



William V. Koeneker

January 3, 1928 - November 22, 2024

William V. Koeneker (Bill), went to eternal rest and his Heavenly reward on November 22, 2024.

Bill was born on the family farm January 3, 1928, during the Depression to Daisy (Murphy) and Hoppy Moore (later adopted and raised by Vernon Koeneker). He often spoke with fond memories of sharing one pair of shoes with his two cousins during their summer stays at the farm and his grandmother's directive to pick corn as fresh as possible from the field for dinner. According to his grandmother, if you dropped the corn on the way to the house, go back and pick another.

A WWII veteran, Bill felt it his responsibility to enlist in the military at an early age and shared with others the fact that his "Mommy had to sign for him" before the Navy would take him. He served in Tsingtao, China and subsequently, the USS Helena and the USS Iowa. Bill did not talk about his war experience until late in life and only after taking part in the Honor Flight a few years ago.

Bill devoted his life to being a loving, supportive husband to Dolores (Frossard, deceased) for twenty-five years and Susan (Scheinbrum) with whom he recently celebrated fifty years. He was a role model to six sons (William, Gary, Mark, Steven, Mathew, Benjamin), their wives, ten

grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. His wisdom and kindness enriched many lives and, sole caregiver, he provided loving care for family members and friends during their final days.

A creative man, Bill could build or repair anything from machinery to construction. He designed a unique two-level cedar deck which he built single-handedly in his 80's. He designed and patented several concepts for various machines. His artwork in oils and pencil sketch are breathtaking and exhibit Bill's ability to see and convey beauty in all things.

Shortly before his death, Bill remembered a poem which hung in his bedroom as a child.

Trees by Joyce Kilmer 1886-1918

I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A Nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Bill was the tree whose roots, firmly anchored in the earth, became the anchor of our lives. His leaves blanketed family and friends with his love and grace. He loved all things in flight, always scanning the skies with pleasure and appreciation for God's creations.

Rest in peace dear sweet man.

Your sweet smiling Irish face will never be forgotten. Rest in Peace!

In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation in support of Service Dogs for Veterans at: pawsablelife.org/donate

Cemetery Details

Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery

2900 Sheridan Road
St Louis, MO 63125

Previous Events

Memorial Service

NOV 27. 11:00 AM (CT)

Valhalla Chapel of Memories
7600 St Charles Rock Road
St Louis, MO 63133