



James Lester Swedlund

March 21, 1958 - January 20, 2016

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

BW

“ I learned the sad news recently and I want his family to know how special of a friend he was to me. We started out as band mates and quickly became best buddies. He had such a great sense of humor, we used to laugh ourselves silly. It was a pleasure working in a band with him. He never tried to impose his will on the group and always tried to find common ground for differing opinions. On many occasions he would patiently teach me the chords to a song I didn't know. He was always dependable and upbeat. My wife Tanya and I send our heartfelt condolences to his family. He is and will be sorely missed.

He leaves us with good will and fond memories.

-Bill and Tanya Whitehead

Bill Whitehead - July 08, 2016 at 10:58 AM

JF

“ I met Jim about the time we started high school. We played in a couple of different bands over the years, and I always appreciated Jim's sense of humor and his playing ability. I am sorry that I lost touch with him over the last couple of years.

Jim, we shared a lot of memories - not all pleasant, of course - and did they ever come flooding back when I found out you were gone. We sure did hang out at your house for endless hours listening to and playing music, didn't we? Thanks for putting up with all those crazy people. I will miss you, my friend!

My condolences to Jim's family. We so appreciated his friendship, and he will never be forgotten. God bless you all!!!

Jeff Furst - February 10, 2016 at 09:34 PM

BP

“ I had no idea Jim was this ill. I grew up with him, playing in the garage band Kilgore Trout with the Furst's and Mike Daugherty. He was a very sweet guy as well as a talented musician. He's gone too soon. My thoughts and prayers go out to his family.

Betsey Pullo - February 03, 2016 at 07:59 PM

NI

Just found out about this and am shocked and sorry. My best wishes to his family.

Niels

Niels - February 04, 2016 at 07:37 PM

KA

Ah, Jim - such happy memories lounging in your parent's parent's pool and listening to the Beatles and your sisters telling us to get out. Camping at Grand Lake of the Cherokees & the weinekens we made there while avoiding catastrophe. Carpooling to JCCC and watching the houses march over the hills as the subdivisions developed southward of 112th street aka College Blvd. You're a part of my youth I'll treasure and never forget.

Kay - February 09, 2016 at 07:21 AM