



Louis Sasso

April 21, 1929 - October 22, 2015

Louis George Sasso, (Louie) 86, of McKinney TX passed away on Oct.22, 2015

He was born in Louisiana on April 21st 1929, to George Louis Sasso and Mary Leto Sasso. He married Carol F Sheriff on June 8th 1951. They were married almost 55 years when she passed in early 2006.

He was a lithographer for 32 years. He loved to play pool and won several pool tournaments. He loved playing cards of all kinds and enjoyed board games as well. Louis volunteered many hours for the Moreno Valley Senior Center and was a beloved member of the community.

Louis placed his faith in Christ later in life and we are confident and blessed knowing that he is now in glory with his Savior.

Louis G Sasso is survived by his second wife of 7 years, Melba Sasso, 5 sons Mike, George, Louis, Ron and John Sasso.10 grandchildren and 13 great grandchildren, 3 sisters, and 1 brother

Cemetery

Riverside National Cemetery

22495 Van Buren Blvd

Riverside, CA, 92518

Events

NOV

9

Funeral Service

11:00AM

Calvary Chapel Chino Hills

4201 Eucalyptus Ave, Chino, CA, US, 91710

Comments



“ I knew the day would come when I would have to say goodbye to my precious father. I dreaded that day. And now it has come. He lived a good life and leaves behind the marks of his greatness in his sons and grandchildren. I love you dad.

Mike Sasso - November 28, 2015 at 12:31 PM



“ Mike Sasso is following this tribute.

Mike Sasso - October 30, 2015 at 12:16 PM



“ My dad was a wonderful grandpa and loved children.
He had so many stories, songs and poems that he would love to tell the children.

Here are a few of them...

I went to a river and tried to get across.
Jumped on an alligator, thought it was a horse.

Way down South where the bananas grow
The elephant stepped on the monkeys toe.
The monkey cried with tears in his eyes.
He said, “Why don’t you pick the guys your size?”

I went to the animal fair.
The birds and the bees where there.
The old raccoon by the light of the moon was combing his velvet hair.
The monkey - he got drunk. He sat on the elephant’s trunk.
The elephant sneezed and fell on his knees and what ever became of the monk?
The monk, the monk, the monk...

L -O- LL -Y- POP spells lollypop
That’s the only decent kind of candy.
The man who made it must have been a dandy
L-O-L-L-Y-POP - You see
It’s a lick on a stick guaranteed to make you sick.
A Lollypop for me!

O round faced owl, you look so wise.
with that large head and those big eyes.
But still I know you won’t do a thing, but say,
“to wit to who.” I wonder where you got your name.
For wisdom says from whence it came.
But you looked at me and you simply said,
“To wit to who.”

Chickery chick, chala chala
Chickalaroam Ana bannanica,

baalica whaalica

Can't you see - chiclery chick is me!

Do you know that God above has created you for me to love?
He picked you out from all the rest because he knew I'd love you best.
I had a heart, but now it's gone from me to you.
So take care of it darling, As I would have done for you.
For now you have two and I have none.
And if I should die and go to heaven, I'll write your name in the golden
stairs.
And if your not there on judgement day,
I'll give the angels back their wings, harps and other things.
And just to prove I'm really true, I'll even go to hell for you..

My name is John Johnson.
I come from Wisconsin.
I live with my relatives there...
every girl as I meet as I walk down the street says,
"Hello. What's your name?" And I say...
My name is John Johnson.
I come from Wisconsin.
I live with my relatives there...
every girl as I meet as I walk down the street says,..
"Hello. What's your name?" And I say...
Go jump in the lake!

DAD MADE UP A POEM AT CAMP AS A TEENAGER OFF OF THE ABOVE POEM

My name is Louie. I come from Louisiana.
I worked on a farm there. And every girl as I meet as I walk down the street..

They say, "Hello, what's your name?" I say My name is Louie. I come from
Louisiana.
I worked on a farm there. Now every girl as I meet as I walk down the street,
they say hello, what's your name? And I say, "Go jump in the lake."

Mike Sasso - October 30, 2015 at 12:14 PM



“ Oh, I just remembered another one of dad's poems...

Birds, birds in the sky
Drop som whitewash in my eye
I'm not a baby, I won't cry

I'm just glad that elephants don't fly!

Mike - October 30, 2015 at 06:29 PM



“ One more....

Dear dear bread and beer if I wasn't married I wouldn't be here!

ron sasso - October 30, 2015 at 07:16 PM



“ Dad was my hero. Growing up, he was the, "My daddy can beat up your daddy" dad. He was also so very handy. He could fix or repair anything. And with so little educational background he really made the best with what he had. He was loving to all, especially family. He was fun loving and had a good sense of humor. I still remember the many poems and card tricks and party games he taught us boys. Because of dad I love chess. So much of who I am is a reflection of my dad.

And best of all he was ready for heaven. Latter in life he drew close to Jesus and learned God's word. In his 80's he responded to an altar call, prayed to receive Jesus as his Lord and Savior and even got baptized. Sunday School, church attendance and going out to eat with his church family became a regular pattern of his life. I rest in the confidence that my dad is now with his Lord and Savior in glory.

His oldest son,
Mike

You will never be forgotten dad. You will always be loved and appreciate.

Mike Sasso - October 29, 2015 at 02:06 PM



“ Carol Frances Sasso was added to the Family Tree.

John Sasso - October 28, 2015 at 08:44 PM



“ 1 file added to the album New Album Name



John Sasso - October 28, 2015 at 08:38 PM



“ 1 file added to the album New Album Name



John Sasso - October 28, 2015 at 08:21 PM