



Michael Katulka

March 1, 1963 - April 22, 2026

In Loving Memory

Michael Anthony Katulka II

Michael Anthony Katulka II...

my husband, my partner, my best friend, my everything.

You made me fall in love with your playful eyes and your deeply romantic soul...

a man who filled my life with meaning in the smallest details.

I fell in love with your gaze...

with your sweet kisses that said more than words ever could.

You were joyful, adventurous... a dreamer, a man from another time.

And I was yours... your Dulcinea, your love.

In the hard days—and we had many—
you would always say, “kiss and make up,”
and somehow, everything felt lighter.

You taught me not to look back too much...

and we kept moving forward together,
often against the current, but always side by side.

Nothing and no one could ever separate us.

You were a tireless worker, always giving your best.

An extraordinary artist...

You had a gift—bringing life back to what was old, broken, forgotten.

With your strong yet gentle hands,
you put your soul into everything you touched.

You felt it deeply... you connected with it...

you made it your own and brought it back to life.

And you were a lineman...

and you loved it with all your heart.

It wasn't just your work—it was your calling.

Electricity ran through your veins...

and you carried that power, that strength, into everything you did.

You loved history—truly loved it.

You could talk for hours about the First World War,

the Second World War,

the Civil War...

the names, the places, the stories.

With you, I traveled through time.

But more than anything...

you were heart.

You loved animals so deeply.

Leo, your "toothless dog," your baby...

Baby, always wanting your attention...

and Moxie, who loved you in her quiet way.

In Puerto Rico, you fed the street animals—
dogs, cats, even chickens...
always with a kindness that made me love and admire you even more.

You were a good man... a deeply good man.
Sometimes impulsive, yes...
but with a heart so big that not everyone understood it.
And still, you never changed.

You were a loving husband, always present.
An incredible son.
A devoted father...
and a beautiful father figure to my children, who love you and miss you deeply.

Today, I say goodbye to your physical presence...
the hardest goodbye I have ever known.

My love... I let you go.
Because I know you are in a beautiful place,
held in peace, surrounded by love.

And I will stay here...
for as long as I'm meant to...
holding on to the certainty
that one day,
you will be there to hold me again.

I still hear your voice...
"Waki waki... it's time, honey, let's go..."

Honey... where are you?

Honey... it's me... how long is it going to take?"

This is not goodbye.

It's only until we meet again...

and next time, we will never be apart.

Thank you for loving me the way you did...

for your kisses, your hugs, your warmth...

for everything.

You live in my heart.

You live in me.

My warrior... we made it to Florida.

And here, in St. Augustine—our favorite place—

we pause this journey.

My heart aches... my soul aches.

I want to call your name until you hear me in heaven:

I love you, Michael.

Wait for me.

For now, I will keep going...

but every night, I will find you...

and you will give me the strength to carry on.

I love you with a love only we understand.

I love you, now and always... forever.

Rest in peace, my love.

Tribute Wall



“ *Jr words didn't always come off and sweet and wonderful but he was always a giver, a provider and someone you could count on. My prayers are with his family now and always. RIP brother. I bet that reunion with his dad Sr was beautiful.*

Angie Parker - May 07 at 06:01 AM

BG

“ *To Michael's family: We pray that as time passes, your sorrow is replaced with memories of happy times spent with Michael.*

To Sandi, Patrick, and Ryan: There is no denying that your sadness runs deep and feels overwhelming now. You were not there in his final days to hold his hand or speak to him and tell him you loved him just one more time. However, rest in the peace of knowing that he knew that you loved him because you told him so, many times throughout his life.

When your grief becomes heavy, look up. Michael will be looking down upon you from heaven with a smile, much fondness and great love because he truly knows you loved him and cared for him.

May God Bless You.

*Sincerely,
Rob and Barbara Gabner*

Barbara Gabner - May 01 at 10:21 AM