



Steven Scafide

November 11, 1961 - December 1, 2024

Steven Scafide on December 1, 2024 of Camden, NJ. Age 63. Beloved fiancé of Mariam Quedenfeld. Loving father of the late Kristin. Cherished brother of James Scafide (Rose), David Scafide, and Robert Scafide. Devoted grandfather of 5. He is predeceased by his parents, James Scafide, Jr. and Patricia Scafide (nee Byrne).

Steven enjoyed the simple things in life like going to the beach with his fiancé, boogie boarding, flying drones, and walking dogs. He was also an artist and loved being creative, painting portraits, hand carving, and building a coop for his chickens which he loved very much and called them all by name.

Services Private. Steven's ashes will be scattered at Jacksonville beach where he used to live and loved to be.

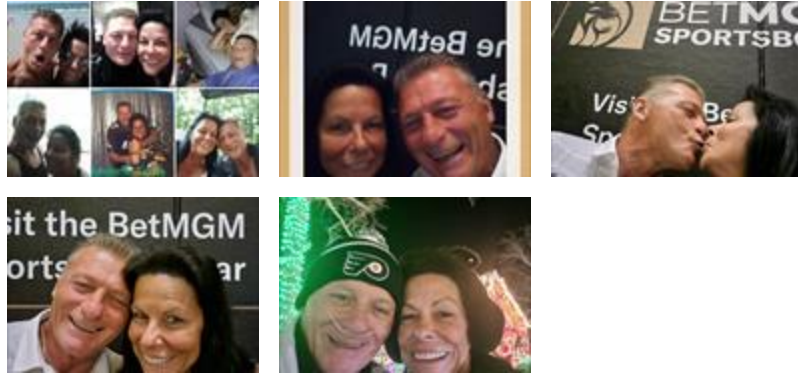
Arrangements by BOUCHER FUNERAL HOME, Deptford.

For condolences, please visit www.boucherfuneralhome.com.

Tribute Wall

MI

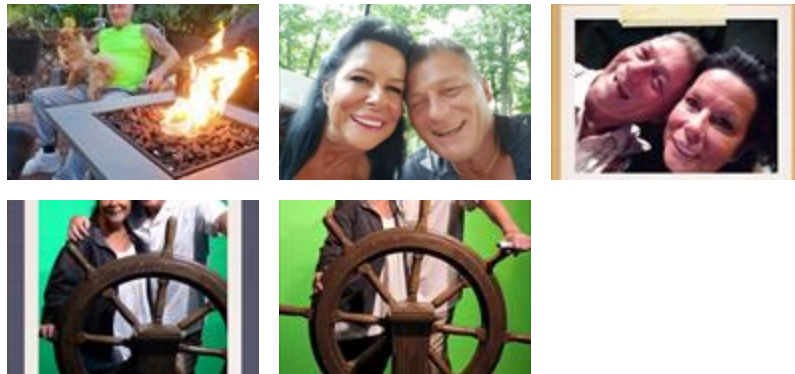
“ 5 files added to the tribute wall



Miriam - December 06, 2024 at 09:19 PM

MI

“ 14 files added to the tribute wall



Miriam - December 06, 2024 at 07:12 PM

MI

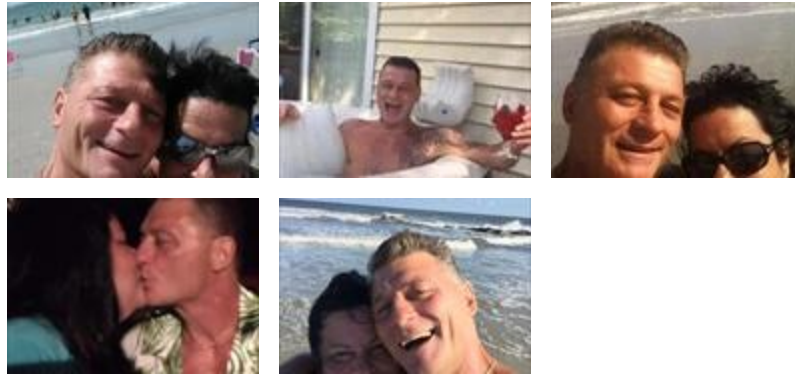
“ *Miriam sent a virtual gift in memory of Steven Scafide*



Miriam - December 06, 2024 at 04:12 PM

MQ

“ *6 files added to the tribute wall*



Miriam Q - December 06, 2024 at 04:09 PM

MQ

“ *Miriam Q lit a candle in memory of Steven Scafide*



Miriam Q - December 06, 2024 at 04:06 PM

MQ

“ Oh Steve what can I say...only that I am heart broken and miss you so much. So many years of memories of the two of us. We had so many plans for the future. You were my beach buddie, my best friend, my world. Our dogs Simba and Tyson continue to look for you, I call your phone just to hear your voice. You were the kindest,sweetest, most caring man, an amazing talented artist. I treasure all the portraits and paintings you made for me. There is such a huge hole in my heart. When I close my eyes i take us back to the ocean and sand where we would enjoy our favorite blue drink together, and look for seashells to add to our collection, oh and lets not forget you boggie boarding in the ocean, like a little boy, only to get knocked over and try to stand up , saying "oh my hip hurts". Our late night bonfires, just holding hands and talking for hours. You always made the best salads with our favorite cracker in it. Our garden of veggies grew huge because you said the secret ingredient was chicken poo from our chickens. The list of my life memories with you could go on and on, so many to list. I guess god saw you were getting tired and decided it was time for you to go home. I was not ready to let you go. Everyday you would say we will grow old together and race eachother on our jazzy chairs. I live each day knowing I will see you again. Until then I have an empty seat next to me, but I have a heart that is filled with so much love for you and from you. I love you Steve xoxoxoxo and I will forever miss you.

Miriam Q - December 06, 2024 at 04:05 PM

MB

Well Steve, we have great memories growing up in the city! Your mom and dad always came to visit! The door would open and you and your three brothers would just storm in! The four of you would run up to the third floor to uncle Georgie's room!

*Then there was the house up the mountains where you and your brothers loved to go and of course your mom dad and uncle George! You will be missed and i will miss your phone calls to wish me a happy birthday and a happy Mother's Day bc I am your Godmother! Well my dear cousin and Godson, rest easy, till we meet again! Love you!
Mary Del Borrello*

Mary Del Borrello - December 06, 2024 at 08:06 PM