



Stanley A. Szostek Jr.

April 5, 1919 - February 3, 2019

Stanley A. Szostek Jr., Age 99, of Valparaiso, IN passed away on Sunday, February 3, 2019 in Valparaiso, IN. Stanley was born in Gary, IN on April 5, 1919 to Stanley A. and Mary (Rozkiewicz) Szostek.

Stanley is survived by his son, Stanley A. (wife, Pat) Szostek III of Valparaiso, IN; daughter, Jo Ann Szostek Nellessen of Porter, IN; grandchildren, Stacia Szostek, Shaine Trupkovich, Shanin (Vinnie) Ciecierski and Adam (Maliani) Nellessen; great grandchildren, Zain, Mason, Eleanor, Benicio and Britain and brother, Walter (Marie) Szostek of Hobart, IN and many nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his parents; wife, Catherine Manhart Szostek; 5 brothers and 4 sisters.

Stanley was a WWII Army Veteran and a member of the Portage VFW. He retired from US Steel in Gary, IN. Stanley loved bowling and was still enjoying his favorite hobby up until age 97.

Funeral Services will be held on Friday, February 8, 2019 at 11:00 am at Edmonds & Evans Funeral Home Portage Chapel, 6941 Central Ave., Portage, IN. Burial will follow at McCool Cemetery in Portage, IN. Visitation will be held on Thursday, February 7th from 4:00 pm until 8:00 pm at the funeral home.

Cemetery

McCool Cemetery
2700 McCool Road
Portage, IN, 46368

Events

FEB **Visitation** 04:00PM - 08:00PM
7

Portage Chapel
6941 Central Avenue, Portage, IN, US, 46368

FEB **Service** 11:00AM
8

Portage Chapel
6941 Central Avenue, Portage, IN, US, 46368

Comments



“ Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum was purchased for the family of Stanley A. Szostek Jr..



February 07 at 08:24 AM



“ To Dad, When I was young and you were messing around the house, you may of thought I wasn't paying attention but I was. When I was 8 in 2nd grade the class made a display of the solar system. We painted a big box to put planets in. I told my teacher when you paint you paint the unpainted area and go back towards where you already had painted. You taught me that. You took me to the hardware store. Came home with black & silver paint. We used that paint to paint your rusted 53 chevy you drove to work black with silver bumpers. That is when you showed me how to paint. One day you were practicing horse shoes. You talked me into playing, beat me 4 or 5 games 11 to 0. I said that I had had enough. Then you talked me into playing while you threw left handed. I only lost 3 tines before giving up. Thats when you taught me how to throw a shoe You would play catch when I was in little league. Thats when you taught me how to throw a knuckle ball. I thank you for all you taught me some I still do or use even today. When you moved in with Pat and me you started to forget how to do things. It was now my turn to reteach you how things worked. I am glad I have had the last 8 years of your life spent in our house. That I could take care of you. Make you safe. Take you bowling, meet your friends. Toward the end I would walk with you for sometimes hours when you shook so bad you couldn't sit or stand still. We made many circles around the living room. When you got so bad towards the end and I couldn't make the pain go away, no pill would help, nothing I could do to help, I made sure you went where someone could. I thank them for that. So pop, one last time I will tuck you in tell you everything is all right, you don't have to worry. I will kiss your forehead tell you I love you and wish you goodnight. your loving son.....

Stanley Szostek III - February 05 at 07:35 AM