



Kenneth August Sturzenegger, passed away peacefully on Saturday June 6<sup>th</sup>. He is survived by his wife, Veronique Sturzenegger and his three daughters Jessica, Leila and Laura. Son of Lily and Doctor August Sturzenegger and brother to Susi Varvayanis and Heidi Naranjo. He will be remembered as a good friend, caring father, entrepreneur, and an engaging conversationalist with a love for food.

Ken could always be found researching. His deep curiosity for new thoughts and ideas took him from Switzerland to the USA and later to Chile. An honest, generous man with an easy laugh, he made fast friends internationally.

When he was 15 he went to Switzerland, where it took him a bit longer to “learn French”. One year to learn French turned into 17 years; after he met his future wife, Veronique Sturzenegger. They met at 16 years old when Ken was at the boarding school Paudex, where Ken met his lifelong friends who shared his passion for international exploration and the thrill of creation.

He always knew he wanted to be in his own business, so when his business school teacher asked him to calculate his bond yield to the 8<sup>th</sup> decimal point, he promptly walked out. Juggling night shifts and two jobs, he started his first business (which wouldn't be his last).

In 1988, Ken and Veronique moved to the USA for freedom of opportunity and to start a new chapter in real estate. Surrounded by three daughters and his wife, he was both soccer coach and business coach at times. Always a learner, you could never have a dull conversation with Ken. From the best recipes to the greatest political diatribes, whatever he did, he did it with passion. Ken loved having a full dinner table to share good food and his weekly rides with the Hudson Riding Club.

His love for lawyers drove him to Chile where he made crazy ideas a reality and where he showed us that it's never too old to learn a different language. He loved planting the seeds of new businesses and taught us all that with grit and determination, seeds can turn into trees. His vision of course, was complemented by the careful management of his wife.

With his red-rimmed glasses, Ken would strike up a conversation with anyone and leave a lasting impression. He had a love of people – but never was shy in sharing his opinion.

Ken was a mentor to some; a friend you could count on; a dedicated father and a loving husband. The one thing he never had was a boss (although Veronique would beg to differ). He was the kind of guy that would drive 3 hours spontaneously for lobster; give the shirt off his back without thinking about it twice; and know where the best food stops are in the most remote of towns.

Ken is alive in your stories and anecdotes. Let him live through you and remind you all – it's never too late to learn a new language, and there is never a better time for a cup of coffee on the porch with friends.

Due to covid, we will not have an open service. Instead, please share your favorite story about Ken. Contact Veronique for the link.

*“The true meaning of life is to plant trees, under whose shade you do not expect to sit.”*