

Celebration of Life Remembrances



Kenneth Robert Schultz died peacefully with his family around him on September 11, 2024. He was born in San Francisco, CA, on June 9, 1942, to Thelma Ione and Robert Louis Schultz. He grew up in Mill Valley, CA, graduating from Stanford University with a BS and MS in Mechanical Engineering. He earned his PhD in Nuclear Engineering from the University of Florida in 1970. He conducted research on fission and fusion reactors at General Atomics until his retirement in 2011. He published many papers and received a number of honors for his work. Ken donated much time and energy to his community. He served as President of the Leucadia Town Council and was instrumental in the conservation of Batiquitos Lagoon when it was threatened to become Capt. Nemo's Lagoon. An Eagle Scout, he was Pack Leader for Cub Scout Pack 770. He strongly supported the incorporation of Encinitas and was elected Mayor in the first try. (He breathed a sigh of relief when incorporation failed.)

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He was very active in the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship of San Dieguito. In addition Ken loved to travel and visited all seven continents. He spent many hours hiking and swimming in the Sierra and days before his passing went hiking in Bear Vally where he had a cabin.

Ken is survived by Mary Lou, his wife of 60 years, son Robert Schultz, daughter Elizabeth Johnson, son-in-law Mark Johnson, and three grandchildren. A Celebration of Life was held on November 16 at the UUFSF in Solana Beach. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Batiquitos Lagoon Foundation.

Remembrances

Betsy Gilpin

When my son, Joe, was about 10 years old, I brought him to a Saturday morning Buildings and Grounds work party. Ken was to cut down a rather large tree, and Joe wanted to see it happen. He watched the process with great interest as Ken and his helpers did their work, applauding when the tree at last fell. Afterwards he said, " This was the most exciting thing he had ever seen at UUFSD!"

Caroline Demar

My brother, Art Stoddard, was a Human Resources Specialist at General Atomic back in the 60's. He told me how proud/happy he was to have hired Ken. Ken continued to work at GA for the rest of his career (as did my brother). I believe that Art may have introduced Ken and Mary Lou to UUFSD. And how lucky we were to have them! Art told be about Ken's valuable and persistent caring for our grounds and buildings - incredibly generous - not sure how many years, but it has to have been at least 50! A quiet, modest sort of guy, a super nice person all around, who just persevered though those years at UUFSD and got things done! How grateful we are for his contributions to UUFSD. (And I can't forget to mention my admiration for Ken and Mary Lou bicycling all the way from Leucadia to UUFSD services, staying healthy and strong while remarkedly doing their share of saving our environment from noxious fumes! Wow!)

John Drummond

I wear Hawaiian shirts and when Ken would see me in one, he'd give me a big smile and point to his Reyn Spooner. I have a loved one with dementia, Ken knew that and would always ask how we were. Ken was a nice man and I'm so glad I knew him.

Michael Scott

Those of us on the Building and Grounds crew had the pleasure of working with Ken for many years. We were inspired by his cheerful good humor, his problem-solving ability, his "we can do it" confidence in the group, and the apple fritters that he brought to every work party. Under Ken's leadership, we fixed what was broken, slowed down the natural inclination of our sandy hill to flow to the sea, improved the beauty and safety of the campus, and enjoyed each other's company. Ken and I shared scientific backgrounds, a knowledge that no fix was forever and that entropy always wins, and an enduring love of Hawaiian shirts (particularly Reyn Spooners). He was, what we call in Yiddish, a "mensch," a man with wisdom and "street smarts," and kindness and generosity. He will be remembered and he will be missed.

Remembrances

Darren and Erilynn

One of our earliest memories of Ken was him bringing apple fritters from Leucadia Donuts to our very first Buildings and Grounds work party- what a way to get us hooked! His steadfast and unassuming warmth helped those work parties become a place we looked forward to as a chance for connection with others and with the grounds. He was always so patient, as he taught us about some of the history of our beautiful fellowship space, and always had a nugget of wisdom to share about how best to care for the plants and buildings. His kindness and generosity will always be remembered, and we are grateful to have known him.

Mark Tuller

Ken was a good fella. We were in a small men's group together for many years. I got to spend time with Ken driving to and from our meetings when he could no longer drive. He offered me citrus from his trees in return. Our men's group gave us the opportunity to see Ken's essential character. The group used our meetings as support, and discussion, and as an opportunity to recall highlights such as family voyages. Ken recounted to us the importance of their family cottage up in the mountains, a retreat he and Mary Lou often visited. During Covid, the only place we felt was safe for our meetings was Ken's gorgeous back yard, which gave us an opportunity not only to sample the wide variety of beers he laid out for us, but also to get a peek at his supportive and loving family life. As his health declined, and, yes, some of his mental acuity slipped away, Ken's character remained strong. He never lost his dignity. He never stopped being kind, considerate, and caring. That says a lot about who he was, and I am proud to have been his friend. Perhaps it's a bit sentimental, but our group has kept an open chair for Ken at our meetings. His passing left a hole in our group, and of course also with his family, his friends, and a big hole in this Fellowship. The world is less well off than it was. As I said, he was a good fella.

Irving Himmelblau

It's Sunday morning; it's the middle of winter; I'm greeting; I'm cold. Up walks Ken and Mary Lou. I always thought that Ken was born and raised in Hawaii, because he would walk up, in a short sleeve Hawaiian shirt and shorts. It must say something about his warm heart and warm soul. I knew Ken to be a gentle, soft spoken person. He was always ready to help fix minor and major things that happened on our campus. Just mention the problem and he would find a way to fix it. And, it seemed that he lived on the UUFSD campus. There were so many occasions that we would show up for a meeting and there would be Ken, tools in hand; Mr. Fix-it. I miss our Mr. Fix-it.