



James Richard Karpac

October 4, 1956 - July 28, 2025

It is with deep sorrow that we announce the passing of Dr. James Richard Karpac, who died on July 28, 2025, at the age of 68.

Jim was born on October 4, 1956, in North Royalton, Ohio. He was preceded in death by his parents, John and Doris Karpac. He is survived by his sister, Karen (Keith) Hadley, and his nephew, Zachary Hadley.

A proud graduate of Padua Franciscan High School, Jim went on to attend The Ohio State University, earning a degree in Economics. In 1981, he received his Doctor of Dental Surgery (DDS) from OSU's College of Dentistry, followed by a General Practice Residency at the Medical College of Ohio in 1982. After several years of private practice, he returned to Ohio State to complete the graduate program in orthodontics, receiving his specialty certificate in 1989.

Dr. Karpac was a board-certified orthodontist and the author of numerous professional journal articles. He practiced orthodontics for 38 years in Dublin and Gahanna, where he built a reputation for excellence and compassion. His practice was not just a career—it was his passion.

In addition to his clinical work, Dr. Karpac served as a part-time faculty member in the Department of Orthodontics at Ohio State. Through teaching,

he shared his knowledge and enthusiasm with the next generation of dental professionals, helping to shape the future of orthodontic care.

Jim was an avid traveler who found great joy in experiences that combined his love for golf, skiing, photography, and fine cuisine. He had a deep appreciation for music and art and was a loyal sports fan who rarely missed a game.

In lieu of flowers, contributions may be made online to the Dr. James R. Karpac Athletic Scholarship Fund - 643561 at www.giveto.osu.edu/makeagift.

Previous Events

Memorial Visitation

AUG 7. 11:00 AM - 1:00 PM (ET)

Rutherford Funeral Home at Powell
450 West Olentangy Street
Powell, OH 43065
(614) 792-1471
info@rutherfordfuneralhome.com
<https://www.rutherfordfuneralhomes.com/>

Funeral Service

AUG 7. 1:00 PM (ET)

Rutherford Funeral Home at Powell
450 West Olentangy Street
Powell, OH 43065
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info@rutherfordfuneralhome.com
<https://www.rutherfordfuneralhomes.com/>

Tribute Wall



“ *The greatest orthodontist and was very passionate about his work....*



Erica La'Shayy - April 29 at 05:59 PM

CH

“ *I'm so grateful to have met Dr. Karpac.. he did my first set of braces and he always had a smile and great sense of humor. After I got my braces I failed to use my retainer so I had to go back to him to get Invisalign. I thought he'd be mad but instead he was happy to see me. He didn't sugarcoat things and that made me love him even more! He was so selfless, always giving me extra items to care for my teeth and he even gave me a coffee cup. I go to get braces again tomorrow and at the same location just a different owner and I happened to randomly look up the address again and saw that he passed and burst out in tears... May you rest peacefully! You will be missed!*



Char - April 15 at 07:11 PM

KK

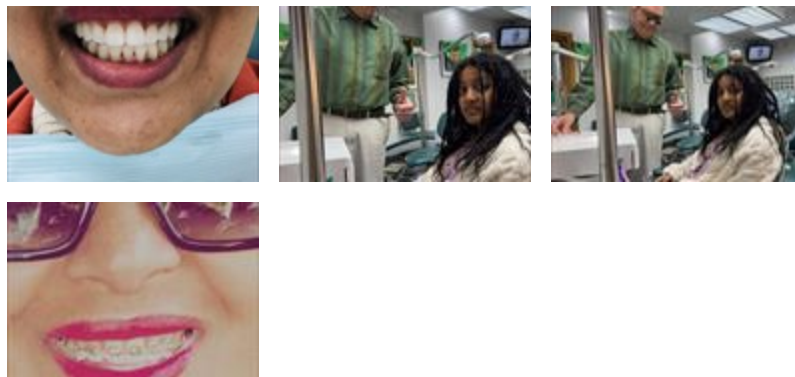
Thank you so much for sharing your story. I miss him every single day!

KAREN KARPAC - April 15 at 09:55 PM

MT

“ I don't even know what to say. I only knew he would never abandon his patients without explanation unless something truly awful had happened. I kept hoping he had simply sold his practice and moved on, but learning that he is gone is heartbreaking.

He cared for my children and for me, and his kindness, humor, and generosity left a lasting impression on our family. He was more than an orthodontist, and he will not be forgotten. My heart goes out to his loved ones and all who knew him.



