



## William H Stevens

January 19, 1952 - September 21, 2018

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Middletown, NY

William (Willie) Stevens, 66, a longtime resident of the area died peacefully September 21, 2018 at home with his soulmate, Pat by his side.

Son of the late Roy A. Stevens and Eloise (Ruff) Stevens, William was born January 19, 1952 in Middletown, NY. He was predeceased by his brother Roy Stevens.

William graduated from Minisink High School and served in the United States Air Force stationed at Hicham Air Force Base Oahu, Hawaii. Prior to retirement he worked in quality control at Chromoly and DHS in Orangeburg, NY.

William and Pat committed their love for each other while in New Orleans at the St. Louis Cathedral on April 18, 2012.

Willie as everyone knew him enjoyed cooking, listening to the Blues and was an die hard Giants and Mets fan. He had a lively sense of humor, you would never know what he might do to liven things up.

William is survived by his partner of 24 years Pat Pelton; his son William Grau of Pine Bush, NY; his daughter Katelyn Stevens of Monticello, NY; step daughter Sondra Smith and husband Joseph of Virginia Beach, VA and his grandchildren William, Ariya, Kenneth, Ayhonor, Ariel and Joey.

Per William's request cremation was held privately. A celebration of life will be held at the convenience of family.

# Tribute Wall

EH

“ Dear Pat and Family,

*My deepest condolences to you folks on the passing of Willie. He was one of those people that will be remembered long after his passing.*

*Willie and I go way back to our earliest childhood memories. His back yard also happened to be my front yard. I have known Will longer than just about everyone I have met over my 66 years. I was born in March, so I'm just a tad younger than Will. My family moved away (a little under a mile) in 1957, but Willie and I always kept in touch and went through school together, often in the same classes.*

*In school Willie was more athletic than I was. He was a great baseball and football player. Not being coordinated as he was, I opted for running sports.*

*Will's ability on the sports field also meant that he was agile. This became apparent at our in school dances. Will had all the moves on the dance floor and never had my issue of trying find a dance partner. Lol.*

*Willie grew up in a tough environment, but had the drive and enthusiasm to overcome those early obstacles. His parents spent every evening during dinner time at a bar on E. Main St. called Clemmers, which changed hands just about the time we graduated high School. The name was changed to Freehill's. Will had spent so much time there during those early days that we used to kiddingly call him Freehill Will. He introduced me, a Catholic, to the Methodist youth Program, run by a charismatic young Minister. there were about 20 of kids, all roughly the same age. It was my first experience with a religion that was different from my own. There were great times there in Ridgebury, and I'm thankful that Will dragged me along.*

*In addition to Will having a tough home life, we grew in pretty*

*turbulent times. the Viet Nam war was escalating and the Draft was hanging over our heads as we approached our 18th birthdays. Those of us who were going to be eligible for the first draft lottery that year made plans. Both Will and Roy enlisted in the Air Force in case their birthdays were among the first picked in the lottery. I had signed up with the Marine Corps, and had the option of waiting to see what my draft number was before enlisting. I was fortunate in drawing #332 (out of a possible 365), the only lottery I truly felt I won. From the "Summer of Peace and Love in 1969, Woodstock (Willie went, and listened to Wavy Gravy!) to the Kent State shootings just before we got out of school, and all of the things that have happened since, Willie and I managed, somehow, to avoid all of the really bad things that happened to so many from our era.*

*After Will left to serve in the Air Force, we kind of drifted apart, seeing each other only occasionally as we went our separate ways. My last encounter was meeting him at Shoprite on Dolson Av, where we very quickly caught up on what each other was up to. That was about 5 years ago now, the last time we talked.*

*Will was always a gentleman in every sense of the word and was always welcome in just about every group of people he happened to be among. His sense of humor only added to his outgoing personality.*

*I see from reading the Obituary that Will had become a "foodie" and that you and he exchanged vows in a town where there is no such thing as a "bad meal", New Orleans. My wife Linda and I have been there also and I know that you treasure that memory as much as Linda and I do ours.*

*My only regret is not getting to talk to him one more time. He's at peace now, and we'll meet up again on the other side.*

*If there is anything I can do for you folks, please feel free to contact me.*

*Yours Truly,*

*Edward "Eddie" Horan  
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Slate Hill  
N.y. 10973*

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**Edward Horan** - October 05, 2018 at 04:21 PM

JR

*Eddie, you almost said it all... I need to collect my thoughts and add my own condolences to Pat and family.*

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**Jo Rasmussen** - October 06, 2018 at 02:00 PM

RM

“ *Pat,  
I'm so sorry for your loss. My thoughts and prayers are with you during this difficult time.  
With sincere condolences,  
Renee' McComb (Balchem)*

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**Renee' McComb** - October 05, 2018 at 12:48 PM

DS

“ Sad to know of the passing of Blues Boy Willie. He was much more than a father-in-law to me, he was one of my best friends. We enjoyed many times of going to festivals, listening to the blues, cooking, watching the Giants win the Superbowl, and rabble-rousing. I will always regret that we didn't make it to "The Black Dirt" one last time. Willie loved Pat, his kids, and his grandkids more than anything on Earth. Rest in Peace my good friend. Say hi to Luther for me.



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**Dr. Joseph G. Smith** - October 04, 2018 at 06:16 AM