



Salvatore Acquaviva

December 31, 1969 - June 16, 2008

Obituary of Salvatore Acquaviva Mr. Salvatore Acquaviva 84, passed away in Ocala, Florida on June 16, 2008. He was born in New York, NY. on October 23, 1923. He was in the US Marine Corps during WWII and served in Iwo Jima where he earned the Silver Star and became disabled. He is a retired Sales Analyst/ Manager. He moved to the area in 1976 from New York. He was a member of the Disabled American Veterans Chapter #85 he also was a member of St. Theresas Catholic Church both in Belleview, FL. He is survived by his loving wife of 60 years Elizabeth of Belleview, FL. A daughter Nina Lundy of Belleview, FL. Two brothers: Larry Acquaviva of Ft. Lauderdale, FL. and John Acquaviva of Staten Island, NY. Two sisters: Carmella Liguori of Elmont, NY. and Josephine Bertolino of Holbrook, NY. Two granddaughters: Cynthia Fissell and Kara Acquaviva. One great-granddaughter Sabrina Fissell. Two great-great grandchildren. He was preceded in death by 2 brothers. A Funeral Mass will take place at St. Theresas Catholic Church 11528 S. HWY #301 Belleview, FL. At 10AM June 23rd. Roberts Downtown Chapel 606 SW 2nd Ave. Ocala, FL. made the arrangements.

Tribute Wall

SF

“ He was my great-grandfather, "Papa" is what my family and I called him. He used to make the BEST cakes you've ever tasted. He baked a cake for my birthday one time, it had an oreo crust and it was a triple or more chocolate cheesecake, absolutley mouthwatering! Not only did he bake, but he cooked very well too. I loved his homemade "red sauce." Though i have little to no memories of things we did together, I do remember all of the family "get-togethers" and the sound of his laughter, the way his eyes would light up when he would look at "Nanny", my great-grandmother. He seemed hard and cold, but when you gave him the chance, he was just a big teddy bear, all warm and fuzzy. Now he's in God's hands and I am glad that he doesn't have to suffer in this world any longer. I know that he looks down upon my family and I with pride, I had a dream of him laughing with all of us, and he looked and sounded "fit as a fiddle", that is when i started to accept that he is gone. But we will all be reunited with him again someday.
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Sabrina Fissell - July 31, 2008 at 12:00 AM