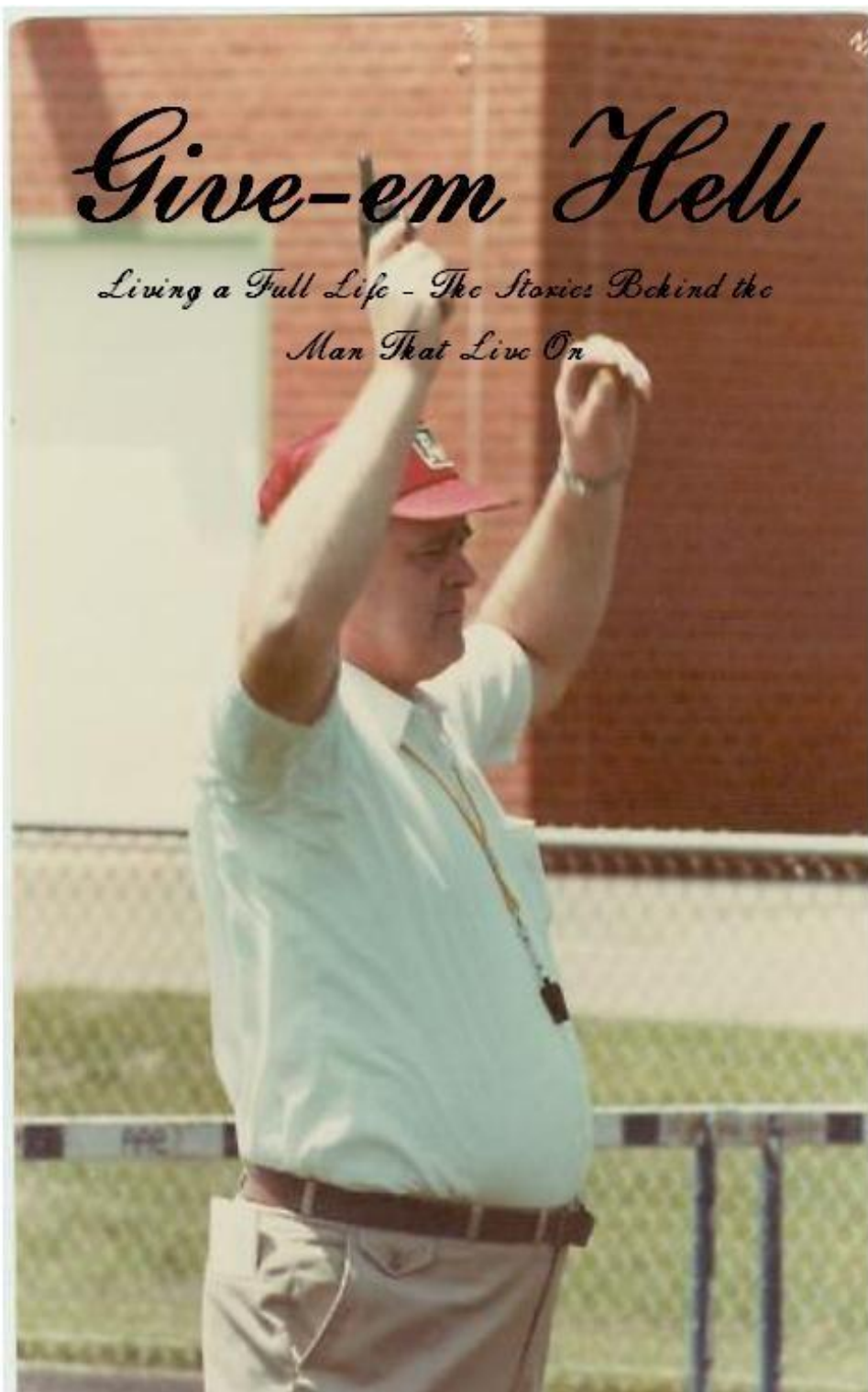


Give-em Hell

*Living a Full Life - The Stories Behind the
Men That Live On*



An Introduction

One definition of legacy are the accomplishments, beliefs, actions and guidance you demonstrate in your life- that carry forward to future generations in a way that allows family members to adopt and adapt them to make their lives more meaningful.

As you read this book and hear the stories about Dad from many different people, you will come to understand that he not only left a legacy with his family, he left a legacy in every facet of his life.

There is not a day that goes by where we don't miss him or think of him, but it's not how he died that we remember, IT'S HOW HE LIVED and how he still LIVES WITHIN US.

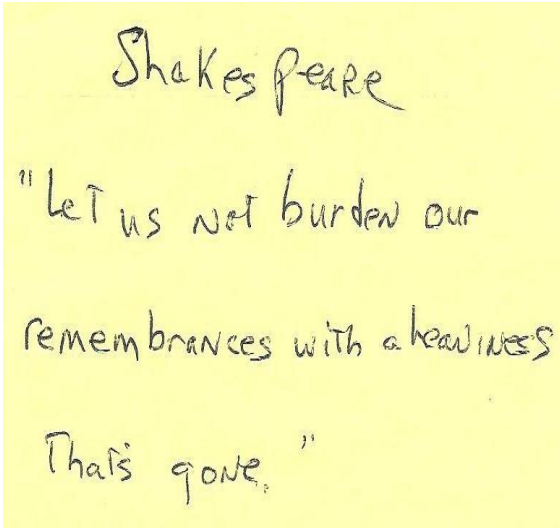
He was the greatest man we have ever known and our hero. We wanted to keep his legacy alive and share some of the stories, memories and lessons about Dad and how it impacted family, friends and everyone that came into contact with him.

One of my favorite quotes says it all about Dad.

“Anyone can be a father, but it takes someone real special to be a Dad”

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED DAD!

After Dad died, we found the following Shakespeare quote he had written on a piece of paper. Why he did, we don't know:



Shakespeare
"Let us not burden our
remembrances with a heaviness
That's gone."

It's no burden, Dad.

DID YOU KNOW

- Dad's real name is John Dudley Round, but he was always called Jack
- Dad was born in Omaha in 1937
- Dad got married to Marlene Joanne Wells on Nov 26,1960
- Dad had 3 sisters, 4 children (3 boys, 1 girl) and 9 grandchildren (6 boys, 3 girls)
- Dad was an Intelligence Sgt. in the Army National Guard
- Dad played football at the University of Nebraska only for one year because he got his teeth knocked out at the bottom of a pile
- Dad was the President of the Apple Valley, MN. High School All-Sports Booster Club
- Dad started the Apple Valley track program
- Dad's favorite bird was a cardinal and his kids have cardinals all over their house in his honor
- Dad's favorite saying is "Give Em Hell"
- Two of his Grandchildren have tattoo's in his honor. One of them is "Give Em Hell" and the other is a "Moon" which represents the loss of a loved one
- Dad called his Granddaughters "Dolly"
- His favorite music was everything from classical, rock and roll, pop, circus music and everything in between
- The only concert my Mom and him ever went to was ABBA
- His favorite books were everything from philosophy to history to mystery to computers 101. Dad read everything
- Although he was a big man and intimidating at times, he was most often described as a Teddy Bear
- His favorite holiday was Christmas and he won several neighborhood awards for his outdoor displays

DID YOU KNOW

- Dad worked for the Burlington Northern railroad for 39 years
- Dad loved doing yardwork and landscaping
- He loved classical movies such as Tarzan, Blondie and Ma and Pa Kettle
- Dad taught kids to shoot a basketball softly by pretending the ball was an egg and saying “don’t break the egg”
- Dad had every flavor of celestial seasonings tea when his family came over
- Dad had a piano and he loved to play his piano scrolls (one-time Gretchen thought it was actually him playing)
- On holidays, Dad always made a special drink that was a combination of a lot of drinks (everyone has tried to replicate it, but we couldn’t replace the magic)
- One time when my sister was young and not playing sports yet, he made an award called the “Wiggle Butt Award” so that she felt special knowing the boys were bringing home a lot of awards
- Dad loved to show up to the Grandkids schools unannounced and take them on wagon rides
- When Dad came home from work, no matter how good or bad the day was, he said “the day was perfect”
- One time when a lady came to the house to test drive a car, she brought her baby. Before we knew what happened, she was gone, and Dad was holding the baby. His response was “how did I end up with this little shi- “
- When Dad was working in Chicago, a bullet hit right in front of his face while riding on the train but didn’t penetrate the double paned glass
- Dad almost died when he was young when he got pneumonia and they had to remove a rib to drain his lung
- Dad had a bear-grip handshake that you never forgot

A NOTE FROM A WOMAN WHO ONCE WORKED WITH DAD

Marlene and Family:

I recently heard about Jack and I wanted to offer my sympathy and let you know how much I liked and respected Jack. As a matter of fact, after giving it some thought, I can't think of any man I admired more.

