

Captain Steven Douglas Poole
United States Coast Guard (Retired)
February 15, 1949 – April 27, 2016

Steven Douglas Poole “Crossed the Bar” on April 27, 2016 after a long battle with cancer. He leaves behind Sabrina, his wife of 25 years, daughters Katelyn and Kristen, sister Kathryn Poole Maisano, brothers Richard and Robert Poole, step-brother Hugh Smith, and a large extended family. Steve is predeceased by his parents, John F., Janice Bowne and Clara Smith Poole, also by his step brothers, Dwight and Barrey Smith.

Steve was fiercely proud of his career in the United States Coast Guard beginning at the USCG Academy and worked up through the ranks to ‘Captain’. After retiring from active duty with the Coast Guard, he continued as a civilian, working with the Coast Guard in pollution mitigation. However, he was most proud of his wife and two daughters who provided him with constant joy and delight.

During a recent celebration of his life, the family was heartened by how many attended. High School and Academy classmates, co-workers, neighbors, friends and family came together to remember and honor Steve Poole.



Captain Steven Douglas Poole
United States Coast Guard (Retired)
1949 – 2016
BURIAL AT SEA CEREMONY
USCGC HAMMERHEAD (WPB-87302)
Woods Hole, Massachusetts
29 June 2016

Opening Ceremony

- Crew and guests form on fantail
- Flag and Urn brought aft.

Remarks

- BMCM Robert Pump, Officer in Charge, USCGC HAMMERHEAD
- CAPT H.F. (Buck) Baley, USCG (Retired)
- Rick Poole, Brother
- Bob Poole, Brother
- Kristen Poole, Daughter
- Katelyn Poole, Daughter
- Mrs. Sabrina Poole, Wife

Burial Ceremony

- “Crossing the Bar” by Lord Alfred Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

- Strike Eight Bells followed by Boatswains Call Officer Departing and playing of Taps.
 - During the above the Urn is released to the sea

Conclusion and Dismissal

- Presentation of the Folded National Ensign
- “A Parable of Immortality” by Henry Van Dyke

I am standing upon the seashore.
A ship at my side spreads her white sails
to the morning breeze and starts for the
blue ocean.
She is an object of beauty and strength.
I stand and watch until at last she hangs
like a speck of white cloud
Just where the sea and the sky come to
mingle with each other.
Then someone says, "There she goes!"
Gone where?
Gone from my sight, that is all.
She is just as large in mast and hull and
spar as she was when she left my side
And just as able to bear her load of living
freight to the place of destination.
Her diminished size is in me, not in her.
And just at the moment when someone at my
side says, "There she goes"
There are other eyes watching her coming
And their voices ready to take up the glad
shouts,
"Here she comes!"

- Crew is dismissed