



## Stephen M. St. Pierre

March 30, 1954 - November 12, 2018

Stephen M. St. Pierre, 64, died Monday afternoon at Beverly Hospital. He was the husband of Jean (Cawley) St. Pierre, with whom he shared twenty-eight years of marriage.

Born in Chelsea on March 30, 1954, he was the son of Alice (Tarnowski) St. Pierre of Danvers and the late Kenneth St. Pierre, Sr. He was raised and educated in Danvers and was a lifelong Danvers resident.

He served honorably in the U.S. Marine Corps from 1972 until 1978.

Steve was a natural athlete who loved watching his son play sports. He loved his grandchildren and could always be found doing things for other people. He had a great sense of humor and was famous for his practical jokes.

He also loved being on the ocean, and enjoyed taking naps, watching TV, and Mug Root Beer.

In addition to his wife and mother he leaves his children, Misty Tumbiolo and her husband Matthew of Danvers, Randee St. Pierre of Boston, Megan Bourque of Danvers, and Stephen St. Pierre, Jr. of Danvers, his grandchildren, Tyler and Cameron Lampert, Quianna Poisson, Jaelyn Sheriff, and Aaliyah McNutt, his siblings, Robin Diachisin, Nancy Rezza, Cindy Milbury, Patricia King, Michelle Sweeney, Theodore St. Pierre, and Lloyd "Duke" St. Pierre, as well as many nieces, nephews, in-laws, extended family, dear friends, and his beloved dog, Logan. Besides his father, he was predeceased by a brother, Kenneth St. Pierre, Jr.

Funeral Services with military honors will be private. Relatives and friends are invited to a celebration of Steve's life on Saturday, Nov. 17, 2018 from 12-3PM at the Onion Town Grill, 175 Water St., Danvers. In lieu of flowers, donations in Steve's name may be made to Wounded Warrior Project, PO Box 758517, Topeka, KS 66675.



# Cemetery

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## Annunciation Cemetery

151 Hobart St.

Danvers, MA, 01923

# Events

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**NOV** **Celebration of Life** 12:00PM - 03:00PM

**17**

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Onion Town Grill

175 Water St, Danvers, MA, US, 01923

# Comments

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“ Man do I miss this guy. Not sure why its been hitting me so hard lately but he was always there for me through everything in my life. He was at every school event and anything i needed him for. He was more than just a step father and he never treated me like a step daughter. In his eyes i was HIS daughter and thats all there was to it. He was an amazing grandfather and my daughter Jaelyn misses him so much it hurts me to watch her miss him while i try to stay strong for her even when its hurting me too. Why did you have to leave us so soon it wasnt your time to go. Hope your finally resting peacefully. We love and miss you even though you would probably find that hard to believe

**Megan Bourque** - February 20, 2019 at 05:17 PM

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“ 4 files added to the tribute wall



**Billy McClellan** - November 15, 2018 at 07:43 PM

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“ Thanks for having my back in 1971, never forgot it. Rest in Peace, Steve.

**Bob Fossa** - November 14, 2018 at 10:41 PM

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“ Fond memories of Steve. In 1972 I visited Steve at Camp Lejeune with Dave Nangle. Steve always said we were the last friends to see him before he shipped out to Vietnam. Steve smuggled us on to the base and we took a shower in the barracks. All of a sudden there was some commotion, I looked out of the shower with a head full of shampoo lather and of course my shoulder length hair. Steve had a higher ranking officer pinned up against the wall. "IF you report this to anyone you'll have to deal with me later". He let the guy go and nothing became of it. Later that week Steve and his buddies took us out on the town. He stood up to any Marine that wanted to kick some hippie ass! WOW did we get blitzed that night. Years later he rented a room from my parents and we recounted this story and others and had a good laugh. We also had a volley of jokes back and forth as we we laughed until we cried. That may have been the last time I saw him, but I will never Stevie St. - God be with you and R.I.P

**Bruce M Morrissey** - November 14, 2018 at 05:11 PM

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“ If you were Stevie friend he would do anything for you. Making a long story short, In 1968 I decided to run away from home and went to Steves house to say goodbye. Steve being the true friend didn't want me to go by myself so he insisted on joining me. We left Danvers, both 14 years old with \$19 between us and thumbed to Florida. It took us a week to get to Fort Lauderdale from a dozen different characters and the police picking us up in about six hours. One of the many good stories with Steve.

**Frank Doyle** - November 14, 2018 at 04:43 PM



“ What a great memory you have  
Thanks for sharing

**Pamela** - November 14, 2018 at 11:37 PM

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“ Steven will be so missed . His laughter how thoughtful he was Tapley will never be the same without him .

**Donna Boudrot** - November 14, 2018 at 04:38 PM

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“ Jack and I were so saddened to hear of the loss of our wonderful neighbor, Steve. So many fond memories as neighbors on Mass Ave. We will always remember the "squirrel story" with Jack and Steve on our roof during a party at your house. Our deepest condolences to Jean and his son Steve. Warmly, Sharon and Jack McManus

**Sharon and Jack McManus** - November 14, 2018 at 02:54 PM

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“ I will never forget that he put a roof over my head, food in my belly and a job. When I was in the worst shape of my life. Under that extremely tough shell was a huge heart and really nice man. R.I.P. Steve,  
Sincerely Matt

**Matthew Eaton** - November 14, 2018 at 11:05 AM