



Christopher Peter Creaco

May 17, 1951 - November 9, 2013

Mr. Christopher P. Creaco, age 62, passed away on Saturday, November 9, 2013. Chris's passing was due to a decline in his health during this past year.

Born in Utica on May 17, 1951, he was the beloved son of Florence (Rolchigo) Creaco Gentile and the late Peter Creaco. In his youth he attended Whitesboro Schools and along with his family relocated to California where he received his secondary and collegiate education obtaining an Associates Degree.

Chris had a passion for fine automobiles and was an accomplished expert as a salesman employed at many upscale dealerships in Sacramento including Jaguar, Mercedes, and BMW dealerships. Chris was the recipient of numerous outstanding salesman awards, and also worked in other aspects of the automobile industry.

A fine pianist, he enjoyed the opportunity to entertain others. This was also a venue to share his notable sense of humor that was so engaging often finding himself to be the life of the party, and the center of other's attention. One of his greatest honors was to be the Master of Ceremonies for the Jazz Festival held in Sacramento; he performed in this capacity for seven years. He held this honor in high esteem. Chris loved watching sports, especially his beloved 49ers. His cousin Joann promoted his interest in golf, and he eventually became an avid fan.

He had a sense of family values and loved his numerous aunts, uncles, and

cousins, especially his Aunt Mary, Uncle Dee, and his cousin Joann DiCamillo, with whom he shared a close and loving relationship across the miles until his passing. Sacramento was his home and he was blessed to have wonderful friends who were his extended family; particularly Terry Siler and Cary Greenberg and their families. They remained loyal to Chris to the very end and continue to help his Utica family to respectfully bring closure to his life there.

A unique Memorial Gathering was held on November 21st in Sacramento; where his closest friends sailed up the river on the Gatsby and celebrated his life at his favorite place to gather.

Chris is survived by his mother, Florence Gentile, who was a wonderful mother and his best friend; Chris was held in great regard by her late husband Albert as well. He also is survived by many cousins and extended family.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend a Memorial Service which will be held on Tuesday at 2:00 at St. Anthony and St. Agnes Church. The family will receive visitors at the conclusion of the Mass. Arrangements have been entrusted to the Eannace Funeral Home, Inc. 932 South St., corner of Hammond Ave.

Tribute Wall

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“ Chris and I shared our lives as a couple for over 15 years here in Sacramento. I met him on a Sunday afternoon to learn the value of a BMW.....the next day he called to see if he had helped me and would he be getting that BMW at his bid. I told him, no the customer did not consummate the sale but thanked him. I got that same call for 3 days until he said the BMW was not the reason for the call, I was. He made me laugh and we became very attached and lived together soon after. He claimed to love cats, as I had one. The two of them did become best of buddies, my Bennee became ours. Over the years we went to our favorite part of California, the Sonoma Coast north of San Francisco. We attended mass one weekend at the church built for the movie "The Birds." Bodega Bay to Mendocino became our favorite getaway only a few hours from home. Once we got lost in the Napa Valley fog at night en route. I never laughed so hard. One weekend, we pulled aside the shore above the Mendocino coastline to rest and I put my purse containing both our wallets, phones, and every dime we took with us on the ground beside the car...we of course, drove off without it. The retrieval was the longest 8 miles I recall until there is was just waiting. His dream was for us to spend our golden years there in a small beach house with a garden and bunch of cats! As he had said, "like cats? I love 'em !" Hmmm? I wondered.....really, a man who loves cats is not the norm, but yeah, good for me. He first became ill in 1997 with emergency surgery, 2 follow up surgeries in the next 3 years, taught me what caring for someone really meant. During his long recoveries it was the cat who was his constant companion. It was not easy for us, but we got through it and purchased a house and made our home we loved amid tall pines with a small backyard totally private. I loved to hang glass candleholders (like 10 or 12) in the trees and make the tiny yard glow, until the night he came out with the fire extinguisher sure I was going to set the development ablaze. We had the joy of his mother Florence visit a few times and not being Italian it was like a movie for me! They were best friends. She is incredible and I wish I could be with her now. I love her still like as if she were my own mom. He loved to play the piano he received as a gift at age 11 and had kept

the receipt. I framed it along with sheet music I found at a garage sale in Beverly Hills and a few musical pieces of artwork all placed above his other love, his piano. Christmas was fun and every time lights were needed, I thought he went to the attic for them. Years later I found more lights than a parade would need; he would drive down the street and get another set! When New Year's Eve came our first year together we saw Casa Blanca on the big screen in downtown Sacramento, The Crest. It became our New Year's Eve tradition. On Sunday's, we had a standing date to be in front of the T.V. at 7:00 for the Sopranos and we ate something Italian! His nickname for me was "F", never Sandra or Sandee. He said I reminded him of attorney F. Lee Bailey, knowing the answer before asking the question and always telling me I was so smart, better to have a smart girl than a dumb one he said. I could go on for days of the antics, experiences, and love we shared. I will end with the day we went shopping (the only time as it turned out), I had a large gift certificate at Linens & Things, we had a new home to fill, and I wanted it perfect. About 20 minutes into our excursion, I thought I heard my name paged but ignored it and then again. He was ready to go! Really? That was all I could say heading back to the glassware. Later my friend told him he had committed the "relationship felony", learning to never, ever page a woman he took shopping.

The happiest and best years of my life were with him, those memories I replay so very much everyday. He was a one of kind. God rest your soul my love and I will see you again, of this I am sure.

Sandra Leigh Slaterback - December 27, 2013 at 08:15 AM