He was a king among men. He was intelligent, had a wonderful sense of humor, compassionate, honest, humble, hardworking and demanding, but always fair.

I started working for the railroad in Marketing/Sales in 1969, so I knew Jack for a long time. I started in a clerical position and back then it was tough for a woman to prove herself and be promoted. One of the things I admired most about Jack was he recognized you for doing a good job, working hard and using your head and it did not matter to him whether you were male or female.... or anything in between. He was one of the very few men in my railroad history that I felt respected women.

I always felt I could talk to Jack and get a straight answer. I trusted him. When he had a job to accomplish, he gave it his all and sometimes he would come down hard on someone to get it done. He was the only person in his position I ever heard apologize to someone if he felt he had done or said something out of line.

While he was hard working and driven, he would always find time to joke around or play a trick on someone. I can remember a few times when a group of us would go out to lunch and not make it back to work until 5 o'clock because Jack was with us.

I worked for Jack for quite a few years. While it was stressful at times, he made me feel valued and important and he created a “family like” environment.

I consider it an honor and a privilege to have known and worked with Jack.

I hope all of your wonderful memories of him will help to get you through this sad time.

“GET A HAMMER”

(a story from Mike)

It was my second summer working for Lehigh Portland Cement Company. The cement distribution process was an amazing one, I had found out. Early mornings, a train would pass by the company, and leave 3-4 rail cars filled with different cement. During my first summer with the company, I worked in the yard, aligning the car hopper with the pipes that funneled the cement into huge silos. I also had to vibrate the cars to shake all cement out of the cars.

From the silos, trucks would appear, requesting a certain type of cement. The men in the office ran the controls distributing the needed cement to the awaiting trucks, who then drove up to 400 miles to their destination. My second year with the company, that was my job.

And it was nerve-racking at first. A different cement type in a railcar, for example required me to go to the top of the silos and reroute the flow of the cement. That wasn't hard, but the consequences of doing it wrong were huge.

I also had to run the controls funneling the cement from the silos to the trucks. When tons of cement are careening down pipes to waiting trucks, it's not so easy to give them exactly what they need. Their trucks have certain capacities. The roads they travel have limits.

Do something wrong, and they'll get the ticket. But I got pretty good at all of this. And pretty confident.

But I was still working with others in the office. There's always a certain level of ownership delegated when there's others in the room, even if you're doing all the work. They're there to make sure you're doing this right.

I suspect it's the difference between a flight instructor who does nothing in the plane, and not having the flight instructor in the plane.

A different feeling. I was about to have that feeling. I was to open the office the next morning at 6am but there was a problem.

The main plant in Iowa was having a strike. I was told to expect strikers at our main gate. "Just drive right through", I was told. Great.

The next morning, I went to my car, a 1974 Buick LeSabre, to drive to work. 5:30. Locked. "That's odd", I thought. I never lock my car. I go to get my keys. They're not hanging up. I go back to the car. There they are. They're in the ignition. The car is locked. It's 5:35. And I have to open up the office.

I went back into the house to get Dad. He came outside. He asked me to get a coat-hanger. He tried to open the door with the hanger and it didn't work. At 5:40, he said "Go get the hammer" so I did. He tapped the driver-side, rear-window. The window exploded. The car was open!

Off I drove, making it to work at 5:55. There were no strikers. There were trucks lined up to get their cement. And they got their cement.

Any my window? Boarded up. And for the remaining years I had that car, I left it boarded up. People asked me what happened. I loved that question, because I loved the story! I had to get to work, and we broke the window to get to work!

NO SHORTCUTS IN LIFE

(a story from Jim)

It was brutally cold outside and snowing one day in our first house in Apple Valley, MN.

I am not sure how Jack, Mike and myself ended up running around the block that day, but the fact was that each one of us had to run around the block. They were 13 and 11 and I was 5.

With Mike and Jack far ahead of me, I decided to take a shortcut about halfway and run down the hill to our backyard. As I proceeded through the neighbor's yard down to our house, my steps got heavier as it had snowed a lot and it was deep. I got to our backyard and then just couldn't go any further because I was stuck. Besides me being young and probably scared, I was also not feeling good about Dad knowing that I was cheating.

So, I started yelling for help when Dad found me in the backyard. After helping me get out of the snow and back to the front of the house, I was fully expecting him to come hard at me for trying to take a shortcut. Instead, he told a boy that was scared, cold and maybe even crying: Run it again.

I couldn't believe that he was going to make me run again but I took off around the block with no shortcuts this time.

When I got back, I again fully expected Dad to lash out at me. Instead, he only said one thing to me that has stuck with me until this day and then walked inside. "If you take shortcuts in life, you are cheating no one but yourself." The phrase that I like to throw out often in relation to this story is: "Winners aren't made when everyone is watching. Winners are made when no one is watching."

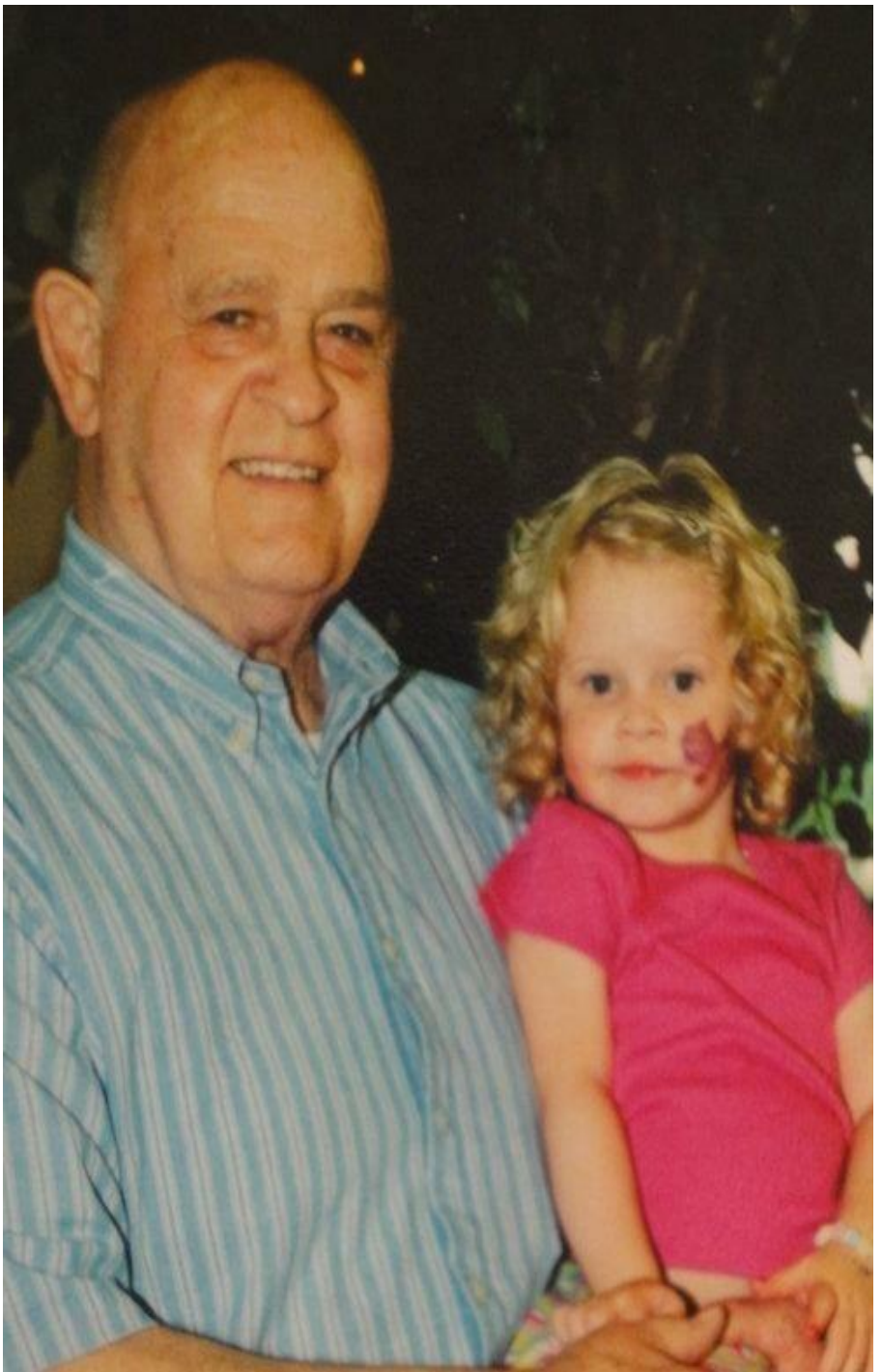
A SHORT TIME- A MAJOR INFLUENCE

(by Meredith Round)

Grandpa was easiest one of the most important and influential people in my life although I had just three short years with him.

