



Stephen Wayne Fette

September 30, 1950 - December 3, 2021

Stephen Wayne Fette, also known as Steve and Popo was born September 30, 1950 to Stephen and Marie Fette. Just 4 wks after Steve's birth, his father passed suddenly & at the young age of 13, Steve's Mom passed from cancer. Steve has 2 sisters, Debbie Endres & Candy Riggs. Once Steve's Dad passed his mother remarried to Hank Walterscheid and Steve was blessed with half siblings Dale, twins Nick & Neil, and Barbie. At the time of Steve's Mom's death the kids were 15, 14, 13, 8, 4, and 2 years old. Along with parents, Steve is preceded in death by a child, FIL Steve Grewing, his grandparents, BIL Gary Barnhill, and step father Hank Walterscheid.

Steve is survived by wife of 49 years Marla Fette, daughter and SIL Darrell & Amy Dangelmayr, daughter Becky Fette, and daughter and SIL Polly & Aaron Klement. Grandkids Natalie, Stephen, Kinley, Covy & Gunnar, Caden, Carson, & Kinsler. Mother in law Julianna Grewing. Sister and BIL Debbie and Clinton Endres, sister Candy Riggs, brother Dale Walterscheid, brother and SIL Neil and Karen Walterscheid, brother and SIL Nick & Robynn Walterscheid, and sister Barbie Barnhill. SIL & BIL Shelia and Cotton Kleinert, Donna & Deuce Charles, Elaine and Fred Koesler, Larry & Lorri Grewing, Jimmy & Diane Grewing, Glenn & Connie Grewing. He is also survived by the children of his step parents and their spouses, Nancy & Ed Insel, Donna & Lee buddy, and Rita Walterschied along with numerous nieces and nephews.

Dad grew up in Muenster. After attending both MISD & SH Schools, there is always a debate as to which he graduated from. Dad says it was Muenster but he has a Sr ring from both schools. Dad & Mom met Dad's Sr year of high school. Mom was immediately attracted to Dad because he drove the fastest cars in town. On weekends Dad & Mom would drag race on the ¼ mile (FM 373) and beat everybody in town. The weekdays were spent repairing the rear ends he blew out on the weekends. Shortly after Dad & Mom started dating, Mom was hospitalized for several days, once Dad got out of jail, he never left Mom's side and Mom said that was his last stay in jail. Dad & Mom married on Dad's birthday in 1972. Mom was exactly what my Dad needed then, and she was exactly what my Dad needed when he got his cancer dx in Dec 2019. Mom had a miscarriage in 1975,

we are hoping it was a boy & Dad has finally met his son. Shortly after their marriage, I was born followed by Becky & Polly.

Becky & Polly and I had the best childhood years. My Mom was the one that kept things in order and there were no rules with Dad. Dad never told us no, he would say “go ask your mom”. Our childhood days consisted of swimming in the creeks, shooting guns, spending endless weekends at Big Mineral, spending time at the deer lease, and 4 wheeler riding. All 3 of us girls were driving vehicles at a very young age. Dad & Mom instilled the importance of God, family, and taught each of us the importance of working hard. Dad taught us to live life to the fullest. When Steve Fette was your dad, life was always an adventure.

Dad was a mechanic and a gun smith. For years he provided for our family as a mechanic. He was such a good mechanic. Wilde Chevrolet, Brown Motor Company, Gene Hodebeck, & H&H pool decks (for his good friend Roger Haverkamp) are some of the places that were lucky enough to have Dad’s expertise. If any of us girls had car problems, we could just call Dad and describe the problem and he was quick to diagnosis it. Dad counted down the days to retirement his last year as a mechanic and retired from mechanic work at age 62. For years Dad repaired guns and did custom loading of bullets but once fully retired Dad focused more on building custom rifles & he loved every minute. Dad built rifles for so many, each one custom crafted. Dad even build rifles for several NFL players. If any of you are willing to part with your custom rifle my Dad built see me after this service. Dad enjoyed competing in long-range shoots with his custom rifles as well as trap shooting. One time Dad hit 39 out of 40 asprin at 400 yards. He always came home with a smile and a trophy. This hobby allowed Dad to make life long friends with guys of all ages.

Dad loved the outdoors & nature. He was an adventurer. Dad hunted just about everything in North America including duck, quail, dove, deer, elk, antelope, pheasant, rabbits, coyotes (we killed many on our way to school), prairie dogs, rattle snakes, and squirrels. If Dad killed it we skinned it and we ate it. If Dad really liked you he would cook you fried squirrel, squirrel stew, or squirrel gumbo. He taught all of us girls and grandkids how to hunt. This was probably his favorite past time until the birth of his grandkids.

Dad was a friend. He had friends from all ages and walks of life. Some had \$2 and some had \$2 million. Dad treated them all the same. One of Steve’s friends recently said, “Steve is one of the best people I know. Everything about Steve is genuine.” We all have heard how amazing he was when we were out and about in the community. Someone would ask about dad and let us know how much they thought of him and how much they enjoyed their time in his shop visiting. He was such a well known gun smith that people that had

never met him would still ask about him.

