



E. Kenneth Kemple

September 6, 2021

On Monday, Sept. 6th we said good bye to Kenny (aka Tarp) Kemple. We're not necessarily saying goodbye, but rather "until we meet again" to a man who was the best of all worlds as a husband, a father, a son and a friend.

Kenny was a man for all seasons. He was always prepared to meet life head on with indisputable energy and enthusiasm. Whether you knew him or not, he left an indelible, blissful feeling on your spirit. He took every opportunity to brighten the days of those he came across by offering to help if he could, or simply with a clever comedic expression of understanding to lighten the mood.

One of the original "Beverly Boys" to the end, those early days provided Kenny with memories that lasted a lifetime. He made it his mission to follow the lives of his fellow Beverly cohorts as well as the many friends he met along the way. He often recalled stories of times that were so instrumental in forming the man he became. He never forgot a face or name and always greeted old friends as if he spoke to them yesterday. If you knew Kenny, you invariably enjoyed his infectious laugh.

Kenny was a man of substantial moral fiber who you knew you could trust. He enjoyed talking with people from all walks of life. He never judged but rather chose to look for the positive in everyone. One could say he was a "glass half full" kind of guy.

Kenny loved his family the most. It was his family that sustained and nurtured his sense of purpose and spirit. He is survived by his mother Dorothy and credited her and his late father Jack for shaping him into the successful man he became. He often spoke of their infinite patience with their only child and shared his mother's enthusiasm for the Dallas Cowboys.

Kenny met the love of his life, Linda Laessle, fifty years ago, which resulted in a 41year marriage; one that would take them both on a glorious adventure, including the birth of their son Keith, world travel and boating. He had met his partner in crime, fueling each

other's passion for life and collecting quite a catalogue of memories along the way. Their son Keith was clearly one of his great joys in life. He was proud of the man he had become and often shared Keith and his partner Heather's stories of their travels abroad.

We won't grow tired of sharing Kenny's many anecdotes and our lives are forever brightened having had him in it. For now, it's not goodbye Kenny. Your story will continue in our hearts. Thank you for the great memories.

In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to:

Woodford Cedar Run Wildlife Refuge

4 Sawmill Rd, Medford NJ

No services planned at this time due to Covid concerns.

Comments



“ The first time I notice Kenny was at a dance at the Univ. of Tampa. There was a circle forming around this new guy watching him do “The Bristol Stomp”. He was excellent and the girls all wanted to dance with him. I was a senior and in a fraternity but I made an effort to introduce myself and remark about his dance moves. Liked him instantly !! I have heard many time that Kenny was just TOO nice to be a frat boy. 🙌 Just a pleasure to know and be around. A CLASS ACT, for sure. Didn’t say it enough ...Love ya, Kenny. Casey Clark

casey clark - October 01 at 05:15 PM



“ My house was not that far from Ken's, but I didn't really get to know him until one summer in college when we were both working for the NJ Turnpike and driving to the maintenance facility at Crosswicks, mostly in his blue Corvette. I probably didn't see him again for almost 50 years, at our high school reunion in 2015, but memories of his strong, pleasant personality had stuck with me all those years, and he was still the same after all that time.

After that high school reunion, we've been having semi-annual Beverly folks' reunion luncheons (suspended during Covid). More often than not, Libit and I found ourselves sitting at the same table with Ken and Linda, which always made for a joyful experience. Wish there had been more of them.

Tarp, we'll miss you more than words can say!

Ken and Libit Woodington

Ken Woodington - September 19 at 10:34 AM



“ Lord you are the one who was sent to heal the broken hearted and comfort those that morn and are heavy laden. You are the one who promised that your grace is sufficient for every eventuality- even for those having to face the sudden passing of someone close to them.