Some of my oldest childhood memories I can remember include him. I was three when he passed away, but I remember him vividly. He would always see me nearly every day. He always made me a priority and always wanted to spend time with me. One of the oldest memories I remember is sitting on his desk in the office. I loved that office because of the wallpaper he put up. It was a map of the entire world. It was awesome. He would buy me this sour candy I loved that was a jar of sour candy with a paintbrush and I would sit on his desk and eat that while watching Shirley Temple. Something so simple but it's a memory I will always remember. Every time I walked into that office and saw the wallpaper of the world, it was a constant reminder of him and how much of an amazing Grandfather he was to me.

He also had this Big Red Truck that was part of him. It also became part of me. It was so awesome walking outside and seeing him standing arms open in front of the Big Red Truck. He would always take me for rides and I loved it. He would place me on his lap and drive me around the block letting me "drive." It was so much fun for me as a child. I miss him and that Big Red Truck, but I know when I see him in heaven, he will take me on more rides in that truck.



“PATIENTLY” AWAITING A GRANDDAUGHTER

(a story from Jim)

Gretchen goes into labor and we are getting ready to rush her to the hospital. We call our parents and let them know that the moment is happening and that we are leaving for the hospital right away.

So, after a short 10-12-minute drive, we pull up and Dad is already there waiting for us. You can tell that he is really excited to see his beautiful baby girl.

Gretchen was in labor for nearly 18 hours and pushed for nearly 3. While Gretchen was in the process of trying to deliver Meredith, there was a knock on the door and the nurse came back and said there was someone there to see us. It was Dad and he thought he heard a baby crying. Of course, we didn't let him in.

After Meredith was born and she was really crying, everyone came in the room to see her. One of the first things Dad asked was to hold her. Then he said, “take a picture so that I am the first person to get a picture with her.”

I don't think he left that hospital all night waiting on his baby as he called her.

RELATED STORY FROM JENNY

When I was in the delivery room about to give birth to Andrew, he came in to visit me. This was before the epidural, so I guess he thought he needed to tell a few jokes to help me feel better. I was laughing so hard I had to kick him out of the room. Contractions and laughter do not mix. The next morning at the hospital, Dad and Mom arrived early with donuts. Those were the best donuts I have ever eaten.

GRANDSON JACK IS BORN

(What could have been, a story from Jim)

Unfortunately, my Dad died before our son, Jack, was born but that doesn't mean he doesn't still live inside him today. These two would have made the perfect pair and it would have been awesome to watch these two together as Jack grew up. Jack was named after his Gpa and is a lot like him in many ways. Here are just a few of the moments that we know his memory is alive and that he would have laughed about and enjoyed.

One night, Jack was sleeping in his bed when suddenly he woke up. When he looked up, he swore that he saw Gpa Jack. It really scared him, and he started crying really loud. When Gretchen went rushing in, he told her how he had seen Gpa and that he was much bigger than Jack thought and how Gpa snuggled with him to calm him down. He also said that Gpa Jack asked him "how Gma Marlene was doing?" It was such a surreal moment because Jack was very young, and it was so freaky that my daughter had trouble sleeping by herself.

Another time, Jack was in the toy room upstairs and Gretchen yelled up "how are you doing up there?" Jack responded that he was doing well and that he was playing with Gpa Jack. Later on, I asked him the same question and he didn't respond that way. But on another day, Gretchen asked him the same question and he said, "he was playing cars with Gpa Jack." When a series of these incidents started happening, we started to believe he was really there and knowing my Dad, he probably was.

A funny story happened when Jack was dancing around the family room crazy when he did some form of ballerina move. As I laughed and tried to get him to stop, I asked him where he learned that.

His response was Gpa Jack. Knowing how big and tough my Dad was but also how much of a teddy bear he was, I can only imagine what really happened here.

After my Dad died, my wife took one of his shirts and had a company cut it and turn it into a teddy bear. My daughter slept with it for years and Jack took on the tradition and slept with it a lot as well. He would ask “if we could get Gpa Jack so he could sleep with him.”

Jack and I would take walks around the block and we would always talk about sports and tell stories about my Dad. Our favorites were Gpa’s Big Red Truck and Candy Land in heaven. We talked about it so much that one day not long ago, Jack and I made his first two books those stories. I did the words and he did the illustrations. I keep telling him that one of these days we will get it into an eBook or print off some copies for friends and family.

Last, he would have loved to watch Jack play basketball, baseball, football and soccer and I know he wouldn’t miss a game. From the beginning, I have always taught Jack sports with stories on what Dad did with me. Now, his goal in life is to play football at Nebraska like Gpa did. (I promise I had no influence or maybe just a little.)



TAKE RESPONSIBILITY

(a story from Jack)

When I was probably 5 or 6, I had set up what I remember to be a toy fort in the living room of our apartment on Monomoy St. It was from a cowboy and Indian set, and the fort was a brown model fort inspired from frontier forts.

I recall setting it up in the middle of the living room.

While I was not in the room, I remember my brother came running through the room and did some level of damage to what I had set up. I got mad.

I remember what Dad said to me: “It was YOUR fault for putting the fort in a place where it was likely to be broken.”

Wow!! The proximate cause of the damage was not to blame?? This was a very difficult lesson to accept.

I still think about this lesson all the time. And I’ve tried to teach it: Take responsibility for problems that can be reasonably anticipated and avoid blaming.

STORIES FROM JENNY

When I was in elementary school, Mom had to go on a trip and Dad was left home to watch us kids which included styling my hair for school one morning. I had long red hair and Dad attempted to put my hair in ponytails. Every time he tried to put the rubber band in, the rubber band would break because his fingers were so big. This is a great memory to me, because I love the fact that he tried to put my hair up even though he could have just said “brush it yourself and get to school.”

One Christmas in Minnesota, Dad bought chocolates and hung them on the Christmas tree- how cool is that! He always went over the top for holidays.

Once Dad bought me shoes to increase my vertical jump. I can't remember what the shoes were called but they basically made you work out standing on the balls of your feet. Dad strung a volleyball net across the driveway and put the posts in buckets with cement. I did various drills to try and become a better middle blocker. Dad always tried to help us be better at the sports we played.

I loved knowing he was always there for me no matter what. He was like a safety net and I miss that.

I also want to say that I think Dad was such a great Dad because he had such a great wife. Mom and Dad made an unstoppable team.

DAD-THE LIFESAVER

(from a co-worker)

One story about your Dad occurred in 1969 when CB&Q had a company golf outing in Omaha. We would take sleeper cars from Chicago Union Station to Omaha on Denver Zephyr. We would leave Friday night after work and arrive in Omaha Saturday morning. We would play golf and have dinner and then jump in the sleeper car Saturday night back to Chicago.

Howard McCoy was a Sales Representative in the Chicago office. Howard had brought the liquor, but the entire group chipped in for beer. Howard proceeded to drink a bottle of Jim Beam and needed to go to the bathroom.

Unfortunately, he thought the bathroom was through the exit door, not the bathroom door. Howard was about 5'9 and he weighed about 150 pounds. Your Dad grabbed him just before he took a step which would have put him off the train moving about 60 miles an hour. He put Howard in his bed and all was well. Howard continued to argue he was "kidding around" and knew that was the exit but this was not the case.

As you know, your Dad was a life saver.

A COMMITMENT IS A COMMITMENT

(a story from Mike)

Context: Senior Year, High School: I was 6'7, weighed 230 and was 17 years old. We lived 1/4 mile from the high school. Jim (then age 11) was at some sporting event at the High School, and I was to give him a ride. Knowing we lived so close, I instead went to pick up my girlfriend. Jim walked.

When Dad heard what happened, he chased me through the house, burst into my room, grabbed me by the shirt just under the chin, and with one hand, picked me up, "explaining" to me not to do that again. I can assure you the Socratic method IT WAS NOT!!

DAD ON PERFECTION

(a story from Jim)

I remember one time when I was in junior high, I was writing letters to all of the sports teams through a class I was taking called YESTERDAY'S SPORTS PAGE. Dad saw that I had crossed out a mistake on the outside of the envelope and wrote above it.