Messeret Tewolde - January 06 at 08:41 AM

KK

Thank you, Messeret.

KAREN KARPAC - January 06 at 09:34 AM

KL

“ I just learned of Dr. Karpac's passing and am deeply saddened. He was the orthodontist for all three of our children. He was a very patient and brilliant man and I felt completely confident in his work. Often I would be offered some baked goods during appointments and I must say they were delicious! I also remember the famous bike ride and him telling me that he didn't miss a day of work after it. May God bless Dr. Karpac and your family!

Kerry Lucia - January 02 at 09:55 AM

KK

Thank you, Kerry.

KAREN KARPAC - January 02 at 05:27 PM



“ Dr Karpac was my daughter’s orthodontist & our whole family really enjoyed going to her appointments. When in Gahanna, we’d go to J Gumbo’s for lunch and talk a walk around creek side. In Dublin, we’d walk down the street and enjoy going to several different restaurants. He was always so kind, always smiling and friendly. He took time to calm our daughter down when she was in pain. He took his time and he was always patient. After our daughter was finished with orthodontic treatment, we were a bit sad. We missed seeing him and his staff regularly. So strange to miss going to the orthodontist, isn’t it?!? LOL. My deepest sympathies to his family, friends and coworkers. Here’s a couple photos for you.



Kelly Sells - December 12, 2025 at 08:47 PM

KK

Thank you for sharing your story and posting these great photos. I miss him more than words can say, and I’m deeply grateful to you for remembering him.

KAREN KARPAC - December 12, 2025 at 09:38 PM



“ Oh wow, I only just found out today about the passing of this great human being. I had the honor of knowing and working with Dr. Karpac at OSU, and the last time I spoke with him was just days before he passed away. My deepest condolences to his family and friends. It's a great sadness that Dr. Karpac is no longer with us. I will miss our conversations, his stories, and his spectacular photos from his trips.

Nayarith Mesa - November 28, 2025 at 12:59 PM

KK

Thank you, Nayarith!

Karen Karpac - November 28, 2025 at 01:48 PM

NR

“ This is so crazy! 1998-2001, my brother and I started seeing Dr Karpac in 5th grade. He was always so nice to us and even for a time inspired me to become a orthodontist and even let me see him work a few times behind the scenes. I looked online and happen to see he had passed as I was looking to return to him since my teeth shifted over the years :(and thought, "why don't I return to the guy who helped me first time around!!

Many blessings to Dr Karpak and his family! He was a great guy!
Over 20 years later I still think about how great he was! Praying for everyone!

Nicholas Ross - October 16, 2025 at 07:30 PM

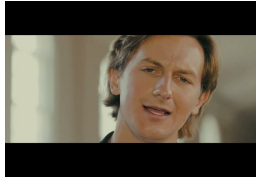
KK

Thank you, Nicholas :)

KAREN KARPAC - October 23, 2025 at 01:19 PM

KK

“ *Until I see you again....*



Karen Karpac - September 01, 2025 at 05:11 PM

KK

“ While cleaning out my parents’ home, I came across this absolute gem and tucked it away in my cupboard — one of Amanda Karpac’s cookbooks, published in 1908. Nearly every page is filled with her handwritten notes, tweaks, and modifications she made to each recipe. It’s a beautiful reminder of how much love and life can live in something as simple as a cookbook. Jim was always trying to recreate her recipes. I never got to share this book with him. I’ve thought about this all week. We assume we’ll always have more time — time to share a recipe, time to tell a story, time to master her poppy seed and nut rolls.

Jim loved to share his creations with his friends, his staff, and with me. A few years ago, he dropped a casserole off on my front porch on his way to the office. I discovered it when I went to let the dogs out. I brought it in, tucked it safely into the fridge, and smiled knowing that dinner was already taken care of. The dogs were on a mission sniffing around the front yard, but I eventually herded them back in, settled into work, and when evening came, popped his casserole into the oven and sat down to catch up on emails. I found one from Jim. It read something like this:

"Karen! I dropped off a casserole this morning. DO NOT EAT IT! The dish slipped out of my hands and landed on your driveway. I scraped up what I could, put it back in the dish, and kicked the rest into your grass. Just leave the clean dish on your porch — I'll pick it up tomorrow."



Karen Karpac - August 17, 2025 at 12:23 PM

“ Today, I can see more clearly: I am in transition—toward something completely unexpected. I have no idea where it will take me.

