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Remembering Lowell

A family's tribute to the father they loved, an uncle who was a blessing, and a husband who was adored.



Lowell Keith Suydam

January 27, 1953 - January 14, 2011



Lowell Keith Suydam passed away on January 14, 2011 at the age of 57 in Seldovia, Alaska.

Lowell was born to the late Floyd and Stella Suydam on January 27, 1953 in Chignik Lagoon, Alaska and resided with his family in Seldovia, Alaska. He graduated from Susan B. English School in 1972.

He commercial fished all his life with his family, in the cherished waters of Chignik Lagoon. Starting as a young boy, Lowell learned from his father Floyd and became the successful captain of his father's fishing vessel, the Steller. Lowell also worked for the Seldovia Village Tribe as the Computer Expert/Guru, and was the "go-to" guy whenever anything technical was amiss, not working, new or broken!

It was a whirlwind romance as Lowell and Marcella met in Seldovia in December 1983, became engaged on Valentine's Day 1984 and were married at the Seldovia Bible Chapel eight months later on October 13, 1984.

Putting his wife and children above all else in his life, he showed such devotion in providing for his family, doing whatever he could to ensure their thriving future through both financial support and his own wisdom and generous love. One of his greatest joys in life was his home filled with his children's gifts of music.

We have lost this "great fisherman," Lowell was the most loving, quiet, generous, and kind husband, father, brother, and friend. To be in his presence was a blessing. He had an immensely generous heart, willing to help out anyone in his own quiet and subtle way without ever expecting anything in return. He is greatly missed and will be cherished forever within our hearts.

Lowell is survived by his loving family, including his wife Marcella and their four children, Myriah, Seth, Chelsea, and Nathan; his five brothers: Wesley and his wife Resa Suydam from Spanaway, Washington, Steven and Linda Suydam from Kodiak, Dwain and Leon from Seldovia and Roger who lives on the east coast; his sister Lorraine and husband Bill Mantor from Sedro Wooley, Washington; and numerous nieces and nephews.

The community of friends and family honored Lowell at his graveside service, which was held on January 18, 2011 at the Seldovia Cemetery. The packed facility at the Celebration of Life gathering in the Seldovia Conference Center was a true testament to the love and respect his community has for Lowell and his entire family.



There are many things that are hard to understand, circumstances difficult to comprehend. The passing of our father, a most loved and respected gentle man, was excruciatingly the hardest. But the love received from our Seldovia community along with our exceptional family and friends was immense in helping with so many aspects of this grieving process. We know in many ways you felt the same as we did. Hurt by the painful stab of death while facing many cherished memories.

And so we would like to take this opportunity to say how much we appreciate the love and respect from all of you. From the intimate time in our home and shop to the beautiful flowers sent our way. From the setting of the china, the beautiful alder branches decorated with pictures along with beach glass to the life of Lowell that was shared on the screen. It seemed every detail was paid attention to with the precision of what our father would have wanted.

