



Jackie "Jack" Lynn Busch

March 12, 1941 - June 27, 2025

Jackie Lynn Busch "Jack," 84, departed this earthly life and entered into the Heavenly realm on June 27, 2025, at 2:15 AM in Fredonia, Kansas.

Jack was born on March 12, 1941, in Los Angeles, California, to Ernest Charles Busch Sr. & Ethelyn Lois (BATES) Busch. He was the 9th of 12 children born to this marriage. When he was born, he was born dead, but thankfully the doctors were able to revive him.

His parents eventually moved back to Kansas for family and work purposes. Jack was raised a proud country boy who learned hard work from his father. When Jack grew older, he went to enlist in the US Army but was denied, being told, "His ears were too big!"

At the age of 28 in Wichita, Kansas, he met the most beautiful woman, Sandra Lee Cooper. "Sandy," and soon after they fell madly in love. There must've been something in that wet old dish rag Sandy (or "Sassy Frass," as Jack would call her) threw at him, or maybe it was the way Jack would frequent the little cafe where Sandy worked just to see her and maybe get a glimpse of her legs. Oh, how he loved her legs and worshipped the ground she walked on. Finally, he worked up the nerve and popped the big question; to his surprise, she said yes! So, on February 17, 1969, at the Justice of the Peace in Wichita, Kansas, the two were married. Soon after, they became the loving

parents of 4 children. Ethelynn Elizabeth Busch, David Alan Busch, and Paul Lynn Busch. (They lost a baby).

For many years Jack worked in construction, paving many of the highways and roads across America. He helped construct many of the buildings you see in Wichita and across the state of Kansas. He also did carpentry work as well as harvesting work. He was a mechanic working on the automobile engines in his vehicles; he was a jack of all trades.

In 1978-79 Jack was seriously injured in a construction accident in Wichita, Kansas. The accident nearly took his life, but thankfully it didn't. He spent almost 1-2 months in the hospital recovering from his injuries (a crushed pelvis and left arm). A few years later, Jack had to have a partial leg amputation just below his right knee. Due to his injuries, Jack was put on disability, but he refused to let his disability keep him down. He had to take odd and end jobs just to help provide for his family. This included small jobs like cleaning the F.O.E. in Fredonia, driving a combine tractor during the harvest, and other small jobs. Jack, despite his disability, lived his life to the fullest; some have even called him "the fastest one-legged man!"

Jack was a strong man of faith. He loved God and would read the King James Bible he kept on his nightstand nightly. He often shared stories of God's creation and life in Heaven with his children, especially his daughter Beth. She recalls him telling her how Heaven was a paradise, a beautiful park where no one ever got sick or died, where there were no tears or pain, telling her you could fall down and it wouldn't even hurt.

Jack was a family man who always put his family first. He loved spending time with his family and was very protective of them. He loved fishing, camping, canoeing, and just being in the great outdoors, and he loved traveling, especially at night, because it was cooler. Jack was a prankster, especially

when it came to his wife and children. He loved to make people laugh and definitely enjoyed hearing his children laughing.

Jack taught his wife and children how to shoot a gun, change the oil in the car, and check the transmission fluid, as well as change a tire. He helped his children learn how to tie their shoes and write and even helped them with their homework. Jack was well known for his homemade cinnamon rolls, his homemade bread and noodles, and his daughter's favorite was his homemade pizza! Jack will also be remembered for his love of Chili!

Jack was one hell of a good man; he will be missed by all those who knew and loved him. Once you met Jack, you had a friend for life, one who would literally give you the shirt off of his back.

Jack leaves behind to mourn his passing his daughter Ethelynn Elizabeth (BUSCH) Smith "Beth" and her husband Jared Smith of NM; his son David Alan Busch of Oklahoma; his son Paul Lynn Busch of Oklahoma; 6 grandchildren, 3 great-grandchildren, and 3 great-step-grandchildren; his sister Beverly Francis (BUSCH) Moore of Arkansas; his brother Donald Busch of Fredonia, KS, as well as many nephews, nieces, and loving friends.

