



Sean Michael Butler

December 20, 1971 - November 19, 2025

Sean Michael Butler, born December 20, 1971, passed away on Wednesday, November 19, 2025, in Whitehall after years of health challenges.

He is survived by his son, Connor; his younger brother and caretaker, Mark; siblings, James Jr., Cheryl Myers, Lori Adkins, and Bryan; and many nieces and nephews, including Brandon Loveless. He is also survived by special friends, Betty Phillips, James Popcevski, and Carolyn Goodin.

Sean was preceded in death by his parents, James “Fred” Sr. and Melinda (Miller) Butler.

A Celebration of Life and Interment of cremains will take place at a later date.

Donations in Sean’s memory may be made to the Autism Society of Central Ohio, P.O. Box 272, Worthington, Ohio 43085.

Day Funeral Service is honored to serve the family of Sean Butler.

Tribute Wall

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“My earliest memory is a feeling of loneliness. That might surprise anyone who knows that Sean and I were born into a large family, but when he went to kindergarten, I was the only one left at home. Whenever my mom wasn't watching ABC soap operas, she was napping or on the phone, which gave me plenty of chances to find trouble. By mid-morning, I would rearrange the furniture, as best as a just-turned four-year-old could, so it faced the big picture window in our family room. After we made and ate our potato chip and mustard sandwiches, Sean and I would play Star Trek. He was always Kirk, just like he was always Superman when we played superheroes. He picked the star, the strongest, the winner. He was the perpetual champion of our bedroom wrestling federation, and it's honestly a miracle that neither he, Bryan, nor I were ever seriously injured. As we got older, we had different interests and different circles of friends. Sean was stubborn, always had to win, and yes, he could be a bully sometimes. If you did something wrong, he wouldn't tell on you, but he'd hold it over you to keep you in line. Still, he always had my back. I remember him throwing himself on top of me at an air show when a jet screamed past us unexpectedly. He thought it was crashing and didn't hesitate to protect me. Sean was fifteen and I was almost fourteen when our dad died. Sean found him first. I heard him yelling and clapping his hands, trying to wake him up. He told me to stay in my room. He didn't want me to see what he saw. Of course, I didn't listen. We didn't talk about that afternoon for about eight years, even with each other, but it formed a bond between us that shaped so much of our lives. When I went off to college, Sean was the only one who contacted me regularly. He even brought my mom down for a couple of Thanksgivings. With only a few rare exceptions, he was the only one who ever visited me anywhere I lived. He was more than a big brother. He was my best friend. In a big family, it's easy to disappear or get overlooked, but not Sean. For years he was everyone's favorite. He was the glue that held the family together. Everyone loved him. Sean made some poor choices in the mid-2000s that had devastating effects on his relationships, his employment, and his health. He became cut off from most of his family and friends, including me. The kid who

always had to win ended up losing almost everything. I reconnected with him for the last nine years of his life. By then, he was homeless, disabled, and alone. Having just come out of some dark years myself, I took on the role of caretaker. Those years weren't easy. He endured heart attacks, a stroke, stage four kidney failure, mobility and foot problems, and mental health struggles that made everything harder. There were countless doctor visits and hospital stays, though most of the medical staff enjoyed our constant teasing and joking around. As difficult as those years were, Sean was so grateful to reconnect with his son, Connor. He became a good dad. Connor loved their weekends together, and they loved each other deeply. If Sean had one regret, it would be ever being away from Connor. If he had two, the second would be not being able to repair the other relationships he lost. He often posted online about what a great person I was or how much I helped him. I never liked that. I was simply trying to be a good brother and do the right thing. I know he appreciated everyone who stood by him. I know he loved me, and he knew I loved him. I am proud of the man he became, the father he worked so hard to be, and the way he kept trying, even as his health declined. Yes, I helped him. But he helped me too. He helped me grow into a better, more compassionate person. Thank you, Sean. Now there's a void in my heart. I feel like I'm standing at that picture window again, only this time he's not coming up Etna Street. I will miss him every day.

Mark Butler - November 23, 2025 at 07:59 AM