



Michael Nicholas Sawick

DEC 31, 1948 - JAN 13, 2024



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First Sergeant Michael Nicholas Sawick US Army Ret. was born on December 31st, 1948, and left this world to join his Cavalry brethren in Fiddler's Green on January 13, 2024. He leaves behind his children: Victorina, Barbara, and Michael; his nine grandchildren, four great grandchildren, two sons in law, and his wife Norma. She was his greatest love. He defied his parents to be with her and his last thought and words were only to ask for a promise that she be taken care of after he was gone.

He was born to be a soldier. He lived his life as a soldier serving in Vietnam where he was a recipient of the Bronze Star Medal. From the beginning of his service in Vietnam he continued to serve his country in the United States Army for 27 ½ years before retiring as a First Sergeant in the United States Cavalry. During his career he was the recipient of numerous Meritorious Service Medals, Army Commendation Medals, Army Achievement Medals, and campaign medals, but his greatest joy as a soldier was being a Cavalry Trooper.

While being a soldier brought him great joy, his greatest joy was his family. For him, this joy was felt most intensely by their presence close by (particularly when he was singing and dancing to Snoopy vs the Red Baron with his grand children and great grandchildren) and did not require small talk or lengthy conversations. This was fitting as he said only what he felt needed to be said, and what he said was always worth listening to.

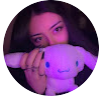
The First Sergeant was a man of few words and few pleasures. His pleasures were a hot thick steak, a tall cold beer, and a cigarette. His pleasures were as direct as the man himself. He will never be forgotten, but always missed. Enjoy your time in Fiddler's Green, it was hard earned.



Tribute Wall

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Remi Margarita sent a virtual gift in honor of Michael.

Hi I'm one the 6th out of the nine grandchildren. I was raised by my grandparents along with my brother who is one of the 7th out of nine. I remember he used to take us to school, teach us history and math, and learn how to speak. My grandfather did the same thing as well. My favorite memory of him was a nice sunny day in California he would bring a book to read outside on the bench to read and my brother and I would come along with him to play. I would never forget what he had said to me and my younger cousin is to never stop reading books, as he gave us a penny if we ever find a fallen soldier grave. I had lost the penny along the way but I never broken my promise that I will go to one of the fallen soldier grave and place a penny on a tombstone. And about the reading, well I've actually been righting a book in my way of friendship and fantasy, and learning about the WW1 and WW2 to understand. I want to thank my family members who taught me that learning was good and growing my own food. I'll always miss you O'Dad.



September 19 at 12:35 AM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Michael by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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