

Strength
Hope
Love



Steve Ogurchak



Born to Richard & Joyce Ogurchak
February 17, 1958 ~ Bradford, Pennsylvania

Called Home to His Heavenly Father
February 18, 2019 ~ Minot, North Dakota

Funeral Service

Saturday, February 23, 2019 at 11:00 am
New Hope Wesleyan Church ~ Williston, North Dakota

<i>Officiating</i>	<i>Music</i>
Pastor Russ McElveen	Brittany Baumann

Pallbearers

Matt Ogurchak	Jamie Sackman
Brady Hawkinson	Tyias Huck
Craig Broe	Myles Long
	John Liffbrig

Arrangements Entrusted By
Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home ~ Williston, ND

*Ogie's family would like to invite
everyone to the Grand Williston Hotel
at 6:00 pm to celebrate his memory.*

 **#OGIESTRONG**
 **NO ONE FIGHTS ALONE †**

In Loving Memory Of

Steve Ogurchak

February 17, 1958 - February 18, 2019



"Ogie"

"In the end, it's not the years
in your life that count.

It's the life in your years."

Abraham Lincoln

"Golf is the closest game to the game we call life. You get bad breaks from good shots; you get good breaks from bad shots - but you have to play the ball where it lies" Bobby Jones



Steven Leslie Ogurchak, 61, of Williston, North Dakota passed away at Trinity Hospital in Minot, North Dakota on February 18, 2019 after fighting a courageous battle with cancer. Steve was born on February 17, 1958 to Richard and Joyce (Dwight) Ogurchak in Bradford, PA. He was the second of five and the only son. Being the only son, he was adored by his sisters. He would make them sleep with him and "fluff" his ears at bedtime. December 3, 1967 Dick and Joyce moved their family from Bradford to Reseda, CA in the San Fernando Valley to join in with their good lifelong family friends the Kranzo's, the Mongillo's and the Borelli's. Steve attended school and graduated from Reseda high school in 1976.

Steve met his beloved wife Patti while they were both working as seismographers in Thermopolis WY, in 1981. Both had been working for the same company, Steve in Alaska and Patti in North Dakota before they both transferred to Thermopolis, Wyoming. Seismograph



took them all over the Midwest before ultimately moving back to California to start a family. Steve and Patti were united in marriage on April 27, 1985 in Las Vegas, NV at The Little Church of the West.

Steve and Patti started their family in California with their daughters Danni Jane (October 1985) and Chelsey Lynn (March 1989). Life then brought Steve and Patti to Williston, ND in December of 1990 where their son Matthew was born in December of 1992. Steve's want to better his life led him to many different jobs throughout his 28 years in Williston, from bartending to selling cars, to selling oilfield equipment. His ability to speak with people and his personable demeanor was one of his many gifts. He gave the best hugs to all his friends and a big kiss on

the cheek. Steve created many great friendships in his life. There was no such thing as a stranger. He was a straight shooter and let you know exactly where he stood. His love for his family and grandchildren was like no other. His relationship with his grandson Brady was a very special and tight bond. Whenever Brady walked through the door, Steve would say, "There's my bestest friend!" They spent a lot of time together whether it be watching cop shows, playing baseball or just hanging out spending the night with Papa.



Steve was very athletic at a young age, playing football and baseball were his passions. After he graduated high school, Steve loved to play softball, so much so, that he would quit jobs so that he could attend tournaments on the weekends because they would not give him the time off. That passion for softball followed him to North Dakota. Steve's softball team was playing in the State Championship in Williston in 2002, although Steve was on the bench with a hamstring injury. His team was at bat and down with bases loaded. Steve was called off the sidelines to pinch hit. He walked up to the plate and realized he had his watch, hat and all things not related to softball, on.



After he squared up he stepped back up to the plate to not only hit the ball but to hit a grand slam with the biggest grunt to win the championship. As he was rounding third, in his loud "Ogie" voice, he says, "Hey Heller, I really creamed that one didn't I?" Later in life Steve took on the sport of golf and that became his true passion. He traveled far and wide to play tournaments and to spend good quality time with his friends. He typically brought his



clubs on any trip if he was able to play golf. His loud voice could be heard across the golf course whether a birdy, an eagle, a good putt or a long drive was hit down the fairway.



Steve also had a love for the concert scene. As a kid growing up in California, Steve was able to attend many great concerts in some great venues. Some of the concerts he attended were Led Zeppelin, BTO, Beach Boys, KISS, Deep Purple, REO Speedwagon just to name a few. Steve and Patti continued to attend concerts with their friends in North Dakota later on as well.



After Steve's cancer diagnosis, he renewed his relationship with God. This is something that brought Steve great comfort and he also enjoyed attending church at New Hope every Sunday that he could.

Although Steve's life was cut short, he lived his life to the fullest with no regrets because as we all know Steve let each and everyone of us know how he loved us by his infectious laughter, words of kindness and positive attitude.

Steve was preceded in death by his brothers-in-law, Terry Hammond and Paul Van Allen and his sister-in-law, Jill Herreid. Steve is survived by his loving wife Patti; his daughter, Danni (Jamie) Sackman and grandson Kyler, daughter, Chelsey (Tyias) Huck and grandsons Brady and Trey and his, son Matthew Ogurchak. He is also survived by his parents, Richard and Joyce Ogurchak; sisters, Kimmie Meier, Jody (Brett) McMaster, Mary (Lauro) Gonzalez and Chrissy Ogurchak; sisters-in-law, Trudy Van Allen and Lana (Rick) Ensrud and brother-in-law, Glenn (Linda) Herreid. As well as many nieces and nephews and great nieces and great nephews.

"I've learned that people will forget what you said. People will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel."