In our family, attending sunrise Mass every Sunday wasn't optional. Unless you had a temperature over 100 degrees or the snow was too deep for my dad to back the car out of the driveway, you were going. Late nights and hangovers never stood in his way. We were packed into the car and carted off to St. Albert the Great Church in North Royalton every single week. I wouldn't consider us religious, but it was meant to fortify us for the rough times that life would throw our way.

My brother and I went through the motions. I remember counting ceiling tiles along the rafters just to pass the time, while my brother focused on not passing out. My mother—ever the planner—converted a small Avon perfume bottle into a vessel for smelling salts, just in case he did go down. She carried it faithfully in her purse, week after week.

That rhythm of going through the motions followed me into adulthood—until everything changed when my father passed away.

It was in his absence that I first began to sense a new kind of presence. It became clear to me that those who leave us don't really leave. They stay with us, in ways seen and unseen. My dad made his presence known to me in ways that, at first, frankly, freaked me out. But that unsettling beginning gave way to something else—an awakening. It's been unfolding over the past ten years, sometimes quietly, sometimes uncomfortably, and not always easy to talk about. But those who love me have embraced it, just as I've come to embrace it myself.

I believe that when we die, we move into the next phase of our existence, carrying with us the love we've gathered in our souls. Several days after Jim passed, I made a request—I asked him to help me find beauty in what was currently happening to me. And

what is evolving in my life... I can only describe as a gift from my brother.

At his funeral, I was strongly encouraged to attend a gathering of Jim's friends on August 9th—a reunion of those from Park Hall where he lived in undergrad. I laughed and cried with them as they opened the door into their world; the one they experienced with Jim. And one by one, they encouraged me to continue posting so they could see into mine. And so, for them, I shall, for a short time more. Just a few posts here and there.

I'll end this one by telling you a little story. Several months before my mom's passing, she dug in her purse and pulled out that same bottle of smelling salts, unscrewed the lid, and lifted it to her nose as if she were inhaling the most exquisite glass of wine.

She smiled and said, "I found this lovely bottle of perfume in my purse. I know it's old, but it still smells quite fresh—and has a bit of a kick."



Karen Karpac - August 10, 2025 at 01:09 PM

BM

*BEAUTIFUL! ❤️💪🙏
Thank you for sharing!!*

Brian Miluk - August 11, 2025 at 01:54 PM

KK

Thank you, Brian :)

Karen Karpac - August 11, 2025 at 05:01 PM

KK

“ I’m still not sure how to put this day into words — but I’ll try.

On August 7th, we gathered to honor my brother Jim. He definitely would have hated the idea of a memorial service. Too many flowers, too many people and way too many emotions. But I needed it. I needed to be with all of you, hear your stories, reconnect with the remaining pieces of him and feel the impact he had. And I was thankful that many of you felt the same way

The room was absolutely packed. When I turned around and saw the sea of hands from his dental community alone, I was stunned. Who knew so many people admired his work (and tolerated his personality)? 😊 The love in that room was something I’ll never forget.

Seeing old friends, meeting new ones, hearing how Jim made people laugh, think, and occasionally roll their eyes — it was everything I didn’t know I needed. It was fabulous. Thank you to everyone who came from near and far. Your presence meant more than you’ll ever know.

I always knew this day would come... just, you know, twenty years later. Jim and I still have a few things to hash out. Don’t worry — this time I’ll do the talking, and then I’ll listen to my heart for whatever he sends back.

Thanks again for helping send Jim off in a way that even he might have secretly appreciated — but would never admit.

If any of you would like to share pictures or receive some from yesterday, please contact me by email at kkarpaccpa@aol.com. God bless all of you and take care of yourself.



Karen Karpac - August 08, 2025 at 12:23 PM

MC

*Dear Karen,
I fully support the memorial service for Jim. We know how he was. We are having a mass said for Jim the weekend after this Thanksgiving. We will be with our children, who knew Jim well. I know he would object, however, we will be going to Sausalito to have lavender martinis and share a toast to Jim. You've done a great job for Jim. Take Care.
Maryann Campbell*

