



The Good Shepherd Knighly News

Council 14673 Page 1

Special Acclamation of a Member Issue

GOOD SHEPHERD

Evansville, Indiana



IN MEMORY

of

Mr. Samuel Marvin Tenbarger

Born: July 30, 1969

Died: October 05, 2024

Notice the Cross to Sam's right...Sam always looked to the Cross...and ended his Catholic rap with "I hope you're getting my point a CROSS" while pointing to a crucifix. Coincidence that a reflection from the picture of Annie just "happened" to look like a Cross? I think NOT!

(Eulogy by Jeff Tenbarga, future Permanent Deacon in Florida)

Sam Tenbarga was my brother...Neil, he was our brother.

Growing up with him was an adventure!

Snowball fights.... wiffleball...competing in just about everything. Many stories could be told!

We had arguments of who was better, his Reds, my Pirates, or Neil's Dodgers...

Attending Cincinnati Reds games with him never disappointed!

We spent a lot of time at St. Joe Catholic Church and School, setting up bingo, working the bingo, summer socials, altar serving.... learning our faith, living our faith!

We didn't have a lot of down time growing up---God bless my mom, she had to deal with us!

Sam was the ringleader of the "Tenbarga boys circus."

He paved the way for Neil and me at St. Joe Catholic School. He set a standard for us to follow-quite honestly (said with a smile and in jest), I grew tired of hearing, "Your brother Sam did this...your brother Sam did that..."

The trend continued at Memorial High School..."Sam this...Sam that..." Neil can attest to this!!

A couple of nights ago, Eric Lively invited Neil and I to visit the Good Shepherd bingo to take Sam's place in telling a corny joke to the bingo patrons. After delivering the joke and on my way out of the hall, a bingo patron belted out, "You aren't as good as Sam!" I smiled at the guy and put up my thumbs and told him, "I know, not as good as Sam!"

Quite simply, Neil and I could not match his showmanship! The man had talent. He had an ability to know what to say at the right time and put you at ease...OR... if you needed it, put you in your place—"Scobs" were his specialty! All of this was done in LOVE!

He sure knew his movie quotes and did great impressions of Gene Wilder and George Bush.

He had an ability---a God-given talent to only get 2 hours of sleep and still put in a quality day's work...day after day!

He earned his "Sam de Jam" nickname because of his ability to rhyme. Man, could he put words together!!!

Sam adored his family. Lori was the love of his life. Anyone who was blessed to spend time with them in social environments can attest that their interactions were...CLASSIC! Entertaining=Yes. Funny=Yes. Loving=Yes. As we all know, LOUD as well! He sure did take pride in his marriage-he cherished you, Lori!

Adam, Abby, and Annie...in our long distance conversations that we had over the years, he used to brag about how proud he was on how your lives were unfolding-we shared stories on how we pray for our kids....HAVE FAITH, he is still praying for you...He LOVED you!

Sam loved his mom. He has been by her side thru the years...Mom, he took pride in making sure you were taken care of, protecting you and honoring you. Mom, You know he cared for you and loved you....he told you and he showed you.

When Harry, our dad, passed away in 1992, the struggle was real in the Tenbarger family! The struggle was real to find a proper "lens" to look at the situation...Sam gave us that "lens." While he grieved, hurt, and cried, he CHOSE to focus on the impact that our father had on our lives. Sam and I talked about this at length. He helped me to focus on our dad as an "Impact player" in our lives.

Today, I propose that we, if we already haven't, adopt Sam's mindset. Let's adjust our lens to focus on what he believed in AND the impact he had on us! Like Sam, let's:

1. Live a life of love...cherish those around us....share your struggles, feelings, and fears...Be real to others around you....use the talents that you have been blessed with to serve others....apply the Gospel message to your life...LIVE A "EUCCHARISTIC LIFE."
2. Remember him for the man that he was! His virtues.... his laughter....his caring nature....his service to others...his personal "Fiat," his "Yes" to the Lord...especially his commitment to the Mass and receiving the Blessed Sacrament!
3. Finally, and most importantly, let's be reminded of our HOPE IN CHRIST. The last conversation I had with him centered around this topic. Rest assured; my big bro had his HOPE IN CHRIST-ready to meet Him face to face!

