



Samuel J. Easky

February 28, 1973 - January 29, 2018

Family conducted memorial service planned for a later date

Tribute Wall



“ *Samuel J. Easky*

October 23, 2023 at 09:38 AM

KA

“ Weird that this wall is empty.

Sam, you were my best friend. We kind of reached a new platou on denison street didn't we. We weren't really on our own, but we were. We had a safety net that was our parents. And coming from Pryor where family that weren't blood related made your door a revolving one, and we didn't worry one bit if everyone that lived there was home, and someone came strolling through the door downstairs. If they didn't knock we knew it was someone we considered family. They would come by just to visit with their goodies, and be on their way if they didn't need a couch for the night.

Everything felt so safe then, I mean I knew aside from your children I was the safest person in that house. I reached my own platou there. You letting me have my own experiences without hovering over my shoulder, yet I knew you weren't too far away when and if I needed you. Our best conversations were had listening to our music, having good friends, that were family around. Eight conversations going with only six people in the room. And yeah as that comfortable chaos was happening I saw you lean back look around, and sigh a happy sigh with that guitar in your arms. You truly created a space where lost souls could hang around and be who they are. Truly.

Then things just kind of fell apart, we were lost for awhile. But I think you created somewhat of the atmosphere similar to the one you had such ease having back in Pryor.

We made friends that I didn't know I'd have still to this day. I'm not sure why I'm writing here, I just kind of wanted to talk to you, since I haven't yet, even after all this time I don't think I could wrap it around my head you were gone. Are gone. It really hurts, you know. You weren't supposed to leave so soon.

Thank you though. Thank you for always being there even when I didn't know I needed someone to lean on, me being a very private suffer alone kind of person. I know you had no choice and wanted to

throw me in the trash when I was born, but thank you for being my brother while you could. You are one to look up to for me. Even if your values, opinions, and perception of things went against the grain, if you believed in it, then you stood by it. Not too many people can say they're that way. You taught me that. I may not know, or have a lot of opinions about many things I probably should, but the things I am passionate about, and believe in my heart, I do so with all of me, even if it's not a popular opinion.

Aside from mom and dad, you were a safe place, a shelter. And it may be silly, but safe spaces mean a lot to me, being what I have been through. So really all I wanted to say, and thankfully had the chance to tell you more than once while you were here to see it, thank you for everything you've done for me. You won't ever be too far from my thoughts and you will never leave my heart. Love you.

Only you will know what this meant to me.

*"Now when the night is done, and most people gone home
and you're surrounded by your friends, with them your never alone.
Gather in a circle and fire up a fat cone
and if you hit it right, you'll be gettin stoned all night long.
Favorite song on the radio playin'
and your family's all around you if you know what I'm sayin.
The feeling's tight, with lots of smoke in the air, you're just bein
yourself
cuz good times is true wealth."*

Kaseee - July 24, 2022 at 07:03 AM