seat Reserved for Mr. Jack Good." The Advisory Committee reference? It was Scott's nod to Jack's career-long involvement in committees and Boards for dozens of organizations.

"Wow!", I said, "Did you put up the sign after he died, as a tribute to him?" Again with a tear, Scott said, "Oh no. That sign's been there since April, when I knew Jack would be up here for a long time. He would come in every day and sit at his seat. I would never let anyone else sit there. We're going to get a permanent plaque and put it there. I don't want anyone else to sit there."

For the next 20 minutes, we talked about Jack, his life and legacy. It seemed like our stop at the diner, meeting Scott—it seemed so random. Or was it? As we got up to say our goodbyes, Scott pointed to the sky and said, "We love you Jack. I know you're up there."

For me, on my birthday, it was a very Good birthday present.

And if you're ever traveling up or down Route 16 in Wakefield,NH, please stop in to the Miss Wakefield Diner for a good meal, to see Jack's seat and to say hello to Scott.

And please share this with anyone who knew Jack who might be interested.

Jay McGovern