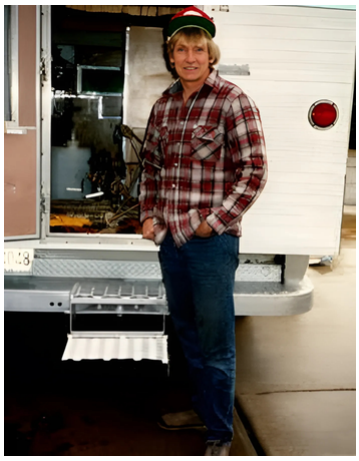

John Spencer Swindle

July 7, 1942 ~ October 27, 2024

Thank you so much for calling me Wilma. It is so sad to hear of this news, even though we think it could happen it still hits hard and feels unexpected. I've known Spence for 27 years. It was lucky having you as neighbors. If I needed a hand for a moment or longer, Spence would always without hesitation jump in and appeared to actually enjoy the challenge and adventure of helping me.. Afterward he would commonly invite me in for a nice visit. We had a lot in common so it was easy to share stories. Spence had a natural and genuine personality of generosity and kindness. It was more than that, he always acted like he cared, liked, and respected me and that's exactly the way I felt about him. Spence was a great friend and an important part of my life and I'm going to miss him.

- Curt Nelson

Spence was my first crush. I was about 9 years old, and I thought he was terribly cute with those blond curls and disarming smile. Yes, he had curls at that time because he and my dad both went and got perms! It was 1969 and I guess that was a thing. I was just learning to snowmobile at that time and ‘the guys’ would take off, climbing side hills, and always trying to outdo each other. I was slow, as I scarcely had the strength to control that old heavy machine we called ‘Grandma.’ And I got stuck. A lot. I didn’t have the strength or skill to get unstuck. Sometimes frustrated near tears, I’d be tugging on that thing, thinking how will I ever get out of here? Then, I could see Spence coming to rescue me! He’d stop beside me and pull off his helmet and those blond curls would tumble out. He would then manhandle that machine in a few tugs and drive her to a clear spot for me to start over. Sometimes he would give me a bit of advice, all with charm, good humor and lots of patience. You can see why I was smitten. He set a standard for me for every crush thereafter. I will always remember his smile, his laugh, his patience, his kindness and his fun-loving attitude toward life. He will be missed.

- Jeanette Wood