



Gerald Kinion

July 22, 1956 - May 28, 2020

Gerald Kinion, of West Chester, passed away peacefully on May 28th, 2020 at the age of 63. Loving father of Zachary.

Services and Interment Private.

Comments



“ I am sorry to hear about Gerald passing. I just heard; so I uploaded a photo of us playing baseball together as underclassmen. He was a good catcher and rarely let a ball get by him. I pray God to bless his soul and comfort his family. John Cory did a good job of commenting and giving you a feel for Gerald. A good man.

Edward Crowder - January 11 at 08:03 AM



“ 1 file added to the album Gerald & Ed



Edward Crowder - January 11 at 07:59 AM



“ I also am a classmate of Gerald's. I lost touch with him after high school, but remember him as one of those really nice guys. He was kind to everyone. He was athletic, smart, and very good looking. Rest in peace, my friend. Taken way too soon.

Karen Flock Hughett - November 25, 2020 at 04:30 PM



“ Gerald and I were classmates and tennis buddies. Gerald, another classmate Dave Smith and I would play tennis for hours in the park behind my house. He was such a good guy. He could make me laugh. I am so sorry to hear of his passing. I wish he would have kept in touch with us. He has been missed by many of us in the Class of 74.

Paula Miller - November 25, 2020 at 03:49 PM



“ Gerald and I were classmates and good friends. He was the ultimate athlete along with being very smart. He had the most awesome dry Witt humor and a great smile. It saddens me to know he has passed. Gods speed my friend.

Jon Bonomo - November 25, 2020 at 12:32 PM



“ Remembering Gerald Kinion, Moments Along the Journey (Part 5)

" It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, who comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who neither know victory nor defeat."

The world has been made better because of Gerald Kinion.

Like many, I shall miss my good friend.

Farewell Gerald

Your friend

John Cory

John Cory - November 21, 2020 at 01:54 PM



“ Remembering Gerald Kinion, Moments Along the Journey (Part 4)

Gerald and Beth had a son, Zach, and Gerald was a proud father. The world was grand and all was well. But in the 1990s, like so many of us who had to navigate corporate life in that era, things were perilous and at times politically treacherous with our careers. Somehow, again like a whole lot of us, Gerald got banged up a bit in the corporate grind of big business and things began to go a bit awry. Perhaps from the stress of it all, his marriage failed, his job situation changed and before long, Gerald had to reinvent his life. It was in that era of reinventing that Gerald began grow quiet. Having known Gerald for so many years, he was a focused and dedicated man that'd hunker down and quietly navigate about anything that came his way. He never made a lot of noise, seldom complained, he would just double down and plod ahead. It seemed like that was what was going on. In the re-invention of his life, it looked like there were two chapters as he relocated near Philadelphia, one was a Corporate Operations guy in his paper-pulp-box business (similar to his life in Georgia) and then later in 2008 away from the corporate treadmill and out into entrepreneurialism with his own business. These were quiet days, and I lost track of Gerald, as did many of his friends.

Yesterday I learned that in 2006, about fourteen years ago, Gerald was diagnosed with prostate cancer. The year he began his new career path as an entrepreneur he also has a rough patch of road ahead with health issues. After that point in time, Gerald's life evidently became very low key. Not much I know about the next and final chapter of his life.

Jon Bonomo's text to me Thursday morning this week, I read at about 7 PM in the evening. By 7 PM Friday evening, 24 hours after Jon reached out to me, I had fully confirmed what Jon had intimated, that in fact Gerald Kinion had died, May 28th this year.

We will never probably know much about the story of the last chapter of Gerald's life, except that to a lot of his friends and to his family he was in a Quiet Zone. Perhaps it was depression, perhaps it was the Gerald that I'd known most of his younger life where he'd just hunker down and grind his way through a problem and never make a noise, and never complain. I honestly do not know what was happening in this chapter.

But what I do know is this, it is not fair to measure a man by one event or one era of his life, but rather by the whole of his life. Gerald was a good man, with a good heart, with a brilliant mind, a strong work ethic and he was a good friend. In the fog of life in the last couple chapters he had to navigate, the Gerald Kinion that I've known all my life, he was a fighter, a man in the arena, while obviously battered and bruised, the Gerald Kinion I have known was quietly trying to champion his way past cancer, but in the end, cancer defeated him.

Life has roads where you find vistas to see forever, and skies are blue. But there are valleys life's road wanders and they are treacherous and filled with troubles. I've seen this man navigate both, and whilst it is my wish he'd seen his final sunset after

a blue sky, perhaps now, by God's mercy and grace he will.

John Cory - November 21, 2020 at 01:52 PM



“ Remembering Gerald Kinion, Moments Along the Journey (Part 3)

Gerald slowed down and never drove 100 mph again the rest of his life, even though the Texas Ranger chose to not stop us and give us a ticket.