Well, as you can imagine, that wasn't acceptable as it lacked professionalism and wasn't perfect. He went into a tirade about why that team would send me anything with the bullshit that I was sending.

He then went into a calm discussion about EVERYTHING WE DO IS A REFLECTION OF THE PERSON WE ARE and if you sacrifice perfection in anything, you are on a path of personal destruction.

HOW TO BUY GROCERIES

(a story from Lisa)

I was cooking dinner one night and realized I needed a few things.

“Jack? Would you go to the store for me?”

“Sure!” with a grin, and out the door he went, list in hand. Despite several grocery stores near the house, he was off to HyVee, so he could chat with our neighbor, Suzie, who worked there.

He pulled the Big Red Truck into the driveway, and walked into the house, groceries in hand.

One of the items I wanted was bread. Bread for dinner. What he brought was a huge loaf of French Bread, something like this:



It seemed to have food coloring in it. It looked awful, but he was very happy with his purchase.

About this time, Marissa came into the kitchen, saying she was hungry. Remember, I’m now MAKING SUPPER! It didn’t matter to Jack, who picked Marissa up, put her on the counter, and gave her the loaf of bread. Marissa immediately took a huge bite - RIGHT OUT OF THE MIDDLE OF THE LOAF!

They were both happy. I wasn't!

Another time, I was making soup for supper, and saw we were out of soup crackers. I asked Jack to go to the store to buy some soup crackers, each on sale for \$0.89.

I told him which ones to buy.

He came back with an armful of *different* soup crackers, each costing \$2.89.

“THESE ARE BETTER!”, he exclaimed with a grin!

IT'S ALL GOING TO BE OKAY **(a story from Lisa)**

Jack loved cardinals and every time someone in his family saw a cardinal, they thought of him. In fact, the kids has many cardinals inside and outside their houses to remind them of Jack.

While I had heard many stories of a cardinal crossing other people's paths at different times, it had never happened to me.

THEN IT HAPPENED AND THE PERFECT TIME!

After many years with the same company, the day had come to sign my severance agreement and it was a very emotional day.

As I walked out, for the first time, a cardinal crossed my path and at that moment, I knew everything was going to be okay.

TEAM-BUILDING – WITH A NEW TWIST

There are a lot of different team building exercises that a company can do and choose from. As Dad approached retirement, the Burlington Northern decided to do some outside team building that included climbing a rock wall really high.

I'm sure Dad didn't think much of the outing, preferring to do actual work, but when the decision was made, he was ALL-IN. That is the way he was. He would battle you because he didn't want to go and then he was the life of the party.

After this series of team building exercises, everybody met to talk about the experience in an informal setting. This included not only the participants but the company that coordinated the outing.

As they were watching the presentation of the many pictures from the outing, a picture appeared on the wall of Dad and another woman, atop a large wall. Each had a safety wire attached to them, and the purpose was to jump off the wall, but be supported by the wire, with the counter-weight provided by several co-workers. Real team-work. Trust in your fellow employees.

There was one challenge, she wouldn't jump.

In the picture, Big Jack Round was seen bending over to talk face-to-face with the petite woman, obviously frightened by the ordeal. What was he whispering?

The business consultant had a theory and said, “now that's what it's all about, offering words of encouragement sympathetically.”

The woman who stood atop the wall was in the room and she stood up.

“Now wait a minute. It may look like he was whispering words of encouragement to me, but do you want to really know what he said to me up there? He said if I didn’t jump, he was going to throw my ass off that wall!”

She jumped.

**IF YOU'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING,
DO IT RIGHT**
(a story from Jim)

When I was 12 or 13, Dad had asked me to mow the lawn for him while he was at work. We were living in Apple Valley, MN at the time and we had a huge sloping back yard with a lot of trees to mow around.

Now going into this job, I knew what Dad's expectations were and that was perfectly straight lines across the whole yard.

So, as I started mowing the backyard, I noticed that the grass looked uneven for about the first 5 or 10 minutes. I kept going for a few more minutes and then realized that Dad would notice, and it would be unacceptable to him, so I stopped and readjusted the wheels so that everything was even.

I proceeded to mow the rest of the yard (big job) and when I was done with the rest of the yard, I pondered going back over the area that was uneven. I decided against this because I thought it looked okay, I had other things I wanted to do, and I thought there was a chance that Dad wouldn't notice. (deep down I probably knew better)

When Dad got home, and I proudly walked him to the backyard to show him the results of all my hard work, the reaction I got is probably what I expected but hoping wouldn't happen.

He immediately focused on the area of uneven grass and not the 90% of the lawn that was perfectly mowed. He looked me straight in the eyes, told me to go get the lawnmower (probably not as nice as that) and to come get him when the job was done right. So, I proceeded to get the mower and not only mow the small uneven section but the entire back yard again.

When I called him back out, he looked at the yard and said nothing more than “if you are going to do something in this world, anything, do it right the first time, every time.”

For those of you that know me, I have had perfect lines in my yard since I started mowing and it's something, I take great pride in.

A BIG HEART

(a story from Traci Kane)

My favorite memories of BIG Jack Round was how BIG his heart was.

When I was first introduced to Jack, by Jim, I of course went in for the hug and I think he just stood there and said, “Oh, Okay.” Not sure he knew what do with all of my 5’3 spunkiness.

I loved that he would come to Meredith’s and Emily’s preschool, at least once a week, and put them in the cab of his bright, red truck and drive around the parking lot. “Grandpa Jack”, they would yell in delight!

He never forgot gifts for Emily at Christmas or if he went to a garage sale and picked up something for Mer, there would be something for Em. We still have the Gymboree rocking chair that he gave Emily which I am certain took several garage sale trips since he had to get two. GENEROUS. I wish he could have known Turner. He would certainly get a kick out of him.

I also had a dream when Winston, our Labrador, died...that he made it to Heaven and ran up to Jack and jumped up on him with his front legs. Jack, not being a dog person, did not mind. At least in my dream.

I miss his BIG, gentleness and I am grateful that I knew him.

“YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO NOW”

South Dakota State and the Apology

(a story from Mike)

It had been a hard year. My senior year at South Dakota State University. I was a backup forward, after starting my sophomore season, and seeing significant playing time my junior year. I was still playing, but not as much as previously.

I hated power forward. I was not - nor was I ever - a good inside player. I was unhappy.

I wasn't the best basketball player - far from it. I wouldn't even claim I was better than the players in front of me. I probably wasn't. However, I knew I could help the team win and we weren't.

We were playing in the Holiday Basketball Tournament in Sioux Falls, SD and we had just lost our first game of the 3-game tournament. I had hardly played at all and I made a decision.

We went to the locker room after the game. I went to my locker and got my stuff, basketball uniform still on, and headed for the door. The head coach looked confused. “Mike - where are you going?” “I'm leaving.”

I walked out of the locker room. Usually, in games like this and at this level, family members wait for you outside the locker. There was Mom and Dad. I had no idea what he would say, and I honestly don't even recall what happened in the next few hours.

Later than night, in my hotel room, I got called down to the coach's room. I called Dad. He said, “Go down there and talk with them. If you need me to come down, call, and we'll quit together.”

I went to the room and we talked for a while before I called Dad. He came in, smiling face as always.

The coach talked. He explained why I was in the room, and how my walking off the court after being substituted for did not display the type of energy or respect a player should have.

“No objections”, said Dad. “And he won’t do it again. But let’s be careful to make sure we apply these same standards to everybody.” Dad had a way of making someone realize - politely - immediately they were maybe right - but only partially right.

The conversation went on and Dad concluded. “Mike will give 100% the rest of the season.” I was still on the team.

We left and walked down the hall. I was relieved it was over. It wasn’t. We were still in the hallway outside the coach’s room. “You know what you have to do, now?” I had no idea what I had to do now.

“In the team meeting tonight, you have to apologize to everyone.”

The meeting took place. It was ending. I interrupted the coach dismissing everyone.

“Coach. I want to say I’m sorry for leaving the locker room after the game. I was angry and just left. I shouldn’t have, and it won’t happen again.”

The assistant coach chimed in: “I want to apologize, too. And I’m going to make sure I do my best every game to help us win.”

What would happen the rest of the year? I had no idea.

The second game of the tournament we lost as well. However, I played quite a bit of the second half. At a different position. Small forward. Outside forward. Passing forward.

The third game we won. I played most of the game - at passing forward. We had a new line-up. I was small forward. We had a new shooting guard.

We had a new team. We now weren't the best five players, but five players who knew how to win. Who knew their roles.

