

# Barry Steven Eaves



September 11, 1957 – March 26, 2025

*"Tell the truth. Sing with passion. Work with laughter. Love with heart. 'Cause that's all that matters in the end."* ~ Kris Kristofferson

Barry Steven (Steve) Eaves was born in West Monroe, LA on September 11, 1957, and was received into the arms of Jesus Christ, his Lord and Savior, on March 26, 2025. No

doubt, he is basking in God's love while having a glorious reunion with his mother and father, Marjorie Frost Eaves and Alvin Dewey Eaves, and romping through heavenly meadows and marshes with his fur baby, Girl.

He is survived by his wife Sylvia Brantley Eaves, daughter Sarah Eaves Burke and her husband Spencer, granddaughter Liliana Burke, brothers Lane Eaves and John Eaves and his wife Mary, cousin and honorary sister Karen Lewis (better known as Susie to Steve), and dear friends and adopted family, Greta and Albert (Scooter) Swarts, Easton and Braiyah, Toni Swarts, Randi Swarts McLain, and a host of cousins and friends.

Steve grew up in West Monroe and joined the Navy at an early age, determined to see the world. He was a Gunner's Mate and worked in the operations of the ship's radar system. His training in the navy and the experience, knowledge, and respect he gained for weapons maintenance lasted throughout his life. After he left the Navy, he met Sylvia, his lifelong love. They married and moved to Denham Springs. Their bliss was complete with the birth of their beloved daughter, Sarah, who stole Steve's heart the moment he met her. Steve worked at Turner Industries as an electrician for 34 years and cherished the friendships he formed there. In addition to his work and spending time with family and friends, Steve relished being outside. He loved all things outdoors, work or play. He was also a music aficionado and accomplished on the French harp. He told a story from his

Navy days of being on fire watch and playing music until sunrise to help pass the time for him and his Navy buddies. Give Steve a bandana and a harmonica, let him sit back and play the blues, and he could soothe souls and entertain friends for hours. It was impossible not to like Steve. He had an impish grin and soulful eyes that always made one wonder what he was conjuring up for his next escapade. He viewed life as an adventure. He embraced it but met it on his terms and walked the journey to his beat. Soar high, dear Steve. This is not goodbye; it's we will see you later. Godspeed until we meet again.

A memorial service for Steve will be scheduled at a later date. Those who wish to honor his memory may do so by donating to the American Diabetes Association ([\(\)](#)), National Autism Association ([www.](#)), American Cancer Society ([\(\)](#)), or to a cause of their choice.