



John R. Boyle

March 3, 1931 - October 5, 2022

John R. Boyle was 91 years old. He was born in Mattoon, Illinois on March 3, 1931, to Dorothy and Elmer Boyle. John was the youngest son and had two older brothers Charles “Chuck” Boyle and Robert “Bob” Boyle, both Marines serving in WWII. Living up to their expectations and through the depression gave him a toughness that served him well in life. He came from a tough neighborhood. Every night after school he fought his way home against bullies. If someone in the hood started a fight Dad couldn’t finish Chuck came to the rescue. They planned to ambush bullies and beat the beans out of them.

As a kid, Dad escaped death a couple of times... or maybe God had bigger plans. He fell out of a two-story window to the ground and split his head open ear to ear, and he battled Polio. After the fall, his family laid him unconscious on the dining room table, and the doctor said it was up to God. He woke up a week later. When he contracted Polio he spent an entire summer in the hospital, but luckily, he wasn’t impacted with paralysis. However, nurses burned his clothes, as was custom of the day. When the hospital released him, his family never bothered to come get him. He hired a cab and rode home in his hospital gown! When the cab pulled up to his house, his family was painting the house. He was ticked off and told them to pay the “expletive” driver and marched into the house cheeks to the wind. True grit training; compounded by a shortness in patience, loss of modesty, and tons of hospital

gown jokes.

During his teen years, Dad learned the benefits of friends and teamwork. He was talented in sports, lettering in football and basketball. He played the quarter back position in football and was awarded a full college scholarship to the University of Colorado-Boulder. At sixteen, he met a girl from the more upscale part of town. Somehow, he convinced her that he was quite the catch (mostly, she agreed for their 72 years of marriage). In July of 1949 they were wed and took off to Colorado. They were blessed with two daughters, Marilynne “Lynne” and Barbara “Brytt” who kept them hopping as their “kids”, business partners, and (late in life) caretakers.

John and Midge both showed real courage when they sold all they owned at age 46 and risked it on a family restaurant called Pizzans in Illinois. Neither of them had any experience in the restaurant business. But if anyone was going to succeed it was John and Midge. Owning and running their own business turned out to be the highlight of their lives. Not only were they business owners, but they also ensured that Pizzans was part of their community. Eventually, the whole family with the help of a superb team of young people (who became like family) worked together to make that business a success. It took hard work, true grit, and a great sense of humor of which became part of what it meant to be a “Boyle.”

John had an internal compass like no other. He was like a human Mapquest. We went to him for directions, and he pulled out his worn road atlas. If we called him while traveling, he always would say, “I know just where you are.” And he would describe the landmarks. He never forgot a place once he traveled there. We also were convinced he also had some kind of ESP/phone finder in his brain before cell phones were developed because he knew “exactly where we were” when we tried to sneak out. We found out later his uncanny perceptions came from some tight friends in the police department

and at the local pizza joint.

John had one of those gregarious personalities that drew people in. And he was willing to help almost anyone. Midge called him “Mr. Personality”. He truly had a great sense of humor and the gift of gab. He always had a new dirty joke that he told over and over much to Mom’s chagrin. Our family could go on a vacation or just out to dinner and he would make friends with at least three or four people. We waited while he made the rounds. He came back knowing their life stories, and he stayed in touch with them! And he wasn’t shy about asking for help from his talented friends’ areas of expertise. God help you if you could put something together or held a license in just about anything.

Dad completely flunked shop or anything that remotely required a handy man kind of guy. Midge had to learn how to put things together. If it came in a big box and had instructions John was likely to have a full-blown major cuss word melt down. He would put doors on upside down or use a thousand nails when three screws were needed. He had plenty to say about things that said, “made in China.” Later in life he wanted a particular walker with brakes, brake handles and a seat. Brytt ordered it and oh my gawd it came in a box. Brytt put it together in minutes without instructions. He watched her slack jawed and said, “You definitely got that gene from your mother.”

Dad was never a quitter. He made sure his daughters weren’t either. He even taught Brytt how to punch out any guy who bothered her. It didn’t pay off very well for a young girl getting dubbed King Kong in elementary school, but the guys didn’t bother her anymore either. Yep, Dad didn’t tolerate quitters, not until he lost his wife, best friend, business partner and dancing partner of 72 years. Then he wanted to go too. Sorry Mom, we sincerely tried to keep him out of your hair for longer.

Throughout Dad's life he was a fighter. In the end he fought death and gave it hell through 4 bouts of being hospitalized with pneumonia, twice with sepsis, 15 plus esophageal laser burns, and cancer. He was a curser, and sometimes a man of few words. At those times he spoke with his hands... thumbs up, thumbs down, the index and pinky fingers, and mostly the middle finger. Even if he couldn't speak after a procedure, he would raise his middle finger in his hospital gown to get a reaction. He told jokes to nurses and doctors to the very end, even while in hospice.

Above all, John loved his family. He made sure we always remembered we were a Boyle and were proud of it. It was very special to be his daughters, and to also know our parents as adults in business. After caring for our mother, our last job as their kids was to hold Dad's hand on his journey to find just the right life train stop to disembark to heaven. I know one thing, on October 5th John Boyle gave a big thumbs up and is reunited with Mom. Don't push your luck Dad, don't tell the one about the two guys at the pearly gates. Godspeed, here's to you! We love you and will miss you immensely, God broke the mold after you.

John R. Boyle is survived by his daughters, Marilynne "Lynne" Boyle-Baise (his "favorite son-in-law" Michael Baise), Barbara "Brytt" Boyle, his nephews Chris Boyle and Rick Boyle, niece Cathy Boyle McGurdy, grandnieces Jessica Janos, Lauren Azma, grandnephew Ryan Boyle. Other important family loved by Dad from Mom's side includes Brenda Medley, Marci Medley, Mark Medley Jr., Jamie Long, Adelle Mathews and Embrie Mathews.

In lieu of flowers memorial contribution may be made to the IU Health Hospice 2810 S. Deborah Drive Bloomington, Indiana 47403.

A celebration of life gathering will be held from 1:00pm to 3:00pm Thursday, October 27, 2022 at the Turn Bar Eagle Pointe Golf Club in Bloomington,

Indiana.

Allen Funeral Home and Crematory have been entrusted with arrangements. Online condolences, photos and memories may be shared with family and friends at www.allencares.com

Previous Events

Celebration of Life Gathering

OCT **27**. 1:00 PM - 3:00 PM (ET)

Eagle Pointe Golf Club
2250 E. Pointe Rd
Bloomington, IN 47401

Tribute Wall

DB

“ John was a great boss for a 18 year old kid. He hired me on the spot 2 favorite memories at 18 he let me drink beer at Christmas party he would order us to clean tables yelling Mass transit. Thanks John for giving me a great place to work in early 1980s

DAVID BOBB - October 25, 2022 at 10:07 AM

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“ Jared and Cynthia Hopper would like to express their condolences to the Boyle family. You have our deepest sympathy. John was very memorable.

Cynthia Hopper - October 25, 2022 at 10:05 AM