

In Gratitude for the Life of



Andrew Stephen “Bud” Pazur, Jr.

BORN TO EARTHLY LIFE MARCH 2, 1947

BORN TO ETERNAL LIFE DECEMBER 19, 2023

Mass of the Resurrection

Thursday, January 18, 2024 at 11 a.m.

SS.Cyril and Methodius Catholic Church

Sheboygan, Wisconsin

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Andrew S. “Bud” Pazur, Jr.

Andrew Stephen “BUD” PAZUR passed away peacefully on December 19, 2023 after a brief illness and surrounded by family and friends.

Born in McKeesport, Pennsylvania on March 2, 1947, Bud was named after his father. He earned his nickname from his mother when she heard the war song “My Buddy” airing on the hospital radio as she held her infant son.



A firstborn child, Bud received two brothers and two sisters over the next nine years. A very intelligent and shy child, he was awe-struck by science, astronomy and spirituality, reading Einstein and the Bible while in grade school.

Bud discovered a love of music at a young age, and played trombone in the Versailles Avenue School band, and the marching band at McKeesport High School, graduating in 1965. Years later he played trombone with the municipal band in Plymouth, WI.

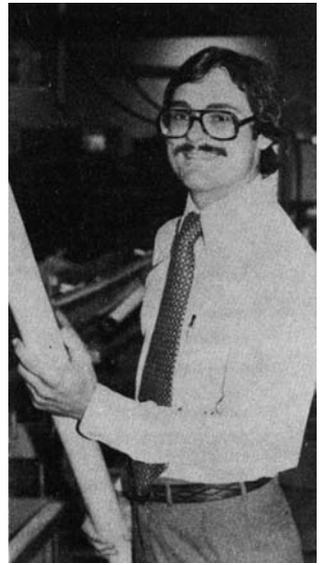


education and engineering

During the Sputnik era when the U.S. was recruiting students strong in math and science, Bud earned a full scholarship to Penn State University. There he majored in physics and graduated summa cum laude in 1969. He went on to obtain a Master's Degree in Chemical Engineering from the Mellon Institute (Carnegie Mellon) in 1971 while working as a process engineer for Essex International in Detroit. Bud worked for GAF Corp. in New Jersey from 1973-1978, then accepted a highly-coveted position in research and development with Diamond Shamrock Corporation, followed by B.F. Goodrich, both in Cleveland, where he worked until 1996.

As a senior research engineer, section leader and technical manager, Bud collaborated with field leaders to advance plastics formulation, processing, recycling and novel environmentally responsible uses for polymers in diverse applications.

Bud holds a patent and has published research papers under his professional name of A.S. Pazur. He presented his research at international conferences and testified before state commissions. A career highlight for Bud was as sole representative from B.F. Goodrich to Egypt in 1980, collaborating with the Egyptian Public Authority to oversee extrusion of corrugated pipe for the Nile Delta Drainage Project. He completed his 40-year career as technical manager at VPI Corporation in Sheboygan, Wisconsin.



musician and poet

Despite his career success, Bud more closely identified his core persona as a father, musician, prolific poet and writer, photographer and artist. Authenticity was paramount to him; he gravitated to outside-the-mainstream “race records”, alternative radio, independent films, and visiting old rural juke joints in the Mississippi Delta. If something was popular with the masses, Bud took the path less traveled.



soundtrack of his life

Canon AE-1 camera and tripod slung over his shoulder, Bud slummed around the New York City underground in the mid-1970s, witnessing and capturing the unconventional in his photographs.

He saw the birth of punk and new wave music at the legendary CBGB Club in the East Village where the Ramones and Talking Heads were house bands.

He saw “Godmother of Punk” Patti Smith at the Bottom Line just after the release of her debut *Horses* studio album. He saw a young Bruce Springsteen at the Passaic Theater in New Jersey just as he was about to break nationally.

Bud often said that blues, rock n’ roll and rock have formed the soundtrack of his life.



devoted dad

First and foremost in Bud's life was his son Stephen, born in 1982. A devoted husband, provider and father, Bud read J.R.R. Tolkien's "The Hobbit" and other fantasy books to Stephen as a child, the same books that enthralled him in his own boyhood. He invented pretend worlds filled with whimsical stuffed animals, and imbued each of them with unique voices and personalities, all to delight children—his own son, nieces and nephews, and even his siblings. This fantasy world of his own making was integral to who Bud was.

car guy

Never one to shy away from a challenge, Bud tackled daunting projects—among them full body-off restorations of two vintage cars, a 1963 Ford Galaxie convertible, and a 1960 Austin-Healey Bug-Eye Sprite. He raced vintage cars at Road America in Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin, driving his two Austin-Healey racing Sprites. His need for speed was unquenchable, fulfilled in part by Harley-Davidson motorcycles he drove for much of his adulthood, and the Shelby Cobra he owned in recent years.



physics for fun

Throughout his life Bud read books on theoretical physics and quantum mechanics for sheer pleasure. Pirsig's *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, Capra's *The Tao of Physics* and Lederman's *The God Particle* were among his favorites, as were fantasy books by John Crowley including the 1981 *Little, Big: Or the Fairies' Parliament*.

