



John Thomas (Jack) Doyle Sr

August 1, 1929 - February 22, 2025

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Old sailors never die; they just fade away. Jack...or...Pop...or... Papa...or The One-Legged Wonder... faded away comfortably, surrounded by his two favorites (and the rest of us) on Saturday February 22, 2025.

He was born in Louisville, Kentucky at the corner of Payne Street and Lexington Road to his late parents, John Phillip Doyle and Lula Taylor Stipes. Awaiting the arrival of their baby brother were his sister Dorothy Mae Doyle Sweasy and brother, Fred Phillip Doyle. They were delighted to have someone new to pester.

One fateful night, Jack, in true Doyle fashion (and at 16), stepped into a bar for his shift as a cooler...not a bouncer. He walked to the bathroom, and as he exited, the love of his life, Helen Krider, grabbed his sleeve and never let go.

Jack had an illustrious military career. “Encouraged” by a judge after one appearance too many in his courtroom, Jack joined the United States Navy (instead of a jail cell) at the age of 16 near the end of World War II. He served in the commissary while in submarine school, and ended up a coxswain on the USS Roanoke, the first battleship to make passage through the Suez

Canal. He also excelled at shore leave, scrubbing the deck with a holy stone, the brig, and exchanging supplies, such as battleship paint, for local hooch. All joking aside, he was proud to serve his country and was the Heavyweight Wrestling Champion of the Mid-Atlantic Fleet, earning appointment as bodyguard to the Admiral.

Upon his honorable Naval discharge, he came home to Louisville, stepped into the Dairy Gold, dropped his bag, and waited. Helen came out of the kitchen, he caught her eye, she dropped the ice cream sundae she was holding and flew into his arms. The whole restaurant applauded, and there she stayed for the next 66 years.

At the onset of the Korean conflict, Jack was once again compelled to military service by a JAG and two armed US marshals on his doorstep. Arriving at Fort Knox on a Friday, he was jailed but ended up guarding his former cell and cellmate the following Tuesday when he was “reinstated” to his role as military police.

After service in the United States Navy and United States Army, Jack worked at Oertel’s distillery, Old Dominion Freight Line, and finished his working days after 38 years of driving a truck for the Kroger Company and serving as Union Steward and contract negotiator for Teamsters Local 89. (If you are a Teamster, thank Jack for your benefits today.) He was a member of St. Helen Parish, where his children went to school, and he drove the cheerleaders and football teams in his old blue pickup truck.

Jack was a clotheshorse. His shoes were always spit-shined, and some of our favorite memories are him at the kitchen table, shining his shoes, and ours. He loved a good Kangol cap before Kangol was cool, and his blue jeans and Dickies always had a dry cleaner crease. Up until he lost his leg in 2011, he worked out at the Southwest Y three times a week or more. Even if he was on

Papa duty, the grands swam in the bubble while he worked out, oftentimes with the PRP fire department or football team.

He liked travel, especially the twice-yearly trips with Helen to Las Vegas. He watched baseball, UL basketball and professional golf, even though he never held a golf club in his life. His musical interests spanned George Jones to Mannheim Steamroller, to Yanni, to Nappy Roots. He rescued animals, took up photography, collected knives, matchbooks, walking sticks, and polished his garage trash can. He could make anything you needed with a zip tie, cardboard, a rubber band, and duct tape, and you never left his house without a prize. Or five.

A self-made, self-taught, Renaissance man, Jack never finished the sixth grade, but he was well-traveled, well-read, and well-spoken. He never knew a stranger, loved a good joke, would give you the shirt off his back, and never met a Bud Light he did not finish—with a saltshaker and a thin glass.

Although his path was NEVER straight and narrow, and he was far (so far) from perfect, he was kind to a fault and treated everyone with respect. Jack always taught his children that a job worth doing was worth doing right, and time with family was always time well spent. He lost Helen and then his daughter, Linda, but still managed to always be the most positive person in the room. He loved his family well.

Jack is preceded in death by his wife Helen Krider and his daughter Linda Geiger (Bill). He is survived by his children: Jack Jr. (Sandy), Cathy Hayes (Dave, deceased), and Missy Callaway (Mike). He leaves behind 10 grandchildren, 13 great grandchildren, a host of nieces and nephews, and all his friends at Magnolia Springs.

At Jack's request, services are private. Expressions of sympathy should be made to: Linda M. Geiger Memorial Athletic Endowed Scholarship at Embry Riddle University, Daytona Beach. www.alumnifriends.erau.edu

Tribute Wall

SM

“ I met Jack at MSL when my sister and I moved in to be with our father in December. He was such a kind man and I am glad to that I got to meet him. My family was a member St Helen’s for many years. Prayers and peace to the family. The Wright’s & Murta’s

Stephanie M - March 01, 2025 at 10:53 PM

JB

“ To all the family we were sad to hear of Grandpa Jack’s passing. I know he will be missed! Thinking of you, Love Johnny and Phillis

Jihnyy and Phillis Brown - February 24, 2025 at 09:43 PM

JH

“ Janice H. purchased the Tender Tribute for the family of John Thomas (Jack) Doyle Sr.



Janice H. - February 24, 2025 at 09:12 PM

JH

“ Janice H. planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of John Thomas (Jack) Doyle Sr.

Janice H. - February 24, 2025 at 09:12 PM