Memorial for Chuck Kluth
May 28, 2015

Good day,

My name is Bill Anderson. I was Chuck's expeditor and cat herder on many geological field schools.

During that time and beyond, we became friends. Really good friends. There were times we would joke about being twin brothers of different mothers.

My work included helping him get organized for field trips and letting him stay focussed on the task at hand.

This week, I've had the priviledge of helping him and his family with some of the last minute items on his final exploration.

I can tell you as a witness, Chuck left this life surrounded by his beautiful family with strength of character and in peace.

It is an honour to be here today.
Chuck was a rascal.

I know that many of you will find this hard to believe, but he was a rascal from a very young age.

I am told by a reliable source that when he was in grade nine, he was given a place of honour in his classroom – at the back of the room – in order to give him opportunity to influence the behaviour of a young lady who was of the same ilk.

Not that she particularly minded the attention.

The two of them dated for something over seven years before they got married, earned various degrees, raised two of the loveliest young women you could imagine and shared a life together for over 44 years.

Chuck was left handed.

Yes, physically he was left handed, but he also lived up to it.

Left handedness is sometimes referred to as sinistral: that's Latin for sinister, as opposed to dextral...

In his context, his sinistral tendencies were not defined arbitrarily by outside observation. Rather Chuck was defined by internal and independent characteristics, no matter who might be "the observer".

All this is to say, that Chuck had thoughts, ideas, whims and observations of the world - and of truth - that were unique, often profound and more often than not spiced with a wit that will never be forgotten.
Chuck was a mentor.

Chuck never stinted at sharing his knowledge, his wisdom, his compassion and his time.

From my own experience, and from what I know of many others, we recognize a turning point of who we are and what we have become.

Some might even describe it in similar terms to the geologic K-T boundary. Before this moment I was one thing, after the impact of Chuck I was another.

We are all glad he crashed into our lives.

Chuck was a geologist.

Well, you all know that. He was a geologist's geologist.

He was a walking and talking encyclopedia. And his depth wasn't just of one pet formation or process, he knew the world.

He knew the world as it is, as it was and speculated with wild abandon what it will become.
Chuck was a Connoisseur.

Some of you might question this, and at first blush, perhaps you'd be right.

Chuck was a world expert in ice cream. I can tell you as a witness that the last thing Chuck ate was ice cream.

Can anyone recall him turning some down?

He was a world expert in beer too, which might also come as a surprise.

My last conversation with Chuck included how we might share one of our favourite beers via Skype. He had just been told by his doctor that he could have one.

And what was that beer? Arrogant Bastard. And we felt worthy.

Chuck was a lover.

Mary Jo, need I say more? He loved you, Maryanne and Becky with unfathomable depth.

Chuck was a friend.

And that is why most of us are here.

We all have our own memories and experiences with Chuck.

It doesn't matter if you knew him casually, if you've only known him for a couple of years or a lifetime.

It doesn't even matter if over the years you and he may have drifted apart. Know one thing to be true: he was your friend.

I know he was mine.