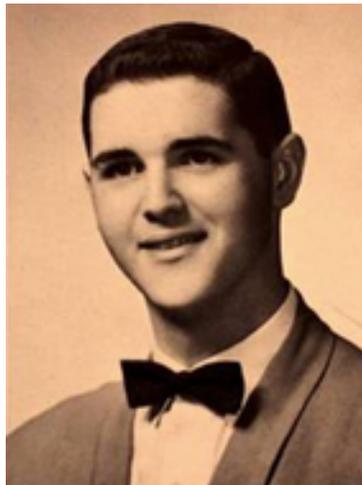


Received from Jack:

Sheryl is one of Lou Nasif's daughters and Sheryl and my wife have been good work friends for years.

Neither of the ladies had any idea that there was this Prep connection until Lou's wife Nora approached me at an affair and asked if I was the Jack Kelly from Prep. Sheryl and my wife joined the conversation and it all came together.

**Vita Mutatur,
non Tollitur**



**Life Is Changed,
not Ended**

1962 Petrean Blurb:

8515 Fifth Avenue, North Bergen

Honor Pin 1, 2, 3; Weightlifting 2.

"Lou".....the "Syrian Shiek".....prides himself on his potatoes and waffles.....joined the chosen few in his senior year after his revolt against culture.....conservative in dress and action.....plans to be a future butcher.

01/21/13 09:08 AM

#1 [EDIT](#) [DELETE](#)

[Joe Parkes, S.J.](#)

I visited Lou at home a week before he passed away. We shared fond memories of our days at the Prep and of working at Palisades Amusement Park. I had the honor of celebrating his funeral Mass and accompanying him to his resting place. He exhibited the same graciousness and class as he was dying as he did when he was fully alive.

From Sheryl:

“Never realized that siblings day was the same day that Dad left this earth. Somehow it seems fitting, he was always trying to get us to be nicer to each other. Miss you Dad....

I know we sit here today shocked, stunned, and saddened. I also know that many of you are asking the same question again and again, Why, Why Louie? Why now? But I think we need to get past the why and ask How? How did Louie manage to live a life surrounded by so many women on a daily basis and not lose his mind in the process?

Many of you know there were many a day where he probably questioned his sanity living in a house with three teenage girls whose sole purpose at the time was to just annoy their mother. He did it, and he did it for LOVE.

My sister Nora summed it up so well a few days ago when she said that my father had two great passions in life, his family and his work, and while he loved both dearly, we always knew that his family came first. He loved each and every one of us in a unique way that made each one of us feel special.

My father was blessed and sometimes cursed with the birth of three daughters, each unique unto themselves. I often have said that my father was a father for girls. What does that mean, I am not really sure, but I just knew that God gave him daughters for a reason; I think it was because my father had a certain type of compassion and love that a man needs to deal with women and lots of them. In the Nasif family you can only guess how much talking/yelling was going on in the house, what kind of man can tolerate that, the kind of man who knows how to listen. My father not only heard you, he listened to you. There were times that you really didn't want to tell him something, and in conference, anyone of us could say to the other, well did you tell Daddy yet?

We knew that we could always go to him; sometimes we didn't want to because he was the voice of reason, and would ask the hard questions that needed to be asked, but we always did. No matter what, we were always driven back to my father and mother's house for consult, whether it was an issue with our children, jobs, or a landscaping project. Dad was a great sounding board for our thoughts, concerns, or worries.

My father raised strong girls. Yes he taught us to be physically strong. There were many a projects in our youth that included the entire family. From wallpapering the family bathroom together, for all those who think this is a great idea, it's not, hire someone. To an all-day affair of staining the outside of a lake house, which included trying to decide which child was the most fearless to climb onto the roof to get the section no one could reach using a ladder, or to hanging an awning outside the house, yet another project you should pay someone to do. I choose to mention only the projects that I participated in, not the ones that I tried to avoid, which my mother and sisters will tell you, were more numerous than not.

My father raised smart girls. He often told us in our youth, never rely on a man. Rely on yourself and if a man comes along that is great. He would then tell us, your studies come first; you can worry about boys later. He was right, as he often was. Nora found Joe in graduate school, Lori found Sebu in dental school and well, I found Ed on the internet, but my father knew I marched to a different drummer, so he wasn't so surprised. We were all educated, married and then produced children.

His love only grew as each grandchild was born, but again there was something special about the girls for him. Upon the birth of his final grandchild, as he held Samantha in his arms standing in the hospital, he looked down at her and then looked at Lori and said, I am so happy you had another girl; there is something so special about girls.

And, since I am one of his girls I concur with him, there is something so special about his girls. The other girls in his life were my mother and Karen. It was his wife and his work wife, and between the two of them, mind you they worked in consult over the last 40 years, he was happy and so were they. You know what they say, Happy wife, Happy life, my Dad received a double dose.

You really can't sum up the relationship my mother and father had in the short time that we have to stand before you today, but my father made sure that we knew that my mother was more than just a mother. He made sure we knew she was a person, wife, and his best friend. She truly knew him better than any person. She was his protector. I often joked that you should never hurt one of our husbands, because hell hath no fury like a Nasif woman scorned. We learned this from my mother. She was by my father's side until the end, and neither of them would have had it any other way.

At home my father had my mother, and in the office he had Karen. I would often think that sometimes the poor man didn't stand a chance, not because they were difficult, but because they were in cahoots. My father would sometimes choose not to listen to my mother. My mother would then send the message through Karen and low and behold it got done. My father was a team player.

He was on a team with my mother, his daughters, and Karen. And for him all of these teams had the common thread of LOVE. There are so many people who have never felt any love, let alone the love my father has showed for us over our lives. He would not want you to weep. He would simply say, Everyone dies; it is part of life, and then ask, Did you lead a good life?

My father led a wonderful life. He taught and will continue to teach us many lessons, he loved, and will continue to love us and he smiled and will continue to smile upon us. So today, go celebrate the life he led and do not be sad, that is not would he would have wanted. He would want you to be joyful, truly joyful for what we have received in our lives.

God Bless"