



Scott Miller

The citizens of Heaven were greatly privileged on March 15, 2022, to welcome home Scott Alan Miller with open arms – another gallant Christian soldier whose sword is finally laid to rest. He is survived by Crystal Gentry (daughter), Katie Goertzen (daughter), Jodi Miller (daughter), and Sue Miller (Schlipf) (sister). He is pre-deceased by Beverly A. Miller (mother) and James I. Miller (father).

James and Beverly were blessed to adopt Scott, born September 4, 1963, into their family. Growing up in Federal Way, Scott was always buzzing with energy. He spent a lot of time outside and tinkering on cars. After he moved to Redondo Beach, he found a certain little path which led to a spot where he would go for quiet time, to reflect and to write poetry. His youthful energy carried right on through into adulthood! Not only did his physical vitality serve him well in the career of tree service, but to any and all he would meet, Scott's excitable nature was a refreshing reminder of life's joy. He loved music and was part of a band where he sang and played bass guitar. Scott could be quite the social butterfly, bringing fun, positive energy to many people, but that natural exuberance of his shone most brightly with his children. His three daughters, Crystal, Katie, and Jodi, fondly remember the "tickle monster", and also their wonderful camping trips with him in early years. Scott's engaging stories, deep conversations, and sage advice are treasures which live on, much appreciated by his kin.

Scott was no slouch in the kitchen, taking pride in everything he prepared and shared. You could taste the love in every bite! Family and friends alike will never forget the heartwarming breakfast meals, (his signature banana muffins,) his famous bleu cheese dip, or his perfected recipe for the Reuben sandwich. Making muffins for his precious grandchildren was also one of his favorite things to do.

Something special about Scott was that you could feel his love, even if you were a stranger to him. As he said himself in one of his poems, “It’s as simple as a smile, that some don’t see, like holding the door, as they walk out after me.” It didn’t matter who you were, if Scott could brighten your day, he would feel accomplished. Carving walking sticks was another of his trademarks, and he might have made one for you, even if you didn’t know him that well! Through acts of kindness like these, we saw Scott’s sensitivity and tenderness, as well as his faith expressed. Scott’s love for the Lord was something he shared openly and honestly, both in word and deed – the kind of person who treated you like a friend. His big heart was unmistakable.

Friends were very important to Scott, and those who had the honor of being in his close circle knew what a faithful friend was. Friends will remember how Scott would try to help whenever they were in need. Friends will remember how he liked taking them for cruises in his collector cars. And friends at church will remember how he loved to join the assembly to stand as a witness of Jesus Christ.

You wrote about Heaven in your poems, but now you experience for yourself what it is like, “where rainbows are forever, and you never feel cold.”

A memorial service will be held on Thursday March 24th at 1:00 p.m. at Greenacres Chapel, followed by a 2:00 p.m. graveside committal at

Greenacres Memorial Park – 5700 Northwest Dr. Ferndale, WA.

Please share your memories of Scott in his online guestbook.

Tribute Wall

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“ *In memory of my brother: by Sue Miller*

As his sister I have many memories of Scott. Being notified of his sudden passing two weeks ago came as a shock. I often wondered about him during the past few years, mainly because of the Pandemic and I also knew he was very much at risk. I am so sorry that I missed being able to tell him goodbye, and that I am unable to be here physically at the funeral to honor him. That said, a part of Scott and memories of our shared childhood and family life remain while I'm still living on this earth.

58 seems too young to pass, especially for someone who purely loved life. I cannot begin to say how great a concern he always was for me and for our parents. Scott did a lot of things that never made sense. However, I do believe that our prayers were answered because—at the end—he finally started realizing how important his family was, as well as his relationship with the Lord. We must have faith that God's timing is always right even when it shatters us.

As a baby, Scott was hyper. You couldn't put him in the crib for too long because he either wanted to be up and around or held by our mother in a rocking chair. As I recall, he was also physically sensitive – dealing with asthma for all his life, and allergies. I remember when he was age 2 or 3 he would be fascinated by the bees buzzing around in the windows and try to catch them, and laugh and laugh, even when getting stung. The bee sting venom caused a reaction, and his tiny fists would grow red and swell up. In his elementary school years, his favorite activities were playing with toy cars and riding bikes. He enjoyed playing outside and wanted to be with people. He was a big tease, highly extroverted, and used many methods to get attention. If he wanted something, he would keep asking until he got it, or continue trying later. That kid simply never gave up!

Scott had compassion for animals and nature. At age 7, he found someone's pet duck and brought it home until we figured out who it belonged to. Scott never was fond of sitting still or reading. He struggled a bit in school. While still in his teens, he tried a few different jobs but finally decided that the tree trimming business would be the best for himself.

The person he listened to most in the family was our mother. She had a calming way with him, and even if he disagreed about something, eventually he would think about it and decide she was right. More than anything else, Scott wanted to be independent, and free of other people's decisions to make his own.

The best childhood memories I have with Scott were the family trips we helped our parents plan, playing with neighborhood kids in the backyard, holidays spent with relatives and toys at Christmas; and later, the gift and blessing of 3 beautiful nieces: Crystal, Katie, and Jodi.

We will all miss him terribly.

*Notes on the cool toy that we had a blast with in the late 1960s: Pictured here, from www.wrisan.com, is the image of the toy we begged our parents to get us for Christmas in 1968. It is called *The Krazy Kar Spinning Ride-On Big Wheel (Children's Spinning Riding Cart)*. Back in the day, it sold for an expensive price—just under \$25 dollars. It really was an amazing thing and different from anything else we had seen. At the first glimpse of this wheeled delight both of us had stars in our eyes. We began dreaming of how we could acquire it.*

*When we asked in November 1967, mom and dad said no. We'd decided one for each of us would be ideal, and we justified the purchase because we thought the carts would provide loads of indoor basement fun on rainy days, and that spinning around and being able to safely crash into each other would be like bumper cars, and in the long run, a lot cheaper. We asked for nothing more but were not quite sure it could happen. Consequently, we did end up being *Krazy Kar Big Wheel* recipients that Christmas, much to our surprise and pleasure.*

Thanks for the memories, Scott.

Sue Miller (Schlipf) - March 25, 2022 at 12:00 AM

DK

“ I met Scott at a family function 10+ years ago. And tho I didn't see him often I remember he always had a smile on his face when I did see him. My heart goes out to his family and friends. I know he'll be missed. My deepest condolences as you go down this rd. Thoughts and prayers, DK

Dk - March 24, 2022 at 12:00 AM

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“ I will miss my brother terribly, but realize he is where God wants him to be right now.

Sue Miller (Schlipf) - March 22, 2022 at 12:00 AM