



James J. Lutsko

December 23, 1939 - April 29, 2012

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(No Obituary Text Available)

Tribute Wall

KP

“ I would like to start by pointing out the obvious, this is a guestbook to leave memorable comments about the DECEASED, speak of your remorse and offer condolence to the family, biological or not. This is not Facebook or any other gossip site meant for throwing jabs or insults so please leave those comments to other internet sites or perhaps private emails to the person that it is meant for. I'm sure that Jim would be very disappointed to know that his family, again biological or not, are speaking this way during the time of his passing. I'm sure it must be painful for his biological family to hear about the fun times and the great memories that Papa Jim shared with Nana's family but in honor of his life and death we will not keep these special times to ourselves. He spent over 30 years of his life with us, was married to my Nana twice as long as his first wife and whether anyone wants to believe it or not, the change in plans to bury Jim in FL was not an easy one for her and was not made until the day of his funeral. I personally did not find out until I was at the funeral on Wednesday that he was no longer being flown to PA. Nana was battling with the thoughts of Jim's original plan to be buried next to his first wife or burying him here, where he will always be visited by family that has always loved and cared for him and were always by his side through thick and thin for the last 30 years. Her decision was in no way spiteful or vindictive towards Jim's children, it was decision based on love. If she would have flown him to PA there would have been a short ceremony then when it was over that would be the end for Jim. We will miss him dearly now that he is gone but it is refreshing to know that we will be able to leave fresh flowers on his grave and just sit by him and talk to him whenever we want, something we all know would have never happened if he were buried in PA. The time to prove your love to someone is during their life on this Earth, not after they are dead. I personally would never let any woman keep me from my father if I were told he was days, even moments away from dyeing. My Aunt Cathy travelled down from Georgia to stay at her parents' house for the sole purpose of being by her father Jim's side every minute of every day for his last 2 months with us, acting as a live in nurse, helping Nana care for him every minute of every day just like a

loving, caring daughter does for her very ill and dying father. My sister Shannon and I were at Hospice by his bed side his last days with us, holding his hands and telling him how much we loved him as we wiped away, not only our tears but his tears as well as they rolled down the side of his face once he woke up long enough to realize we were there. It was my mother Patty, whom I've heard Jim refer to as his daughter on numerous occasions throughout the years, that was holding his hand as he took his last breath. There is no way the Jim that I knew, which was a period twice as long as his other family, would not eventually open his doors and spend as much time as possible with his biological children if they had all intentions on making things right with him and moving forward passed whatever negative issues they had with each other. One thing I do know about my Papa Jim is that he was quite the stubborn, heard headed man at times and there's no way he would allow Nana to completely keep him away from his own children if that wasn't what he OR they wanted. We have always known about his plan to be buried next to Judy and meant to show her no disrespect. Nana already has a plot next to her first husband as well but will now be buried with Jim instead. Jim did mention to Nana that he wished he would be buried by her now and stay close to the only family he has known for the last 30 years but since the money and effort had already been spent for both of their plots then they should carry out their burials as originally planned. After 30 years of marriage it should not be hard for anyone to believe or understand why this decision was made. As soon as he passed away we sm

Kristy Burkett Pechumer - May 06, 2012 at 12:00 AM

AN

“ *At least you are back with your first love after years apart, RIP.*

Anonymous - May 05, 2012 at 12:00 AM

CP

“ Hey papa jim, i just wanted to say i love you and i know you are watching me type this :) And i wish you were here with us, i am so happy we will be able to visit your grave every year on your birthday. Love you, - your great grandson Caleb. AKA "Lil S#!T" :)

Caleb Pechumer - May 04, 2012 at 12:00 AM

PB

“ Jim, you will be truely missed by all. You were a wonderful Father and Grandfather to all of us. I was so grateful to Hospice, St Johns Family Funeral Home, Our Lady of Good Councel Catholic Church and my Good friend, Congressman Crenshaw's efforts to give you such an amazing and dignifying departure of this Earth. I will never forget the memories of our fishing and racing trips throughout the years. Your grandchildren and great grandchildren will never forget you. You will always have a place in our hearts. You are now with your family and of course your companion, Yankee. :) We love and miss you...God's Speed. Love your daughter, Patty

