



Vincent Joseph Brocato

August 14, 1934 - February 5, 2018

Vincent “Shatto” Brocato passed away the morning of February 5, 2018, surrounded by family at North Kansas City Hospice. This is not your typical obituary but my grandfather was not your typical guy. This is the story of my grandfather’s life from my perspective. Though most who knew him called him Shatto, I called him Pop.

There is hardly a memory I have as a child that doesn’t have Pop in it. He excelled at being a grandpa. He was present and involved. He wasn’t a big man but as children my brother, Ryan, and I would have never known it. He would come in and we’d run to him, begging to be thrown into the air. I remember his whistle – a beautiful sound that would fill the air. Birthdays, school programs, baseball games, Pop wouldn’t have missed any. He loved being with his family. My dad and brother tell stories about his love/hate relationship with golf. On more than one occasion I witnessed his golf club flying further than the ball did. He couldn’t drive a golf ball but he always drove fast cars and drove them fast. He drove so fast that once he even convinced my brother and me one of his cars could fly. Honestly, it could.

Our world was filled with family. Every Sunday we’d drive to my great-grandparents cabin in Peculiar and the small space would be filled with aunts, uncles, cousins, grandparents, great-grandparents, great-aunts, great-uncles, and even great-great aunts and great-great uncles. The amount of love, laughter, and smoke that filled that little cabin are some of the best memories of my life. Later in life, Pop told me they were some of his best, too.

He was always on the move - Pop couldn't sit still. He'd walk daily, golf as much as he could, and flirt with the girls at Einstein Bro's whenever he had the chance. He also found a love for traveling and would bring us back treasures from far away lands. His advice to me when I was younger - "Travel as much as you can. The world is so much bigger than you think and is more beautiful than you can imagine."

As I got older, I enjoyed Pop's stories. His dad, Joseph Brocato, was from Sicily. His mother, Mary Palacios, was from Mexico. He was one of 8 kids, 7 boys and 1 girl. He told stories of playfully wreaking havoc on the streets of the north end with his brothers as they grew up. He'd joke about how spoiled we were, explaining how when he was a kid he and his brothers were lucky if they had a squash they could roll down the street.

When he was about 18 years old he was walking down the street and saw a beautiful girl sitting on the porch steps and he was instantly enamored. He said she was so beautiful that he had to marry her before she had a chance to get away. He and Grandma (Margie Jean) had 3 kids together. The oldest, Teresa, married Dennis Patterson and had two kids (me, Kelly, and my brother, Ryan). Next came Vince, who married Debbie, and they had a son, Ethan. Last, but not least, they had Steve, who Pop lived with many years later in life.

The birth of his grandchildren, and later his great-grandchildren (Alexandra "Alex", Zoey, Alayna, and Paige), seemed to bring out the best in him. Pop was happiest when he was surrounded by his children and all his grandchildren.

His son, Vince, passed away in 2006. He, Grandma, Mom, Steve, and all our family lost a piece of our heart that day and, at the end, we saw the comfort on Pop's face when he knew he would soon be with Vince again.

Many years ago, Pop suffered a major heart attack but recovered. A few years later, he had a stroke. It was in that moment that life made him slow down. His world shrunk – he couldn't walk, couldn't drive, couldn't travel. Still, he spent time with his family, at first wheeling and later walking to BBQ's, swim parties,

and dinners. Steve moved in with Pop and he provided the support and care Pop needed. Pop's desire to recover brought him further than any medical professional thought he could go. He was stubborn but that sometimes served him well.

Recently, a small fall revealed a serious cancer that had overtaken his body. It was only weeks later that he passed. His passing was peaceful. He was ready, even if we weren't.

Pop was something different to all of us. He started out a son and a brother and later became a parent, a grandparent, a great-grandparent, a cousin, an uncle, a friend. If the measure of a person's life is their impact, his life was great. The life lessons he left with me and all those who knew him are invaluable, and the memories we have will be treasured always.

We love you, Pop! You'll always be in our hearts!

Our family has decided to hold a memorial for Pop in the spring. As soon as the memorial is set, I will post information to let everyone know the details. If you wish to give in his honor, please consider giving a donation to North Kansas City Hospice/North Kansas City Hospice House. There aren't words that can describe the passionate care they provided Pop, allowing his last days to be pain free, comfortable, and dignified.

Thank you to all for your thoughts and prayers! Your kindness has given us all the strength we needed to be able to say goodbye to such an exceptional man.

Tribute Wall

PV

“ *Paul Veasey lit a candle in memory of Vincent Joseph Brocato*



paul veasey - March 12, 2018 at 12:04 AM

PV

“ *I will miss you uncle Vincent. Now you can be with my mom in heaven. My deepest sorrow to all my cousins , the children of uncle Vincent especially Steve and Teresa...the only ones I remember as a child. Paul (Paulie) Veasey.*

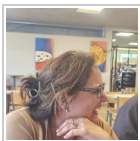
paul veasey - March 12, 2018 at 12:03 AM



“ *1 file added to the tribute wall*



Theresajo Rittenhouse - March 11, 2018 at 10:57 AM



“ *Uncle Vincent loved his family. He was always so proud of all of you. Great writing. My love and prayers to all of you at this sad time.*

Theresajo Rittenhouse - March 11, 2018 at 10:39 AM

RP

“ Great words Kelly, you really did a great job capturing Pop! Most golf stories I can't share in case kids can read this tribute :). Pop was always a staple in our lives...always there at every occasion and I'll miss seeing and talking to him. I'll always remember Paige talking to him for hours on Mom's couch and him loving every second of it. Love you Pop!

Ryan Patterson - March 08, 2018 at 09:55 AM

WS

“ This makes me so sad.
Love and condolences to everyone involved and effected..

Wendy Schindler - March 08, 2018 at 01:18 AM

CL

“ So sorry for your loss! He was great man! Catherine Lalla-Duckworth and Richard Lalla

catherine Lalla-Duckworth - March 07, 2018 at 10:49 PM