Clarence and Mary Ann welcomed us to their new home in Victoria, Texas and Clarence Kinion was proud of his son. They were friendly, hospitable folks and it was good to see them. Springtime in Texas is the best time of the year, things are green, hurricanes are last year's problem, skies are blue and the Gulf of Mexico is warm. As we explored the oil coated beaches of Corpus Christi, we discovered beyond the tar on our bare feet were coconut oil on bare bodies. Somehow Gerald or Wayne had inadvertently parked the car and we had walked out on a nude beach. That was quite a site. As we wandered on south, Nuevo Lerado, Mexico became a new adventure. It was our first experience across the border, and was it ever a culture shock. Stop lights were 4 feet off the ground, painted green and not yellow, street vendors were peddling everything from Marble Chess Games to pink sun glasses. What a day we had in Mexico, it was a memory for the ages. En route back to Victoria, we discovered what seemed like half of Texas was owned by The King Ranch.

Gerald Kinion spent a lot of his time at the FCA Camp in Parke County, and Charlie Miller's daughter Beth caught his eye. Gerald and Beth got married in the summer of 1975 and he moved to Married Student Housing the rest of his Purdue days.

Gerald's first semester at Purdue began with his ambition for becoming a Chemical Engineer, but about six weeks into that semester, Gerald traded the Periodic Table for a Slide Rule and transferred into Mechanical Engineering. Interestingly enough, in October 1974, Gerald's engineering class was the first group in Purdue's history to throw out the Slide Rule, and switch to a hand-held Calculator. Hewlett Packard sold a \$700 calculator, and it might as well have been \$10,000, it was a fortune in 1974, but Gerald had the first version of HP's new calculator, and then even a Texas Instrument's new calculator. The era of the slide rule ended Gerald's first semester at Purdue. Gerald had an analytical mind and could think straight across the line into complex algorithms. He was well suited for engineering and he worked hard during his Purdue days.

Basketball at Purdue's Co-Rec had pick-up games that were much like what Gerald and I knew from our growing up days in Rockville. What made it really fun was that we could play pick-up games with members of Purdue's Basketball team. We played countless games with Eugene Parker, Purdue's guard from Fort Wayne, and Wayne Walls Purdue's forward from Jeffersonville and Walter Jordan Purdue's wingman from East Chicago. Because hoops in Beechwood Park were so much a part of our life as kids, it was easy to play pick up games at the Co-Rec and even with elite athletes who were far better than us. But Gerald could always hold his own with a basketball, and what a bunch of great hours of our lives were found at Purdue playing highspeed hoops (even with guys that could hover above the hoop).

Lake Charles, Louisiana became the first career stop along Gerald's career journey. He and Beth moved to Lake Charles in the summer of 1978 and after a couple

months of 98 degree heat, and 98 percent humidity and living a mile or so away from a refinery that blew up, a Course-correction move was made in the fall of 1978 and a new carrier was launched in Savannah, Georgia with Union Camp, the maker of paper bags. Gerald hit full stride in his work by the age of 25, he was a good engineer and the southern climate seemed to fit him well. The Savannah lifestyle was a perfect fit, and he even got to like the moss on the trees. He was a company man though, and call of duty required him to relocate, and north of Atlanta in Ackworth, Georgia he moved.

John Cory - November 21, 2020 at 01:50 PM



“ Remembering Gerald Kinion, Moments Along the Journey (Part 2)

Gerald and I played lots of basketball in that stretch of time and he was a good athlete. He was a fullback in football that had a soft shot in basketball. Gerald was a fine athlete, through highschool and on into college. We both quit growing at 5'10" and envied those that went past six feet. But inside Rockville, there were great Indiana hoop dreams formed and competitive spirits thrived. Gerald could keep up with Ed Crowder but not John Nelson. I couldn't keep up with either of them. Between Joe Blackmore and Gerald Kinion, great games of hoops emerged at Beechwood Park a couple summers and life was lived well.

