



Jonathan Lawrence Kortright

February 21, 1955 - March 4, 2020

Jonathan Lawrence Kortright, age 65, passed away Wednesday, March 4, 2020, at his home in Brookfield, Missouri. No services are scheduled.

John Kortright, was born on February 21, 1955 in San Gabriel Los Angeles, California, to Harold I. Kortright and Cecilia Zillifro. John was always a kind and caring person to everyone he met regardless of your beliefs, social status, culture, race, creed, wealth or occupation. Besides driving 18 wheelers for a living, John was an expert moderator, arbitrator and peacemaker, often able to get others to understand and respect each other's viewpoints.

To his sons, John was a wonderful teacher in the virtues of humanity, kindness, compassion, tolerance and social justice, lessons that will strongly remain with them for the rest of their lives.

John had a very eclectic love for music including, Rock, Blues, Soul, Country, Rap, Metal and everything in between, (sorry, no Opera).

John lived in Southern California most of his younger life and in Gilroy and San Jose from the mid 80's to the late 2000's. He always loved the beaches and redwood forests of California and spent a lot of leisure time in Santa Cruz, California.

John is survived by his loving sons, Christopher and Kenneth Kortright.

"We love you Dad...you will always survive in the better parts of us."

Tribute Wall

GA

“ *To the Kortright Family,*

Our deepest condolences to your family on the passing of your dad. We were very saddened and shocked when we first heard the news. We remember the times we met and how proud he was of Chris.

*May he rest in peace.
Pagatpatan Family*

Gladys Antonio - April 23, 2020 at 05:42 PM

LK

“ The best thing about John was the fact that he gave me two beautiful boys, and they look just like John. They both have John’s characteristics in everything they do. So, my boys remind me of John everyday. I met John in 1973 when I was just fourteen. He was my brother’s friend, and he had no place to stay at the time, so my parents let him stay with us. At first I just thought of him as another one of brother’s friend, but it didn’t take me long at all to fall in love with him. John was about five years older than me, but I was so infatuated by the fact that he lived on his own. I guess I thought of him as being so strong and independent. John already had a girlfriend at the time I met him, in fact I think they were to be married. Nothing stopped me from wanting to be John’s girlfriend. I waited and waited for him to break up with his girlfriend for me. Of course since I lived with John we eventually were together and he broke up with his girlfriend. I later even became friends with his old girlfriend, so it just seemed that John and I were met to be. By the time I was eighteen John and I were married with our first child on the way. Christopher was born that same year, 1977. We both thought he was a girl and decided to name the baby Christine, after John’s little sister. So when HE was born he was named Christopher instead. It was only two years later our second son was born and we named him Kenneth, after a very good friend of ours. John and I were very much in love for many years, and because he is the father of my beautiful boys, I will always love John. I will never forget him, because his looks are right there in my boys. John and I did eventually divorce in nineties because we just grew apart due to our goals and future plans. I always knew John and I just met when we were too young, so as we grew up, we grew apart. John just always had a personality that everyone fell in love with. Even my best friend had a big crush on him. I had always hoped that John would go on to remarry and perhaps have more children, but maybe he just never met another love of his life like I was. My boys have told me that he regretted the fact that our marriage didn’t last, so maybe he just never really left me in his heart. While John and I were married, we had lots of fun times and lots of hard times. We moved from southern CA to northern CA and once live in Fairbanks,

Alaska. Every move we made was for John to find work, but the Alaska move only lasted one summer. We always found adventures in every move and every place we lived. John and I stayed in the Bay Area, even after our divorce, so that we could raise our boys together. The last time I saw John was when my boys invited me to have lunch with him on Father's Day. So, we always stayed in contact way until the boys became adults. When John decided to move to KS everything changed. I was unhappy that John was so far from his boys, and I knew I would probably never see him again. I know John had to move for his own needs, but I wished he had never moved away. I miss John to this day, and wish I could have seen him grow old just as I have. I guess I will always love John, and it is just the way of life. You never just stop loving anyone that is so much of your life. John, I pray that someday I will see you again, with love your ex-wife and my first love.

