

Celebration of Life Funeral Service from

Hackett-Livingston Funeral Home
Shenandoah, Iowa

Monday, October 3, 2016
11:00 a.m.

Words of Comfort

Rev. Rick Sleyster

Recorded Music

“My Way” by Frank Sinatra

“Amazing Grace” by Johnny Cash

“Lead Me Home” by Jamey Johnson

“Spirit in the Sky” by Norman Rosenbaum

Casket Bearers

Mark Schaaf

Brandon Schaaf

Trevor Schaaf

Kevin Maher

Jay Schaaf

Dustin Schaaf

Matthew Vrbsky

Mike Lenczowski

Honorary Casket Bearers

Trenton Schaaf

Taryn Schaaf

Richard Moreland

Memorials

To the family to support youth wildlife activities

Place of Rest

Rose Hill Cemetery

Shenandoah, Iowa



James “Jim” L. Vrbsky son of LeRoy L. and Janice M. (Maher) Vrbsky, was born on April 14, 1961 in Shenandoah, Iowa.

Jim grew up in Shenandoah and graduated from Shenandoah High School with the class of 1980.

Jim enjoyed fishing, deer hunting, shooting turtles, riding motorcycles and just being outdoors. Jim was a loving brother and uncle.

He was preceded in death by his grandparents Louis and Helen Vrbsky and Albert and Martha Maher, Aunt Joyce E. Van de Water and Uncle Terence L. Maher.

Jim will be sadly missed by his parents LeRoy and Janice Vrbsky of Shenandoah, siblings; Deanne Swanson and husband Steve of Buford, GA, Jeff Vrbsky and wife Jody of Essex, John Vrbsky and wife Julie of Gretna, NE and Dana Barker and husband Ryan of Council Bluffs, IA, nieces and nephews; Andrew, Nathan, Jacob and Joshua Swanson, Amber Hamilton, Matthew Vrbsky and Kendall and Kellom Barker, and great nephews Blake and Kaleb Hamilton.

“Crossing Over”

Oh, please don't feel guilty
It was just my time to go.
I see you are still feeling sad,
And the tears just seem to flow.
We all come to earth for our lifetime,
And for some it's not many years
I don't want you to keep crying
You are shedding so many tears.
I haven't really left you
Even though it may seem so.
I have just gone to my heavenly home,
And I'm closer to you than you know.
Just believe that when you say
my name, I'm standing next to you,
I know you long to see me,
But there's nothing I can do.
But I'll still send you messages
And hope you understand,
That when your time comes to
“cross over,” I'll be there
to take your hand.

~Author Unknown



**Fackett
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FUNERAL HOME

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