



Jeffrey Hugh Koenig

SEP 20, 1950 - NOV 27, 2021



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Jeffrey Hugh Koenig, a lifelong lover of laughter and adamant believer in the value of relationships, both personal and professional, died November 27, 2021, at his home in Gambrills, Maryland.

Jeff is survived by his wife, Diane Pierce Koenig; son Ross Koenig and daughter-in-law Tina Koenig; sister Karen Koenig Blose and brother-in-law Jay Blose; and sister-in-law Patricia Yeager and her husband Kent Yeager.

Jeff was born September 20, 1950, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to Newton Koenig and Bella Kass Koenig. He attended high school in Poughkeepsie, New York, where he was an academic and debate team standout. He graduated from Johns Hopkins University in 1972 with a Bachelor of Arts degree in social and behavioral sciences with a concentration in urban geography and statistics. Although his pre-med ambitions ended with his introductory chemistry course (as he would often relate humorously), his experiences at Hopkins, both as a brother in the Phi Epsilon Pi fraternity and as a 'die-hard' fan of Blue Jay lacrosse, were highlights of his life. Following graduation, Jeff began his professional career in the Planning Department of Calhoun County, Michigan, where he initiated its economic development plan. While there, he volunteered to revitalize the public access television planning program, rebranding it "Plandemonium" and serving as its host. He then became Director of Economic Development. In this role, he traveled often with local dignitaries to Japan and other countries, successfully luring businesses to the area.

In 1978, he accepted the position of Director of Economic Development for Anne Arundel County, where he completed several trips to foster relationships with companies throughout Japan and Europe. He stated he preferred people to view him as "an investment broker who sells stock in Anne Arundel County." Jeff then moved into commercial real estate development, working several years for Merritt Properties during the early days of the company's operations. Jeff then finished his professional career at his alma mater, Johns Hopkins University, where for 22 years he coordinated a wide range of real estate initiatives as the university grew its footprint within the city of Baltimore and other areas where the University opened additional campuses.



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After years of tireless service, he happily retired in 2017, though he never tired of reminiscing about the deals and people he met along the way.

Throughout his career, he was an active member and presenter at the professional organizations of SIOR (Society of Industrial and Office Realtors), NAIOP (Commercial Real Estate Development Association), and AUREO (Association of University Real Estate Officials).

Jeff and Diane met in Battle Creek, Michigan, where they were married in 1977. Their son Ross was born at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Maryland. (And Jeff was big brother to younger sister, Karen, her entire life.)

We were so fortunate to have known Jeff. A devoted husband, proud father, supportive brother, hilarious golf buddy, and enduring friend and colleague to many. Jeff will be remembered for his sense of humor – he would find levity in any situation to the delight of all that surrounded him, regularly quoting his comedic idols that included, but were certainly not limited to, Groucho Marx and Johnny Carson.

Jeff was a passionate sports fan. Jeff faithfully cheered on his beloved Johns Hopkins Blue Jays lacrosse team from “his midfield seats” at Homewood field every Saturday for decades. Jeff was also an avid supporter of all sports at Northwestern University [his son’s alma mater] and rabid fan of Duke Basketball, which he shared with his sister. An early adopter of fantasy sports, his love for baseball and football was enriched by his love of the statistics that the games produced. Most importantly, he enjoyed the comradery that stemmed from being in leagues with his friends.

Jeff was an avid music lover. He took great pride in his extensive vinyl and (eventually) CD collection as well as his impressive record of live concert attendance. He’d often recall the joy of attending more than 15 Bruce Springsteen concerts (several with his sister Karen), in addition to 2 or 3 “farewell” tours “each” of rock and roll legends such as The Who, the Pretenders, and the Rolling Stones. Jeff also enjoyed live theater and was a regular audience member of both musical and drama productions.

A memorial service for Jeff will be held at Lasting Tributes, 814 Bestgate Road, Annapolis, Maryland, on Saturday, December 18. Visitation will begin at 1:30, followed by an informal service at 3:00 during which we ask friends and family to share their favorite stories about Jeff.



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While Jeff has left this life, we recall one of his favorite sayings with a smile:
“Wherever you go . . . there you are.”

