



# Kenneth Vincent Schreiber

July 14, 1952 - September 28, 2011

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(No Obituary Text Available)

# Tribute Wall

JP

“ *Eternal rest grant unto him oh Lord and let the perpetual light shine upon him and may his soul and all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen. Lord comfort his family in this time of great loss.*

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**Joseph Pampani** - October 12, 2011 at 12:00 AM

BW

“ *I remember Kenny from so many years ago. He was a great guy when I knew him. Please accept my heartfelt sympathy.*

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**Barbara Beckley Wilson** - October 11, 2011 at 12:00 AM

PG

“ *I knew Ken in high school, he was such a sweet guy. My condolences to his family and close friends.*

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**Patti Goodall** - October 11, 2011 at 12:00 AM

PI

“ *One of the funniest people ever. Will miss you.*

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**Pinky** - October 11, 2011 at 12:00 AM

CM

“ *I worked with Ken at RLI for many years. Chuck and I were also very fortunate to join you two in Hawaii in 1993 on an RLI President's Club trip. Many good memories. Ken was a warm, wonderful man. We are so sorry for your loss. Please know that our thoughts and prayers are with you. May God bless Ken and all of you always.*

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**Charlene McCollum** - October 01, 2011 at 12:00 AM

“ Ken Schreiber. Right now, my heart aches at the mere mention of his name. Funny, kind, sweet, affectionate, caring, cheerful, enthusiastic, friendly, generous, humble, unpretentious Kenny was all that and more. So through my tears I keep reminding myself how very LUCKY we were to have him in our lives. Kenny kept those nuns laughing during his years at Immaculata okay, maybe he kept Sister Marie Claire busy filling out detention slips as well singing "Silent Night" in his best falsetto with Hoe. Swinging into the parking lot late every morning, with Bobby in tow. Disrupting Mr. Spangler's mechanical drawing class with t-square fights. My favorite memory? My Immaculata graduation two years after Kenny's she and Hoe arrived at my house for the post-ceremony celebration with gift in hand two huge, oblong boxes of flowers that the boys had pilfered from the graduation venue just before their arrival it was the best gift ever! Schreiber became a part of the Bowlby family in short order. To know him was to love him! The Bowlby beach house was always open to our many friends, but Kenny quickly became a family favorite! From his first visit to Manasquan as a teenager, we knew Kenny would keep us laughing that very first night, after a bit of underage "libation," Ken assured my Dad (Big Ed) that he was late arriving home after visiting his "Mother's brother's aunt's sister in Poison Pleasant." My Dad let him off the hook that night, but he never let him forget it! So many Manasquan memories Kenny and Hoe spending an entire summer painting our garage (Big Ed swore they were just out there "checking out the pretty girls.") That one-week job turned into a summer "gig." The boys had to break up their "work" with trips to Leggett's and the beach. At the end of the season, Big Ed presented them with paintbrushes engraved with the name of their painting "company" and their "dates of services." There were many happy hours spent at the Bowlby Beach Bar. Big Ed would hold court, dispensing drinks and wisdom in equal parts. Dad played the piano and ukulele, and he attempted to teach Kenny every old Irish ditty he knew I remember Kenny attempting to master, "I Only Want a Buddy, Not a Sweetheart." Kenny gave it his all, but never did quite learn the lyrics. Big Ed moved onto a rendition of "Kenny's a horse's ass" and all was forgiven! The years went on,

*and the "boys" would often arrive at the Beach House on Friday afternoon, wearing suits and ties. Kenny would stop in our garage, where he kept a supply of board shorts and t-shirts, and before long the "work clothes" would be hanging from a rafter for the weekend. No fuss, no muss! I will never forget the gentle way he held our firstborn baby, Megan. That first summer when she was a few weeks old, Kenny graciously carried her around the house, patting her back and soothing her. At one point, she slept so soundly that Kenny later confided to me that he "thought she wasn't breathing!" To check out his theory, he carted her into the bathroom where he could stare at her over his shoulder in the mirror to determine her well-being. Kenny later told me that when Megan sighed in her sleep, his knees buckled in relieve! That's the Kenny I will always remember caring, kind, hilarious Yesterday a friend told me that he will never forget the way Kenny used to interact with Megan when she was a baby-"Let me kiss those little feet"-which always triggered these wonderful squeals of laughter from her. Heaven is a happier place with Ken Schreiber in it. I have no doubt that he was met by his parents and Bobby with joyful hearts. I suspect that there could be a few verses of "What Makes a Wildcat Wild" sung by a guy playing a ukulele and a woman with a drink on her head. And at the end of the day, I would imagine that Big Ed will once again attempt to teach Ken one of his favorite songs: "Heart Of My Heart", I love that melody "Heart Of My Heart" brings back a memory When we were kids on the corner of the street We were rough 'n ready guys But oh, how we could harmonize "Heart Of My Heart" meant friends were dearer then To*

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**Mari Bowlby Loeffler** - October 01, 2011 at 12:00 AM

LM

“ *A life well-lived doesn't end any more than music ends ... it echoes through time with whispers of beauty and grace ... if we listen, we can hear the encore with our hearts, for the song plays on, just as love lives on. With Deepest Sympathy for Your Loss*

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**Lisa Muir** - September 30, 2011 at 12:00 AM

ML

“ *Trish, I worked in the home office of RLI. I am so sorry to hear of Kenny's passing. He was a great guy and a friend to many. Please know that I am thinking of you and your family. You are in my prayers.*

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**Marilyn Lehman** - September 30, 2011 at 12:00 AM