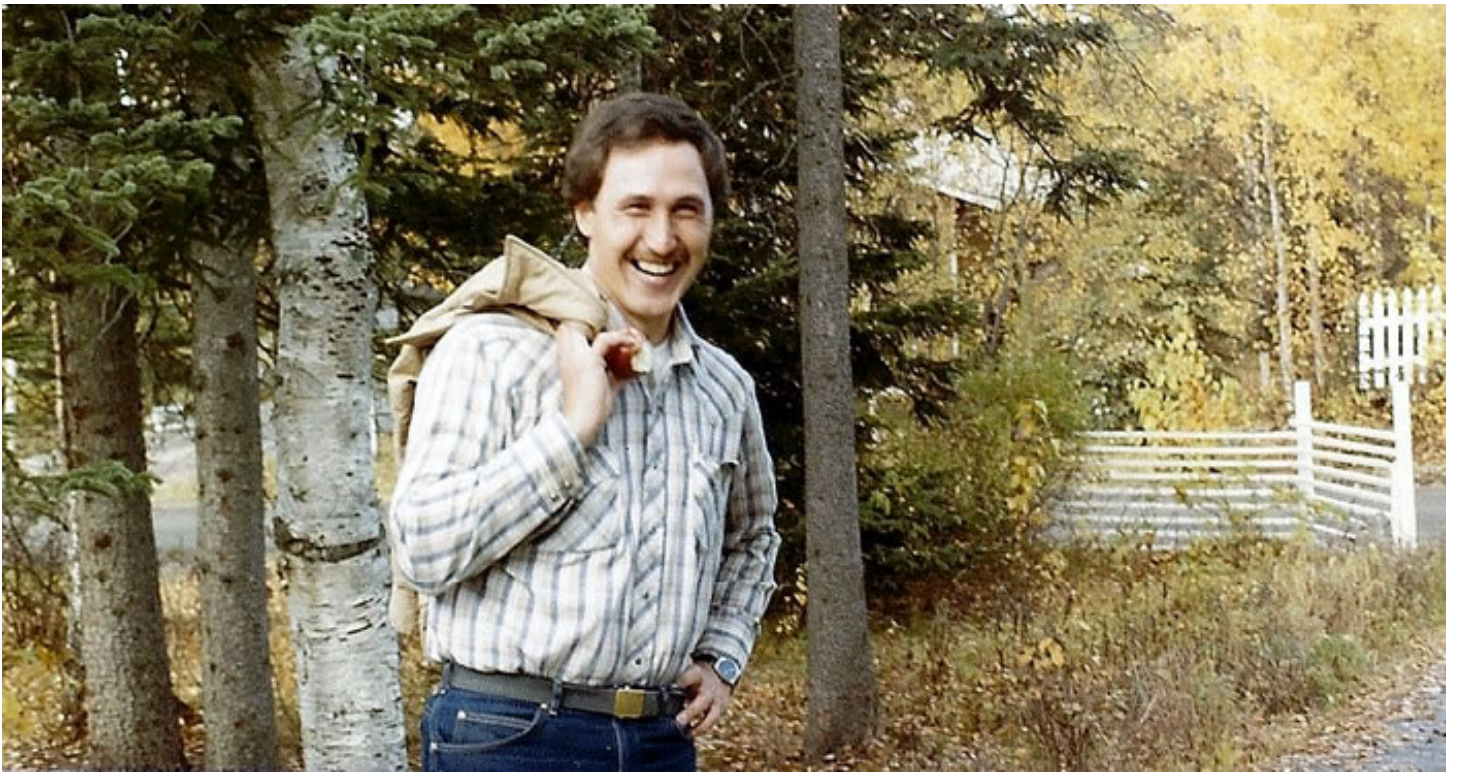


We will forever remember the stories told. How we went from pure utter sadness to uncontrollable laughter. Our hearts were heavy yet at the same time you helped shine a light which illuminated gratitude. Your warm embraces are sealed in our hearts. Thank you all so very much.