So, as we share stories and cry-no matter which direction the conversation goes...rapping, announcing sports events, road trips, Ric Flair impersonations (Wooooo), playing cards, summer social "Ram Slam", family vacations, weekly Cursillo group....Let's never forget-Let's imitate---where his heart was CENTERED....firmly on Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior!

What kind of talk of Sam would be complete without a rap???

Sam de Jam was our bro

He was a one of a KIND

His mission in life

He surely did FIND

A quality man-an impact PLAYER

And on the side, a solid rhyme SAYER

We'll miss you; we love you, we'll pray for your SOUL

We'll take your lead and remember the GOAL

Keep smiling and be thankful-I know that I AM

To have the chance to love-the one-the only-Sam de JAM

Love Letter from Lori that she read and graciously shared

To My Sam,

My life changed the spring of 1990. It was then that I ended up at a USI party and you were there. Eye contact was made several times that night. And when you rapped and rhymed Story and Lori - I was all in.

And from there my life was never the same. You treated me like a queen. If it was sending me endless packages to Ball State, driving the 5 hour ride to visit me, or spending a bundle of money on phone bills you did it. We survived the long distance, with many ups and downs, but we did it.

3 1/2 years of dating you decided to ask me to be your wife, pretty sure you have second guessed that decision many times. You put so much thought into the proposal and were so clever, having a FedEx package delivered to our dinner table.

We then had our beautiful wedding 2 years later. People still tell me they remember you said I looked "Smokin'".

We moved into our beautiful home. You letting me decorate however I wanted - but with one side room you wanted for your Red's Room. Red carpet and a big white C in the middle was all you requested.

Over the years with kids and junk- your "Reds" room became a catch-all room. I'm so happy these last few months you were able to resurrect it and plaster the walls with all your many, many, many Reds memorabilia. The joy you had putting everything up and the last few weeks you were really able to relax in it will always ^{make me} so happy.

We had our 3 beautiful children and you so very proud of them. They are the luckiest kids to have you as their dad. From playing with them as soon as you got home from a long, hot day at FedEx, telling them a 1min story that turned into a 5 min story, or you telling them to "pick it up" when you wanted something at a store- you were the absolute best. I promise to be a better mom and ^{a better} ~~know~~ Catholic example as the years go by.

As I try to go through the rest of my life without you. there is so much that I will miss.

I will miss:

- You calling me momma
- You telling me you adored me
- My sat morning McDonald's diet cake after your prayer group.
- Your water cup not being in the fridge

- the little flash light in your closet that you used to pick-out your clothes to not wake me turning on the light.
- hearing your Cooper voice
- You telling me a story 82 times but gets longer the more you tell it.
- You listening to the same 80's playlist everytime we went on a trip.
- You blaming the people that owned our house before us if something went wrong-even after 30 years.
- You texting with one finger- sooooo sloooow
- You ALWAYS being in a good

These memories and many more will bring me both happiness and sadness as I think of you

Sam, you were soo proud to be a Catholic. You lived it, loved it, and showed it. You were the greatest example to me and the kids. You had so much faith and told me everything's gonna be alright. You sacrificed so much of yourself to give to others- which resulted in many arguments between us. You always said you were put on Earth to serve

others - and you did. You gave so much to
others and now it is time for you to rest.
You were my Rock.

