



Stanley J. Kalich

October 30, 1928 - December 7, 2011

Stanley J. Kalich passed away on December 7, 2011, at Central Washington Hospital in Wenatchee. He was born on October 30, 1928, in Kansas City, KS, to Frank and Mary Kalich. He grew up and attended school and college in Kansas City, KS. He married Lydia Luckeroth of Seneca, KS, on August 5, 1954. They moved frequently following his lifelong career with JCPenny, that spanned over 40 years. They lived in Kansas City, Spokane and Vancouver, WA, and Lewiston, ID. He retired from JCPenny as the store manager in Lewiston. In 2005, Stan and Lydia moved to Wenatchee to be closer to their children and grandchildren. He was a decorated soldier during the Korean War, serving with the 24th Infantry Division, 24th Reconnaissance Company during 1951 and 1952. He was a true patriot. It was only fitting that he passed away on Pearl Harbor Day. He was very active in civic and service clubs to include United Way, Rotary, Knights of Columbus, Boy Scouts, and Veterans of Foreign Wars. He was a member of the Catholic Church and worshiped at Holy Family, Kansas City, KS, St. Stanislaus in Lewiston, ID and St. Joseph's in Wenatchee. He loved animals and spoiled them rotten, especially his beloved dog Mollie. He loved watching sports and traveling. He loved to golf and once got a hole in one at Bryden Canyon Golf Course in Lewiston, ID. His memory started failing later in life.

The family would like to extend their gratitude to the staff at Highgate Senior Living in Wenatchee for their care during his stay at "The Cottage".

He leaves behind his wife of 57 years, Lydia; son Dan and daughter Lynn Floyd, of Wenatchee; and one daughter, Cindy Plackett, of Olathe, KS. He is survived by eight grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his mother, father, three brothers and four sisters.

He loved the summer family reunion when the whole family got together. He always loved a party.

Memorial services were held at St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Wenatchee. Donations can be made in Stan's name and mailed to Sister Servants of Mary, 800 N 18th Street, Kansas City, KS, 66102. A private graveside service will be held at a later date. A website for viewing is available at www.telfordschapel.com. Arrangements were assisted by Telford's Chapel of the Valley, East Wenatchee.

Tribute Wall

CD

“ *Living in England, I only just heard about Stan's passing. It was such a shock. My son said he was so very sorry that he had to give me such bad news and he knew how much Stan's friendship meant to me. He is now in God's hands, no more pain and suffering. One day we will meet again and until then, I hope all who knew him, will cherish his memory as much as I do. A finer man you will never meet. He was the Best. Lydia, my heart goes out to you and all the family. His loss is such a sad one and the grandkids will never get to really get to know him, other than through your childrens eyes. Make sure they always know how much they meant to him and how much he loved them all. To all of you, his cherished family, I just want you to know that I cherish my friendship with Stan and shall never, ever forget him. Thank You Stan for being my Friend and confidant!*

Carol Daniels - January 29, 2012 at 05:58 PM

JP

“ *To the Stan Kalich family,
We were so sorry to hear about Stan's death. We lost touch of him when he moved to Idaho. We kept updated about him from his brother, Willie.
We live in Kansas City, KS. and were long-time friends of Stan's. He lived and grew up on the same street as Ed (615 Ohio). He was our favorite salesman at JC Penney's in KCK. He gave our daughter her first job when no one else would because she did not have any experience in the work force. He will be missed by all.
God Bless you all.*

Jackie & Ed Phillips - December 16, 2011 at 06:05 PM

JL

“ Just wanted to say how sorry I am for your lose. Wish I could be there for you like you were here for me when Dad died. I have fond memoeries of Stan. May God be with you during this time and if there is anything Lydia, Cindy or DAn that you need pleae let me know. I love all of you. Take care again may God be with you. Joe

Joe Luckeroth - December 14, 2011 at 11:08 AM

JL

“ I will truly miss Stan he was a kind and wonderful man. Always kind to me Wish I could be there for the family as Lydia and Cindy were for me at the lose of my Dad.



Joe A Luckeroth - December 14, 2011 at 10:25 AM

RS

“ Just wanted to pass along my sincere codolences for the passing of Mr. Kalich -- father to my friend Cindy Plackett (and to the rest of the family). I can remember the days when Cindy and I, along with Mary Koskan and Cindy Hackathorn would all get together and Mr. Kalich would keep us all in line. He even got me my first job at JC Penney. Wonderful husband and father. My prayers are with you all!

