



Marc Katsanos

March 13, 1972 - April 15, 2026

Marc Anthony Katsanos Given to us March 13th, 1972, taken from us April 15th, 2026, having just turned 54 a mere 33 days before and just 6 days shy of the 6-yr anniversary of our dad's passing. One of the hardest things this family has ever dealt with.

When I first started to tell people of Marc's passing, I remember one person who did not say "o I'm so sorry to hear that or one of many other generic reactions" instead she said, "can I ask what he was like?" I thought about it for a moment and I wanted to say a few things and I was taken back LITTERALLY felt like someone embraced me from behind and a warm feeling took over me and I said YES. Marc, well my brother Marc he was mean to me, I mean he was just mean him and Mike both, I remember once when they tied me up in my Scooby Doo sleeping bag and locked me in the closet, and then another time trapped me in my bedroom by shooting at me with handmade zip cannons made from mom's curler's and dish gloves. Yes it sounds mean but that was sibling shenanigans. I guess what I am trying to say is I don't want to remember him sick I want to remember him living, having fun being a brother an uncle and Great Uncle to my daughter and grandkids.

Mike was telling me about how Marc and him used to do all these jobs for Shedco, Mullets and then for themselves. He would go on and tell me about how he didn't just do a good job he did a great job. How they used to do

everything together not just as brothers but best friends oh and that the only person that he could ever fall asleep while they were driving other than dad was Marc. This is how I want to remember Marc. For his friends I give you this Raule I remember you playing your Guitar with them, playing spades, D&D, smoking a lil.... I heard about the party when someone tried to run through the sliding glass door, that's what I want to remember, that guy might not to. I wasn't going to go there but I also want to remember him as Fritz, trips to Camp with the water skiing, pizza boarding, fishing, let's not forget about snowmobiling and snow forts and by the way who pushed me in the creek? But basically I just want to remember you as my 2nd biggest brother. I know things were what they were, but I don't want to remember that I want to remember you then and only then cause your my 2nd big brother and I have 1 more but to Mike you were his little brother he only had 1 of you. AND I'M NO GOOD WITH A NAIL GUN.

LOVE YOU MARC

Your little sister,

MIKKI

P.S. I AM JEALOUS OF YOU NOW!!! YOU GET TO HANG OUT WITH POPS!!