



Jan King Ward

November 7, 1941 - June 3, 2015

MR. JAN KING WARD

Born November 7, 1941 in Stillwater, Oklahoma, died June 3, 2015 in Dewey, Oklahoma. Survived by wife, Karen Faye Ward; one brother Jimmy Ward and wife Sandy and two sons Martin and Garrett of Salina, Kansas; daughters Kimberly, her husband Bradley Doenges, and sons William and Boden of Bartlesville, Oklahoma; daughter Stephanie and Johan Wever of The Netherlands; daughter Erica and husband Stokes McIntyre and daughters Isabella and Sophia of Columbus, Ohio. Preceded in death by parents, brother Jerry Ward and brother Thomas Ward.

Jan was born and raised in Stillwater, attended grade school, high school and graduated from Oklahoma State University with a BS in business. He worked all his life in sales; if it could be sold Jan could sell it!

He was a loving father and grandfather.

He has requested there be no funeral or memorial service-just remember him in happier times.

Memorial Contributions may be made in his memory to the Alzheimer's Association, Attention Lindsay Jordan; 2488 E. 81st St. Suite 3000 Tulsa, Oklahoma 74137.

Friends who wish may sign the online guest book and leave condolences at www.stumpff.org.

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Tribute Wall

KW

“ I remember Uncle Jan & his family coming over for Thanksgiving every other year, then we would go to their house the opposite years. He was always a laughing funny, generous kind man. He loved his daughters with all of his heart dearly. He was a devoted family man who would do anything for his girls. A great man & Uncle. He was much loved and will be very missed. I love you Uncle Jan. Rest In Peace.

Kari Ward - July 10, 2015 at 08:41 AM



Rest in Peace Jan K. Ward

Anna Smith-Sabin - October 27, 2017 at 05:33 AM

GB

“ Gay Lynn Dunn Bullock has sent this Expressions of Sympathy card.

Gay Lynn Dunn Bullock - June 11, 2015 at 12:00 AM

ER

“ Daddy - I thank you every day for making me the person I am. I will always be strong, kind, honest, and happy because of you. I am so very thankful for everything you gave me and that you made me. I know you are looking down on me and rooting me on - just as you did every day of my entire life so far. I love you so much sweet daddy, and miss you real hard. One of these days I'm going to come on down and see you - and I know you will be there with open arms. xoxo

Erica - June 11, 2015 at 12:00 AM

LM

“ I'm sorry for your loss.. I went to school with Jan. I worked on their family ranch for seven years right out of high school. have not seen him in 45 years.

Larry Moss - June 09, 2015 at 12:00 AM

HA

“ Karen, I'm so sorry to hear about Jan's death. My condolences.

H. I.

H. I. Aston - June 08, 2015 at 12:00 AM

SM

“ I really enjoyed meeting and getting to know Mr. Ward. He's my father in law. I enjoyed talking with him and hearing his Oklahoma accent and opinions about things. We always shook hands when we first saw each other and then when we said goodbye. His handshake was always strong and he always looked me right in the eye when we said our hellos and goodbyes. I always tried to do the same. His glance was warm, sharp and had a spark I will never forget. With that look he seemed to be saying, “You are a good man but I love my daughter more than anything and if you mess with her, I am going to kick your butt. Take care.” At least that's how I read it and I respected it. I will miss seeing him.

Rest in Peace Mr. Ward.

Stokes McIntyre - June 08, 2015 at 12:00 AM

LJ

“ Jan Ward was my best friend, among many good friends.

Started in the 7th grade, noon times at the old Jr high way down on South Duck. A game called wild horse, you ran with a crushed cup or tennis ball until someone tackled you. I would juke left and right untouched and then “thud” and down I went. Always the same skinny kid wrapped around my ankles, never said a word – Jan Ward.

I will always remember Jan for the strength of his word, his loyalty, his appreciation of hard work, his sense of humor, and that loud raucous laughter that always marked a good time - many of which we shared.

He was also the source of much good advice over the years.

That skinny kid grew up to be a big man in many ways. Somehow, I always smile and think of Jan when Jimmie Dean sings the ballad of “Big John”. He saved my bacon a number of times, including once in Cushing and again at the old Bengalaire, next to the junk yard. Great times at 89ers day, too.

Jan was blessed with three tall and beautiful daughters. And his meeting Karen was a blessing also.

Jan and Karen came to visit in Houston in the 80's, and I was out to impress Karen, took them out to eat at a pricey outdoor place on Buffalo Bayou, the Rainbow Lodge –tables on an incline. Meal finished and many drinks later, waitress had still not yet brought me the check. Party of six it was. Finally, I all but tripped her and pompously asked for it – whereupon she gave me a most nasty and degrading sneer and huffed in a loud voice for all to hear ,“it’s already been paid” and stalked off.

It was all embarrassed and bewildered silence for me, until Jan broke out in that trademark loud raucous laughter. Seems Jan had

slipped out to find the boy's room and on the way told the waitress of the following predicament: He said, "see that fellow, pointing at my back, it was his idea to come here and I know for fact he doesn't have a dollar to his name and if he gave you a check it would be hot, so please let me pay for all this and avoid a nasty situation". Such was Jan's sense of humor.

No man ever had a better best friend.

Jan, til we meet again ..

Larry

Larry Jones - June 06, 2015 at 12:00 AM

SW

“ In many ways, Jan was like the brother I never had. Childhood memories of good times at the ranch, playing football at Stillwater High, the Beta House at OSU and Ward family reunions abound. Jan was a central figure in these memories, a guy that people liked and respected. In short, a person that was well loved by his family and friends.

Our Uncle Elvin loved to relate the story of a cattle roundup at the ranch when Jan was about ten years old. Elvin the Chevrolet dealer and part-time cowboy saddled a horse to assist Uncle Bill, Jimmy, and Jan. Jan was skillfully herding and cutting cattle on a small pony and to his chagrin and disgust Elvin allowed several cows to escape the corral. Jan admonished Elvin by yelling, “Elvin, if you can’t ride that S.O.B., let somebody on that horse that can.” That epitomized Jan’s grit, candor, and toughness as a child and those same traits made him the special person he was.

Jan was one of the better high school football players of his era because of his grit, toughness, and willingness to be a consummate teammate. Those qualities helped define him together with his strong work ethic he learned from the ranch.

So Jan like your wife, children, grandchildren, and extended family, I will miss you and cherish the memories you have provided. I take comfort in knowing that death is not an ending but is the beginning of life eternal. The Lord tells us that in God’s house there are many rooms, and I am confident that one was prepared for you where you can dwell forever. Rest in peace good brother, I will miss you until we meet again.

Your cousin,
Stanley

Stanley M. Ward - June 05, 2015 at 12:00 AM

SW

“ *I will carry you in my heart forever, Daddy! Love you so much.*

Stephanie Ward - June 04, 2015 at 12:00 AM

EM

“ *Love you Daddy - you are the best dad ever! xo*

Erica McIntyre - June 03, 2015 at 12:00 AM