And we went on a winning streak, taking us to a 26 - 7 record. We finished second in the nation, losing in the championship game in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Yes, it was up to the coach to make the positional changes necessary, leading to the turn-a-round. But he - or any leader - never would have made the changes without the burden of the disciplinary issue lifted from his shoulders - in front of everyone.

Dad knew this.

He solved the issue for me - and helped solve the issue for them - all with a few simple words: "You know what you have to do now."

WHEN A CHOICE IS NOT A CHOICE

6th GRADE TRACK

(a story from Jim)

Growing up, I played a lot of sports including soccer, baseball, football, basketball, wrestling (only 1 year after I body slammed my first opponent) and track. I loved playing and participating in all of the sports except track and I started track when I was 4 years old. You were supposed to be 5 at the time but since Dad was the commissioner, I got in a year early.

So, after running track up until the 6th grade and really loving football, basketball and baseball, I decided it was time to quit track. I felt like the conversation with Dad would be a really tough one, but it was going to be even worse because he was the coach of the team. I agonized over the conversation for a period of time and one night decided that it was time to tell Dad that I was quitting and that my mind was made up.

Dad was standing in the backyard on our full court basketball court when I approached him. We were getting ready to leave for track practice at the High School, so it was now or never.

Expecting Dad to get really mad at me, lecture me about how Round's don't quit and tell me to get my stuff on and get in the car, I was very surprised by his response.

Dad said to me that this "was great news." When I shockingly asked him why that was, he told me that "he had a lot of chores around the house that he needed me to do and I could start doing all of that while he was at track practice because he wasn't quitting." He then started naming all of the things that he could have me do.

Suffice to say, a young kid would rather run track than do chores around the house, so I got my stuff and went to track practice.

A GREAT ATTITUDE

(a story from Jim)

When Dad was diagnosed with cancer, I was amazed at how he handled the news knowing how crushing the news must have been. He stayed calm, he stayed positive and he never let on that there was any option except for beating it.

I went to a lot of Dad's appointments and he always greeted everyone with a smile and a positive attitude. I sincerely believed that people looked forward to seeing him because of his attitude and his courage. It didn't matter what the news was, he was always the same to each and every person that he met or talked to.

When Dad got really sick towards the end of his life, he had a hospice nurse with him for 17 straight hours. After Dad passed, she told us that "she had never taken care of a nicer man."

I have thought a lot about this over the years as I see how people treat each other that have everything including their health. If people like Dad can have such a great attitude as he approaches his death, then it should be easy for each of us to have a great attitude and treat others with respect during life.

AN E-MAIL FROM DAD
(Right After The Cancer Diagnosis)

To: Jim Round; Sean & Jenny at; Mike L. Round; round@.com
JACK, NANCY, MIKE, LISA, JIM, GRETCHEN, SEAN & JENNY

Sent: Thursday, August 17, 2000 9:45 PM

WHAT A SUPPORT TEAM YOU ARE. I WAS AWARE OF YOUR
LOVE AND PRAYERS ALL OF THIS WEEK. TODAY WAS A
GOOD DAY. I AM VERY OPTIMISTIC WE WILL GET
THROUGH THIS ILLNESS IN A POSITIVE WAY. I NEED TO BE
AROUND TO WATCH MY BABIES GROW UP. I AM NOT VERY
GOOD AT SAYING IT, BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW I LOVE YOU
ALL VERY MUCH AND IF I AM GENERALLY RELUCTANT TO
SAY IT TO YOUR FACE, I ALWAYS FEEL IT IN MY HEART.

A LETTER FROM A CO-WORKER

Many of us that worked with Jack loved him for his courage and dedication. He was one of the few that was involved with the original BN merger back in 1970, when headquarters was in St. Paul, Minnesota. He was always a driving force in the marketing department of the BN railroad. He was also instrumental in BN's development of computer systems and integrating them to help with BN's Marketing departments. He accomplished a lot during his career, and I hope that the folks now working for the BNSF remember his achievements that helped the current railroad get where it is today.

One of the projects that Jack, and I worked on together was the development of BN's first domestic double stack program, then named the BN America Project in the late 1980's. I ended up as Director of the Customer Service Center, which had a highly integrated computerized interaction with the railroad. It was one of the highlights of my career, although I retired prior to the ATSF merger. Unfortunately, I've learned that the ATSF merger brought a closure to the program, so the BN America project doesn't exist any longer.

Jack Round was a driving force, and a bundle of fun to work with ... If he was still alive, just mentioning that I really liked the guy in his ear would bring a smile.

ON GRANDCHILDREN

(a story from Jim)

Meredith still talks about Dad all of the time and for a long time, she wore a shirt with a picture of him on it to bed at night.

Meredith was only three years old when Dad died, and I often wonder how her memories of him are so clear and then I start thinking about all that he did to be in the grandchildren's lives and to make such an impact.

When Meredith was born, Dad came over to the house to see her all of time and would call at least once per day to check on how she was doing. As she got a little older, he would show up at her school unannounced. He also would come over and take Meredith in the big red truck around the block with her on his lap. He would go to garage sales and bring her back toys and he would always have chocolate milk, ice cream and a big smile ready when Meredith came to the house.

When I think about all of that, it becomes clear to me on how he made such a huge impact on his grandchildren at such a young age. The other thing that amazes me is how nice he was to all of the other kids that he met along the way. I know that he treated Meredith's friend Emily Kane and her cousin Zoie as they were his own and they loved him also.

Mom has told me that she never saw Dad smile as much as he did when he was in pictures with all of his grandchildren.

For Meredith, the impact that Dad had on her will last a lifetime



A LETTER FROM MARIANNE

(Dad's older sister)

It all began in 1934, when Dudley Round and Elinor Raymer got married. In 1935, they had their first child, Marianne. Then, in 1937, we welcomed a blond, curly haired chubby little boy named John Dudley Round, better known to everyone as Jack. In 1939 came Sharon and in 1941, Sandie was born.

We were always a close family, but we also had our share of troubles. As kids, there were some special times including Jack and Marianne dressing up as a Cowboy and Cowgirl for Golden Spike Days in Omaha. Then as we got older, there were the times of riding in our truck and singing our favorite songs. Maybe not good, but loud! We always ended up in Irvington for their special ice cream.

In the Round house, Birthdays and Christmas were days of excitement and fun. A big Christmas tree and the village, but best of all was our very own Santa. Then, as Jack had homes of his own, he really was a person to enjoy and decorate for Christmas. I think he won contests for all that he did for Christmas.

Jack was so good at sports, especially baseball and football. As a family, we followed his teams to the playoffs and tournaments. We made picnic lunches and piled into the car and off we went. The three girls didn't always watch the games, but we were there. As Jack went to high school, we all went to the football games. Dad would load the pickup with my friends and we always had a good time, but it was better when Jack was playing as my friends already knew Jack and enjoyed cheering for him. Jack had stories written about his exploits on the playing field by the Omaha World Herald. The downside was that the reporters didn't always have his name right and would list him as "Jack Brown." Then as he became more known, they seemed to accept that his last name was "Round." He was an all-city and an all-state player. That's how good he was but he never bragged about it.

He was a big man, even in high school. He stood 6 foot 4 inches tall and weighed about 200 pounds and people respected him for how he handled being a big guy.

A related story: Marianne went to a pharmacy to pick up meds for Elinor Round, when a man asked if I knew Jack Round. I told him I knew two; one in Omaha (my nephew) and my brother in Texas. He said it had to be my brother. When Bob was in North High, he was a small kid and was picked on all the time- that was, until Jack witnessed the bullying. He put his arm on Bob's shoulder and said this needed to stop. Bob told me the rest of the school was good and safe. He told me he always felt Jack was special and called him his "Gentle Giant." I related this to Jack and he remembered Bob. That is how so many people saw Jack.

In 1961 and 1962, all of the Round kids were married. Sharon and Lannie Weak and Sandie and Denny Ferguson had a double wedding in April 1961. Jack and Marlene were married in November 1961 and Marianne and Bill Morrison were married in May 1962. That was a big deal and we were all in weddings. That was the last of us all living in Omaha. Bill was in the military, so we traveled a lot. Then Jack and Marlene traveled with the railroad. When we were together, it was always catch up time. It was hard to lose Jack, but his life meant so much to so many people. He left a great heritage in a close, loving family. Especially his Grandchildren, who were the joys of his life. And he let them know how much they meant to him and he shared that with others.

He was a great brother to me and he leaves a legacy of love, joy, compassion, honesty, humor and always being fair. I loved him and will always miss my little brother.

Big Sister, Marianne.