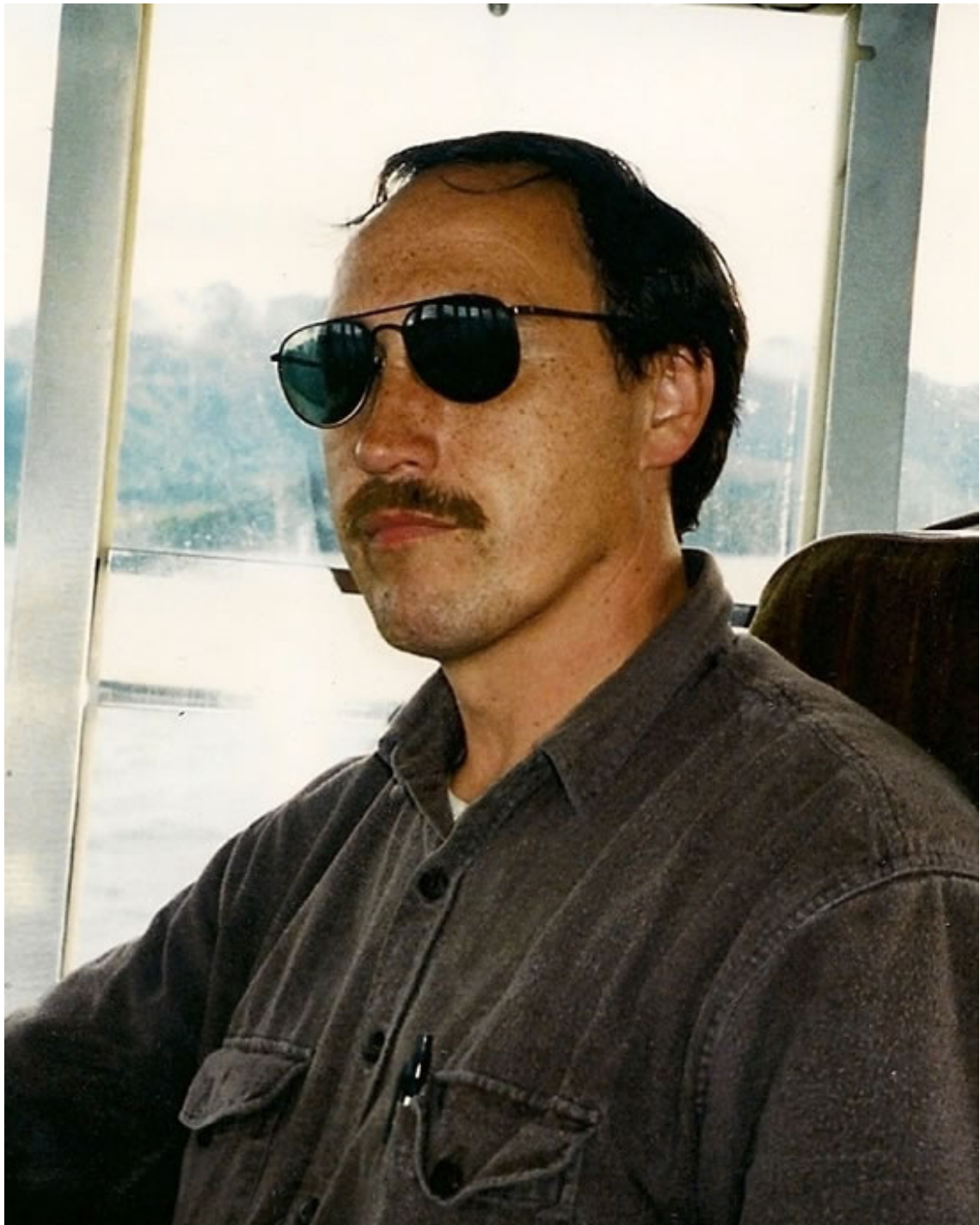


Peace to all. Love to all. Light to all.









More than anything I wish I could be with my Aunt and my cousins right now. I feel very much a part of their family. If I could be there, if there was anything I could do to be there, I would.

This is all so shocking and feels so surreal. Life is so fragile. I've learned that this year. Lowell was a man of few words, as we all know. So when he spoke it was always meaningful. There were a lot of good memories I have with my Uncle Lowell and his family.

I remember one evening sitting at the dinner table with my Uncle Lowell, Chelsea and Nathan. Marcella was in Utah at this time. Chelsea, Nathan, and I were joking around about something and laughing. Lowell decided to join into our conversation. He said, "if you could hear me thinking right now, you would hear gears changing." We all laughed hysterically at Lowell's comment. I wouldn't be surprised that if we could all hear what Lowell was thinking at times, we would hear gears, like from some wooden machine, changing and clinking around.

The night of Halloween, as I'm sure you all remember, is another memory I can share - when I made a scene at the police station in front of my aunt and uncle. I was so very ashamed and I remember Lowell, very calm, looking at me with caring eyes. I had no idea what was going through his head on the long drive back to the house. I finally made it to my bed and my uncle Lowell came in, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "It's not the end of the world Stephanie." I felt like that was everything I needed to hear at that moment in my life. Out of everyone that could have said anything, I needed to hear that from him most.

Living with my uncle Lowell and my aunt Marcella was one of the greatest blessings in my life. They both gave me tools that my parents never did. They gave me the parenting I needed as a rebellious teenager. They both had high expectations of me and expected me to always do my best. While I was living in their home I had the opportunity to observe their family. In my impression of Lowell, I saw he was dedicated to his family. They were the most important thing in his life. Lowell was a wonderful father and husband. It was incredible how much patience he had. He never got angry and of course I never saw him yell at his wife or children. He never showed any kind of disrespect towards them. The only time I ever saw Lowell get emotional about anything was when his children were going through trials in their lives. I saw him and Marcella do everything in their power to help and guide their children through troubles. Lowell was an exceptional father and he really didn't have to say that much to live up to that status.

A lot of the strengths I have now and many of the strengths I have accomplished so far in my life I can thank to my Uncle Lowell and Marcella for having. If it wasn't for them, I'm positive I wouldn't be who I am today. Lowell showed me hard work and dedication: dedication to family and dedication to make the right decisions. What is so amazing is that he didn't have to talk to me about it, he just showed me. Lowell was up at around 5 am every single morning. I don't ever remember seeing him sleep in. He would make sure the house was warm by filling the stove. He would get the coffee going. Get the car warmed up before school. Most of the time he would either drive us to school or plow snow. He would work on projects around the house after work. Not once as he went through his daily routines did I ever hear Lowell complain. Not once in the entire time I lived in his house did he bitch and complain about anything. Now that is a great man. He did his best to keep his family happy and supported their dreams and goals.

Lowell died a very blessed man. He raised four beautiful, intelligent children. He had a dedicated, beautiful wife who stood by him for so many years of marriage. I will forever be grateful to Lowell and his family. May he rest in peace.



Oh my. So much love. So much support. We all know Seldovia has that, but to experience it on such an extremely grand level, how can one ever be thankful enough? Or thank each and everyone enough? Perhaps I should tell of a personal experience since the horrendous incident to help with this thank you.

Of course I keep going through all the grieving steps. The fast beating of my heart, the shaking, the nausea, the fear, the excruciating painful feelings of sadness. But sometimes while alone, and with my eyes shut, I catch glimpses of a strong aurora in my mind's eye. I have a tendency to shut it out with all kinds of mixed up thoughts but it continues to persist and keeps coming back. So at times I allow myself to surrender, empty my mind and watch. The colors are so brilliant, so strong, so intense. It finally dawned on me the fifth morning, that those strong borealis colors flashing in my mind's eye are the prayers. The prayers everyone keeps sending my way. They were sent for healing and I know as time goes on there will be healing.

My family is so very fortunate to have such friends, such family, such friends that feel like family. To have so many prayers. How could a person ever thank them enough?

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Lowell lived for doing what is right and it all came back a thousand fold.



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