



## Ms. Sarah B. Struby

July 29, 2024

Sarah B. Struby of Montgomery, age 72, passed away on July 29, 2024. She was preceded in death by her parents Col. Joseph R Sturdy and Mildred B. Struby of Millbrook and is survived by her sister's Dr. A. Louise Struby and Jo A. Struby of Hope Hull. Sarah grew up in a military family with the opportunity for travel and exposure to diversity that left its mark. She was independent and strong. She insisted that her path would be her own and she followed it with wit and humor, humanity and kindness without prejudice. The home of her heart was the southern Appalachian Mountain region of North Carolina where she spent many years. Sarah was an artist who with an artist's imagination created beauty and meaningfulness primarily working with ceramics. She loved her family dearly, but nothing spoke to her heart quite like the joy of her beloved dogs' companionship Baober, Chewy, Buddy, and Kota newfoundlands and newfoundland mixes, three of them whom were rescues. Walking with her dogs in a chance to appreciate a cold gray day or a meadow of wildflowers in the company of a kindred spirit was the lifelong endeavor that kept her whole. A private cremation and Interment were held at Brookside Funeral Home and Memorial Gardens with Rev. Mark Waldo officiating. Memorials can be made to Southeast Newfoundlands Rescue at [www.sencrescue.org](http://www.sencrescue.org). Brookside Funeral Home, Crematorium, and Memorial Gardens of Millbrook, AL directing.

# Cemetery Details

## Brookside Memorial Gardens

Millbrook, AL 36054

# Previous Events

## Burial

AUG 7 (CT)

Brookside Funeral Home  
3360 Brookside Drive  
Millbrook, AL 36054  
brooksidefuneral@bellsouth.net  
<http://www.brooksidefuneralhomeal.com>

# Tribute Wall

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“Honestly don't know if I have the right person here, but the signs are that I might. Many years ago (probably 1974) on a brief business trip to Asheville, I was introduced to Sarah. We hit it off immediately, and there was one magical night in her little house in the woods. I remember her old brass bed, her feather mattress, and her sweetness. I woke up early and looked out the window to see that snow had fallen in the night. It was almost indescribably romantic. I was called back to California and real life and I'm not sure we ever spoke again. But the fond memory lives on.

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**Rob** - December 22, 2024 at 10:44 PM