



Richard H. Mack

June 16, 1941 - March 2, 2026

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My dad Rich Mack passed fully into the Kingdom of God on March 2, 2026.

He left this world in the same way he lived within it... independent, resilient, perseverant, and always doing his absolute best to do the right thing.

My dad had a firm philosophy of life that it is to be lived without owing anyone anything and protecting himself and his family from others if their intentions were not the same.

His strong work ethic, provision of security, and generosity were the mark of a man who chose to earn the finer things in life, provide a safe village on Beacon Lane for his children to grow up knowing that in some places and times the world is safe for children to adventure on their own, and never wished to burden someone else with his troubles.

He was kind when it allowed him to bring out the best in you and ornery when it allowed him to hide the worst in himself. And yet even in his orneriness he had an endearing spirit that empowered you to always be yourself with him. He loved a great debate even if it turned into an argument and always came back to acceptance of you no matter the difference in your views.

He was married to my mom, Marcia, for over 50 years and together they weathered many storms...even the worst of them when my brother Bryan passed away at the age of 20. Amid the storms and difficulties in this life, my parents stayed by each other's side when others would have moved apart. They had a complicated and yet simple dance of give and take that could only come from a deep love for each other. And they laughed!!! I am more loyal, more compassionate, and more loving because of the model they showed for marriage, family, friendship, and good old-fashioned community village living.

Because of my parents' way of bringing extended family into our lives, we are surrounded by so many loved ones that have built for us and continue to be a firm foundation of faith, hope, and love. My second set of parents were my mom and dad's best friends who introduced them. Uncle John and Aunt Marilyn are those soul-mate friends that have been by our side through thick and thin and brought adventure, joy, and freedom into our world as children and adults.

My dad is a twin. Something that brought him much joy when Uncle Ron and he could play twin pranks on unsuspecting others. And yet he never truly felt seen as an individual apart from his twin. Aunt Chris was another of his favorite people as she understood him uniquely.

Tommy, Stephanie, Rachel, Laura, Steve, and Matt hold a special place in my dad's heart everlasting. He always saw you as individuals and encouraged you, as he did me to never let anyone dictate who you are in this life. What he fought for in his own life he freely gave to us in return.

Rick is the only man that my dad would leave me in the care of in this world. When we were married my dad truly wondered if I was too much for any man to manage! Over time, my dad grew to respect the way that Rick stands up for

me even if he doesn't always back down. Truly a man after my dad's own heart.

My dad's passion for golf and friends makes everyone at Captain's Club a special treasure to him. The golf leagues and meals and drinks shared there were some of his favorite times.

In his last year or so my dad's extended family became the amazing and compassionate staff at Hampton Manner of Holly, MI. They cared for my dad in a way that my dad's independence wouldn't allow me to. They shared with us that he was "a kind man even when he was a pain in our ass". And truthfully the consultant in him would have had it no other way. Rick and I are forever grateful for the way that you let him be just him no matter his mood, need for pancakes every morning, or dislike for certain activities, and his virtually complete unwillingness to ask for or accept help. You gave him the opportunity to say "no" without judgement or shame. And most importantly to my heart...you let him dance!

We are grateful to all our friends and extended family for this life that we share and look forward to the rest of our journeys until we are home again with my marvelous dad. You are too numerous to mention here and yet each uniquely placed within our hearts.

We thank the Lord Jesus for our hope and assurance that my dad is now reunited with my mom and Bryan and has realized how many rewards were stored up for him in the Kingdom of God. May he dance everlasting!