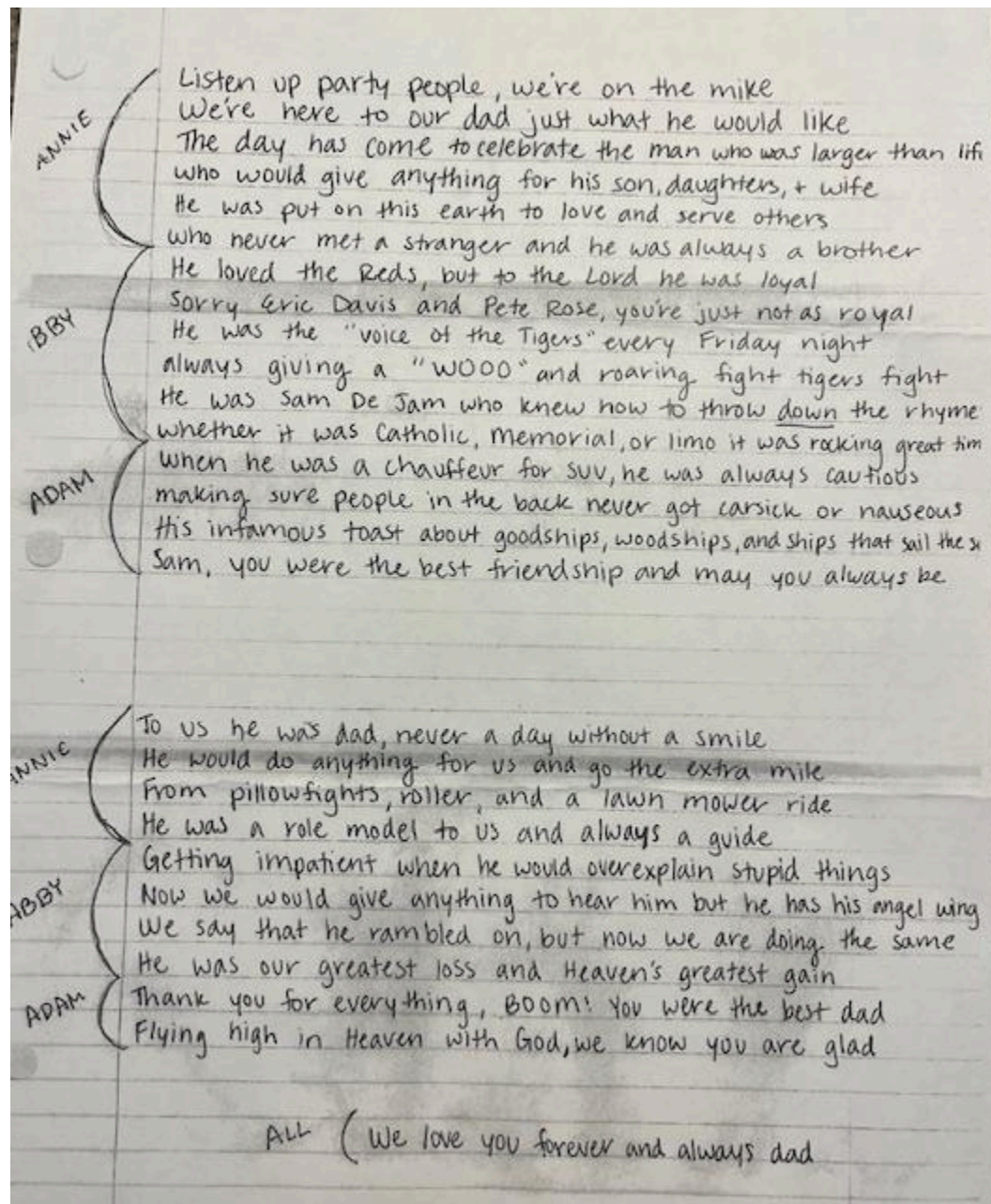
I was so very lucky to be the one you chose.
I will cherish our life together and honor you
till I see you again.

Sam. I love You.

Your momma's going to be alright.

Not a dry eye in the church when Lori finished

How can Adam, Abby, and Annie honor their Dad?



I (Bill Blanke) grouped with Sam on Saturday mornings for 16 years, and thought I would have at least 16 more with him. I asked Jeff permission to share some thoughts of Cursillo Sam

Sam Tenbarge...the name brings a smile to my face and so many memories to mind, and by the number of people here, his name does the same for each one of you. Sam touched so many lives in so many ways. We will hear tomorrow during Mass that there is a time to be born, a time to die, a time to weep, a time to laugh. There are times that we experienced life with Sam Tenbarge that we will cherish: Memorial announcer, Good Shepherd everything, trash talking during cards or playing pool or comparing sports teams, bringing good will as Santa Claus (or as one of the Cursillo guys says, Sammie Claus), and rapping.

In this sacred space, however, I believe Sam would request this be the time to remember his Catholic faith that influenced **everything** in his life. I had the pleasure of 16 years of Saturday morning rosary and grouping with him. Sam didn't make a habit of quoting 19th century French authors, but he loved this line from Leon Bloy: "The only real sadness, the only real failure, the only great tragedy in life, is not to become a saint."

