



Gary Edwin Blake

October 18, 1946 - February 11, 2019

Gary Edwin Blake, 72, of Clairton, passed away Monday, February 11, 2019 at AHN Jefferson Hospital. He was born October 18, 1946 in McKeesport to the late William and Pearle Wyant Blake. Gary is survived by his loving wife of 51 years, Lucille Michaels Blake; daughter, Melody (Christopher) Volpe of Clairton; brother James Blake of Finleyville; nieces (especially Cindy Lukens) and nephews. Along with his parents, Gary was preceded in death by brother, William Blake. He was a 1964 graduate of McKeesport High School, an EMT, was instrumental in organizing the original Clairton Ambulance Service, he worked for US Steel National Tube Works and Edgar Thompson Works, he enjoyed fishing, gardening, Nascar, and sports. Visitation will take place Friday, February 15, 2019 from 2 – 4 and 6 – 8 pm at S. M. FINNEY FUNERAL HOME, 432 N. 6th Street, Clairton, PA 15025. A memorial service will take place at the funeral home Saturday, February 16, 2019 at 11:00 followed by interment at Round Hill Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, the family suggest memorial contributions be made to the funeral home to help defray costs. Online condolences may be offered at www.finneyfuneralhome.com

Events

FEB 15 **Visitation** 02:00PM - 04:00PM

S.M. Finney Funeral Home, Inc
432 N 6th Street, Clairton, PA, US, 15025

FEB 15 **Visitation** 06:00PM - 08:00PM

S.M. Finney Funeral Home, Inc
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FEB 16 **Memorial Service** 11:00AM

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FEB 16 **Graveside service** 12:00PM

Round Hill Cemetery
Elizabeth, PA, US, 15037

Comments



“ The past few days have been surreal. At times the grief has been insurmountable but I've found comfort in my memories of dad. He was so much more than the words printed in an obituary. My dad adored my mom. I believe he told her the first night that they met that she was crazy if she thought they were ever getting married. Well, we all know that wasn't true because they had an incredible 51 years of marriage. I think that maybe the reason he said that was because his heart knew that he had found his lifelong partner-his soulmate.

My dad loved his family and setting up exceptional holiday displays. They were truly a site to be seen. If the Christmas lights were on, you couldn't use the microwave or toaster because it would trip the breaker box. He would even hang snowflakes from the ceiling in the living room. He enjoyed making all of us laugh; either with a joke, prank or making up his own lyrics to songs-I'm sure you've all heard his version of Jingle Bells.

My dad appreciated the beauty in nature. As a boy he spent summers on his aunt and uncle's farm in Somerset. I can remember how he would stand at the front door watch thunderstorms in the summer and the snowfall in the winter. He enjoyed simply watching the birds at the feeder in the morning. And while he enjoyed fishing, I think what he enjoyed the most was spending time with the people he was fishing with.

My dad liked to build things. He enjoyed building models. He always had a project in the works. Mostly he enjoyed DIY projects and he always let me help, even if it meant it would take him ten times longer to complete whatever it was. So, Chris, you can thank my dad for my love of home improvement stores and lumber yards.

My dad also enjoyed traveling. Most weekends in the summer; he, my mom and I would take weekend trips. And while there were faster ways to get to wherever it was we were going, he always wanted to take the scenic route. Maybe just to extend the trip for a few more minutes to spend time with us making memories. I believe that is how he lived his life; enjoying the sites. I believe that his last days with us was him taking the scenic route. His way of giving us a few more moments to make memories.

Most of the last times I was with him were spent in silence. But, he found the wherewithal to speak to me on Sunday. Because of the love he had for his family, he found the strength to comfort me. To make sure that I would be strong enough to help my mom. To tell me that he knew his trip was almost over and that he was tired. But to not be sad, to remember all of the good times. That the road was long but paved with many wonderful times. So many people have said to me how sorry they were for my loss. But, I say how lucky was I to have this wonderful man guide me on this road we call life. Thank you Daddy for the spectacular ride.