



Kenneth Makowski

December 31, 1969 - November 1, 2008

Obituary of Kenneth Makowski
Kenneth John Makowski, 47, of Ocala, Union Sheet Metal Worker and Catholic by faith passed away November 1, 2008 at Hospice's Tuscany House. Funeral Services were held privately.

Tribute Wall

LB

“ Dear Joan, I had no idea of Ken's passing and I am so sorry for your loss. I just found out all these many years had passed and I had no knowledge. I was grateful for his friendship and love and the lesson he taught me. He will always be in my heart. Love, Lynne

Lynne Brown - October 31, 2013 at 12:00 AM

AC

“Joan, I recently heard of Ken's passing, I'm still having a hard time believing that he is not here on earth with us but my reality tells me it is so and now I pray for understanding why he was taken. My heart aches to know I wasn't with him, I pray daily for him, and ask God to let him know I miss him and love him even though I wasn't at his side when he left. I pray that Danny will come to know what a wonderful father he had and that he loved him. Ken and I when apart, felt close to one another, and each time I would see him, his love and kindness would glow. Our love was unselfish and not meant to be part of this world, our love for each other far surpassed here. Our complex relationship left many people questioning what we had and why we stayed so close, but we never questioned, the feelings were so strong and pure, we came to understand completely our relationship and choose not to end our bond when we had times of troubles, but to continue after the storms. Nor did we give explanation to anyone who asked, could they possible understand if they themselves had never loved and cared so deeply? Ken will always be the Love of my life and the gifts that he gave me are far more valuable than any worldly items could match. Nothing can stand beside him in my eyes, outside of my father, no man will be as gentle or as charming as he was. We often had difficulty but we met so late in life and so much had already happened before, things that penetrated our lives here on earth, we had no control over, a battle we both had come to understand but hated, and we didn't put ourselves or our relationship out there to try and make anyone understand. We made a promise to one another "never to let go" and that if it should be here on earth we would be separate, our souls would remain together, as we both felt they had been before, we allowed God to point us in the direction we would go and to always believe that at the end, when life isn't hurt anymore we would stand together, not in the form of earthly bodies but in our celestial bodies. I would like to share one of the many cherished memories I have had with Ken. It was in January 2002, during this time Ken and I were living separate, he in New York and me in Pennsylvania. When I went to meet with him in New Jersey I surprised him with a reservation for the weekend at Bear Mountain.

We had snow the entire weekend and the landscape was breathtaking. That evening a full moon over looked the scenery and the stars in the cloudless sky twinkled as if just for us, we laughed, played in the snow like children, we both enjoyed precious gifts that were given to us, we didn't have much material or earthly positions but we had each other and that moment of gift that God gave us to share. As we left the cottage on our way to the main dining room for a late supper, Ken walked away, I followed him, I can still see him there under the moon light, Birch trees clumped together, snow coming down on his hatless head, I ran inside to get his hat, (I could never get him to wear a hat)...while I was gone he had pulled a long piece of bark from a Birch tree, during dinner he showed me the bark and said he was going to do something special with it, I wondered what it was he was making, he would always surprise me with his creativeness, the next day he handed me the bark and on it he had written a beautiful poem, his ability to see good in everything and everyone made Ken the wonderful man he was, what he gave was priceless, his heart. I will always love him, I pray that someday Joan you can forgive me for not being with you and Ken although I believe that moment was meant to be, son and mother, just as the beginning. I have so much to share with you if the time should ever come. I thank you and Jack for your precious son and I thank God for placing him in my life. The Poem: "I love you, not only for what you are, but for what I am when I'm with you, I Love You, for the part of me that you bring out, for putting your hand into my heaped-up heart and passing over all the foolish, weak things that you can't help dimly seeing there, and for drawing out into the light all the beautiful belongings that no one else had looked quite far enough to find. I Love You"

Alice Cottrell - June 25, 2009 at 12:00 AM