His last petition when starting our Saturday morning rosary was to pray for the poor souls in purgatory. He believed, as our church teaches, that the souls in purgatory need our prayers, to move from Church Suffering to Church Triumphant, and Sam was the biggest cheerleader I ever met to encourage all of us to pray for the souls in purgatory.

It actually drove him crazy when, in an attempt to comfort the family of someone who had died, he heard people say "I'm sure so-and-so is in heaven" and therefore was no longer in need of our prayers. He would say time and time again that those souls depend on our prayers, on Masses said for them, rosaries prayed for them, and one of the best things we can do is pray for those souls so they could become saints.

If someone ever disrespected one of Sam's teams...Memorial, Good Shepherd, Notre Dame football, the Cincinnati Reds...he would, in a good natured way, threaten to punch you in the throat. On Sep 28, when Sam knew he had some health issues that needed to be addressed, he lamented again that people talked about another recent tragic death of a Memorial great, and tried to reassure each other that Clint was such a good man, certainly he is in heaven. I told Sam that if I am ever at his funeral and someone says Sam is in heaven and does not need our prayers, I would punch them in the throat for him. He was more serious than normal and said "you're darn right" and again reminded us of the need to pray for the dead. None of us knew that would be the last time Sam was at Cursillo grouping.

So if you don't believe we are to pray for Sam now and in the future, please line up after this service and I will be delighted to punch you in the throat courtesy of Sam.

Our lives are better because we knew and loved Sam Tenbarger. It is time to mourn, it is time to remember great times, it is time to celebrate his earthly life, but I beg you, on behalf of Sam, to not stop there. Honor Sam by going to Mass every Sunday whether you are in town or not. We loved taking pictures of the priest and a bulletin when we would go to Mass out of town and would share those pictures in group. Sam loved to frequent the amazing sacrament of confession, we give each other high 5's at group when someone goes to confession. And certainly not least of all, pray for the souls in purgatory. None of us have any way of knowing if Sam is in heaven or in purgatory, we **so** much want to believe he is in heaven, I know we do, but WWSD? Sam never stopped praying for the souls in purgatory, nor should we.

Sam met Jesus face to face on Oct 5. Sam prepared for that moment by the way he lived his life. I have a vision of when the souls in purgatory and the saints in heaven knew one of their biggest cheerleaders was on the way, they met him in a way that all of us understand. By shouting at the top of their lungs WOOOOOOO!

Sam's body stayed at Good Shepherd on Wednesday night after the memorial service, and Lori requested that Sam's body not be left alone. Karen Lively made a few phone calls and sent a few texts, and before you could say "TEMPUS FUGIT, MEMENTO MORI" an amazing number of volunteers were lined up for KNIGHT SECURITY

Prayer Vigil for Sam		
Wed	8-9 pm	Ken Smith
	9-10	Eric Henderson, Al Bragin
	10-11	Kevin Hamilton, Jason Butler
	11-midnight	Ron Pehl, Tim Ruygen
Thurs	midnight-1 am	Dougie Fife, Tim Ruygen
	1-2	Eric Lively
	2-3	Rent Kleiman, Deacon Rocky
	3-4	Dan Hirsch, Tom Fohrmanbacher
	4-5	Dan Hirsch, Tom Schesslke
	5-6	Sam Durchholz, Tom Tarnath
	6-7	Jon Buck, Randy Neisen
	7-8	Ryan Anstinger
	8-9	Brad Elpers





Many people commented how special it was to spend time together that night and early morning remembering, praying, just being together.

***9 priests and 8 deacons participated in Sam's funeral.
Fr. Jerry Pratt was asked to give the homily.***

This is the day the Lord has made. Yes. But we shouldn't be doing THIS today. Today, we gather in the face of unexpected loss, with hearts weighed down by grief. There are no words that can fully capture the shock and sorrow we feel at this moment. A sudden loss leaves us with unanswered questions, a deep sense of confusion, and a longing for more time.

So what ARE we doing here today? In times like this, we naturally search for comfort and understanding. One of the most profound promises in Scripture comes from Psalm 34:18, where we are told, "The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit." God is not distant from our pain. He draws near to us in moments like these, offering His presence as a source of comfort when nothing else makes sense.

