



Jack Van Kirk

June 10, 1941 - August 9, 2021

Jack Van Kirk, 80, of Stigler, passed away Monday, August 9, 2021 in St. Francis Hospital in Muskogee. He was born June 10, 1941 in Wyandotte, Oklahoma to Sterling & Ethel (Roberts) Van Kirk.

Jack met the love of his life, Anna Diple and they were married on January 9, 1978 in Irving, Texas.

He loved motorcycles and was a longtime member of the Christian Motorcycle Association. He spent 31 years driving a truck for Yellow Freight Trucking Company.

Jack is survived by his beloved wife of 43 years, Anna Van Kirk of the home; 5 daughters, Anna Marie Benson of Stigler, Trudy Deac of Arizona, Kerri Watkins of Adiar, Tonya Dodson of Seminole, Shannon Ducharme of Seminole; 2 sons, Scott Van Kirk of Enid & Charles Dile of Monroe, LA.; 20 grandchildren; 29 great grand-children.

Jack is preceded in death by his parents, Sterling & Ethel Van Kirk; 4 sisters, Mona Rea, Rudella, Earlene, Shirley; 1 brother, Grady Van Kirk.

Graveside Service will be 3:30 P.M. Thursday, August 12, 2021 at Council House Cemetery at Wyandotte, Oklahoma. Pallbearers include Joshua Luttrell, John Allen Wokaty, James Benson.

Burial will follow immediately under the direction of King & Shearwood Funeral Home of Stigler.

Cemetery Details

Council House Cemetery

Previous Events

Viewing

AUG 11. 10:00 AM - 5:00 PM (CT)

R.E. SHEARWOOD MEMORIAL CHAPEL

808 EAST MAIN

STIGLER, OK

(918) 967-0044

kingwood4@sbcglobal.net

<http://KINGANDSHEARWOODFUNERALHOME.COM>

Tribute Wall

EB

“ Elizabeth Brock lit a candle in memory of Jack Van Kirk



Elizabeth brock - August 12, 2021 at 03:06 PM

SW

“ I could share memories of summers spent at Memaw and Papaw's house in Mississippi with cousins when were young, or about the long bike rides we'd take as a group, or the things I learned at the camping sites we visited with A.B.A.T.E. and CMA, or the times we had when I lived with them at their home in Oklahoma as a teenager. I could share stories about visiting them in that same home after I had children and seeing the joy and pride in their eyes. All of that would inevitably get mushy, and Pawpaw wasn't very mushy.

You felt his affection in many ways though. When he'd teach you a small skill or reprimand you for doing something stupid or when he'd give you a surprise goose as you walked by or even when he let you make a mistake just so he could chide you, you felt his love and attention. Later in life, he'd sit in his chair and tell me stories about the past. He made me feel like the only person in the world sometimes. And I loved that. All this keeps getting mushy. Lol

There's 30 years of memories I could share, but the thing that will always stick with me is that my Pawpaw was a badass. He was a good souled, God-fearing Christian, but he was also an absolutely classic badass. The image that I'll allow to permeate is my grandpa coming down the stairs from the Yellow trucking office. First I'd see his kickbutt boots, then his slim fitted Jeans with a big belt buckle, leading up to a pearl buttoned shirt, clean shaven face and shining aviators. Strolling over to meet his wife, he seemed like the epitome of man, a man among men, a slick-looking motherf-er.

I love you, Pawpaw.

Stephanie Wiens - August 10, 2021 at 06:17 PM