



Scott Michael Elliott

APR 22, 1965 - MAY 22, 2018



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Scott Michael Elliott was born April 22, 1965 and cast his lure for the last time in this mortal life on May 22, 2018. Most of us live by some motto. Maybe it's the Golden Rule, the Cub Scout Law or the Parables of Peanuts. If my husband's son, Scott had one it was probably this: damn the Crohn's, full speed ahead. In spite of a diagnosis made some 40 years ago, he would not be stopped. Globetrotting, skiing, fly fishing, teaching fly fishing, celebrating lifelong friendships and rebounding time and again from hospital stays were just proof of his raw courage. Shame was not comfortable in his soul. As a toddler, he was known to use foul language and brazenly get into the Doritos before his parents woke up on Saturdays. Then, he would go to his sleeping dad and say "hey Dad, let's watch cartoons" reeking of Doritos breath. Some of my favorite memories about Scott involve his storytelling ability. The three of us were on our way to a local restaurant when Scott recalled a Dairy Queen memory. Crohn's had made an unwelcome appearance while he was traveling through a sparsely populated area. After some tense moments, a DQ appeared on the horizon. Scott was doing the "butt squeeze shuffle" from the parking lot to the men's restroom. Happily, no social embarrassment was involved. Knowing Scott, the sight of him running half sideways, knees and cheeks clenched must have been amusing to see. Scott, of course, was laughing while telling the story. Just yesterday afternoon, while enjoying a beautiful day with his best fishing buddy, Scott cast his lure for the last time in this mortal life. Being such a compassionate soul, he was an eye and tissue donor. Somebody will have sight because he understood the challenges of health obstacles. Scott was a member of the Grove City Lodge #689 F&AM. Survived by his parents, Carolyn Tehan and Michael (Laura) Elliott; Aunt Susan Barnett; and many friends. Preceded in death by his grandparents, William & Helen Creekbaum, Foster & Louise Elliott; step-father, Robert Tehan; Uncle Richard Elliott and cousin, Abby Ruby. Per Scott's wishes there will be no public viewing or service. For Father's



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Day next month, I'll give his dad a present from Scott: a sign that simply says Gone Fishin'



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John Carey posted:

I met Scott thru my younger brother in the 80s, and we got a little closer when I moved to Columbus and found him working at Shells Seafood Resturant in the late 90s. In the early 2000s, I guess life kind of happened to both of us, and we fell out of touch with each other. I'll always remember Scott one way, with a beer in one hand and a cigarette in the other, with that gigantic smile he had. I never heard him complain about the Crohns, not once. He just kept putting his head down and moving forward, showing nothing short of monumental courage. I remember being up late with Scott one night (maybe a few beers were also present), and he was telling me, almost "matter-of factly", about what Crohn's does to a person's body. I remember him saying "I know this disease might cut things short, but I want to live each day to the fullest, and make sure the people that I love, are happy". I also remember him telling me that his Mom was his rock, that he always knew he could depend on her, and that he loved her more than anything. I remember thinking, "this guy has a disease that may ultimately cut his life short, and his main concern is about the people in his life being happy". That's called selflessness, and Scott had a boat load of it! If I could have one wish for Scott, it would be that when the end came, one second he was standing in a stream, fishing with the sun on his face, and the next second....he was standing in a stream, fishing with the sun on his face. Just a different stream. My deepest condolences to his Mom & Dad, all those he loved.

July 25 at 8:00 PM



Mamie Sheen posted:

Fly fish to your heart's content now. I remember when you rowed me down the Mad River and we got stuck in a tree. We had a lot of fun together. Unfortunately, I moved away from Ohio and we never were able to fish together again. The nice thing about social media is friends never lose touch. RIP my dearest Scott.

May 28 at 8:00 PM



Mary posted:

I have known Scott since elementary school. He was always so sweet and kind. I will miss him a lot. Sending prayers for all his family and friends.

May 26 at 8:00 PM



Susie Stegner posted:

Scott was a wonderful person. Every time I saw him he had a smile on his face. I hope your memories will bring you some comfort. I know I will never forget him.

May 26 at 8:00 PM



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SL

Sandra J. Lehman posted:

I remember Scott from 5th grade thru High School. He always had a smile on his face and was always kind hearted. Rest in peace, may God comfort all who knew and loved him now and in the days ahead until we all met again.

May 26 at 8:00 PM

KH

Kara Heid posted:

Scott was a very dear friend since elementary school. He was sweet, kind and oh so funny! He will truly be missed.

May 26 at 8:00 PM

TD

Tommi Davis posted:

I knew Scott for more than 40 years and he was always so kind and respectful to everyone he met. I was proud to call him my friend. I am broken-hearted to know that I will never see him again in this life but I am happy that he is with our Lord and is no longer in pain, but at peace. May God heal your broken hearts during this difficult time.

May 26 at 8:00 PM

AF

A Friend posted:

You were one of the good guys Scott -Rest In Peace.

May 25 at 8:00 PM



Memories only last if you share them

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



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