“THE ANSWER IS ALWAYS “YES”

(a story from Mike)

It was my junior year in college at South Dakota State, winter break, and I was celebrating Christmas in Omaha. There was a massive snowstorm. I had to get to Sioux Falls for our Holiday basketball tournament. Drive or don't drive? There was no choice to me. I braced my 1974 Buick LeSabre against the curb, and slid down the hill, bounding off the curb, and back to it. I made it to the main highway out of Omaha. Little did I know Dad was following me the whole way. In fact, when we talked on the phone that night, he told me the first thing I did when I got on that highway was pass a snow-plow!

Go or don't go. There was no question in my mind. I would not give the coach a reason not to play me.

It was from a lesson learned in 7th grade football.

I was the quarterback of our 7th grade A team. It was an away game, and we were well ahead. Towards the end of the game, I ran an option to the right, kept the ball, made a good run, and was forced out inside the five-yard line. I was sore. We scored.

On the sidelines, the Coach asked if I wanted to go back in, or if he should send Matt* in (* not his real name). I told him to go ahead and send Matt in. We were ahead. I was sore. He hadn't played. It was a good answer.

Until I got home, and I talked to Dad.

“If a coach ever asks you if you want to go in, the answer is always “Yes”.

A PUNCH TO THE GUT

(a story from Jim and one of his friends, Craig)

I used to punch Dad in the stomach all of the time as a kid. He made sure that I punched him in the right spot or he would get really angry. “The wrong spot is how Houdini eventually died he told me.”

As I got older and much stronger, I still continued to hit Dad and he was still able to take the punches somehow.

One day in high school, Craig came over to the house for the first time. I started hitting Dad really hard in the stomach. Part of it was me showing off but part of it I believe was Dad showing off too and saying to himself “I still have it.”

Craig’s initial reaction was that he thought my Dad was going to kick my butt and then was in disbelief when Dad started laughing. I told Craig to go ahead and punch him but the look on his face said that wasn’t happening.

When we went outside, Craig could not stop talking about it and to this day, he says he has never forgot it.

Having a 7-year-old boy that punches me all of the time, I am still not sure how Dad did it all of those years. The only thing I can think of is that he laughs and says, “hit me harder on the outside” and says “damn, that really hurts” on the inside like me.

BEING THERE

(a story from Jim)

The other thing I remember about Dad was that he was ALWAYS there for me no matter what.

I remember having a flat tire one night late in downtown Dallas after work and even though Dad had to get up early and be at work himself, he rushed out there to help me out.

I remember having some trouble at the first college I attended late at night and Dad rushed out there to pick me up even though he had to get up early the next day to go to work.

I remember deciding that I wanted to go to school in Duluth, MN last minute and remember Dad driving me all of the way up there and all of the way back in a really bad storm.

And I remember him getting up early on a regular basis when he was retired to pick me up and take me to the airport.

He never hesitated to help his son, and this is one thing I hope I learned from him and that Meredith and Jack would say the same about me some day.

A STORY I LIKE

(a story from Mike)

I liked to bowl when I was younger. We lived close to a bowling alley in Apple Valley, MN. Apple Place. Saturday morning leagues. *Do they even have these anymore?* I was 11.

4-people to a team. Our team against another team. 8 kids / 2 lanes. The place was crowded. And then I saw Dad. I don't know how long he had been there. Maybe the whole game. Maybe part of the game. That's the way he was. He would lurk in the shadows, watching with interest, making himself known usually when he wanted to make a point. Even here, he wouldn't need to yell his point. A gesture. A look.

I was having a good game. 159 after nine frames. I hit the perfect shot in the 10th frame bringing down the 3-10 split.

Walking back to the ball return, I looked up. Dad's lips were together. No look of anger or excitement. Just a look and he raised his fist slightly.

The 3-10 is not much of a split, really, but nonetheless, it takes a good shot to pick it up. You can slice the 3-pin on the left, kicking the pin into the 10, or you can slice the 3-pin on the right, kicking the ball into the 10. I've always opted for the latter.

My next ball. A powerful strike! I turned again. The fist was raised higher. 179.

His look was not one of "You did it!", like he was surprised. Instead, it was one of "Atta-boy".

WHERE IS MY CHRISTMAS TREE STAND?

(a story from Lisa)

Isaac was about to be born, and I was scheduled to go into the hospital. We called Jack and Marlene to see if they could come up a little bit earlier than expected. They were already on their way!

While here, Jack took it upon himself to clean the garage.

Isaac was born October 13.

October passes. November passes. December comes, and it's time to set up the tree.

“Where is my Christmas tree stand?” I say to Mike.

“I don't know”, looking everywhere in the garage, where it should have been, where I might have misplaced it.

We called Dad.

“It's upstairs in the attic. You go up the ladder. Turn right. Take about four steps. It's on the left side, on the top of three boxes.

No moral to the story - just a funny one!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MEREDITH

(a story from Jim)

When Meredith turned two, we had a birthday party for her at our house in Grapevine. After everyone had eaten, we sang Happy Birthday to Meredith, ate cake and opened all of her gifts. The last thing that we were going to do was hit the piñata outside so that all of the kids could get the candy inside.

So, after everyone gathered outside, Dad started walking towards his truck at the end of the driveway. Before we knew what was happening, Meredith had followed him, got in his lap and they took off driving the **BIG RED TRUCK** around the block.

5 or 10 minutes later, they came driving around the corner and they were smiling and waving.

At Meredith's first birthday party that we had in a park, the same thing happened except Dad and Meredith went for a walk hand in hand away from the group.

While Meredith was only three when Dad died, he had a major impact on her life and she would follow him anywhere and she loved spending time with GPA.

ACCEPT YOUR PUNISHMENT

(a story from Jim)

One time after washing the driveway, I put the hose up and was getting ready to go inside. Dad came walking over about the time I was leaving and noticed that the hose wasn't rolled up perfectly and told me to roll it up again before I went inside.

Now, to fully understand the story, you have to understand that when Dad walked over, I was standing between him and the house with nowhere to go.

I said some smart-as- remark about it's just a hose and that I wasn't going to roll it up again. I could see immediately that this was the wrong response by the look in Dad's eyes. Somehow, I got past him (still not sure how) and he was now standing between me and the house.

His tone changed, and he calmly looked me in the eyes and told me that I had two choices. I could either come back right then and take my punishment or I could walk away and accept a much harsher punishment later.

With my tail between my legs, I walked back crying and accepted my punishment. I can't imagine that it could have been worse later, but I am glad that I never found out.

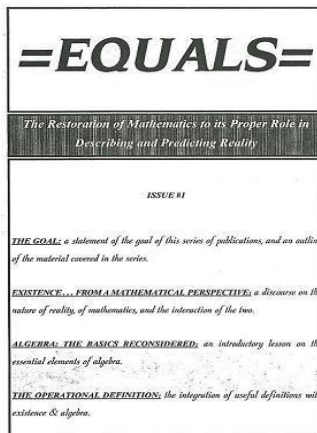
WHEN SOMEONE ASKS YOU “TO LOOK THIS OVER”, WHAT DO YOU DO?

(a story from Mike)

I’d been thinking about the state of math education in our country for quite a while and decided to do something about it. I started a journal, titled =EQUALS=.

This was 1995. It was beautiful.

It’s the same size of most everything I create today: 5.5 x 8.5.



I gave a copy to Dad and asked him to look at it.

Let me tell you what I expected. This was going to be a new approach to understanding math. No more artificial distinction between algebra and geometry. Integrate them. Incorporate the philosophies of Deming, Goldratt, Rand, and Montessori. Each issue would have a page called “The Concept Card” summarizing the main points of the issue.

I expected Dad to say, “This is really neat”. He did and then he said, “Now- where do you want to start?” “What do you mean?”

“You asked me to look at it, and I have. There are some corrections needed, and I’ve got some thoughts.” “Like what?”

“Let’s start at Page 3, the opening paragraph.” Now, “Page 3” is really the first page of writing - there is the cover and then general information about the issue. He’s talking about the very beginning.

“You don’t need the word “that” on line #4. It’s redundant. Take it out.”

I was sitting on the stairs leading from my office upstairs, talking through the wall alarm system that coupled as a speaker, taking notes, editing the issue as we moved from Page 3 to the end.

It certainly wasn’t what I expected. I expected a “Great job”. I got that. But I got a lot more. A much better issue.

And I got something more than that. I got a lesson in dialogue: if someone asks you to review something, and you agree, take it seriously. If you don’t have the time to thoroughly review it, say so, and say what you can do.

A BIG SMILE

(a story from Paul "Mo" Moline)

The time that stands out most to me was at his house when we got the margarita's rolling. Everyone was laughing and I still picture Jack with that big smile. He was always so positive and easy to talk to for such an imposing figure.