Rene Slupski - December 13, 2011 at 12:58 PM

LG

“Losing a grandparent is difficult. Losing them long before they actually pass away is harder. I remember the first time we went to Lewiston, Idaho to have Thanksgiving with Papa and Grandma K.. It was a long drive, it was cold when we got there, and we had to rake leaves. Yes, rake leaves... in the cold. My brother and I would have froze to death, but we we had just gotten hand knitted gloves and hats from them. How convenient. What I wasn't expecting was getting paid to do it. It was the first time I had gotten money for doing chores and the first time I realized that hard work pays off... literally. I used that money for Christmas presents, or candy, I'm not really sure. What I remember most is thinking it was absolutely awesome knowing somebody in the entertainment industry. Okay, so papa worked for a local radio station, but we got to tour the station before he took my brother and I to the toy store to pick out stuff for us and our sisters and had goulash for dinner. And he knew Santa. Mall Santa. A mall Santa who arrived at the mall in a helicopter. It was amazing to my nine year old self. Papa also loved to tell war stories from when he was in Korea. Lots and lots of stories. And he could watch television in his sleep as was apparent when I changed the channel while he was obviously sleeping and he said, "I was watching that." I still have no idea how he'd know I even changed the channel, but he did. He always did. So a few years ago when we were told that Papa's mind wasn't as sharp as it once was and he had to constantly be reminded of who people were, I was saddened. I wondered if he would still be the same person I knew. And for the most part, he was. But over time it was quite apparent that he was remembering less and less and becoming more paranoid that something was going to happen to his dog who practically never left his side. On one hand this slow degradation somewhat prepares you for the inevitable, but on the other it just seems cruel. When I got the call that he had passed away, or more accurately text message (don't mock, between texting and Facebook is how my family communicates) I wasn't surprised by anything except actually breaking down and crying over the loss. Even though I knew it was coming and have been preparing for it over the last couple days, I still couldn't stop falling

to the ground as the tears began flowing. And then I started laughing as a story he told me about my stepdad popped into my head. Losing someone is difficult and painful, but as long as we remember them, their spirit will live on.

Loving Grandchild - December 12, 2011 at 06:14 PM

AB

“ *Grandma, Cindy, Lynn, and Dan,*

We are sorry to hear about Grandpa's passing. I wish my side of the family could be with you during this time. We will make an extra effort to come to the family reunion this summer for his cremated burial. I love you all and wish you the best during this time. Hugs.

Ashley Blystone - December 10, 2011 at 08:32 PM

“ Strong, brilliant, funny, brave, and loving, these are all words you could use to describe Papa. He was a true hero and an inspiration to all of us grandkids. He fought in the Korean War and had many long stories he loved to tell us. In the last 29 years I have heard the stories probably hundreds of times, but I never truly appreciated them until now. He was a hard worker and a loving husband, father, grandfather, and great-grandfather.

I have so many stories I can think of but probably my favorite story he ever told me was about Grandma. After they got engaged every night they would go out, Grandma would get mad at him, and throw the ring back at him. Then the next day he would come back to her house and ask her to marry him all over again. They would have been married 58 years this next August, a true and honest love story. Through everything, they have been through the last few years with his dementia; Grandpa never forgot his love for Grandma. In fact in his last moments of life he turned his head towards her and took his last breath. I guess you can say he loved her until the very last breath he took. I can only hope my marriage lasts like that.

7 Years ago I gave birth to my first child, from the moment Papa met Haylie she had him wrapped around her finger. He would always tell me, "That girl is so smart. She is going to make something of herself one day." When she was two years old she started calling him King Papa and he loved that nickname. He said she knew who was King. Last summer when he was in the nursing home and didn't know who I was or even my mom sometimes, he seemed to always know Haylie, every time she would come up to him he would light up.

2 years ago I had another daughter named Brookelyn, and although she will never remember King Papa, I am thankful they got to meet. Brooke is so much like King Papa; she is stubborn, hardheaded, and determined. She is so beautiful and Papa couldn't get over how pretty he thought she was. But she got every bit of his stubbornness. If she doesn't want to do something she will not do it. Even though she is a challenge on most days, I am thankful that she has characteristics of Papa.

Papa I will miss you more than you will ever know, I don't know if I will ever get over never saying good-bye to you. I honestly thought last summer that you would still be there this summer. You were one of the good guys. You raised me to never take less than I deserve and to love with every bit of my heart. You will be forever missed. I love you so much!!!

Leslie Gibson - December 10, 2011 at 12:48 PM