

I am Jack's younger daughter, Nina. I would like to begin by thanking all of you on behalf of the family for coming to this Service to honour my father, and for all your kind words about him. And I would especially like to thank Irene and the others who did such an amazing job of organizing this event. We are so grateful.

My father would have loved this occasion. Not just because of all the complimentary things that were said about him—although he certainly wouldn't have minded that! But mostly because as he looked around in this room, he would have seen so many people that he loved and admired, and so many reminders of what really mattered to him in life.

As you have heard, my father loved science and the pursuit of knowledge. He was always ready for a good discussion (some would call these arguments)—not for the sake of argument alone, but in the furtherance of knowledge and truth. He loved being surrounded by people who he regarded as intelligent and equally committed to that search for knowledge, and here he would have seen so many of those people.

He loved the University of Chicago, and chose to spend almost his entire working life here. He believed that this university, above all others, was committed to excellence and to the highest standards in the search for knowledge. He would be thrilled to see so many of his former colleagues and students here, and others with whom he may not have worked closely but whose work he admired.

He loved music and art and theater. Our house was always filled with music, and he and my mother regularly attended concerts and the opera as long as their health permitted. He also attended the theater regularly, and soon became a huge fan and supporter of the productions put on by the Court Theater. Some of his first earnings were spent on acquiring works of art. At one point we began to wonder if his always growing collection of paintings was going to have to be displayed on the ceiling of our house, as he had acquired so much art that he had completely filled the walls! He was thrilled to discover the quality and high standards of the Smart Museum of Art, and as with the Court Theater, he derived great satisfaction from serving on its Board and from seeing it constantly improve its collection. He would be so happy to see representatives of both the Court Theater and the Smart Museum here.

And of course, and most of all, my father loved his family, which in his later years came in his mind to include some wonderful caregivers. He loved being a husband and a father, and although his work often filled his time and took him away from us, he never failed to call, to bring back wonderful gifts, and to make it clear how important we were to him. He loved being a grandfather, and in time, a great grandfather. I remember him sitting at his big desk at home with his young grandson Jared—perhaps 2 years old at the time—patiently allowing him to repeatedly staple papers together as Jared discovered how that stapler worked. I'm convinced that he was as proud of Jared's investigations into the workings of that stapler as he was of the scientific achievements of his students. And recently, as we were going through his papers, we discovered a story written by his granddaughter Claire when she was in high school, and I remembered him telling me at the time about how marvelous the writing was and how proud he was of Claire. Towards the end of his life, nothing made him happier than when Jared would bring his own young son Drew--his great grandson-- to visit, and he would sit and watch Drew with that same pride and joy as he explored a new toy, and he would repeat over and over again how brilliant this little boy clearly was.

My father was a great man, and so his passing was a great loss. But I know that as he looked out around this room, he would feel that he could rest easy, knowing that the purposes for which he had worked so hard, and the things that really mattered to him—the vigorous pursuit of knowledge and scientific advancement, the flourishing of the cultural life of the university and the city of Chicago, and the health and well-being of his family and friends—would continue to be pursued and ensured by everyone here. Thank you.