Post

Linda E Klaas - March 11, 2020 at 04:04 PM

JG

“ *When I was 12 years old my Uncle John took me to my first rock concert used to take me and my friends fishing at the Huntington Pier in the 80s it was a blast racing from home to the beach and back in his old cougar he was a big influence and all the music I love today we used to call him Big John and I was little John I was named after him his full name was Jonathan Lawrence Kortwright in mine is Jonathan Lawrence Greenwoodlove you big John say hi to my mother and Grandma and everybody else.... tell next time we meet love you*

John Greenwood - March 11, 2020 at 03:37 PM

CC

“ One of my favorite memories of my beautiful brother was when we were younger. He used to do these wonderfully funny little skits in our living room and have my mother and all of us rolling with laughter. We had just gotten a new machine and it was called a tape recorder. It was a big brown box with two reels on the top. It was something very new to us that we had never seen before. We really had a wonderful time with it. My brother was the king of crazy noises and he would record his noises like a squeaking door or someone screaming as part of the skit. Some skits were of a scary nature and some of a funny nature. He was very talented and sweet. He could also sing. All of us sang for family fun and entertainment. I cherish the memories that I have of my sweet brother. God's Peace and Grace be with you my beautiful brother.

✝️💔🙏 Til we meet again Love your sister Claudia

Claudia Constanti-Coyne - March 11, 2020 at 11:52 AM

JG

It must have been some beautiful singing with your mother cuz she could sing so beautifully

John greenwood - March 11, 2020 at 03:40 PM

LK

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of your life. John, I pray that someday I will see you again, with love your ex-wife and my first love.

Linda E Klaas - March 11, 2020 at 04:03 PM

SB

*I love you jon!!!
YOYO*

Shelley Birmingham - April 21, 2020 at 12:54 PM

CK

“ *Some of my absolute fondest memories with my father were all the times cruising in his car with the music blasting. I'm so grateful for range of music I know just because of him. I remember how we used to debate on who was the most important member of Pink Floyd, or how Blues progressed from America to England and back again. When he thought I was admiring Jim Morrison too much he suggested I pick up Guitar, something I love doing to this day. Dad once took me to a beach in Santa Cruz before the dawn broke and we walked around taking cool pictures in the fog of the beach and sea caves. Dad loved fireworks, he once came to visit me and my wife and lit an extravagant display of fireworks in front of our Condominium at 10pm weekday....both of us pretending to be as surprised as my neighbors. I met neighbors that night I never talked to before, it was actually great. Dad taught me how to drive a stick and parallel park, how an engine works and the basics of engine diagnosis.*

Christopher Kortright - March 10, 2020 at 12:42 AM

CD

“ Remembering when my brother and I used to wear hair the same way so everybody thought we were twins. We were stuck together like glue John and I . Growing up with John it was an adventure we were very close in fact John name his firstborn after me oh, this made me cry with joy when John told me he named his son Christopher. And later when Kenny came he was so proud of his boys and was always very proud of his boys. I remember John and I would team up and tease Claudia when we all got \$0.50 for candy and John and I would put our money together and get a dollar's worth for Claudia would only get \$0.50 worth . I remember John and I would go to the Riverside Mission Inn and Explorer we knew that place like the back of our hands. I remember climbing trees and getting mistletoe to sell in baggies at the mall for Christmas money. I remember walking to school with my brother, I remember hopping the train with my brother I remember ditching school with my brother oh, I remember riding my bike with my brother for long distances. I remember so many things about my brother may peace be with him

Christine David - March 09, 2020 at 10:24 PM

 Patty England

wow so many memories from my childhood . I was so in love with him in high school . Its been years since I saw him but i still think of him often. im truley so sorry for your loss. I love you Claudia and my prayers are with all of you.

Patty England (Cook)

Patty England - March 10, 2020 at 07:59 AM