Not a day goes by where I don't look at the picture from the golf tourney with Jim, his Dad and Mom and my Mom.



Makes me smile.

JANIS JOPLIN
(a story from Jack)

At our house on Gannon Way in Apple Valley, Minnesota, Dad had built a shelving unit to house the stereo and his many books. The stereo was a phonograph, eight track player, and speakers.

He loved music and used to play music very loud. Especially classical.

I saw him one day listening to an 8-track tape, and he said something that has stayed with me to this day.

We belonged to the Columbia Music club and 8-track tapes used to come once a month. We'd received a Janis Joplin 8-track in the mail. He said he had disliked Janis Joplin because of her public behavior. He hit the #1 button on the 8-track, the 8-track click occurred, and "Me and Bobby McGee" started playing. He said, "But I guess I should have listened to her music before I judged her, because that's one of the most beautiful voices I've ever heard".

The song that gets repeated most in our family from that 8-track is "Mercedes Benz". And I think about his comments to this day.

A LETTER FROM A CO-WORKER

I've had the privilege of knowing Jack since about 1958. Jack's father Dudley was a mailman for the CB&Q Railroad when I started in Omaha in 1955. I believe Jack and I met in about 1958. I retired in 1995, Houston, TX.

I moved to the West Coast in 1957 and later Jack was tapped for a position at headquarters in Chicago. Through the years we crossed paths often. He is a standup guy with a heart as big as he was.

I worked directly with Jack for several months in 1975 during which time the BN was trying to purchase the Green Bay & Western Railroad. Jack was the BN's "expert witness", and my job was to lineup favorable customer witnesses on behalf of the BN for the hearings before the ICC.

I flew between Green Bay, WI., to St. Paul on several occasions and more than once Jack loaned me his beat-up blue Ford with the broken front seat. He was so big he had broken the front seat, so it would lay back far enough for him and still be able to reach the steering wheel and peddles.

THE TOUGH TEDDY BEAR

(a story from Jim's childhood friend Brad)

It was the 5th grade and I got talked into playing tackle football and I was able to get on my buddy Jim's team, coached by his Dad. In the first practice, I got lined up against the biggest kid on the team and one of the biggest kids in the league. It wasn't pretty. I don't remember how it all exactly went down but I ended up quitting the next day.

I thought about that day a lot as I started football again in the 8th grade and then again in high school as we went on to win a state championship. I really wish I would have stuck it out because there were a lot of valuable lessons that Jack could and would have taught me. Toughen up as sometimes you have to go against giants in this world and no quitting in life and at least finish out the season.

Jack was always an inspiration to me and while he could be extremely tough, he also had a huge teddy bear heart and I always knew he cared about me as a human being.

HOW TO STUDY FOR A TEST

(a story from Sandy- Dad's younger sister)

I was helping Denny, my soon-to-be husband, study for a history test. It was an important test.

Jack walked in the door, back from National Guard duty.

After hearing what we were doing, and a sufficient lecturing on having to cram for the test at the last moment, he said, "That's not how you study for a test. You go to bed."

When I woke up the next morning, Denny and Jack were still in the kitchen studying.

Denny passed.

COMMITTED TO A KIDS HAPPINESS

(a story from Jim)

It was the summer of 1984 and I was 15 years old. I had spent nearly my entire life in Apple Valley, MN and things couldn't have been going better for me.

I was really into sports and we had great teams in baseball, basketball and football. Our school teams hadn't lost a game in any of the sports during our 7th, 8th and 9th grade years, we had just gone 41-4 in all-star basketball and we had just won the Babe Ruth State baseball championship and were off to Regionals. There was no doubt that we were on our way to state championships as we approached the 10th grade.

Then I got the horrible news that would change my life forever. The Burlington Northern Railroad was moving their corporate headquarters from St Paul, MN to Fort Worth, TX and my Dad was being transferred. This is a day I will never forget and still remember it like it was yesterday.

I won't go into all of the details, but it was a very hard move for me and I didn't respond well at all to it. While I started playing basketball, baseball and football and did well and made some good friends, I was still mad as hell about moving and missed my old friends and Apple Valley very much. Without any social media, we wrote letters, I called long-distance and racked up some big telephone bills and visited during the summer. It was not enough for me. I had to be in Minnesota playing sports with my friends.

I don't recall exactly how it happened, but it was the summer before my senior year and my Dad and I were in Minnesota looking at apartments close to the high school. We had met with the Varsity coaches and had worked out all of the details for me to move back, live in the apartment by myself and play sports with my friends just as I had wanted since the day we moved.

The one big hurdle we had to clear was with the oversight group that monitored kids transferring into schools. Me moving to Apple Valley by myself shortly before my senior year to play sports was a red flag. We spent a lot of time telling the story, how I spent my whole life there and that I was just moving back to where I grew up and wasn't trying to circumvent recruiting violations.

Then it happened; I was APPROVED.

So, I went up there over the summer, did summer conditioning with the football team and was really excited because I would have a chance to win a state championship.

Then it happened! One week prior to me officially moving, they had changed their mind because of some BS rule and I would have to sit out the whole football year, half the year in basketball but could play baseball. So, based on this, it all fell apart.

They went on to a State Championship in Football (I was there) and I was back in Texas.

The story is really about what parents will do for their children in very difficult situations. Now that I am older and have kids, it's impossible to imagine that I would have let my children do that no matter what at 17. But my parents were totally prepared to let me live my dream no matter what.

I know I was stubborn and a major pain through all of this, but the amount of love and sacrifice it takes to make that decision for your son is incredible.

Even though I still think and talk about what might have happened if I moved back, I wouldn't have married the love of my life and had two very special children. They got the championship, but I got the last laugh.

39 YEAR CAREER AT BURLINGTON NORTHERN

(A sneak peek into his personnel file from Jim)

Many years after Dad died, I had a brilliant idea. I would call the BNSF and they would give me access to his personnel file since he had passed. No one thought I would get it done but after some gentle persuasion, I got it. Below are the jobs he held on what dates and what cities from his long and successful career at the Burlington Northern. Between him, his Dad and his Gpa, they had over 100 years with the railroad.

The file also has many recommendations for faster promotions to higher level roles but, at the time, you couldn't become a VP without a college degree.

- He started as a Clerk in Omaha on 4/6/56 making \$12.82 per day
- File Clerk in Omaha on 12/1/57
- Steno Clerk in Omaha on 9/10/58
- Rate Clerk in Omaha on 4/1/59
- Tracing Clerk in Omaha on 3/15/60
- Chief Clerk in Lincoln on 9/18/61
- Chief Clerk in Detroit on 11/1/63
- City Freight Agent in Chicago on 4/16/64
- Chief Clerk in Chicago on 4/1/66
- Asst. Office Mgr. in Chicago on 7-16-66
- Mgr. of Import-Export TOFC/COFC Sales in Chicago on 10/16/68
- Admin Assistant in St Paul on 3/3/70 (Merger)
- Director of Sales Administration in St Paul on 10/1/71
- Assistant Vice President of planning in St Paul on 4/1/81
- Assistant Vice President of Intermodal in St Paul on 2/1/84
- Director of Intermodal Systems in Fort Worth on 3/1/86
- Director of Information Systems in Fort Worth on 10/16/86
- Director of Capacity Mgmt. in Fort Worth on 11/1/89
- Director of Systems Integrations in Fort Worth on 10/1/92
- Director of Service Order Development in Fort Worth on 1/1/93



QQ - AAM



THE MJ BEGINS **(inspired by Dad's diagnoses)**

www.mjcancerfree.com

www.lombardifoundation.org/mj-cancer-free/

My first introduction to cancer came in August of 2000. My Dad had just been diagnosed with stage 4 small-cell lung cancer. As I took the call from work, all I could do was sit there and cry knowing that my Dad would die because all I knew about cancer was, if you had it, you didn't survive.

The rest of the year was a major roller coaster as we went to appt's, watched him go through chemo and radiation and beat cancer only for it to come back. While I tried to stay as positive as possible, things didn't look good. My hero, my mentor and my best friend was going through hell.

Around this time, I met Paul "MO" Moline and knew instantly we would be lifetime friends and brothers. He knew how hard it was what I was going through because he had battled some of the same things with both his parents.

In January 2001, I was sitting in Mo's house and had just met Mo's wonderful Mom for the first time when we started talking about cancer and how frustrated all of us were that there was no cure and that people and families had to go through that.