I know you'll always be a Beverly boy first, but I'll always be a Riverton Boy who held you in high regard remembering those times at the shore, horseshoe tournaments, the "Banjo Room" and of course the annual July 4th get togethers at my house to watch the parade. Those were memorable times reliving the early days so very fondly. How will we ever manage to recapture such a colorful youth without {Tarp} and his endless anecdotes of our wonderful times. Gone but never forgotten.....
Linda and Keith know that we love you and will always be there
All our love, Robert & Louann

robert Gwynn - September 15 at 02:02 PM



“ 14 SEPT 2021

LORD, YOU ARE THE ONE WHO WAS SENT TO HEAL THE BROKEN HEARTED AND COMFORT THOSE THAT MORN AND ARE HEAVY LADEN. YOU ARE THE ONE WHO PROMISED THAT YOUR GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR EVERY EVENTUALITY- EVEN FOR THOSE HAVING TO FACE THE SUDDEN PASSING OF SOMEONE CLOSE TO THEM...HEAL US NOW WITH YOUR GRACE.

KEN LET ME BE THE RIVERTON BOY WHO MISSESS YOU MOST. I WISH TO CARRY FORWARD YOUR BELOVED AND (SOMETIMES) NEVER ENDING STORIES THERE WAS ONE HELL OF A LOT OF LIVING IN THOSE 74 YEARS AND I KNOW YOU ENJOYED THEM AS WE ALL ENJOYED YOU SHARING THOSE ANECDOTES.

YOU ENJOYED THOSE STORIES BECAUSE YOU LOVED THOSE CHARACTERS THEY WERE ABOUT. AND SO DID WE.

SO BLESS YOUR HEART MY PRECIOUS MICK, PUT ON DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS

AND STRUT YOUR WAY THROUGH THOSE GOLDEN GATES WITH THAT SPECIAL

TWO STREET DANCE.....SAX IN HAND.

ROBERT GWYNN
RIVERTON. NJ

ROBERT GWYNN - September 14 at 11:31 PM



“ There are just NO WORDS TO COMFORT YOU at this time. You have our love and prayers. Just remember that Ken's presence will be with you in everything beautiful in your life each day.
Love, Vonnie & Pat Donohue

vonnie Donohue - September 13 at 11:31 AM



“ Where do you begin when there's been a life time of friendship?
Ken Kemple was a product of generations of Irish coal miners on both sides of his family. A skinny little feisty Mic with more energy and attitude than ten kids
The first time that we met he blew by my big Schwinn on his little Ross. That wouldn't be too unusual but he was riding it backwards sitting on the handle bars. I thought this idiot is serious he has a rear view mirror on his back fender.
We had many adventures and encounters. Some good some questionable.
it wasn't unusual to stop by his house to find him vaulting over his Mom's clothes line with the clothes pole. I have to say that he was damn good at it.
This served my bud well when we got to our Junior year of High School when coach Grimes, who was also our Sociology teacher, needed a pole vaulter for track. Ken said "I'll do it for a B in Sociology and I'm not wearing those dumb ass red and white shorts and top." Well he was the only one on the field with strap tee shirt ,cut offs and converse sneaks. I never missed a meet and he went to the states. This could have very well been the day that he realized he had what it took to be a top notch salesman.
We went though our lives dealing with the good and bad as every one does. But I had the privilege of doing it with a one in a million buddy. Never without a smile, always a good word to say. He always had his Family first and always had my back. A" Beverly Boy" to the bone we always said that we grew up in a Rockwell painting and neither of us ever took that for granted.
We are blessed to have spent the last day of his live with him. Along with our beautiful wives Linda and Pam and our good friends Lou and Cindy. We partied like there was no tomorrow. Who knew Buddy???
No words can describe the pain we feel
I love you Bud.

jim Caldarale - September 12 at 08:24 PM



“ Great post, Jim.

Ken Woodington - September 19 at 10:34 AM



“ A good friend is hard to find
Harder to Lose
Impossible to forget.

"Here I Am Broken Hearted"
So many memories and much love.

Pammie

pamela caldarale - September 12 at 03:49 PM



“ A good friend is hard to fine
Harder to lose
Impossible to forget.

"Here I Am Broken Hearted"

Memories and love forever!
Pammie

pamela caldarale - September 12 at 03:44 PM