



# Stephen Gyuricsko

February 1, 2021

Stephen Noel Gyuricsko

April 21, 1949 – February 1, 2021

Steve was born to parents Ruth (Erskine) and George Gyuricsko in Cheshire Connecticut. He served in the Air Force for approximately 12 years during the Vietnam era. During his service he spent time in England and the Southwest. He married Dianne Rigney and is survived by two daughters Terry Selden and Deborah Gyuricsko. He loved his daughters.

He married Kim (Ranczka) Gyuricsko on May 6, 1988. Those are the rough facts.

Now here is the part that I, his wife Kim, writes.

Steve headed to Alaska when his brother Doug told him about all the great opportunities available there. I believe he got there in 1981.

Steve and I met early in 1982 through a personal ad in “Big Beautiful Women” magazine, long before dating sites. We corresponded for several months prior to Steve asking me to visit him in Alaska. Golly, what an opportunity! I came to Alaska Labor Day weekend of 1982. He met my plane in Anchorage, although he was living in Fairbanks. Alaska was a wild and wooly place back then, just at the end of the pipeline days. The first place he took me was “The Monkey Bar” with live monkeys behind the bar. Crazy! We stayed at this no-tell motel with a round bed and lots of velvet. We had so much fun! He asked me to move to Alaska.

I loved him from the moment we met. We lived together in peace and harmony

for a few years and then it was time for me to strike out on my own. Steve was always my rock and shelter in Fairbanks. We had some terrific times, traveling around Alaska. He was great to me when my parents came to visit. Steve loved photography and spent a lot of time behind the camera. Those were great years and although living apart, we spent much time together.

Five years later, I had a job opportunity come up in Anchorage, and Steve decided he really wanted to try marriage again. He proposed to me August 17th, 1987, and I said yes.

We were married in Minneapolis on May 6, 1988 with all my family in attendance. We took the Alaska Ferry back to Alaska, what a gorgeous trip. Good thing I has just married him, because we met one of his girlfriends on the Ferry back. Awkward! Bunks make a cozy honeymoon bed for two rather large folks.

We lived in Fairbanks, he worked for TransAlaska Data Systems, then transferred to the State of Alaska as a Data Network Technician. He worked with all the data nodes and other computer systems north of Fairbanks. He got to take several trips up to Prudhoe Bay, Nome and other northern cities. He loved his work and made several good friends there. We shared our life in Alaska with two wonderful Golden Retrievers, Murphy and Mackenzie. We were active in Golden Retriever Rescue of Fairbanks and loved helping the dogs.

Steve had his first heart attack in 1983. It was time for a change. Alaska is beautiful, cold and sometimes dark place. (Except summer when we had daylight 24/7). We spent 23 years in Alaska and left to full time RV in 2004. We spent about nine years on the road traveling all over the United States. We camped in all the states but 3, Kansas, California and Washington. God again blessed us with Golden Retriever traveling companions, Penny, Copper, Sam and Dora. Always two at a time for us. We loved the traveling and seeing new places. We traveled well together with Steve being ever so patient when I had to shop at a bead or quilt store. Steve continued to photograph, and I have wonderful pictorial records of our travels.

We wintered in Gulf Shores for several years and decided the time was right to settle again. Gulf Shores has been good to us, South Baldwin hospital and the Gulf Shores Fire Department saved his life several times when heart trouble struck again and again. He was diagnosed with Congestive heart failure and fought a terrific battle to the very end.

Steve was a private guy, very hard of hearing toward the end of his life and he let that limit his social activities. He liked visiting one on one with people. He loved TV shows, Fox News and his computer. He was a fountain of information and trivia. He loved our current Goldens Ben and Rogue and always had a hand in their care.

His passing was like we lived, as a team. It was calm, I was with him and was able to tell him just much I loved him. We lived a blessed life together. I am a lucky woman to have known and loved him.

No services for us, just a burial of ashes in a rural Alabama Baptist cemetery. We decided to get a box and put him, our beloved Goldens and then me in the box. God will sort us all out.