Maryann Campbell - August 08, 2025 at 08:59 PM

KK

I love reading this. You sound like beautiful people that I hope to meet someday

Karen Karpac - August 08, 2025 at 09:53 PM

LC

“ Hey Dr. K,

Thank you for challenging everything. Thank you for your knack of sharing great stories. My favorite was your Centennial Diabetes Bike Ride which was designed for bikers wanting to ride various distances. Jim trained for this event in his form fitting outfit which he really liked because it made him look lean. He liked to swing by the house just to show it off! When the ride began Jim thought he would ride the 25 mile loop. As all the experienced riders passed him up he became a bit discouraged but then determined he had more gas in the tank and continued on to attempt the 50 mile loop. He was feeling really good and passed a couple riding together. After climbing a steep hill he felt he was on his way and bombed down the other side when all of a sudden he saw the biggest friggin woodchuck ever on the shoulder of the road. Jim took evasive action and pitched himself and his bike off the road into the ditch, breaking his helmet and his collarbone. The couple he'd passed earlier came up and found him in the ditch and sought to help him as he was recovering consciousness. They asked him his age and he told them he was 52 and they said "oh he's really out of it". They called for help and Jim was carted off to the hospital and patched up only finding out later that he'd landed in a patch of poison oak and acquired a bad case. That's why my family loved Jim, no matter how embarrassing the situation, he loved to tell the tale. You left your mark on all of us. Thank you Jim. Leigh Campbell

Leigh Campbell - August 07, 2025 at 01:42 PM

KK

Thank you, Leigh!

Karen Karpac - August 07, 2025 at 08:29 PM

TC

“ The last four months have been so shocking and now that you’re gone we’ll never understand. I was both stunned and heartbroken over the news of your passing. I will miss your stories (a lot of stories haha) and our days spent together, we truly were like family. It was an honor to work with you and learn so much from you. I met some pretty great people because of you, especially my twin (Tracey) that I never knew I had or needed! Also saw some pretty great places and had some very cool experiences because of you and I’ll always cherish and appreciate that!
Game day will never be the same without you... go bucks!!
You were certainly one of a kind and you will forever be missed.
And by the way, now I really don’t like how this ended.
Much love and respect Dr. Karpac, rest easy ❤️ NoE



Tracy Cothorn - August 06, 2025 at 06:17 PM

KK

Thank you, Tracy! You are in my heart always

Karen Karpac - August 06, 2025 at 07:59 PM

CL

“ We send our sincere condolences to Dr. Karpac's family and close friends.
It was our pleasure to have worked with Doc for over 20 years. May the memories you have provide peace and comfort during this difficult time.

*Kent Fowler, Susan Bratt and Staff
COOL Ortho Lab (Orthotech)*

COOL Ortho Lab - August 06, 2025 at 04:15 PM

KK

Thank you very much!

Karen Karpac - August 06, 2025 at 10:39 PM



“ *Be My Love Bouquet with Red Roses was purchased for the family of James Richard Karpac.*



August 05, 2025 at 09:48 PM



“ *A [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) was planted in honor of James Richard Karpac.*

August 05, 2025 at 09:48 PM

MC

“ *Jim started playing golf regularly with my husband, Leigh Campbell. Soon, Jim became a frequent dinner guest at our home in Muirfield Village. Sunday night dinners were always great fun ... and perhaps too muchwhen, for example, the rotisserie chickens went up in flames.*

I last saw Jim when he visited California. We had dinner on the bay in Sausalito and drank lavender martinis. The week before Jim passed, we had been messaging and planned to get together to celebrate his retirement. Our plan was not meant to be. I would like to send my condolences to Jim's family and his OSU clan. We were all blessed to know Jim. Jim was a generous person, with many talents to share. He will always be remembered and missed.

Maryann Campbell

Maryann Campbell - August 05, 2025 at 08:48 PM

KK

Thank you Maryann :)

Karen Karpac - August 05, 2025 at 09:16 PM



“ *Fiery Lily and Rose was purchased for the family of James Richard Karpac.*



August 05, 2025 at 08:29 PM



“ A [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) was planted in honor of James Richard Karpac.

August 05, 2025 at 08:29 PM

KK

“ If you made it through all of my posts, thank you for taking this journey with me. It has been an incredible experience to look back on my memories of Jim and my family. I realized how big a role these people played in our lives.

My husband pointed out that I've lost my entire immediate family over the past ten years. My dad passed away in August of 2015, my mom joined him in November 2024, and now my brother has found his way home as well. I like to believe they're all together watching over me, guiding my actions, and cheering me on.

Jim spent his time on this Earth living fully and joyfully. That chapter is now complete. And while I miss him deeply, I take comfort in knowing that now I can talk to him anytime I want.

...I'm sure he's thrilled about that!