The 1950s sci-fi film *The Day the Earth Stood Still* captivated Bud, including its central character as a messenger of peace, a metaphor for Jesus Christ, and the film's message of salvation.

In later years he was a voracious reader of fiction and non-fiction, consuming more than 1,000 books in the last five years of his life, including deep diving into World War II. He also researched his dad's military service and his paternal Carpatho-Rusyn ethnic roots.

give peace a chance

Social justice was important to Bud. Part of the counterculture movement while in college from 1965-1969, Bud joined campus demonstrations against the Vietnam conflict, and photographed the End-of-War Rally in NYC's Central Park in May 1975. He retained his pacifist convictions for the rest of his life.

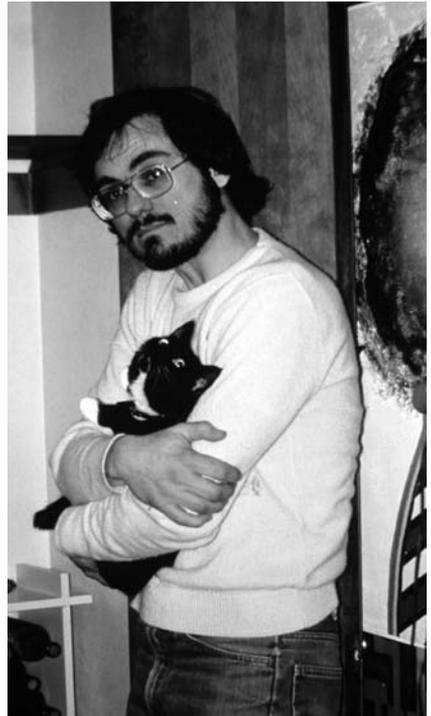


giving back

Bud was quick-witted with a dry sense of humor. He had an abiding love of nature and its preservation and conservation. Bud gravitated to the underdog and had a foster child in the 1970s. He also had a steadfast love of cats—especially special-needs and stray kitties, and was a generous supporter of animal rescue and rehabilitation.

survived by

Bud remains the beloved father of Stephen Wenceslaus Pazur (1982-2000), son of the late Andrew S. Pazur and Charlotte M. Cobes Pazur, and husband of 30 years to his best friend Denise Leisz Pazur. He is the brother of Thomas (Leslie), Dr. Paula (James) Balogh, James (Ann), and Marysue (Keith) Kovach. He is the uncle and godfather of Lolita (Christopher) Valento and Jamie Pazur; uncle of Nicole Pazur (Andrew Nowakowski), William Dawson, Dr. Blake (Timothy) Hoppe, Ryan Pazur, and Ribeka (JC) Danhires; and great-uncle of Alexander, Taylor, Quinn and Lana Dawson; Ellyse and Evan Hoppe; and Andrew Garrity. Bud is also survived by his former wife of seven years Ann Devries, and by friends and colleagues including Larry Zajdel and Mitchell Nothem. He is also survived by his two cats Charlie and Louie.



Mass of the Resurrection

Celebrant: Father Paul Fliss

Entrance Rite/Blessing of Cremains

(please stand)

Family and friends are welcomed by the priest as Bud will be honored with this Mass of the Resurrection. Please join in the numbered hymns from our Church Hymnal and the prayer responses as listed here.

Entrance Hymn: O GOD BEYOND ALL PRAISING (#545)

(Music: “Jupiter” fr The Planets Suite, Gustav T. Holst, 1874-1934)

Opening Prayer by the Priest

RESPONSE BY THE PEOPLE: Amen

LITURGY OF THE WORD

We listen to God’s words of wisdom, comfort and hope to strengthen our faith in Christ at the time of death.

■ FIRST READING: Ecclesiastes 3:1-11 “A Time for Everything”

There is an appointed time for everything, and a time for every affair under the heavens.

A time to give birth, and a time to die

a time to plant, and a time to uproot the plant.

A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to tear down, and a time to build.

A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance.

A time to scatter stones, and a time to gather them; a time to embrace, and a time to be far from embraces.

A time to seek, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away.

A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to be silent, and a time to speak.

A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

What profit have workers from their toil? I have seen the business that God has given to mortals to be busied about. God has made everything appropriate to its time but has put the timeless into their hearts.