Memorial gifts may be directed as follows:

Online:

<https://secure.jhu.edu/form/hematol>

For gift designation: click “Other” in drop down menu and enter Dr. Michael Streiff & Claire Logue, RN

Then at SIGN IN, click GUEST – Click the option “In memory of” and note Jeff Koenig

Checks: Written to JHU, noting “In memory of Jeff Koenig/Dr. Streiff & Claire Logue, RN”

Address:

Anne Kennan Taylor

Fund for Johns Hopkins Medicine

Department of Medicine, Johns Hopkins University and Medicine

Attn: Department of Medicine/Hematology-Dr. Mike Streiff & Claire Logue, RN

PO Box 49143

Baltimore, MD 21297-9143



Tribute Wall

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Lee Amsler posted:

Jeff and I first met freshman year at Hopkins as new residents of Baker House. We became close friends over the next 4 years as roommates sharing off campus housing rentals and as brothers in the Phi Epsilon Pi fraternity. Our friendship grew out of many shared interests... comedy, music, good food, sports, classic game shows and sit-coms and spontaneous adventures. Jeff and I attended one of Bruce Springsteen's first concerts at the then Capitol Center in MD and one of the last Doors concerts (with opening act Sha-Na-Na) in Columbia MD. We spent many hours with countless adventures and memories in my distinctive school bus yellow 1954 Chevy Bel-Air sedan. After the cars demise, I went shopping for my first new car and naturally Jeff wanted to come along and share in the experience. I chose a new yellow Porsche 914 mid-engine model (basically a glorified Karman Ghia, and the cheaper Porsche sports car version of its signature models). When I finished completing the sale, Jeff decided he wanted to share in the fun as well... so without hesitation he purchased his own new Porsche 914 in Orange. Unfortunately, in the heat of the moment, Jeff failed to remember that he didn't know how to drive a manual transmission! Yes, he bought the car, but couldn't drive it off the lot. So, I gave Jeff driving lessons right on the lot. We eventually were able to drive away without incident. We enjoyed solving the daily word jumble in the newspaper each day. After I graduated medical school from Georgetown in 1979, I travelled to the NW to Seattle (the other WA) where I completed my post graduate training and practiced Cardiology. Despite our geographic separation, we remained close friends. Every 5 years I travelled back to Hopkins for our alumni celebration and enjoyed spending time with Jeff, Diane and Ross. Each of our sons were the same age and Mitchell and I enjoyed sharing father and son times at Hopkins homecoming games with Jeff and Ross at the alumni reunions. Whenever I travelled back east, they were always gracious hosts and always "left a light on for me" to crash at their home. We would spend many late nights watching classic game shows and sitcoms and reminiscing our times at Hopkins. We would go many months without communicating. Then I would hear or read something that reminded me of Jeff. When I picked up the phone and called, he always had time to talk with me. This is the definition of a true friendship... one that transcends time or distance. I will miss you very much.

December 18 at 12:14 PM



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BC

Buddy Cleveland posted:

I met Jeff my first day at Hopkins. My roommate Dixon and I had the good fortune to live right next door to Jeff and Steve on the first floor of Baker House. To this day (and at our age), I can still recall so many great memories from our year in Baker House -- water battles, poker games in Jeff's room, Cotter playing In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida at full blast every night, Nadja in the snack bar, trips in Lee's yellow Chevy down to DC -- along with our ringmaster John Halperin -- to drink until we got thrown out of Good Guys, and when we burned our 2nd semester Chemistry books in the quad in front of Baker House (which marked the official end of Jeff's pre-Med career). But I also have many personal memories of Jeff in the time we shared together. As often happens, we didn't stay in touch as often as intended after graduation except for occasional Orioles opening day game. I do remember being in Michigan for business and driving out to Battle Creek to see Jeff and meeting Diane for the first time. After my divorce and started dating my wife Sandy, we reconnected with Jeff and Diane and we asked them to be our Best Man and Maid of Honor for our wedding. In more recent times, it seemed we only got together every 5 years for the Homecoming Game. However, when we did get together we all seemed to pick up right where we left off, as if we just saw each other last week. Homecoming won't be the same this year but I'm sure we'll share many fond and funny memories of our good times with Jeff. He is sorely missed but so affectionately remembered.- Buddy Cleveland

December 18 at 10:47 AM

HA

Howard Adler posted:

Jeffrey was my friend. We went to Hopkins lacrosse games together for over twenty years, usually preceded by brunch at Gertrude's restaurant in the Baltimore Art Museum. I usually arrived a little early and watched Jeffrey walk in with his head cocked and his usual ironic smile. He always had stories about Diane or Ross to share. He loved them both very much, was a devoted husband and father, and was so very proud of all of Ross' achievements . He always had a funny story about Hopkins, Baltimore or the world. Jeffrey could have been a comedian, of course. His style tended to follow that of his idol, Groucho Marx, quick, spontaneous, witty one liners. With his moustache, he even resembled Groucho. One example of his humor was his suggestion to change Hopkins' name to Rons Hopkins after Ron Daniels was appointed President and his good friend Ron Peterson ran the hospital. Jeff was my fraternity brother in college and on the debate team with me. I remember a debating trip to Montreal where we had such a good time, we decided to stay for an extra three weeks with people we met at McGill University, blowing off our classes. I remember that Jeffrey became extremely fond of an ungodly cocktail called a grasshopper and imbibed many of them. I am very sad that I will never see Jeffrey walk into Gertrude's again or be able to talk Hopkins lacrosse with him. I miss him very much. He was a wonderful man.

December 18 at 5:12 AM



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SA

Steven Antinelli posted:

We were computer-matched as freshman roommates, you know, and Hopkins assured us that we were entirely compatible, although you probably couldn't find two kids more unlike. He was chubby, work thick glasses, played the violin and was a bit of a Mama's boy, I thought. He listened to Yehudi Menuhin (accent on the first syllable, thank you very much.) while I, well, I liked a good time, drank beer with my cousin Jim at Fort Holobird, and listened to the Beach Boys and the blues. Neither thought that we would finish the year as roomies and that the only computer who could have matched us was HAL from 2001, just before he descended into psychosis, killed Frank Poole and tried to kill Dave Bowman. (HAL? Open the pod bay door, HAL.) And yet, the computer must have sensed something, because we were friends for over 50 years, and I suspect that aside from his sister, Karen, I have known him longer than anybody. I am so pleased that my wife, Patsy, and I got to spend a long weekend with Jeff and Diane in the spring of 2019, while Ross and Tina were in town, as well, so that we could celebrate the 50th anniversary of the demise of our pre-med careers. (We bagged the 3rd part of a 3-part chem lab and headed for the Orioles game with the Red Sox, I think, at the old stadium.) We caught a ballgame, had brunch and crabs and beer and just enjoyed one another's company, as we always did. He was the glue that held us all together, we Baker House boys and Phi Ep brothers, and he seemed to always know who was up to what. So, yes, Jeffrey (he claimed that I was the only one who still called him Jeffrey) in the words of Buckaroo Banzai, "No matter where you go, there you are." and I'm sure that wherever you are now, you're enjoying yourself, have discovered the best restaurants, (and made friends with the owners) swapped jokes with Groucho and Johnny and answered questions from Alex Trebek, always in the form of a question, of course. But for the rest of us, I'm going to quote a line from another of your favorite artists, Bruce Springsteen."Show a little faith, there's magic in the night."I'm going to miss you terribly.Steve

December 13 at 12:56 PM

BM

Bob Manekin posted:

I had worked with Jeff for years and it was always a treat. You never knew what he would say, or how long he would take to say it. However, the one thing I remember most was a day in 2012. Jeff called me to say impressed he was by my son's presentation as a marketing rep for COPT. Apparently, Hopkins had been on tour and visited one of Jonathan's properties. Jeff didn't have to call me; most other people wouldn't have bothered. But it was classic Jeff - taking the time to give thoughtful - and appreciated - feedback. I shall always remember him fondly as the consummate professional, dedicated husband and father, and totally obsessive Hopkins lacrosse fan.

December 16 at 4:33 AM



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Ed Prochownik posted:

I met Jeff within a day of arriving at Johns Hopkins at the end of the summer of 1968. He lived directly across the hall from me so, naturally, he and a number of other "Baker House denizens" quickly became life-long friends. Reunions were always filled with hilarity, sharing of memories and good food. He was one of the funniest people I have ever met while at the same time being warm, caring and generous. He will be sorely missed but will always be part of me. Ed Prochownik

December 16 at 3:46 AM



Sandy Goldberg posted:

I worked with Jeff at Merritt Properties, and enjoyed many discussions with him. So sorry for your loss. Sandy Goldberg

December 13 at 12:56 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Jeffrey by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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