Karen Karpac - August 05, 2025 at 08:19 PM

TC

I'm so proud of you! Hugs and prayers to you and your family!! 🤔

Tracy Cothorn - August 05, 2025 at 10:03 PM

KK

Thank you Tracy:)

Karen Karpav - August 05, 2025 at 10:15 PM

MC

Thanks for sharing your memories Karen. Never saw pictures of young Jim. The Heidi incident is classic Jim.

Maryann Campbell - August 05, 2025 at 10:38 PM

KK

I'm so glad you enjoyed it. I thought someone might :)

Karen Karpac - August 05, 2025 at 11:03 PM

SP

*Thank you for sharing your memories, Karen. I showed this to Mom. Brought back a lot of memories for us both. we got a good laugh at the baseball story. Sorry we can't be there tomorrow. But know you and your family will be in our prayers. Rest easy cousin Jim
Love Sharon & Aunt Wilma*

Sharon Pawlus - August 06, 2025 at 08:10 PM

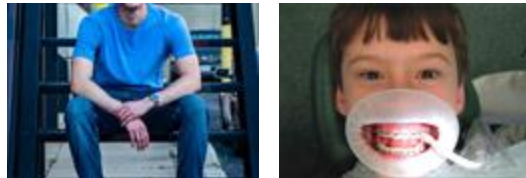
KK

Thank you, Sharon. And all my love to your family

Karen Karpac - August 06, 2025 at 10:38 PM

KK

“ *You knew this was coming! Look at that smile.*



Karen Karpac - August 05, 2025 at 08:01 PM

KK

“ And that brings us to my son, Zachary. Like all children, he entered this world with innocence, but with an incredible power to bring people together. From the very beginning, our family surrounded him with love and protection. Through him, we began to see our parents in a new light—sides of them we never noticed when we were children ourselves. It’s a beautiful thing to witness.

Jim was endlessly generous with Zachary—absolutely to a fault—but his love was steady and constant. Zack always knew that Jim was there for him, no matter what.

He was a regular at Zack’s soccer games—from the early days of rec league all the way through high school. He simply could not handle that I didn’t have a good camera to capture Zack in action, so he made sure to set me up with a fantastic set of lenses—and patiently taught me how to use them. Because of him, I now have hundreds of photos that beautifully chronicle my son’s journey through his soccer years.



Karen Karpac - August 05, 2025 at 07:57 PM

KK

“ Looking through all of our family photos has taken me right back to those moments and the stories behind them. Here we are at my wedding—I think we clean up pretty well. I especially love this one of my brother dancing with my mom. I've come to realize that she was the one woman he loved more than anyone else in his life. And because of that, a portion of his ashes will be laid to rest with my mother.



Karen Karpac - August 05, 2025 at 07:34 PM

KK

“ Meet my father’s side of the family—the Karpac crew. A strong, close-knit bunch, filled with love, tradition... and more than a few men named John. So many, in fact, that when it came time to name my brother, my parents decided to break the streak and went with James instead. (A bold move!)

We were surrounded by amazing great aunts and uncles—kind, steady presences who always made us feel at home. While there weren’t many cousins our age to play with, that didn’t matter much. The closeness of the family made up for it, and everyone adored Jim. You’ve already met Steve, another memorable character in this story. And as I go through these old photos—some of which I haven’t laid eyes on in over 40 years—I’m struck by one undeniable truth: We were deeply loved. We had a solid support system. And even in the quiet, ordinary moments, that feeling was always there.

Family has a way of wrapping around you, even years later, when you look back. And I’m so grateful for the roots we were given from my father’s side of the family. They represented true resilience, respect and unity.



Karen Karpac - August 05, 2025 at 04:28 PM

DV

“ Dublin V. planted a grove of 3 [Memorial Trees](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of James Richard Karpac.

Dublin V. - August 05, 2025 at 04:27 PM

KK

“ Meet my dad’s sister—Margaret Wach and her crew. Unfortunately, we didn’t spend a ton of time with them, mostly because she and my dad had what you might call... a dynamic sibling relationship. But when we did get together—it was always fun for Jim and me. Margaret was larger than life. A beautiful woman with a wild streak that made my dad very nervous. She had this sparkle of unpredictability, which my dad (a big fan of order and control) didn’t quite know how to work with. In fact, whenever Jim did something that pushed my dad’s buttons, the comparison was instant: “He’s just like your Aunt Margaret!” (Translation: Untamable spirit) Truth is people like Margaret and Jim kept things interesting. You never knew what was coming next—but you could be sure it wouldn’t be boring.



