



## John Preston Isenhour

August 16, 1944 - April 4, 2026

John P. Isenhour "Jack" passed peacefully from the life to the next on April 4, 2026. He is survived by his wife, Dana Moore, son Will Isenhour, other adored family, chosen family, and friends.

For those wishing to honor Jack's memory, the family requests no flowers or planted trees. Please donate to support local journalism, save democracy, or any charity of their choice.

# Tribute Wall

LJ

“ Jack Isenhour was the most honorable man I've ever known, in word and deed. We were friends for 44 years and he changed the arc of my life.

*First, he was my boss-twice, then steadfast friend, then I became the boss, hiring him for various Emmy-winning documentaries we produced. It was our finest work, but we didn't revel in the glory, we started looking for the next one. Like junkies, looking for the next fix-when the words, the music, and the pictures all aligned perfected and it sent a chill up your spine. It was our drug of choice and we were addicted.*

*We had more in common than I thought, both recovering Southern Baptists, we admired Art and Film, had strong bullshit meters and respected each other's work without mentioning it. The best television writer ever, I never had to worry about the script, I worried about doing it justice.*

*Glimpses from 44 years-*

*Impossibly large hands. Impossibly small handwriting.*

*He was discreet, don't worry your secrets remain safe.*

*A Marlboro Man. Alpha with a heart.*

*Wisdom- "Your reach should always exceed your grasp."*

*He showed up. Every time.*

*He was the King; I, the court jester. Anything to make him laugh.*

*Dana, the space between his heartbeats.*

*Toward the end, when I was leaving, he said "I couldn't do this without you."*

*Jack, I feel the same. I love you. Forever.*

*I leave you with this, a poem written by a third century Hebrew poet-*

*"Tis a fearful thing to love what death can touch.*

*A fearful thing to love, to hope, to dream, to be.*

*To be and oh to lose. A thing for fools, this. And a holy thing.*

*A holy thing to love.  
For your life is lived in me.  
Your laugh once lifted me. Your word was a gift to me.  
To remember this brings painful joy.  
Tis a human thing, love.  
A holy thing to love what death has touched. "*



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**Lyle Jackson** - May 10 at 11:01 AM