Patty Burkett - May 03, 2012 at 12:00 AM

AC

“ I did want everyone coming here to know a little of the man that I knew and loved. Every so often, someone comes into your life and makes an everlasting and profound mark on your soul that will last a lifetime. Papa Jim was one of those people. He married my grandmother, my Nana, when I was only 8 years old. After his first wife passed, and my Nana's husband passed as well, who would have thought those 2 souls would find true love again? I would like to think that Judy and Johnny (both of the deceased spouses) were working together on this one. They wanted the people they loved and left down here in earth to be happy again...to find love again. Nana and Papa Jim found each other. He loved my Nana without limits and that is one of the reasons why we loved him as quickly and easily as we did. And my Nana loved him to the moon and back. As long as I live, their voices will be burned in my brain: "Jiiiummm!!" My Nana would say, and he would come back so innocently with "What??" Lol! Even though we weren't his grandchildren by blood, no blood related grandfather could have loved us any more. Every summer he would make the 15 hour drive from Pennsylvania to Georgia to pick a few of us up to spend the summer with them. My cousin Kristy and I spent our first summer with them when I was only 9. Papa Jim took us all out on the boat, Nana, me, Kristy and Mike (Ducky). Other summers he took us camping and river rafting and introduced us to the fun of sparklers on the 4th of July. He took us to get icecream, and he knew just where to go get the biggest scoops. He was a good cook, which was a huge blessing because none of the women in our family were blessed with that skill (sorry momma, but you know its true). He did, however, make one concoction that my cousin Kristy and I refused to eat....Zucchini Cake! He would tell us that if we didn't eat it we wouldn't get the chocolate cake we wanted for our birthdays. Of course we never ate it, and of course we still got our chocolate cake! He did things for us that, to be honest, our parents would have never done. That is the joy of being a grandparent. You can get away with things like buying a dirtbike for your grandchildren and let them drive it up the mountain. He taught me how to cut grass with the riding lawnmower. I did a terrible job, but he never

said a word. He knew that I was having too much fun driving the mower at break neck speed to worry about such things as keeping the mower in a straight line. He had a dry sort of humor that always made us laugh. He didn't miss any of our High School graduations, and when I graduated from college he introduced me to all of his friends as "This is my granddaughter Angel. She is a college graduate". He never left that out. That was his way of telling me how proud he was. He was amazing when it came to his love of animals. Cats, dogs...he didn't care. I remember Bootsie, and how she loved Papa Jim so much that she would guard his door while he was sleeping. When Kristy and I woke up every morning, we would try to sneak downstairs without Bootsie knowing, and she would chase us back up the stairs everytime. We were hostages in our room until Papa Jim got out of bed. He loved all of his pets and always had a pet in the home. Thats how he got Yankee. After the death of his last dog, my Nana bought Yankee for him, but had Shannon give it to him because she knew he would never refuse her. And boy did he love that dog. He was the most frugal man you could ever meet, but the most generous at the same time. I got my first brand new car when I graduated college because of him. He said he was happy to do it because I graduated with high honors and he knew I was going to make something wonderful of myself. We all had our nicknames, and for all the girls it was the same (because this is probably being read by church going people, I cannot say it. But those of us who were called this endearing term know what it was and know he said it with love). He loved God, his country and his family, but it's how he demonstrated that love that has left the permanant ma

Angela Crosby - May 03, 2012 at 12:00 AM

AV

“ You will never be forgotten,uncle Sonny.

Arlene Vreeland - April 30, 2012 at 12:00 AM

SD

“ *Sonny we will miss you. Ed & I enjoyed our time together with our children.* ”

Sonja Doles - April 30, 2012 at 12:00 AM