Karen Karpac - August 05, 2025 at 04:14 PM

KK

“ Meet my mom's side of the family. My Aunt Wilma and Uncle Norbert—my mom's sister and her husband. We had many get togethers with their family growing up and it was always highly anticipated by my brother and me. Although if it involved a picnic, my dad had one rule he repeated every time: “Do not eat the potato salad if it's been sitting in the sun.” Now, if you compared our two families, it was obvious: The Ebner's were the fun family. Their house was full of laughter, noise, and at least one cousin doing something mildly dangerous in the name of “fun.” We all have those unforgettable moments in life—the ones you can replay in your mind like it happened yesterday. For my brother Jim, one of those moments happened at the Ebner's house... during the holidays... with all of our cousins in front of the TV... watching THE game. You know the one—when NBC decided to cut away from the final moments of the New York Jets vs. Oakland Raiders football game to air the movie “Heidi.” Jim was furious. He just sat in silence, staring out the window on the way home repeating the word “Heidi”. Through the years we have lost several of these cherished loved ones but gained quite a few more. Thankfully my Aunt Wilma is still with us, and she has become a very important part of my healing on this journey.



Karen Karpac - August 05, 2025 at 03:55 PM

KK

“ And so, my brother sets off to forge his own path in the world, bravely stepping out from the chaotic embrace of our family.

Cut to me, a few weeks into my freshman year at Ohio State, still figuring out how to do laundry and getting to know my dorm mates. I pick up a copy of The Lantern, OSU's student newspaper, and there he is. Front page. My brother. I came here to start my journey, and somehow, he's already famous. Classic Jim. In a comforting way, I realized I was now physically close to him again.



Karen Karpac - August 05, 2025 at 01:35 PM

AC

“ I am so sorry to hear about the passing of Dr. Karpac and I send my condolences to his loved ones. My name is Dr. Alan Carlotto and I was an orthodontic resident at OSU and Dr. Karpac was one of our faculty. Residency is a busy and challenging time but we all benefited from great educators who gave their time to help us learn, including Dr. Karpac. The thing I remember and appreciate the most about Dr. Karpac is that he brought life and fun to our clinic. When things got stressful, not only would he teach us something of value, but he'd tell a joke along the way to lighten everyone's moods and made our training so much more fun when he was present. I'll always be grateful for that.

Alan Carlotto - August 05, 2025 at 12:16 PM

KK

Thank you Alan :)

Karen Karpac - August 05, 2025 at 01:04 PM

TF

“ Dr. Karpac was great in his profession, very personable and turned my two kids smiles into confidence. They hid their smiles and now their smiles are so bright. I'm forever grateful to him and his staff. He will be greatly missed. Our deepest condolences to his friends, family and staff.

The Dollmatsch Family - August 05, 2025 at 11:56 AM

KK

Thank you Dollmatsch Family :)

Karen Karpac - August 05, 2025 at 01:04 PM

KK

“ And just like that, I waved goodbye to Jim as he headed off to college. Our home felt empty without him. His energy had left with him. While the quiet was peaceful, it felt as if the life had drained from our house. Somehow, I feel that way now.



Karen Karpac - August 04, 2025 at 08:27 PM



Karen, Thank you for posting all your memories from your childhood with Jim. I was and RA in Steeb Hall with him back in 1976-78. You could feel his energy when he walked in a room. So sorry for your loss.

Marianne Gorby - August 04, 2025 at 09:16 PM

KK

Thank you, Marianne :)

Karen Karpac - August 05, 2025 at 11:51 AM

KK

“ Jim was a gifted musician. He played the clarinet, saxophone and the organ. He practiced every day after school, and in the summer, he'd rise before the rest of us with absolutely no regard for those of us still sleeping.

He performed for our family, volunteered at nursing homes, and was even selected to play in the prestigious All-Ohio Boys Band throughout high school—a gathering of elite young musicians who performed at the Ohio State Fair. He also moonlighted in a polka band.

Then came *The Incident*.

One night, after returning from a gig, Jim quietly knocked on my parent's door to let them know something was wrong with the car. Then off to bed.

The next morning, everyone piled into my dad's Chevy Impala for church. We drove through the streets of North Royalton as the car roared and rattled. My dad said nothing. I knew this was not going to be a good day for my brother.

We returned home to find our neighbor in the driveway. He had attended the same event as Jim the night before. Apparently, Jim had accidentally driven over a concrete parking bumper that had a metal rod sticking out of it. And in the process of freeing the car, he had ripped off the entire muffler.



