



## Matthew Edward Veatch

August 18, 1985 - April 17, 2020

MATTHEW EDWARD VEATCH of St. Louis, Missouri was born August 18, 1985 in St. Louis, Missouri and died Friday, April 17th, 2020 in St. Louis at the age of 34.

He is preceded in death by his brother, Andrew Veatch and his grandparents, Delbert E. "PawPaw" Veatch and Marie Christine Mackie.

He is survived by his parents, Michael and Nancy Veatch of Winchester, Missouri and Laura and Chris Veremakis of St. Louis, Missouri, his five (5) siblings, Anthony (Lauren Reynolds) Eads, Mehra (John Flick) Veremakis, Ian Veremakis, Evan (Brittany Berg) Veremakis, Anya (Chris Coriasso) Veremakis and John Fierstein, his grandmother, Georgia "Memaw" Veatch of St. Louis, Missouri and many other aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces, nephews and friends.

Matthew attended Clayton High School, Rankin and Indiana University.

Memorial contributions in memory of Matthew are encouraged to St. Louis Area Foodbank at [www.stlfoodbank.org](http://www.stlfoodbank.org) or may be mailed to: 70 Corporate Woods Drive, St. Louis, MO 63044.

Due to current CDC, State and Local Health agency safe gathering guidelines, services are private including Interment at Oak Hill Cemetery in Kirkwood, Missouri. Arrangements are through CHAPEL HILL MORTUARY, 10301 Big Bend Road, Kirkwood, MO 63122.

Family and friends are able to share and review stories, photos and condolences online at [www.stlfuneral.com](http://www.stlfuneral.com).

# Cemetery

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## **Oak Hill Cemetery**

10301 Big Bend Road

Kirkwood, MO, 63122

# Comments

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**Elissa Boekesch** - June 23 at 07:16 PM

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“ I remember meeting Matt (aka “Veatch” aka “Machu Veatchu” aka “Veatchu-San”) at Clayton basketball camp over one summer. When high school started, I attached myself to him as a familiar face and someone else who didn’t know the ‘Wydown kids’. I’d sit by him in classes and at lunch when I could. He made me feel at ease. At the time, I just remember how uniquely funny he was. And he did not just emit humor, he reflected it. His hearty laugh would take the wind out of him, sucking up any social awkwardness there was hanging in the air between two new kids.

He would often use the Simple Text voice (think robot voice) as a benign joke to whomever he was talking, even relative strangers. If you understood who Veatch was, you would know not to look confused or bothered. He would use that as an opportunity to talk more robot at you, adding to your confusion and embarrassment. To this day, some of my friends and I still greet each other with “How is it-a going-a?” in SimpleText speak. This language has evolved into what has affectionately been dubbed, Veatch-speak. It still survives amongst his friends, nearly 20 years later. There are various dialects, but here are some Veatch-speak words and phrases that you might have heard: shu-toop, tupeford, beakerton, 2-5-4 (var.), su, sa, su-sa, 2-by-4 (var.), taneously, lipple, sensuwas, and any word with the suffix “-efreud”.

When sports started up, our casual school acquaintance turned into one of admiration. I looked up to him in basketball and baseball, he being more talented at both. A bit of panic always ran through me if we ended up being paired off to long toss for baseball practice. He had a cannon. I was worried that I’d be unable to catch up to one of his throws, and it would take out my head. As we backed up further and further apart, his arm showed no signs of diminishing. The ball continued to sail through the air, low and fast on a rope. To return it back to him, I had to skip forward several steps before arcing it like a mortar shell into his upturned glove. As a joke (and to make fun of me) he pretended to catch my throw as if it were right at him. The ball landed several feet short every time. He had a way of teasing, but not making me feel bad about myself. I felt honored to be the one to make him laugh in those moments.

It was not until after college that our interactions became more regular. We’d golf occasionally, we’d gather on the weekends, he came over a few times to play video games. But if we didn’t see each other in person, we were in daily contact through online gaming and texting. The thing I appreciated most about Veatch was his skepticism and humility. I believe he was a deeply thoughtful and introspective person. He kept his intelligence hidden because he did not want to seem immodest. On the surface, he was a jokester and a prankster. But when we spoke earnestly, I could tell he had a deep appreciation for the complexities of life in this world. He was humble enough to hold opinions like one should hold a bird. He never claimed authority on any subject and made me feel like I was being heard. Of course, he had cutting insults to make me second guess some of my opinions, but he didn’t make me feel dumb. This was his way of arguing. He always kept it light, and he sustained the potential for laughter even in heated moments. I could just throw a classic Veatch-speak phrase, “please keep your lips in the upright and locked position for the duration of this convo” and he’d laugh it up, sucking my embarrassment out of the room.

To give you an idea of Veatch's influence: my wife – who has had no interaction with him – tells me to “shu-toop” every now and again as a wife is inclined to do.

**Josh Saleska** - April 25 at 08:09 PM



“ This is Nancy Veatch, stepmom of Matt. I just read this to his dad, Mike, and it really touched him, both with tears and laughter. Such an awesome memorial to Matt. We definitely could relate to much of your story. Thank you very much.

**Nancy** - April 25 at 09:23 PM



“ Oh Matt, you left us much too soon and we are here with grief that is so overwhelming. I know in time it will get easier, but right now it is so very heavy. I hold on to God and his promises that He works all things for our good according to His plans. I do not understand His ways, but I also know that I do not need to understand. I just need to rest in the arms of my God and Savior. If your leaving us makes an impact on how we love each other, then it is not all loss. It doesn't make the heartache any easier at this time, but in time we may see good come out of this incomparable loss.

The impact you had on lives is like a pebble thrown into a still lake. The ripple goes out a thousand times larger than the pebble. One never knows just how many people they influence. You had a kind, gentle, full of fun spirit that touched everyone that you met. I know that my life is better from knowing you and I know that I will love deeper, listen closer and tell people how much they mean to me much more often because of you.

I specially remember the names that you gave people, pets and life occurrences.

“Deedering Dots (or sometimes just Dots for short”, Peanut Butter and Jelly, Tripod all reflect your creative and imaginative mind. I always looked forward to seeing you, hearing your infectious laugh that came from deep within you, texting you Happy Birthday, texting you pictures when I saw Felix Motors in Los Angeles. When I hear stories from your friends, they all seem to infer the same kind of sentiments.

You will be missed terribly by many, many people. You are loved most dearly by so many. You are a wonderful son, grandson, nephew, cousin and friend and are missed so very much. In time, I will be grateful and blessed to have been a part of your Dance of life, but for now I am grieving at the loss of one I love.

Aunt Jana

**Jana Donovan** - April 28 at 09:42 AM