Dad was a patient. Dad's healthcare journey started in 2018 when he suddenly had to have open heart surgery. Just a few months later dad was diagnosed with myelodysplastic syndrome. Dad was a patient at Cancer Treatment Centers of America for about 9 months. Quickly his doctors and nurses grew to love Dad and looked forward to taking care of him the following month. Dad received his bone marrow transplant at Med City of Dallas on July 18, 2019, it was a perfect match. Dad and Mom spent countless weeks in the hospital, Mom never left Dad's side. Shortly after his transplant when the hospital was going find Dad a long term apartment to stay at for 4-6 wks, Dad found out he wasn't a candidate. I walked into Dad's room one day and asked how things were going and Mom said well we can't go to the apartment. We are going to have to stay in a hotel. I asked why and she said ask your dad...he wouldn't tell so mom proceeded to let me know they had forgot but Dad was as accused felon...of course not convicted. They never dreamed that would pop up on his background check but sure enough it did. The story was...it was really no big deal...he and his friends got into a fight with a bunch of boys from Forestburg. The charges had been dropped so he never dreamed it would still be on his record...We had a good laugh..and then the hospital placed Dad & Mom on lower Greenville Ave where he said it was safe as long as they got in their room before dark . He said he listened to the cars drag race all night long...could have been a pay back for his earlier years! Dad ended his healthcare journey at UTSW where we had hope once again. Dad's last hospital stay was at NTMC. Through all of my Dad's illness, if you asked my Dad, Dad how are you, his response was "I'm fine." On a bad day, Dad would say, "I'm just a little out of gas" He never complained. He was an optimist. Dad really ran out of gas the evening of December 3rd at his favorite place on this earth, his home surrounded by his family.

Dad was a family man. There was nothing more important to my Dad than his family. While Dad's Mom was battling cancer, Dad filled a void with his baby brothers Dale, Nick & Neil. Dad helped care for them as toddlers. Dale being older he taught valuable life skills. Dad changed Nick and Neils' diapers many times and fed them many meals. As they all grew a little older, Dad taught the boys many things, most of them very inappropriate for their age. Nick told us a story of Dad teaching them to build a bomb out of black cats. He said they opened 100s of black cats, emptying the powder into a jar & then had them tie all of the fuses together to form one long fuse. The goal was to destroy a tree house. Well they did that plus the entire tree was uprooted, and homes on both sides of 82 lost windows.

Dad was the best Popo. Dad & Mom have 8 grandkids. Dad loved to come get the

grandkids & take them wherever they wanted. Whether it be a trip to Cabelas (Dad would save his points and gift cards for months) a visit to Walmart, a fishing trip, sitting in a deer blind with the best snacks, or watching the Green Bay Packers. If Dad & the grandkids were together memories were made. The grandkids loved Popo's no rules. On a nice sunny day, you could find our kids riding in the back of Popo's pickup, it was a rare occasion if he made them wear a seat belt. They ate what they wanted (usually lots of sugar) and drank as many soda pops as they wanted. There were no limits to what they got at Sonic, Bayer's or Dollar General. Dad started our kids driving vehicles even earlier than he started us. I remember when Nat & Stephen were toddlers, they were with Dad at Walmart and were asked to leave the store after he rolled a buggy up next to the aquariums and let them fish for the fish with their hands. Caden will still tell you to this day, "you can drive as fast as you want. Popo knows all the cops and they won't give us a ticket". They can tell you where the train went, where the TNT building is and so much more. Every time out with popo, a new story was told and popo convinced all them they were 100% true. They spent many days riding around in the old white single cab pickup shooting squirrels, getting up to 100 MPH on the gravel roads, sitting in the deer stand full of honey buns, cry babies and endless sodas, and sneaking them into a honey hole to catch the biggest slabs, also known as fish. The grandkids say Popo tells the best stories to which Becky, Polly and I reply but they are not true!

Dad was a Christian. Dad was not shy to tell you how much the ACTS retreat meant to him. After returning from ACTS he told Mom he couldn't wait to go to heaven, she let him know right away not to get in a hurry. None of us wanted to let Dad go, but in the last week we each let him know it was okay, he could go to heaven & join his son, parents, & grandparents. As dad would say, "he was out of gas".

My family wants to thank our family and our friends who have been at our side the last 3 years and have been in constant prayer for Dad. Thanks to Dad's healthcare team. Darla & Jo have been so good to Dad. To NTMC who we felt rolled the red carpet out for Dad and our family on Thanksgiving Day. The ICU nurse was quick to let us know there would be no limit to our visitations with Dad. During the COVID crisis we were able to be at Dad's bedside in his last hospital stay-that itself is a miracle & my family is eternally grateful for that. I want to thank Muenster Fire Dept for helping get Dad to the ambulance and home from NTMC. I want to acknowledge my families team of prayer warriors. Dad has been on the church's prayer list for years, to the KCs, to the sweet Baptist ladies, to our neighbors, friends, and family-we have definitely felt the support, love, & prayers and will be eternally grateful to you! Lastly I want to thank our mom, Marla. My mom quickly became a nurse.. a very good nurse who always advocated for my Dad. My Mom never left my Dad's

bedside, she did the very best she could for Dad and Dad knew that. May God bless all of you double for the blessings you have given my family.

As dad's days here on earth have come to an end, we hope everyone with a Steve Fette story, true or not, will continue to share it. We love you, we miss you, and we will see you soon.. but not too soon. Well done good and faithful servant.

Cemetery Details

Sacred Heart Cemetery

Muenster, TX 76252

Previous Events

Vigil

DEC 5. 5:00 PM (CT)

Sacred Heart Catholic Church
714 Main St
Muenster, TX 76252

Mass of Christian Burial

DEC 6. 11:00 AM (CT)

Sacred Heart Catholic Church
714 Main St
Muenster, TX 76252

Tribute Wall



“ *Country Basket Blooms was purchased for the family of Stephen Wayne Fette.*



December 05, 2021 at 09:28 AM