Karen Karpac - August 04, 2025 at 08:19 PM

KK

“ Anyone who knows Jim knows that Jack Frost Donuts in Cleveland, Ohio, is the stuff of legend. Back then, the shop was only open a few hours a day. Lines would stretch around the block like people were waiting for concert tickets—and we’d be praying our favorites were still there by the time we made it to the counter.

One day, my dad purchased a dozen fresh glazed donuts—a sacred offering in our house. He opened the box and found half of them were gone. He didn’t say a word and went full detective mode looking for Jim.

He found him in the bathroom, curled over the toilet like a boy who’d just lost a fight with his own appetite. No words needed. My dad shut the door, walked away, and figured the universe had already delivered justice.



Karen Karpac - August 04, 2025 at 07:13 PM

KK

“ One summer, Jim began angling for a motorcycle. My dad wasn't exactly thrilled about the idea, so he made Jim a deal: if he got straight A's all year, he'd buy him a bike—figuring Jim would never pull it off.

Jim nailed those grades, and true to his word, my dad bought him a candy apple red trail bike. Only... he didn't stop there. He drafted up a contract with 10 strict rules, promising that if Jim broke even one, the bike would be sold. One of those rules? Every time Jim rode the bike, he had to clean it off before parking it in the garage. One day Jim parked his mud-covered bike in the garage. The next morning, it was listed for sale.



Karen Karpac - August 04, 2025 at 05:01 PM

KK

“ He always knew :)



Karen Karpac - August 04, 2025 at 04:49 PM

KK

“ Looking to get some practice in before the big game, my brother decided to pitch to me. I was beyond excited! He lobbed one in, I swung with all my might, and I actually hit it! As I tore around the bases like a little league legend in the making, something else tore loose. I was joyfully farting the whole way.

My brother stopped mid-play, whipped off his glove in complete disgust, and stormed inside in full dramatic protest. I went running after him, yelling, “I’m sorry! I won’t do it again, I promise! Please come back!”

The glove survived. Our sibling baseball career did not.



Karen Karpac - August 04, 2025 at 04:45 PM

KK

“Private pool. Exclusive access. No paparazzi (just Mom with the camera).” 📷✨



Karen Karpac - August 04, 2025 at 04:24 PM

KK

“Hood up. Game face on. Teddy secured. We ride at dawn.” ✂



Karen Karpac - August 04, 2025 at 04:20 PM

KK

“Hmm... if I charge \$6,500 a pop, see 12 patients a week, take 4 weeks off a year... that's \$748,000 annually. By 30, I'll be retired or on a yacht called 'Brace Yourself.' 🦷📝 #ToothTycoon #TinyBracketsBigBags”



Karen Karpac - August 04, 2025 at 04:14 PM

KK

“Yes, he did get the Red Ryder Carbine Action 200-shot Range Model Air Rifle and he did not shoot his eye out.”



Karen Karpac - August 04, 2025 at 04:05 PM

KK

“ This next series of pictures were the best I could do to find something we engaged in together. There’s Jim—8 years old and already taking charge—pulling me on a sled like a tiny boss. Then there’s us gearing up for a game of badminton. Spoiler alert: it did not go well. (Let’s just say hand-eye coordination wasn’t my strong suit... and Jim was already competitive.) Next, I found one of us coloring Styrofoam Easter eggs. And the last one quite possibly required alcohol. With five years between us, he was always the big brother: older, faster, stronger, larger than life—and I relished any attention he threw my way.



Karen Karpac - August 04, 2025 at 03:17 PM

KK

“ Steve Karpac was our great uncle, though he was so close in age to my father that the two of them grew up more like brothers—partners in crime, always getting into a bit of mischief. During World War II, Steve served in the U.S. Navy as part of the gun crew. He worked deep in the belly of the ship, loading ammunition and keeping the big guns firing—a job that was as dangerous as it was vital. After his service, Steve found peace and joy in the outdoors. He loved fishing, hunting, bowling, and especially golf. In fact, it was Uncle Steve who introduced my brother Jim to the game. Many summer Saturdays, he’d take Jim to Ridgewood Golf Course in Parma, Ohio, teaching him not just how to swing a club, but how to love the game—its patience, precision, and quiet challenge. This photo was taken in Steve’s basement, where just behind the camera, the walls were lined with mounted animal heads—a quiet testament to a life lived boldly, with bravery, humor, and heart.