Sadly, death comes for all of us; therefore, Jack was preceded in death by his wife, Sandy Busch/Hoffman, a grandson, DaKota Lee Smith, and his loving parents, Ernest & Ethelyn Busch. 9 of his siblings: Charles Ray Busch, Anna May Busch, Mona Violet (BUSCH) Munson, Phyllis Eileen (BUSCH) Gardner, Michael Fredrick Busch, Ernest Charles Busch Jr., Shirley Mae (BUSCH) Bowman, Ronald Duane Busch, and Beryl Ray Busch.

"We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord." 2 Corinthians 5:8 KJV "16 For God so loved the

world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. 36 He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.” John 3:16, 36 KJV

Until we meet again in Heaven, Daddy, you will
Forever be loved.
Deeply missed.
Never forgotten

A memorial service to honor Jack will be held at 1:00 PM on Saturday, July 12, 2025 at Countryside Funeral Home in Fredonia.

Memorial contributions are suggested to Morningstar Care Home of Fredonia or Just-Us League, a nonprofit group that raises money for children’s charities and nonprofit organizations.

Services entrusted to Countryside Funeral Home, 420 S. 20th, PO Box 247, Fredonia, KS 66736

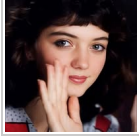
Previous Events

Memorial Service

JUL **12.** 1:00 PM (CT)

Countryside Funeral Home - Fredonia
420 S. 20th St.
P.O. Box 247
Fredonia, KS 66736
(620) 378-2882

Tribute Wall



“ Earlier my husband asked me what my most favorite memory of my dad was. I informed him that I have so many I don't know how to pick just one. The more i thought of the memories i have of and or with my dad the more they came to mind. Here are just a few of my favorite memories outta many!



1. him telling me about Heaven when I was just a little girl.
2. him eating the cookies and drinking the milk my brothers and I left for Santa 🧑🏻‍🎄 🍪 🥛
3. the Christmas morning I gave him some of my art supplies because I didn't want to ask mom for money for a gift, it was shortly after dad had his accident. I won't ever forget that Christmas morning when my dad opened the gift, he acted as though it was his favorite gift telling me, "Beth, I was needing one of these the other day." That was my favorite Christmas ever. 📐 🖋️ 🧑🏻‍🎨 ♂
4. going fishing and camping with dad. 🎣 🏕️
5. him making homemade pizza oh it was so good!! 🍕
6. him teaching me how to make his homemade chicken and noodles, his dinner rolls and his cinnamon rolls. I would make his cinnamon rolls often for my husband and sons, especially on Christmas morning (even tho at that time my husband, sons and I didn't celebrate Christmas. Something I truly regret!) 🍷 🍴 🍲 🍴
7. going to Christmas programs at Chisholm school, id wave to my dad out there in that dark auditorium and my dad would always wave back. 🎄
8. His love for my momma and his children. ❤️ 🧑🏻‍🍼 🧑🏻‍🍼 🧑🏻‍🍼 🧑🏻‍🍼 🧑🏻‍🍼 🧑🏻‍🍼 🧑🏻‍🍼
9. Him calling me from the hospital telling me how proud he was of me for always answering the phone saying, "KFDI is going to make ne rich!" Lol 🤑 💰 💰 💰 💰
10. The way he was so protective of me.
11. His love of nature and the way he loved those thunderstorms and lightning 🌩️ ⚡ 🌿
12. His love of traveling (at night) and hiw he'd speed up over the dips to give his kids butterflies and hear them laughing. (Oh how he

loved to hear us laugh). 🚗🏠

15. when I graduated from high school the look my dad gave me, he was so proud of me.