March 1975 during spring break at Purdue, where Gerald and I were college roommates, we borrowed Gerald's sister Bev's brand new Ford Maverick with 12 inch shock absorbing front and rear bumpers, and with Wayne Houston joining us, we drove from West Lafayette to New Orleans en route to Victoria, Texas where Gerald's parents had relocated with his father's work at Dupont. After an all-night drive, and way too much coffee we pulled into the parking lane at the French Quarter Holiday Inn, and we get out of the car. Wayne had the final leg of the trip, and after Gerald and I had gotten the bags, Wayne got out of the driver's seat without putting the car in Park. The new Ford Maverick with 12 inch front and rear shock absorbing and full recoil bumpers became a pin ball between the car in front of it and the car behind it, jamming into both of them back and forth several times. We were so caffeine buzzed and tired we became mesmerized spectators, until the guy behind us in a black limousine couldn't take extreme whiplash anymore and honked his horn and cussed us out. Gerald climbed in the car and put into park and the commotion stopped. The 12 inch front and rear shock absorbing full recoil bumpers worked well, not even a scratch. After we got a bit of rest, we explored the French Quarter and found the food in New Orleans is about as good as anywhere we'd ever been. Then it was off to the Super Dome to tour the brand-new stadium and see the home of the New Orleans Jazz. We arrived too late for the tour the ticket office said, but they had sympathy on us, and let us in and told us how to catch up with the guided tour group. Somehow, we never could find the group, so we did what college age kids do, we toured the Super Dome on our own. We found our way to the basketball court situated in the middle of the football field, where the New Orleans Jazz played at the time. There were basketballs in racks, and we shot hoops for 15 minutes until a security guard chased us off the court. We finished our tour and departed the building through the exit doors, only to have all the alarms go off in the whole city of New Orleans and police squad cars arriving with sirens and lights. We ran down the stairs and hid behind the bushes, to avoid the apparent commotion we created. Whilst relieving ourselves in the bushes, from way too much coffee, four security guards startled us with a yell and off we went again running across railroad tracks down by the river and back to the French Quarter. Beer was good that day, and even better that at 18 we were not illegal for drinking it. New Orleans was grand but shooting hoops on Pete Maravich's home turf was the best part of the deal.

It is a million miles between West Lafayette and Victoria, Texas when you are 18 years old, but in Texas the highway patrol subscribes to AJ Foyt's rules when you get outside of the major cities. Gerald and Wayne and I averaged 90 to 100 mph driving

across Texas in that green Ford Maverick with 12 inch front and rear shock absorber bumpers. There was a moment though, someplace south of Houston where Gerald got religion, a Texas Ranger pulled up alongside him while he was driving 100 mph, and waved his hand and then pointed down.

John Cory - November 21, 2020 at 01:46 PM



“ Remembering Gerald Kinion, Moments Along the Journey (Part 1)

" It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, who comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who neither know victory nor defeat." Teddy Roosevelt.

Yesterday I learned that my friend Gerald Kinion succumbed to cancer, and died May 28th this year.

2020 is a year like none other for this generation, everything is peculiar and strange, and even the flow of news and information, how is it that six months after he died, the world just finds out? We live in an instant news world, and it took six months to get news from Philadelphia to Indiana. What is the story?

Jon Bonomo texted me Thursday morning asking if I knew anything about what happened to Gerald Kinion, that it appears that he has died. I replied that this couldn't be, but we needed to spend some time figuring out the news he had discovered. Twenty-four hours after Jon's text, we discovered the news was true, and the sad reality of this gravity began to sink in.

There are things in life that will simply be riddles and mysteries, things we will never know, and the last chapter or two of Gerald's life are in that category. I will never know some of the details of his last days, and it is sad. You see, there is much more about this man than his final chapter, much more about his life than his last battle, and much more to his journey than the quietness of the last years. So, let me tell some of his story and share a few moments along the journey.

March Madness for Basketball is a thing that runs through the fabric of my generation of Indiana kids who grew up playing pickup games of basketball, in neighborhoods or barnyards at the farm or hay mows. Basketball runs through the veins of my generation, and with that the class of 1974 begot Larry Bird. But before there was Larry Bird, there were other athletes that had our attention, and in 1970 at Butler Fieldhouse a bunch of us from Rockville went to watch them play in the College All-Star Game, we went to see legends in the making. Nate (Tiny) Archibald led scoring, Calvin Murphy as short as he was could dunk the basketball, Rick Mount from Purdue shot patented corner shots with one hand, Dan Issel was not as big as Bob Lanier, and Charlie Scott was lightning fast and Austin Carr from Notre Dame was as good as advertised. But it was Pete Maravich that people from Indiana really wanted to see, up close and in action, and especially those of us from Rockville. Across the street from Gerald Kinion's house was Bill Newton's home, and Bill Newton was

recruited by Press Maravich to play for LSU and with Pistol Pete. It was a game for the ages at Butler Fieldhouse, and everyone that day that was there knew it.

Up and down our street on Northwood Drive basketball was played every day, and as a kid after you got tall enough or big enough you moved the game to Beechwood Park on the south side of town. The pickup games at Beechwood were famously competitive. Dunking the basketball was illegal in that era, but everyone who was tall enough or had legs with springs in them would dunk the ball, hang on the rim and after a few weeks the rims hung low and had to be fixed. Gerald and I played lots of basketball in that stretch of time and he was a good athlete.

Continued on Part 2 for Gerald Kinion

John Cory - November 21, 2020 at 01:43 PM