Reader ends with: “The Word of the Lord.”

RESPONSE BY THE PEOPLE: Thanks be to God.

■ **RESPONSORIAL:** (Psalm 103)

**RESPONSE BY THE PEOPLE: "The Lord is Kind and Merciful,
The Lord is Kind and Merciful"**

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all my being bless God's name;
bless the Lord, and forget not God's benefits. (**Response**)

God pardons all your iniquities, and comforts your sorrows,
redeems your life from destruction and crowns you with kindness.
(**Response**)

Merciful, Merciful, and gracious is our God;
slow to anger, abounding in kindness. (**Response**)

■ **SECOND READING:** 2 Corinthians 5:1, 6-9

Brothers and Sisters

We know that if our earthly dwelling, a tent, should be destroyed,
we have a building from God, a dwelling not made with hands,
eternal in heaven.

We are courageous, although we know that
while we are at home in the body, we are away from the Lord,
for we walk by faith, not by sight.

Yet we are courageous, and we would rather leave the body
and go home to the Lord.

Reader ends with: "The Word of the Lord."

RESPONSE BY THE PEOPLE: Thanks be to God.

■ **GOSPEL ACCLIMATION:** Celtic Alleluia

GOSPEL: Matthew 11:25-30 "Come to me and I will give you rest"

At that time Jesus answered: "I give praise to you, Father, Lord of heaven and earth,
for although you have hidden these things from the wise and the learned,
you have revealed them to the childlike.

Yes, Father, such as been your gracious will. All things have been handed over to me
by my Father. No one knows the Son except the Father, and no one knows the Father
except the Son and anyone to whom the Son wishes to reveal him.

"Come to me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am meek and humble of heart;
and you will find rest for yourselves. For my yoke is easy, and my burden light."

Reader ends with: "The Word of the Lord."

RESPONSE BY THE PEOPLE: Thanks be to God.

■ HOMILY

■ INTERCESSIONS

RESPONSE TO EACH PETITION: **Lord, hear our prayer.**

LITURGY OF THE EUCHARIST

Offertory Hymn: HOSEA (#663)

Presentation of Gifts: Bud's family brings forward bread and wine to become the Body and Blood of Christ.

Priest: Pray, that my sacrifice...to God, our Almighty Father.

RESPONSE BY THE PEOPLE:

**May the Lord accept the sacrifice at your hands,
for the praise and glory of His Name,
for our good and the good of all His holy Church.**

Priest: The Lord be with you.

PEOPLE: **And with your spirit.**

Priest: Lift up your hearts.

PEOPLE: **We lift them up to the Lord.**

Priest: Let us give thanks to the Lord our God.

PEOPLE: **It is right and just.**

ALL: **Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of hosts.**

Heaven and earth are full of your glory. Hosanna in the highest.

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

(please kneel)

Priest: Let us proclaim the mystery of faith.

PEOPLE: **We proclaim your Death, O Lord,
and profess your Resurrection until you come again.**

Priest: Through him, and with him, and in him...forever and ever.

PEOPLE: **Amen!**

(please stand)

Communion Rite

■ THE LORD’S PRAYER

■ SIGN OF PEACE: Please exchange a gesture of Christ’s peace with those around you.

■ LAMB OF GOD

Communion Hymn: I HAVE LOVED YOU (#616)

(Text based on Jeremiah 31:3; Isaiah 43:1; Psalm 24:6).

■ PRAYER AFTER COMMUNION

Eulogy

Final Commendation and Song of Farewell

The priest invites family and friends to pray for Bud, commending his soul to the Lord with our prayers, like incense, rising before Him. The priest then offers a Prayer of Commendation followed by the Blessing and Dismissal.

Song of Farewell: O LOVING GOD (#681)

(Music fr: The Ancient Music of Ireland, 1855)

Closing Song: ON EAGLE’S WINGS (#441)

(Text based on Psalm 91)

DRAWING BY STEPHEN PAZUR, 1990





Buddy 14 yrs
Tommy 13 yrs
Bill 12 yrs
Jimmy 10 yrs
Maryann 8 yrs



Winter Reverie

Dirty snow covered the ground except in patches of dull brown. Grey and brown were everywhere, in the cloudy sky and the bare trees, and the few curled and dried-out long-dead leaves that had somehow managed to remain on the tree thru the cold biting winds of this winter's storm.

But somewhere, underneath the tired old soiled snow, underneath that monochromatic blanket of dead leaves and grass and bare fallen branches, somewhere past the cloudy overcast sun-forsaken silent winter sky, hidden behind the faded frost-bitten green of the pine forest, was the seed of the summer.

And as surely as he felt the gloom of this winter he felt the promise of the summer, as if the seemingly total lifelessness of the winter confirmed and was necessary for the teeming life of the summer.