16. Him teasing Jared and I about a shotgun wedding.

17. Our heart to heart conversations. ☐💖☐👧

18. Him always giving me a ride on his wheelchair whenever he was in the hospital. I remember mom my brothers and I visiting him in the cafeteria (hospital cafeteria) and dad giving each of us a ride all over the cafeteria. ♿👤☐➡

19. Him saving me from drowning. I was so shocked my dad could swim just having one leg. 🦶

20. When I told my dad he was my hero, he looked at me with a tear and love in his eyes and said, "I'm no hero!" 🧑👦♂

21. My dad would often call one of my brothers (David Busch or Paul Busch) or me into the living room to change the TV channel to one of the other two channels. 📺

22. How he would sing along with the radio love songs (and those don't go breaking my heart songs) to my momma. 💖🎵💙👤

23. How my dad loved whenever I'd sing Red Sovine's 'Daddy's Girl' to him. 🎵

24. Our trip to South DaKota on our way up to Mt. Rushmore. We were in our station wagon, our horn didn't work, we came upon one of the few tunnels we had to drive through. One particular tunnel had a posted sign that read, "Sound horn before entering." My dad being the silly man he was stuck his head out the driver window and yelled loudly, "Honk-Honk!!" And he proceeded to drive through. 🚗



25. His love of country and western music. 🎵🎸☐☐

26. I was singing along to Skeeter Davis' "End of the World", my dad said to me, "Beth, you have a beautiful voice, you should be a country singer."

27. The way he called me 'Dollie'. (This was the nickname my dad gave me. 🎵) ☐

28. Going fishing with my dad. He'd carried me in one arm because momma put me in a dress and the thorns were cutting my legs so my dad carried me and pulled his boat in the other. When we finally made it to the river he put me in the boat took his oar and pushed

off from the shore. He then rowed over to the other side and started tying strings in the tree, when i asked him why he said so i can remember where we came it. We then spent the day fishing. 🎣🦈



29. The letters and cards he sent me. 📝❤️♠️

30. When he called me just to say, "Beth, I'm so sorry. I love you! You'll always be my baby girl." That phone call meant so much to me. 🙏✝️

31. The way he took care of our family and did the best he could to provide for us. My dad was a very hardworking man, a honest and honorable man! 🏠🔨🔧🔩🖼️

32. The day we were at joyland , he wanted to go home but David, Paul and i wanted to stay, so dad took the measuring tape outta his pocket, extended it and bobbing it in front of David's face saying, "Im tired and wanna go home now." He and mom decided to let us stay and walk home but we had to be home within a certain amount of time. 📏

33. Him taking my brothers and I to our first indoor theatre to watch a silent movie starring Charlie Chaplin! 🎬🎥🎪🎞️

35. Going to the drive in theater with him and momma and him sitting on the hood of our station wagon. 🎬🎪

36. This is not one of my favorite memories but it had a huge impact on my life. Dad had picked up a hitchhiker and given him a ride. Unbeknownst to my dad at the time the man was bleeding and left blood in the backseat of our car, now my mother, brothers and i weren't with dad when he picked the guy up, he told mom about it and she told got upset with dad for doing such a thing telling him he could have harmed my dad or worse. (Dad never did it again and warned my brothers and i against picking up hitchhikers as well as hitchhiking!), my dad was just being a kind man helping a stranger out. : 1:

37. Getting flats on the highway and dad would change them tires out fast just trying to get it done before the highway patrol showed up. 🚓👮♂️🚗

38. Tickling the back of my dad's neck as he drove. And/or poking him in his ribs!

39. Him teaching my brothers and i how to patch up the intertubes

on our bikes and oiling our chains. 🚲🛢️

40. The way he'd work on the motor on our cars/trucks and got them to running again. 🔧🔧

41. The way he surprised Jared by fixing the oil leak in Jared's 1975 Chevy Scottsdale 4x4, while Jared was at work. 🛢️

42. The day Jared, my dad and I went for a drive through lakeside and Fall River.

43. Jared, my dad and I going "off roading" near LaHunt.

44. The day we all hopped into Jared's truck heading for Fall River lake for a swim and maybe an overnight trip. (Dad, David Busch & Paul Busch hopped into the bed of the truck while mom, Jared and I were in the cab). Jared lost his keys in the lake and Momma found the keys! 🗝️🚶♀️

