



Kirk BonDurant Sr.

February 1, 1944 - November 29, 2018

Kirk BonDurant Sr., 74, Wyatt, died 4:45 a.m. Thursday, Nov. 29, 2018 at Memorial Hospital. He was born Feb. 1, 1944 in Bremen to Delbert "Bud" & Marion (Mutti) BonDurant. On Feb. 1, 1969 he married Carolyn Kay (Zellers) BonDurant and she died Oct. 4, 2018.

Surviving are a daughter, Belinda Beehler, South Bend, son, Kirk M. BonDurant Jr., Wyatt, 3 grandchildren, Jordan, Blake and Alex, a brother, Kim (Sherry) BonDurant, Bremen and a sister, Kristine (John) Hudkins, Bremen.

Preceding him in death are his parents and wife, Carolyn.

Kirk was a graduate of Bremen High School and worked as a heavy equipment operator. He was a member of the Midwest Operating Engineers Local 150.

A memorial gathering will be 4-7 p.m. Wednesday, Dec. 5, 2018 at Rieth-Rohrer-Ehret-Lienhart Funeral Home, 117 W. Waterford St., Wakarusa. Burial will be at Bremen Cemetery at a later date. Memorial donations may be directed to the Madison Township Volunteer Fire Department.

Online condolences may be sent at <http://www.rrefh.com>

Events

DEC	Memorial Gathering	04:00PM - 07:00PM
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	Rieth-Rohrer-Ehret-Lienhart Funeral Homes	
	117 W Waterford Street, Wakarusa, IN, US, 46573	

Comments



“ An external video has been added.



Rieth-Rohrer-Ehret Funeral Homes - December 03, 2018 at 02:13 PM



“ Our prayers are with our family. Sorry to hear about the loss.

Melody Ann BonDurant and Dana Kirk BonDurant

Dana BonDurant - December 05, 2018 at 03:47 PM



“ Love, Todd, Jenn, Conner and Camille purchased the Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum for the family of Kirk BonDurant Sr..



Love, Todd, Jenn, Conner and Camille - December 04, 2018 at 04:42 PM



“ Kirk was one of my best buddies in high school. We had so much fun! He was a "hoot" . RIP my friend. Wanda (Sanborn) Lattimer

Wanda Lattimer - December 04, 2018 at 10:06 AM



“ A GOOD FRIEND AND A GOOD NEIGHBOR..I COULD ALWAYS COUNT ON KIRK FOR ANY HELP OR ADVICE..MANY A MORNING WE HAD COFFEE AT THE WOODLAND RESTAURANT AND HE HAD MANY STORIES AND JOKES..HIS PICTURE AND LAUGHTER ARE ONE OF THE WAYS I'LL REMEMBER HIM..MANY MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT FIRE CALLS FOR MADISON TOWNSHIP FIRE DEPARTMENT THAT KIRK AND I WENT ON TOGETHER AND HE WAS MY DRIVER..
MY THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS ARE WITH THE FAMILY..
SINCERELY,
MERLY MEARS

MERLY MEARS - December 04, 2018 at 05:07 AM



“ As a good friend and classmate of Kirk's in high school, I want to extend my sincere sympathies to all his family and friends.

Ken Hummel

Kenneth Hummel - December 03, 2018 at 11:30 PM



“ God created man because he loves a good story. So I have not doubt that Kirk— at this very minute— is in his heaven. I can imagine the saints encircling and embracing Kirk, listening to his stories because laughter is love. And a favorite son has returned home.

Kirk was my cousin. Seven years older. As a ten-year-old boy, he was my hero. He could have easily dismissed me and my twin brother when we visited Grandpa and Grandma Mutti on Whitlock Street, across the street from his boyhood home. But he didn't. Instead, he took us along for some rides of our life.

We accompanied him on his high school dates. Kirk was a handsome young man. Fit and trim, dapperly dressed, his hair cut in a flat top, we'd walk with him and his current girlfriend to the ball field and watch fast-pitch softball and then off to Ruth's Soda Fountain for a Green River served in the old style soda glass. Kirk provided the nickels to play the jukebox. Hound Dog by Elvis was my choice.

Kirk was my assistant boxing coach. Grandpa Mutti boxed in the Army during WWI, and one afternoon Grandpa decided an impromptu boxing lesson was the just thing we needed to make our Saturday afternoon complete. So Grandpa told Kirk to retrieve a pair of boxing gloves and return them to "Grandpa's room."

Kirk and Grandpa Mutti spent a lot of time together in Grandpa's room— a utility room at the back of the house, behind the kitchen. This was the place for story telling, for chewing and spitting tobacco, and for reading the Chicago Daily News. Grandpa Mutti's rocking chair faced the back window. His chewing tobacco pouch and his spittoon (an old coffee can) were by his side. Behind him was his sink where he'd wash up with Lava Soap after work. And in the corner was a toilet in case you had the calling.

Kirk returned with boxing gloves. Grandpa instructed from his rocking chair. He told Kirk how to position my hands to protect my face, how to stand for the best balance. Kirk got down on his knees to get down to my level. Then a few words about punching, jabbing, hooking.

Grandpa Mutti nodded to Kirk. Kirk looked to me and smiled. "Go ahead. Try to hit me. As hard as you can!" Kirk laughed, bobbing his head.

So I faked with the right and jabbed with the left landing a punch on Kirk's nose.

Kirk's reaction was a combination of astonishment— that I had landed a punch— and surprise that blood had begun to seep out of his nostril. He looked at me with watering eyes and let go with a huge guffaw. Grandpa Mutti slapped his knee and went for his chewing tobacco pouch laughing so hard that his eyes teared up, too.

I was proud of my "punch line".

The next summer, my parents put my brother and me on a bus to see Grandpa and Grandma Mutti. Kirk picked us up at the bus station in Plymouth to transport us back

to Bremen.

Kirk had a brand new, 1962, cherry red Corvette. The three of us crammed into his red rocket.

“Do you like to go fast?” Kirk asked.

“Never have but sure,” I said.

Kirk was 18. I was 11. And as we reached 100 m.p.h., the broken white lines in the middle of the road blurred into one. It was the best ride of my life.

So Kirk enriched my life with the best rides in life. With laughter as love. With stories that I’ll remember for the rest of my life. God bless you, Kirk.

David Clark - December 02, 2018 at 12:55 PM



“ David,

A heart filled Thank You for sharing these wonderful memories! You are a true story teller yourself, it runs in the family! Belinda

Belinda Beehler - December 02, 2018 at 07:37 PM



“ My thoughts and prayers are with you all.

Misty Kough - December 01, 2018 at 09:06 PM



“ Misty Kough lit a candle in memory of Kirk BonDurant Sr.



Misty Kough - December 01, 2018 at 08:05 PM