

From Casey Guadagnini on her dad, Mark '80.

My dad

The only thing more impressive than google searching him, was his mustache and the way he lived life.

My dad

Did life at 100 mph unless he was behind the wheel of a car, and then it was definitely under the assigned speed limit. He lived 33 hours for every 24. An adrenaline junkie who also just loved to fish and garden.

My dad

Made every single person feel valued. With him you were the most important person in the room. Even the lady at the checkout counter at the grocery store. Growing up, he would do cheerleading routines with each of our names in them while he made letter shaped pancakes for the first letters of our names. His love was shown biggest through food and if you ever said no to food, he was crushed... like actually crushed 😂

My dad

Was the life of every party. He lit up every room. He was an eternal optimist always telling me it was a good day as long as there was breath in his lungs.

My dad

Was the epitome of a leader. He was so humble. He knew every single person was important to a team's success no matter status or rank. He treated everyone with care and respect.

My dad

Was absolutely ridiculous. He loved to tell a joke... they were usually bad but while my mom rolled her eyes I always giggled because of how he giggled. He made up songs all the time. When I was in elementary school we wrote a song together called "Santa Loves His Cookies". Other hits include "Donde Mis Zapatos" and "The Pizza Song". He made up his own birthday songs every year. I'm so glad I didn't answer the phone in 2016 on my birthday so now I have one forever. He was the worst gift giver but he was always so excited to give the gifts that I always loved whatever it was because his face was so excited watching us open it.

My dad

Was larger than life. Not just a good guy—an incredible guy. His ripples are more massive than I could possibly even describe. I can't tell you how many times I have heard "your Guad's daughter?! Oh your dad is a great man". In less than 24 hours the news had made its way to almost every continent.

My dad

Was my hero. I didn't tell him enough. One time he took me out to lunch and he was asking me about work. He said "so you travel... away from your family... it requires a ton of time and attention and you don't make a ton of money" I looked him square in the face and said "alright Pot, I'm Kettle". My dad loved this country and he loved defending it. I sure resented all the time he was away from us but I was always so proud of him. I've been told a few times in my life "you're just like your dad" and honestly there's no greater compliment.

My dad

Was an imperfectly perfect person. He was always willing to apologize. He was always taking care of everyone else. He spent his last days doing yard work for my sisters in law, volunteering to help people move and loving on his grandchildren. My mom was the love of my dad's life and he lit up when he was around her every single time—His Frenchy.

We have tried to tell as many people as possible of my dad's sudden passing before making it public on social media. When you are a giant like my dad, word spreads fast and we have received texts/emails/etc from so many people around the world. Please know my dad loved big and he loved hard and if you loved him he absolutely loved you back.

What happened? We are pretty certain he had a massive heart attack while watching Caddy Shack. He did not suffer and he went out watching a "Cruise Movie". (Insert lots of ridiculous aviator humor here. )

How are we? Devastated. But together ❤️

How can you help? We don't need food. Thank you for the generous outpouring of love through feeding us. My dad would be so proud as food was his main love language. We will have more information in the coming days of where to direct your love that will truly bless our family.

We feel so so so loved. We feel your prayers. We see your texts even if we are not responding. We are laughing and crying and dancing. We are living the way my dad would've done.