About 15 minutes later, the first MJ (Mo and Jim) event was launched and we decided we were going to have a golf tournament in March of that year to honor my Dad, Mo's Mom and Dad and find a cure for this disease. So, we started calling friends and family and organizing an event and getting people committed to it like only Mo and I can.

Our first event was a big success as we had over 100 people and raised approximately \$30,000. The picture Mo included in his story was a picture

from the first year and it's the only year Dad was able to make it. The two things I remember were that he was there and that he looked me in the eyes when it was all over and said, "WELL DONE." Those words meant everything to me and it was one of the proudest moments of my life.

Unfortunately, My Dad died in November of 2001, but Mo and I had a new mission in life, CURE CANCER.

So, after 18 years, we have raised over \$7 million dollars, have won many awards for charitable giving and have made a difference in the fight against cancer. There is another short book coming out about the MJ and the mission ahead of us.

I often wonder if Mo and I wouldn't have met, what would have happened. The answer is pretty simple. We would both be making an impact because of our passion but nothing to this magnitude.

My Dad inspired me and my mission but along with Mo's Mom and family, we have been able to do something pretty special. Like this book, Dad continues to inspire us to do great things long after he is gone.

my
GOLF
Classic



NEVER FAR AWAY



Finding A Cure For Cancer!

JIM'S SPEECH AT DAD'S FUNERAL

I'm very honored and privileged to stand before you today on behalf of my family to talk about my Dad. Today is a celebration of Dad's life and that is what Dad would have wanted. I would like to share with you some of the great qualities we have come to know and love about Dad and stories and memories that are so near and dear to the family. Hopefully some of these stories will bring back some great memories you have with Dad.

Dad was a man of great character and vision. He knew what was right and what he believed in, and he never, ever wavered. He often didn't do what was popular, or what the next guy was doing, he followed his heart and his convictions. Dad loved doing things right and if it wasn't right the first time, he did it again and again until it was. All of us that knew Dad have gone to him for something over the years. Whether it was a story about an accomplishment, a business decision that you were having trouble making or something else, there was always a sense of relief in your decision after talking to Dad. He wouldn't always give you the answer because he believed in making your own decision, but he would listen, gather the information, ask questions and lead you down the path of an informed decision. **THE DECISION ALWAYS SEEMED TO BE RIGHT.** We all learned from him and are better decision makers today because of it.

Dad lived life with great gusto, and had many interests, many simple and many not so simple. He talked with equal enthusiasm about carousal music and calculus. He loved books and even as he knew his last days were numbered, he was reading. He read everything, from Philosophy to History to Mystery to Computers 101. A familiar sight that we all became accustomed to was seeing Dad walking into the house with 15 new books, and not just any books, big, complicated books. When it was time to turn the books in a couple of weeks later, he had read every one of them. He then went and got 15 more books. He loved music and had a huge collection of 45s and 78s he acquired as a young man, and 8-tracks, cassettes, and finally CDs as he grew older. He never parted with any of

them. He listened to everything, from Willie Nelson (we came to find out) to Circus Music with the grandchildren to Rock & Roll & Pop to Beethoven and Strauss. Dad loved everything.

Dad loved his grandchildren - they were his “babies”. After 39 years with the Burlington Northern Railroad, he retired and took up a new hobby, garage sailing. Just like everything else that Dad did, if possible, he took garage sailing to a whole new level. Every Friday and Saturday morning he went in his “big red truck”, as the grandchildren called it, and filled it up with rocking horses, cars, dolls & anything else he thought the grandchildren would like. His collection got very large, and even though he made regular trips to the grandchildren’s houses in Kansas City, Omaha and around Texas for deliveries, his own house was overflowing. Instead of getting rid of some of it as I’m sure my Mom wanted to do at times, he added a new “toy room” upstairs which was the delight of the little faces when they visited. Dad loved his “babies”.

Dad loved to surprise his grandchildren and show up at their houses unexpected. Dad’s kids had an arrangement that if he showed up on their doorstep, they would issue a “red truck alert” to let the others know he was on his way. The grandchildren would learn of his visit only when he showed up at their schools to personally pick them up. Dad had a way to make every grandchild feel special and when they saw Gpa, boy did they smile and get excited. Dad’s babies loved him.

Dad loved working in the yard, building rock gardens, taking care of his fountain, and trimming the many trees and shrubs that existed that they had planted over the years. His yard was always something he took great pride in and it was immaculate. If there was a crooked line in the grass after mowing, he would mow again. If there were leaves that fell on the ground after he had just raked, he would rake again. If trash blew in the yard, he would pick it up immediately and then try and find out who did it. Dad loved perfection and his yard was a perfect example. Dad also loved decorating his home for Christmas and won several neighborhood

award's over the years for his outdoor lights. From my perspective, the inside and the outside of the house looked like something out of a magazine around the holidays. Dad loved beauty.

Dad was an eternal optimist. He never saw a half empty cup - it was always half full - and he continually filled it. He never complained, and he made the most of each day. This is where I got my saying that most of you have heard from me, "live with passion." Dad lived with passion. And even in the last 15-months of his life as he battled cancer and went through months of chemo and radiation, he faced it head-on and did it the best. His Oncologist said it best to me one day when we first found out the cancer had spread, and I wanted to know what else we could do. He said, "If I could bottle his attitude and give that to all of his other patients, there would be a heck of a lot more cancer survivors and quality of life in the world today." He was so nice to everyone that treated him, and they remembered it. I was amazed when I would take Dad to one of his appointments, the response he would get. Everyone always knew him, he would always get right in even though there were 10-15 people ahead of him that had appointments, he always would get the best care and even would have decaf coffee fixed just the way he liked it when they knew he was coming. One of his last nurses who lovingly took care of him for 17 straight hours said, "I've never taken care of a nicer man" and she was right. Dad loved life.

And most of all, Dad loved my Mom. One of the things my Mom loves to do is play bridge and she often came late at night from tournaments. Dad would have her bed ready, electric blanket turned on, and was always eager to listen to Mom's bridge stories. She would talk about what she did right, what she could have played differently and some of the hands that had been dealt that day. Having experienced and listened to some of those conversations, I CAN TELL YOU THAT THIS MIGHT HAVE BEEN HIS GREATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT.

In summary, Dad was a man of great character, Dad was a man who loved his wife, loved his children, loved his family, loved his friends, and most of all, loved his BABIES. He was also a man of great pride. One of the things I will always remember and smile about as I'm sure you all can relate to is the BEAR GRIP HANDSHAKE. When you shook Dad's hand, you would never forget it. Over the past several weeks as he got weaker from all of the treatments, he still would get comments from the doctors about his grip and every time he got that reaction, he would look at me with a little smirk saying, "I still got it."

As I try and put this all into perspective, one thing my brother Mike said shortly after he passed makes me feel better and smile. He said that "Dad is already in heaven, getting things organized and making things happen." I can just hear him now. "I know things are going pretty good up here, but it's time to make them better." I know Dad will.

Dad loved finding rainbows and that is why it's so appropriate his final resting place is in the Rainbow Garden.

My family would like to thank everyone for all of the cards, prayers, flowers, food, etc. The response has been overwhelming for my Mom and my family and we couldn't get through this without you.

Dad was my hero, my best friend, my mentor and the greatest man I have ever known. Thanks for touching all of our lives in such a special way Dad and we love you.

And as Dad would say, "GIVE THEM HELL."

Thank you

Always a Smile!



REST IN PEACE DAD

John "Jack" Round



BEDFORD -- John "Jack" Round, 64, passed away Friday, Nov. 23, 2001 in Bedford after a courageous battle with cancer. Funeral: 10 a.m. Tuesday at Bluebonnet Hills Memorial Chapel. Burial: Bluebonnet Hills Memorial Park. Visitation: Family to receive friends from 6:30 to 8 p.m. Monday at the funeral home.

Memorials: The American Cancer Society.

Jack retired after 39 years with Burlington Northern Railroad. He was a devoted and loving husband, father and grandfather. He would want to be remembered as someone who enjoyed life everyday. He was preceded in death by his father, Dudley Round.

Survivors: Wife of 41 years, Marlene Round; mother, Elinor Round; sons, Jack Round and wife, Nancy, Michael Round and wife, Lisa, and Jim Round and wife, Gretchen; daughter, Jenny Bertin and husband, Sean; sisters, Marianne Morrison and husband, Bill, Sharon Weak and husband, Lannie, and Sandie Ferguson and husband, Denny; and grandchildren, Jane, John, Marissa, Isaac and Meredith Round and Andrew Bertin.

Bluebonnet Hills Funeral Home
Colleyville, (817) 498-5894

FINAL RESTING PLACE