We are here to continue the process of grieving and mourning. To say goodbye to Sam. But we cannot continue to sit in the ashes. Today is a day of remembrance—a day, dare we say, to celebrate. Last Saturday and Sunday, my Facebook feed was filled with remembrances of Sam. I've never seen anything like it. People from all over paying tribute to Sam—telling stories and reveling in his friendship. Sam was so many things to so many people. I don't have to tell you that. YOU know. But let's say some of them out loud today anyway. Let's honor his legacy. First of all, we could not make any list without first proclaiming his deep love for his family. Lori,, Hank, Adam, Abby and Annie—plus your significant others— Sam loved you fiercely. And you had a tremendous influence on how he loved others. He knew how to love because he first loved you. There are hundreds of people here who would like nothing more than to hug y'all and not let go.

We remember that, along with Lori and others, he sacrificed hours and hours and hours preparing for and running the summer social. He could work that microphone like nobody else.

We know of his dedication to the Knights of Columbus and how, in every meeting, there was a time for Sam to give a reflection—to EDIFY.

I well remember the first Kickball tournament sitting next to Sam on the trailer as he made comment after comment during the games—most of the comments were snide. He did like a microphone, didn't he?

We can't forget that VW Beetle outfitted to look like a baseball. Ultimately, the Beetle's engine let him down, but not before his fame in the car grew—and is still fondly remembered.

We were inspired by his faith. His love for the Eucharist, his frequent attendance on Monday nights at Sacred Heart for the Masses for Vocations, and his deep devotion to the Rosary.

Sam had a special relationship with...well...with beer. And he was an excellent Euchre player. I always had a hard time beating him and his usual partner—Eric Lively. And beer certainly goes hand in hand with Euchre.

In recent years, he and Lori enjoyed camping. Something new for Sam to go all out for.

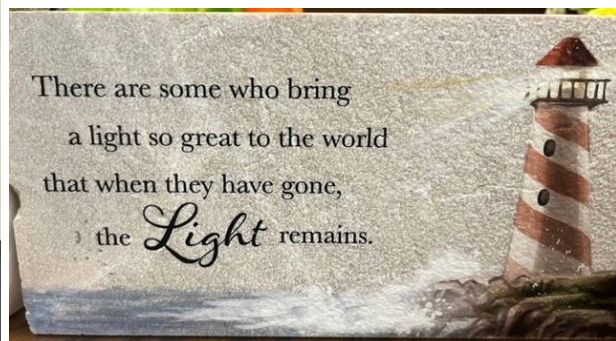
We would be remiss if we didn't mention his unrequited affinity for Cincinnati Reds baseball—no matter how bad they were. Unfortunately, he hadn't received much joy from the team for a number of years now.

And, of course, there was his commitment to Memorial High School sports. A fixture at the games and the voice of Memorial. We can't forget his corny "Drive Home Safely" jokes. His fingerprints are all over that school.

These are just some of the stories about Sam. We could probably spend hours listening to your memories of him.

Yes, there are many more stories about him, but gathering here in this place, we Christians know that this life is not the final story. Our gospel begins by saying, "Do not let your hearts be troubled." Right now, that's probably easier said than done. But Jesus promised that he would prepare a place for us. A place, certainly, for Sam. Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me." Sam knew the way. He traveled that way—he knew it well.

On my Facebook feed, I read from many people how just knowing Sam made them a better person. Today as we celebrate our friend, Sam, may we follow his example of loving, giving, sacrificing, and worshiping. May we find solace that we have—at the risk of being punched in the throat by Bill Blanke—we have so great a witness in heaven advocating for us. May we cling to one another during this time of sadness and grief. And may we continue to tell stories about Sam—keeping the memory and the legacy of this special man alive.



What a turnout we had for the recitation of the rosary before the Memorial service began. Thanks Fr. Zach for the picture, this was taken during the 1st mystery. By the end of the rosary, this crowd was even greater. What an honor to pray for Sam's soul.

We all know of Sam's love of the Cincinnati Reds. This was the last picture I took of Sam after visiting him at home on Sep 21, he was so proud to show his beloved "Reds Room"



However thanks to a GIFT from Sam's brother Jeff, I leave you with this final memory.



Eternal rest grant unto Sam, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.

May Sam's soul and all the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. AMEN!