



Cari Elizabeth Streeter

July 13, 2018

Cari Elizabeth Haseltine was born in Kansas City, Missouri in 1974, the daughter of John and Nancy Haseltine.

Cari attended St. Ann's in Prairie Village, Kansas and graduated from Shawnee Mission East in Overland Park, Kansas. Following graduation, Cari discovered that she enjoyed working with the elderly, caring for their needs and listening to their stories. It was during that period that Cari decided her next adventure would be to join family members in the west, living in New Mexico and Colorado. During that time, Cari had an opportunity to do the work she enjoyed, while exploring the local landscape and culture of the west.

After a time, Cari decided to return to Kansas, where she also had family and old friends and returned to her work at a local care center in the area. Cari made new friends at work, who eventually introduced her to the man she would one day marry.

Cari and Jerry Streeter were married for 14 years before he passed away in September of 2017. During those years, Cari got to try her hand at gardening, raising chickens, and cooking for her family. At long last, she was able to have several big dogs, whom she adored. In addition to her husband, Cari was also preceded in death by her father, John Haseltine and brother, Christian Haseltine.

Toward the end of 2017, Cari's health was diminishing rapidly. On a trip to visit her mother, Nancy, in Colorado, Cari decided that she no longer had the energy to resume her old life in Kansas. It was not easy for Cari to say goodbye to old friends and family, but she decided to stay in Colorado with her mother and focus on regaining her health. Unfortunately, that hoped-for outcome was not to be, and Cari passed away on July 13, 2018. She had struggled so long despite difficult odds. Her body was ready to let go.

Cari and her mother were blessed to have an incredible 9 months together. She will be so missed.

Tribute Wall



“ *Cari Elizabeth Streeter*

October 25, 2022 at 06:14 PM

“Cari Streeter and I have been best friends since we were six years old. We met because her brother Christian and my sister Stephanie knew each other. She and her family also lived in the same neighborhood. Several years ago, her dad, John, chuckled as he told me how opposite we looked as little girls walking down the sidewalk together. Cari tall with black hair and olive skin, and me, a head shorter than her, with my fair skin and light brown hair.

Even though we always went to different schools until high school (she went to Catholic school, I went to public), we still spent a lot of time together. She loved horses and basketball. She was great with animals. Her yellow Lab, Tish, adored her! I couldn't walk Tish since she so strong and liked to pull on the leash. I would've done a face plant! But Cari would come to my house with Tish and we'd walk her together. Later, she'd become the mom of some amazing Mastiffs. Sometimes, we'd go "rent horses" at Benjamin Stables and ride. In high school, we had one class together, Chemistry. She was not a fan of school, while I was a bookworm, but we shared some giggles during class and studying together for tests. We'd go to her mom's house for lunch. It was a nice change of scenery for a short 30 min.!

Cari loved to drive! She could work a stick shift like a racecar driver! As we drove, she'd crank the music. She discovered the band Roxette and I still love their music. She also introduced me to Enya.

I went to Wisconsin for college. Email had not yet become what it is today, and I wasn't able to talk to Cari every week by phone. Yet, when I would come home on breaks, we'd pick up right where we left off.

Cari was an excellent judge of character. She was one of the most tolerant and patient people I knew. These traits made her a great CNA after high school. Later, she would take amazing care of her father in law, Bert. She loved to laugh, too, and could always make me laugh.

After Cari and Jerry married, she discovered her love of fishing, gardening and cooking. She would can the produce and share it with friends and family. She was always looking for new recipes. She loved going to the Basehor Community Library for cookbooks, romance novels and workshops.

With Cari's long list of health issues, she continually impressed me with her optimism. While so many others in her position would have been constantly complaining (and I wouldn't blame them), she chose instead to look at the positive things in her life.

Cari's legacy is her dependability, patience & loyalty to her friends and family. This is what I think of when I think of her. Any time I needed help, I knew she'd be there. I always knew she was on my side, no matter the situation. She was my only lifelong friend. Everyone should be lucky enough to have a friend like Cari.

RIP, Care Bear

I love you,

Loni

Lea Ann Shearer

Lea Ann Shearer - July 29, 2018 at 11:38 AM



“ I was injured and hobbling down a long hallway in Shawnee Mission East High School after foolishly dislocating my knee in gym class. My leg was so swollen my jeans would not fit. Many students just watched as I limped down the corridor in my gym uniform, holding on to the wall for support, silent tears streaming down my face. The only person who stopped to help was Cari. She was skipping class. Again. Down one hall, then another, up a ramp and a flight of stairs and finally the final twenty feet, Cari carried me, more than supported me, into the nurse's office. Her good deed was rewarded with a class pass from the nurse and for many years afterwards we were nearly inseparable. My mother considered Cari a second daughter, and Christian was like a big brother, driving us out to gas stations at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning so we could top up our junk food supply for our movie marathon weekends. Nancy's house was always a peaceful respite filled with love and acceptance. John's poker nights were memorable as there was always a local celebrity or two in the kitchen playing cards. And soon Julia and her two rug rats, Candace and Cathryn, whom I had the privilege of baby sitting on numerous occasions, showed up. Miracle baby Evan followed a few years later.

Even at a young age Cari was a care giver. It's just who she was. Compassion and kindness were infused into her bones. All who knew her were better off for having her in their lives.

Rest in peace, dear Cari. Taken from us too soon, but never forgotten.

-Sarah Morris

Sarah Morris - July 28, 2018 at 07:28 AM