



Mr John M Fuore

July 5, 1951 - September 18, 2018

John M. Fuore, 67, for most of his life a resident of Lenox, died Tuesday at his home.

Born in Pittsfield July 5, 1951, the son of Phyllis Mastrangelo Fuore and the late Julian D. Fuore, he attended Lenox schools and was a 1969 graduate of Lenox Memorial High School.

Jack had been retired from the maintenance Dept. at White Pines in Stockbridge.

He was a lifelong New York Yankees and Mickey Mantle fan. In his youth he spent much of his time at the Lenox Community Center game room, known at the time as the Lenox Brotherhood or “the hood” as it was commonly called.

Besides his mother of Lenox, Jack is survived by his sister Maureen Dayal of Stockbridge and his brother William Fuore and his wife Becky of Lenox; nephews Julian and Nicholas Dayal and Robert and Daniel Fuore; his niece Natasha Egan; and great-grandnieces and great-grandnephews.

A private funeral will take place at the ROCHE FUNERAL HOME with the Rev. Monsignor John J. Bonzagni officiating. Burial will follow in St. Ann’s Cemetery. There are no calling hours. In lieu of flowers the family asks that you consider making a donation to the Lenox Community Center or the American Diabetes Association in care of the funeral home, 120 Main Street, Lenox, MA 01240.

Tribute Wall

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“ I couldn't pick a particular memory to share of my uncle at the moment. But what I can share is that my Uncle Jack was one of the best influences in my life. He was always there for me... at baseball games, football games, school events, celebrations... He was always there to throw the ball around in the back yard, take me to get baseball cards, sneak me gifts on my brother's birthday... whatever he was able to give to me as kid, he did. Whatever time he had to spend with my brother and sister and cousins and I, he did. He was the sweetest man I knew, and considering the nickname he earned as a kid for his size and habit of hitting the baseball incredibly far, "the Tank," his heart and selflessness were even greater than his physical presence.

I think we all have regrets when we lose someone all of a sudden. I certainly do. But the solace I keep reaching is knowing that the last thing my Uncle Jack would want for me or anyone in my family is to be in pain over his death, and that is why I am going to cherish his life. He lived a hardworking, honest life and I am forever grateful to him for showing me the type of man I can be.

Love you Uncle Jack,
Nicholas Dayal

Nicholas Dayal - October 03, 2018 at 01:38 AM

JU

Uncle Jack was inscrutable. But I know this: he had a huge heart, he fought hard against life's demons, and he loved his family. Thank you for everything Uncle Jack. For the letter you sent me my freshman year in college, for the Coney Island trips when I was a kid, for all the rides to hockey practice, and for the countless hours we spent collecting baseball cards. Love you.

Julian - March 24, 2019 at 12:06 PM