



## Vernon H Kirk

May 7, 1957 - April 28, 2018

### In Memoriam

Vernon H. "Guy" Kirk, Jr., M.D.

May 7, 1957 – April 28, 2018

How to sum up My Guy's life in just a few short paragraphs? I am not sure I can do it well, but here goes.

Guy had a charmed life in many ways, but the juvenile diabetes he had been living with from age 19 cut that life short when he passed away last Saturday just short of his 61st birthday.

He was an unexpected gift to his parents, Vernon H. Kirk and Lyda Freeman Kirk, who were in their mid-40's when he was born. The darling of his parents, his older sisters, Ann and Arlene, and his paternal aunts, Helma and Rebecca Kirk, he grew up surrounded by love. He spread that love on throughout his life to his family and to the thousands of patients he helped. He is survived by his wife, Martha Taylor Kirk, his children and their partners, Alexander and Nicole Charlotte Kirk, Gwendolyn Kirk and Abdul Aijaz, and Andrew and Dana Kirk, his grandson, Bridger Kirk, his sister, Arlene DeLange and nieces and nephews, Cheri Chasteen, Michael DeLange, and Matia Bryson.

Guy was a graduate of Olympus High School, Stanford University, and the University of Utah Medical School, and he served a mission for the LDS church in Thailand. Guy and Martha Taylor met at Stanford and married while still undergraduates. That marriage thrived through the arrival of three beautiful children, Medical School, Internship and Residency, 11 moves across 7 states, and much, much more, with great love and devotion on both sides.

While Guy put on a gruff exterior, at the core he was a complete softy. Ever ready with a “Dad” joke or a bad pun, he wouldn’t turn away from anyone in need. From an orphaned kitten to the most demanding patient, he would do his utmost to help and support. He was beloved by most of his patients because he would take the time to really listen to them and took a genuine interest in their lives.

Music was a huge part of Guy’s life, from Pink Floyd to Stan Kenton to J.S. Bach to John Prine. He started with the piano at age 6 and eventually mastered several instruments. He became a playing member of The Guild of Carilloneurs of North America while finishing his medical training at Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. That included playing an adjudicated recital after climbing a ladder over 200 feet to reach the carillon chamber because the elevator had broken down. I will never forget standing outside on a frozen Minnesota night when he first played his arrangement of the Ben E. King classic “Stand by Me” on the carillon at Mayo. He wanted his children to share his love of music. They all began with piano lessons, and when they were each ready to move on to a second instrument he took lessons right alongside them. Despite his demanding career, he went to every recital and performance he could possibly make. He relished finding the most obscure and fascinating music to enjoy and share, though I am quite happy to never again hear that collection of 17th C. trombone concerti.

His family was his greatest joy, but his enthusiasms and hobbies were many and varied. He would dive into a new subject or hobby with gusto.

Woodworking, tropical fish, building computers, various programming languages, new instruments, Newfoundland dogs, swimming, and gardening were just a few of his passions. He adored his children and was incredibly proud of all of them but would also tease them. He never trusted anyone who took themselves too seriously, which did not always go over too well with teenagers who think they have the world all figured out. However, they always knew he was there for them and loved them. I think his only regret would be that he didn't get to see all they are going to achieve. His grandson, Bridger, brought delight to his life during these last few difficult years, as did getting to know his childrens' chosen partners.

Guy gave me so much joy, and occasional aggravation, over the years it is hard to picture going on alone, but I can carry wonderful memories with me and joy in the family we have created.

# Tribute Wall

WA

“ *Even though I'm not a doctor, I diagnosed his diabetes. We were missionaries in Thonburi, Thailand at the time. I had (and still have) type 1 diabetes, so I recognized the symptoms. My condolences to his loved ones on the loss of a wonderful person.*

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**ward** - November 29, 2022 at 11:30 AM

MT

“ *My most vivid memories of Uncle Guy are of him making music--on the piano, the carillon, and in so many other ways. I remember him with a kind of playful, maybe even mischievous look in his eyes. It was a joy when he shared music.*

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**Michael Taylor** - May 09, 2018 at 12:37 PM

CH

“ *Throughout childhood I spend many afternoons and weekends over at Uncle Guy and Aunt Martha's house. I'll never forget how magical their house felt, full of Uncle Guy's amazing fish tanks and myriad musical instruments. He was such a multi-talented person.*

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**Claire Hansen** - May 08, 2018 at 02:38 PM