45. Old wooden bridge. It was years ago we were in Mom's red Chevy station wagon. We were on some old country road when we came upon this wooden bridge. We've crossed over this bridge a few times before this one particular day. On this day, Dad wasn't sure about the bridge so before he crossed it he got out of the car to examine the bridge. He got back in the car and decided against crossing the bridge due to him noticing the rotting wooden planks and a few planks missing here and there. So Dad backed the car up and decided to go a different direction. A few years ago I asked my mother if she remembered that day, she said she did but couldn't remember for certain where it was. She said she thought it was somewhere between New Albany and Fall River. She said, "your dad loved taking that way home whenever we left your grandma and grandpa's place." She said, "but don't quote me on that because I'm not sure if that's where that bridge was for not. I could be remembering wrong. But I do remember that old bridge." I wish I could remember where the bridge was. I was just a small child and to me that bridge looked huge and high over the river. 🚗



46. Spur of the moment trips. Dad loved going on a spur of the moment family trip/drive. There were a few times we ended up in Colorado! Those random trips came to an end when Dad pulled over for the night to sleep in the gas station parking lot, when in the middle of the night he was awakened by a highway patrol officer

saying it was illegal for us to sleep there.

47. Playing penny poker with Earl, Dorthy, Smitty & Dolly. I remember thinking my parents were rich whenever we'd take home that can of spare change. ♠️♥️♣️♦️💰

48. Dad playing solitaire with his old worn out cards on the coffee table momma accusing him of "cheating" and he'd reply, I didn't cheat! ♠️♥️♣️♦️

49. Him letting me win at a game of checkers just to see me excited! ♟️

50. The day he decided to just take a random drive just to show momma, my brothers and I where he went to school (I believe this was in hays Kansas but can't remember for certain). The disappointment he had on his face when he discovered his school was no longer there. 📚🚌

51. Dad riding the bumper cars with us kids at joy-land and the look of surprise when I bumped into him.

52. Dad trying to teach mom how to drive his Toyota standard car in the parking lot of Giants. 🚗

53. Dad correcting me when mom said mouses. One evening after dinner we were all watching tv. Momma said to dad, "Jackie, I think we got some mouses in the house." I laying on the floor and being about 7 or 8 years old said to my mom, "momma, it's mice." Dad immediately said to me, "oh now wait a minute Beth." He then said, "when you have more than something what letter do you put at the end of that word?" I replied "S" Dad then said, "so if there's more than one mouse what do you have?" I thought for a moment and said, "Mouses. But my teacher said it's mice." Dad then said to me, "if you have a house that's one, but if I have two it's?" I again thought about this question and replied "houses" dad says "that's right so if you have more than one house you don't have hice, but houses." I appreciated that conversation with my dad even to this day! I admire and appreciated how he never allowed anyone to talk down to or at my mother no matter who they were.

54. Dad surprising mom with her Plymouth. Mom, my brothers, grandma and I took the greyhound bus to visit my aunt and cousins in Crystal City Missouri, a few days later dad showed up in momma's Plymouth. Momma was so excited! 🚗

55. My Dads love of hickory salt and black pepper. I definitely got my love for both from him. He sprinkled that hickory salt on everything and his food basically turned black from all the black pepper he'd sprinkled on his food, especially thisr gried eggs. Yeah, i most definitely got my love of hickory salt and black pepper from my dad!

56. When dad put an old loveseat in the bed of his truck for us kids to sit on. We then take a drive down Pawnee street to cross over K-15. Mom and dad were in the cab of dads truck. David, Paul, Tammy Kay Youngquist and I were sitting in the back on that old loveseat think it was the coolest thing ever and having a ball! We were sitting at the stop light by Leeker's when the light turn green dad pulled forward and the loveseat went slowly sliding to the tailgate, we all screamed but not a bloody murder kind of scream. 🤯 dad looked out his outside mirror and noticed what had happened. Sadly he took the loveseat out of his truck after that. Lol... 😂 oh the sweet memories... thank you dad!!

And finally that big o smile on his face one of the last times I got to see my dad. Oh daddy i loved you more than you believed and now im missing you mote than you could ever have imagined!

I write this with tears in my eyes and a tremendous pain in the depths of my soul. Not caring about grammar or punctuation...

Thank you dad for these cherished memories and so many more.



