



**John Chester Kandl**  
**Sep 14 1954 – May 27 2010**

There are so many vivid images my mind holds of Mr. John, let me try to recall them for you.

Of John and Mr. Ed eating chicken in Mr. Ed's kitchen and continuing their life-long discussions those two had about the world and how it would be if they ran things.

Of John living large in his "Country Estate" in Bealeton, and of preparing to have us all over for Sand-blasting days with all the action, flying sand and the silliness. Did I mention the lunches?

Of John hanging his new engine in his Huckster.

Of John as my booth mate at Hershey, cooking meals and selling his treasures. And enjoying Hershey to include napping at the booth. He really loved Hershey!

Of John's remarkable mechanical skills to understand how anything mechanical worked and to fix it. And he fixed everyone else's stuff, but his, not so much.

Of John and me in the dirt and dust down country, loading up a 31 La France truck to drag to my house. And of John trying to explain the truck's quality points to Ms. Sandy when she arrives as he is unloading that rusty truck in our yard.

Of John as Santa at many of our Christmas parties and the train show at Fairfax Station. He always brought a sleigh, and was a favorite with us all: a "Santa in Sunglasses" to truly believe in.

Of a road trip when we passed some kitchen doors out by the street as trash, until John grabbed them up to use as doors on his huckster.

Of the trees in my yard that came from John's forest, and of his famous deviled eggs at train day; gone before he reached our dining table. Golly they were good; his recipe remains a secret.

Such warm images of a man we will never forget.

John had just brought us some tomato plants; he had lost weight and looked strong and happy. He said his blueberry diet was the key. He said his auction business was growing daily.

I just want to reach for my cell phone and call him, as I have done sooooo many times before...

Cause of death was a heart attack. Clem Clement; honored to be a friend of Mr. John's.