Karen Karpac - August 04, 2025 at 02:46 PM

KK

“*John and Amanda Karpac came to America from Slovakia and Hungary, bringing with them rich traditions, resilience, and incredible recipes. My great-grandmother, Sophia Stotter, was the head chef at a restaurant in Cleveland—and she passed her culinary talents down to my grandmother, Amanda. Her cooking was legendary. My brother would practically fast all day before heading to their house for dinner, just so he could savor every bite. He didn’t nibble—he devoured. I truly believe it was her cooking, and the love she poured into it, that sparked his lifelong passion for food. She wasn’t just feeding him—she was inspiring him.*”



Karen Karpac - August 04, 2025 at 12:29 PM

KK

“ Otto and Mary Backeberg had humble beginnings and big hearts. Mary was born in Hungary and came to the United States as an infant. Otto left Germany at just 18 years old, with only \$50 in his pocket and a dream of building a better life. Mary worked hard at a foundry, and Otto became a skilled denture technician. It was in Otto’s modest lab that something special began—because for as long as I can remember, Jim wanted to be a dentist. And Otto? He was the spark. He welcomed Jim into his world, showed him the tools of the trade, and unknowingly opened the door to a lifelong passion. This is the man who started it all. Near his death, when his health was failing, my brother leaned over his body and told Otto that he was starting dental school and asked if he understood. That was the only time I saw my grandfather cry.



Karen Karpac - August 04, 2025 at 11:26 AM

KK

“ James Richard Karpac arrives on the scene October 4, 1956. The average family earned \$4,800. Gasoline per gallon cost \$0.22, a loaf of bread, \$0.12, monthly rent was \$36, the purchase price of a home \$11,000, and a new car \$1,900. Popular songs at the time were *Whatever Will Be Will Be* by Doris Day and *Hound Dog* by Elvis Presley.



Karen Karpac - August 04, 2025 at 09:25 AM

KK

“ Let’s start here—with two people who, on that day, believed joining their lives together was a great idea. Both born during the Great Depression to German, Hungarian, and Slovakian immigrant families, they came together with hope, grit, and big intentions. Were mistakes made along the way? Certainly. One ruled with an iron fist, the other softened the edges. My father always insisted on being the conductor—but my brother was determined to form his own band. Sometimes it takes having your own children to truly understand how difficult parenting can be. Sadly, Jim never got that chance. Still, they did their best. We were loved. We never went without. And we always knew—through every struggle—that they wanted more for us than they had for themselves.



Karen Karpac - August 04, 2025 at 09:12 AM

TN

“ I’m Tracey, who had been assisting for Jim for 28 years, until he sold the practice 4 months ago! I’m seriously shaken by his passing—what a loss. He taught me so much, he was an amazing teacher. He was always so good to me and my family. If it wasn’t Buckeye football tickets it was a concert or just something he cooked too much of, or maybe letting me bring home his new convertible. Those AAO meetings and Christmas parties were something else, and because of him I traveled to some pretty cool places! Great memories! I’d say our relationship was love-hate, mainly because I spent way more time with him than my husband. I know all of his stories, it was always pure entertainment! Jim, you will be missed by so many and by myself! I forgive you! Rest easy, Karpac!

Tracey Napier - August 03, 2025 at 08:35 PM

KK

This is beautiful, Tracey

Karen Karpac - August 05, 2025 at 11:55 AM

KK

“*Hi everyone, this is Karen and I'm Jim's sister. His passing came as a complete surprise to me in so many ways. As with any loss, we find ourselves reflecting on the memories we shared. In the days ahead, I'd like to take you on that journey—sharing with you the story behind the man you knew. Through photos, the way Jim would've wanted, I hope to make you laugh, smile, and remember. These moments capture not only his life, but the family and love that surrounded him. Please continue to check back as I post in the coming days.*

Karen Karpac - August 03, 2025 at 01:36 PM

CC

Friend of Packy from undergrad college at OSU. So sad to hear this- he was such a part of our college life.

Cathy Collins - August 03, 2025 at 02:06 PM

KK

Thank you, Cathy :)

Karen Karpac - August 05, 2025 at 11:53 AM

CL

*WE called him Papa Pacs...he was a legend at Psi O and the dental school....my heart is broken....
Cathy labate*

cathleen labate - August 06, 2025 at 02:10 PM

KK

Thank you Cathleen!

Karen Karpac - August 06, 2025 at 10:22 PM

TK

“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



Tim Knox - August 03, 2025 at 08:35 AM

CM

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Chris Mitko - August 02, 2025 at 08:38 PM