Elizabeth Smith - July 09, 2025 at 02:35 PM

BS

“ Love you so much dad can't believe you're no longer here with us. This feels so much like a bad dream then reality punches me in the face again. I thank God for choosing me to be your daughter, I was truly blessed with the world's greatest dad!! (And momma too!!) Give my beautiful momma a big hug for David, Paul and I, and while you're at it give one to grandma and grandpa for us. Hope you and DaKota get to spend lots of fishing and camping together. Until we all reunite again in Heaven daddy, rest in the arms of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. See you when I get there. 💔😭🌈💙🕊️😊



I need to make a correction:

1). my dad passed at 3:15 central time. I'm on Mountain time an hour behind the actual time my dad passed. It was 2:15 AM my time, 3:15 Kansas time.

2). He is survived by 5 grandchildren his 3rd grandchild (my son DaKota) passed 2 years 1 month before my dad. I meant to write he had 6 grandchildren, 3 great grandchildren and 3 great-step-grandchildren

3). Also, his sister was Anna Marie not Anna May.

Obituaries are hard to write when you're dealing with emotions.

Beth Busch Smith - June 29, 2025 at 04:39 PM

“ Oh where to begin...

So many wonderful memories with this man! I'll never bite into another Cinnamon Roll without thinking of him that for sure. I am honored to have been the one he chose to share the recipe with and I'll never forget him saying as we worked side by side baking a batch "Now I shared this recipe with you for a reason! I'm getting to the point that I can't make them anymore and I need for you to continue on my legacy." If he had only known that I do not have the passion for baking that he did. I made him a batch and in true Busch fashion he approved but had to point out all the things he would have done differently.

Jackie was known for more than his Cinnamon Rolls, he was also known to make the best (and the worst) Chicken & Noodles from scratch! I am quite sure everyone in attendance at Mom & Dads last anniversary party can understand this. Jackie had worked diligently for 2 days on making enough noodles to feed a crowd of over 100. He was so determined to help out in one way or another. The day of the party he called and needed someone to come haul three heaping pots of noodles to the Fredonia Senior Citizens Center so Kenny and Steve took off over there. When they pulled up in front of the building they both came rolling out the the vehicle gagging and practically foaming at the mouth. (Laughing at them again while I'm typing this in) Jack didn't have enough room for the noodles in his fridge so he had sat them out on top of the counter overnight and they had gone bad and soured so bad that they smelled like fresh hot baby puke! In the process of getting them out of the cars, they had spilled over the sides and both vehicles carried that smell for weeks!! 😭

Of course there are the countless times that Jackie ran over my foot with his chair, those are memories that will painfully stay with me forever!

I can hear him laughing while telling us the story about him working at a Turkey farm or Chicken farm down in Arkansas and he was heading to work on a little scooter when he hit a patch of ice and lost control. He would laugh and talk about how he went one way and his leg went the other and that some poor lady stopped to see if

he was ok and just about passed out when he told her that the incident ripped his leg off and flung it across the roadway. He would laugh until years were running down both cheeks!

Jackie loved his family, each and every one of us and nothing brought a smile to his face like a family gathering! Oh how he loved speeding around a room in his chair with a child on his lap!

I'm not sure if Jackie's hearing or lack there of was a blessing or a curse but I will never forget Cyndee sitting on one side of the room and me on the other trying to talk to that man. She'd say something and he would think it was me or vice versa.

I'm sure going to miss that guy!

Loretta Nottingham - June 28, 2025 at 03:59 PM

DH

“ *Oh Jackie We will sure miss your loving gentle ways and your onset sense of humor. Thank you for being so kind to our Mom during her last days and for being such a true gentleman and helping her get seated at the dining table at Morningstar. She thought so much of you. and valued you as a friend. We will always love and remember you.*

Diane Hight - June 27, 2025 at 10:53 PM



“ *Divine Peace Bouquet was purchased for the family of Jackie "Jack" Lynn Busch.*



June 27, 2025 at 10:01 PM



“ A [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) was planted in honor of Jackie "Jack" Lynn Busch.

June 27, 2025 at 10:01 PM



“ I will miss seeing Jackie when I go in to work. He always had a smile and a good morning for all of us and would ask "Coffee ready yet?" He told me if he could drink coffee all day long, he would. He will be greatly missed by all of us.

Gay Adams - June 27, 2025 at 08:12 PM