His mind played over memories of golden sun slanting thru woods of deep vibrating greens, alighting on flowers of indescribable richness, of color, of warm sun rays thru which a hundred varieties of insects would flit and birds would fly while singing in a great voice of the swarming of life everywhere.

He remembered, and knew with a deep gladness that he would be again, that sound of water rushing over pebbles in a small brook, and the soft warm blanket of deep grass besides that brook.

And he remembered the drowsy feeling that would come of lying beside that softly noisy brook on that blanket of green grass, underneath the blue sky, when the clouds would slowly metamorphosize into magic shape after shape,

and bees would buzz, and the whole world was a quiet symphony,
a lullaby that soon passed you into a half-waking, half-sleeping
dream, where enchantment held sway.

He remembered the feeling then of feeling one with the world,
of feeling a gentle peace pervading his soul, of understanding
the songs around him, that of the brook
and the birds and the summer breeze.

For theirs were songs that he knew lay deep in his own heart.
They were his songs too, that he had forgotten how to sing.
And then he would remember too that there were castles still around
and other beautiful places and things, to which he
had long ago lost his way.

But remembering again that they still existed, just like
all the fairy creatures that danced then at the edge of his vision,
was in itself wondrous and life-renewing, just as staring out at
the bleakness of winter and realizing in it the promise of
summer was quietly joyous and hope-inspiring.

For all the trees still held their branches pointed upwards
towards the sky, waiting for the return of the sun to
bring forth once again the bud that would burst into bloom
and bring with it all renewed life.

This Bud too would wait for that sun and the renewal of life.

truly yours —
A. S. Fager

Helping vulnerable animals



For more than 50 years Bud found comfort and purpose in his feline friends.

First introduced to cats in his 20s, Bud grew to love them...and they, him. Bud began adopting rescue kitties in the 1970s when he lived in Hawthorne, New Jersey.

He continued adopting in the 1980s and 1990s when he lived in Cleveland with his wife Denise and son Stephen. Then, upon moving to Plymouth, Wisconsin in 1997, Bud and his family found joy in the cats they adopted from Humane Society of Sheboygan County (HSSC).

Perhaps his most beloved cat of more than 40 felines he adopted over his lifetime is EDWARD, an HSSC special-needs kitty who was

blind. When Edward passed on in 2019, Bud wrote a song for his beloved kitty. Listen to “Edward’s Song” here: <http://tinyurl.com/yc4es5vn>

Bud treasured Edward, retaining the name he was given at the shelter...taking him for outdoor walks on his five-acre property in the Kettle Moraine, always keeping an eye on Edward so he wouldn’t wander off...sleeping with him, brushing him, caring for him with all his heart.

To support Bud’s Memorial Fund

Before Bud died on December 19, 2023, he ensured that a generous donation would be gifted to the Humane Society of Sheboygan County in his name. Please support Bud’s HSSC Memorial Fund for Cats...in memory of his Edward, and all the other kitties who need a forever home to keep them safe, warm and loved. **TO DONATE, VISIT:** <https://adoptsheboygancounty.org/budpazurfund/>

THANK YOU: Many thanks to everyone who helped make today possible including...

FR. PAUL FLISS, PASTOR, SS. Cyril and Methodius Catholic Church and Sheboygan South Catholic Parishes

FREDERICK STRASSBURGER, Director of Music & Liturgy

PATRICK RADOVAN, Cantor

MEMBERS of St. Peter Claver New Life Choir

NICOLE ARNHOELTER, FAWN SCHAEFER and staff at Ballhorn Chapels

MARY PAT MICHELS & the Lakeside Strings

JIM OHLSCHMIDT and MIKE AMMONS

STACY WHITCOMB and staff at the 8th Street Ale Haus

JODY PARKS and staff at Mini & Me Desserts

JODY MERENICK and staff at the Humane Society of Sheboygan County

SHARON S. RICHARDSON COMMUNITY HOSPICE staff

S. MARK BETTAG, M.D. and staff at Sheboygan Cancer & Blood Specialists

MITCHELL NOTHEM, MELISSA BIELINSKI and ANGIE MATZDORF

Bud's Celebration of Life: Join us



WHEN: Today, immediately following Bud's Mass of the Resurrection

WHO: All are invited...please join us!

WHERE: The 8th Street Ale Haus, 1132 North 8th Street, Sheboygan

TIME: 12:30-4 pm

MUSIC: Live music from Bud's favorite local blues musicians Jim Ohlschmidt and Mike Ammons. Play an instrument? Bring it along and jam with musicians.

WHAT: Good food and good company to celebrate the life of a truly good man



“Now you are in your pond, and you are happy.”