

## Dr. Anton Kacicnik Eulogy

Hello and thanks again for being here today, despite the weather, either in person or online, to celebrate the amazing life of Dr. Anton Kacicnik, and the love we shared for him. He would feel very honored by this wonderful turnout.

Since you're mostly familiar with his many personal and professional accomplishments, I will also share some particularly memorable moments of who he was as a father.

For instance, how he started teaching me French by running through the phonetics like na, ne, ni, no, nu, or the difficult number sequence of treize, quatorze, quinze, seize. He did whatever he could to support us academically by enrolling us in a great school, hiring tutors and helping us with science fair projects.

I remember him holding us between his legs on t-bar and poma lifts while teaching us how to ski, his encouragement as we progressed and tackled harder slopes, → sometimes harder than we bargained for like when we accidentally ended up on a steep, mogul-y black diamond run at Sunshine Village many years ago. I was very young, scared, and upset, but he remained calm, positive, and safely guided me down the slope. That was the first big and special ski trip I remember, and the beginning of many great ones over the years.

Dad loved traveling in general, as you know, and we have fond memories from long road trips across Canada, the US, and much of Europe, particularly France after I graduated from high school, and he took my sister and brother to Italy when Veronica graduated.

Since he enjoyed being active and outdoors, I remember him taking us on fall hikes in Hockley valley, almost getting lost with me on a snow-covered trail above Lake Tahoe, climbing up Storzic in cold, rainy weather with my brother and sister when we couldn't do Triglav due to the conditions (he had already done Triglav several years before), and scrambling over and under boulders with me on a crazy Labyrinth trail in upstate NY.

Of course, Dad could also be strict and make us do things we didn't want to, like play tennis and run in the hot Florida summer heat, or scold us when we got poor grades, but these things ultimately shaped us into the strong, resilient, people we became. He had an incredible amount of energy and an amazing work ethic that he definitely instilled in us. On top of long, full days at his practice, sometimes even on weekends, he still managed to regularly contribute to various aspects of the Slovenian community.

Regardless of what was going on, Dad was always very caring, willing to offer advice and help us or anyone in need, however he could, like flying out to California to help when I had knee surgery, comforting me after a difficult move to NY, and even drove the 10 hrs there and back with a quick turnaround the weekend after I moved into my apt to help me unpack. In the past few months, even as his health really declined, he would still ask if we needed anything or what he could do to help; a true testament of the kind of man he was.

I'd like to end with one my father's favorite sayings in recent years, that's printed on the program: la vie est breve, un peu de reve, un peu d'espoir, et puis bonsoir – which means, life is short, a bit of dreams, a bit of hope, and then goodnight.

So bonne nuit cher papa, lahkno noc dragi ati, and goodnight dear dad. May you forever rest in peace in the presence of God and his realm of heaven.

## Facebook Post

A long time since I've been on Facebook, but wanted to pay tribute to the man responsible for my existence and a large part of the person I became; my incredibly amazing, supportive, and loving father who we lost to serious illness last week. I am immensely grateful for everything he did, who he was, and that we had him in our lives for more than 87 years. He had a very rich and interesting life, was very kind, generous, charming, funny, and could speak to anyone about anything. We did many awesome trips and had plenty of adventures over the years, both as a family and also just us. I'll miss him terribly, but glad he didn't suffer too much and for too long near the end, and will find comfort reminiscing about the great times and experiences we shared. Rest in eternal peace my cher Papa, dearest Dad, and dragi Ati.