



Steven Sartain

APR 6, 2010



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STEVEN A. SARTAIN, age 56; beloved husband of Marcia (nee Kropf); loving father of Amanda, Daniel, and Christopher; dear brother of Elizabeth Vasquez; dear brother-in-law and uncle of many.

U.S. Air Force Veteran.

Friends may call at GOLUBSKI DELIBERATO FUNERAL HOME, 4747 Turney Rd. corner of Garfield Blvd. where a Memorial Service will be held on Saturday, April 10, 2010 at 2:00pm.

MEMORIAL GATHERING SATURDAY 11AM-2PM (UNTIL TIME OF SERVICE).

Online condolences may be submitted at GDFH.net.



Tribute Wall

Steven Sartain



Anonymous posted:

DEAR MARCIA AND CHILDREN SO VERY SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND AND FATHER, I WISH WE COULD HAVE HAD TIME TO SPEND WITH ALL OF YOU BUT I GUESS THATS PART OF REGRETS WE FEEL AT TIMES LIKE THIS, MY THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS ARE WITH YOU AS YOU TRANSITION THROUGH THESE TOUGH WEEKS. COUSIN LINDA SARTAIN LUNATO

April 9 at 8:00 PM



Stan Sartain And Family posted:

Marcia and family: We are sorry to hear of your loss. You are in our thoughts during this difficult time. Your cousin Stan, Mary, Laura, and Nicholas Sartain.

April 8 at 8:00 PM



Keith Sartain posted:

Marcia and children, My deepest sympathy to all of you. I wish we would have had more time for the families to get to know each other more and spent more time with each other. It was a couple years ago when Steve and the kids stopped by for the 4th of July and it's sad that we had to find out that Steve has passed away. I am thinking about you and love all of you! Your cousin Keith...

April 8 at 8:00 PM



Ed Byler posted:

Marcia, Our thoughts and prayers are with you and your family during this time of grief. Ed Byler

April 8 at 8:00 PM



Pam Lindeman posted:

Marcia and Family, My thoughts and prayers are with you in your time of grief. May your memories bring you comfort. If there is anything you need, please don't hesitate to call me. I found this poem, and I thought it would give you some comfort during this time. Love ya, Pam Lindeman To my dearest family, some things I'd like to say... but first of all, to let you know, that I arrived okay. I'm writing this from heaven. Here I dwell with God above. Here, there's no more tears of sadness; here is just eternal love. Please do not be unhappy just because I'm out of sight. Remember that I'm with you every morning, noon and night. That day I had to leave you when my life on earth was through, God picked me up and hugged me and He said, "I welcome you." It's good to have you back again; you were missed while you were gone. As for your dearest family, they'll be here later on. I need you here badly; you're part of my plan. There's so much that we have to do, to help our mortal man. God gave me a list of things, that he wished for me to do. And foremost on the list, was to watch and care for you. And when you lie in bed at night, the day's chores put to flight. God and I are closest to you....in the middle of the night. When you think of my life on earth, and all those loving years because you are only human, they are bound to bring you tears. But do not be afraid to cry; it does relieve the pain. Remember there would be no flowers, unless there was some rain. I wish that I could tell you all that God has planned. But if I were to tell you, you wouldn't understand. But one thing is for certain, though my life on earth is over. I'm closer to you now, than I ever was before. There are many rocky roads ahead of you and many hills to climb; but together we can do it by taking one day at a time. It was always my philosophy and I'd like it for you too... that as you give unto the world, the world will give to you. If you can help somebody who's in sorrow and pain, then you can say to God at night....."My day was not in vain." And now I am contented....that my life has been worthwhile, knowing as I passed along the way, I made somebody smile. So if you meet somebody who is sad and feeling low, just lend a hand to pick him up, as on your way you go. When you're walking down the street, and you've got me on your mind; I'm walking in your footsteps only half a step behind. And when it's time for you to go.... from that body to be free, remember you're not going.....you're coming here to me.

April 7 at 8:00 PM



Memories only last if you share them

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



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