



Peter DePasquale

September 23, 1931 - September 19, 2019

Peter DePasquale, 87, of Perth, died on Thursday, September 19, 2019 at Albany Medical Center after a short illness.

Pete lived a life driven by steadfast values: love, loyalty, and laughter. His love of family, food, and the open road before him marked all his days.

Pete was born to Onofrio and Nancy (Biscotti) DePasquale on September 23, 1931 in Amsterdam. A child of immigrants, Pete's tastes extended beyond traditional Italian fare. Favorite additions to "the sauce" included rabbit, squirrel, woodchuck, and – on a good day - pig's feet.

As a teenager, Pete worked as an usher at the Rialto Theater before graduating from Wilbur Lynch High School in 1950. He began his driving career transporting produce weekly to and from New York City.

In 1949, he met a girl. Pete's friend, Walt Kowalczyk, broke his leg, and Pete went to visit him. At the hospital, his eyes caught those of Walt's sister, Delores (Martha). Soon after, the two began a Wednesday night movie date that continued until the Korean conflict intensified. In March 1951, rather than waiting to be drafted, Pete joined the U.S. Air Force, stationed at Sampson Airforce Base, and went to Korea.

Pete's assignment was cooking for the officers. With that twinkle in his eye, Pete prepared meals, but when clearing the table, he watched for leftover wine, which he smuggled to the barracks. If an inspection was imminent, he threw the bottles out the window and had to start over.

After his discharge in October 1953, he returned to Amsterdam and married that girl on September 29, 1956. Together, they built a family, blending their Polish and Italian cultures and cultivating steadfast traditions.

A proud Teamster, if you ever wanted to send Pete from jovial to explosive, tell him you didn't believe in unions. Pete retired from St. Johnsbury Trucking Co. in 1993. By then, he had driven trucks for more than 40 years, including at Boss Linco Lines.

The road was always a meditative place for Pete. He warmed his lunch – often homemade chicken parm or veal and pepper sandwiches - on the dash, and friends joked that his cab smelled like an Italian restaurant. But he also drove his young family to Maple Grove campground in Broadalbin on weekends, where they were the only people on the

beach boiling water for spaghetti instead of BBQ'ing burgers and hot dogs.

With Delores, Pete prepared Sunday dinners while blasting polka music, sauce simmering on the stove. The house was always filled with extended family, but the more voices joining in laughter, the more carafes of wine filled from gallon jugs in the basement, the more homemade ravioli or cavatelli or linguini with his famous meatballs on the table, the wider Pete's smile and the fuller his heart.

When visitors came to Pete's table, they heard, "Eat some more. Take another meatball. Because a fat chicken makes better soup than a skinny chicken." Some people wondered if they had been complimented or teased. But they always felt loved and welcomed. And they became familiar with his toast of "Salut!" followed by his familiar refrain, "First of the day!" regardless of which round they had reached.

Each fall, Pete headed to hunting camp in the Adirondacks with his buddies and his "szwagier" Ted. In all those years, Pete never shot a deer. Instead, in the rustic cabin without electricity, Pete cooked his specialties on an old wood stove.

Pete loved nothing more than gathering his family together. From the bay window in the kitchen, Pete watched his grandsons splashing in the pool, playing baseball in the yard, and playing in the sandbox he made for them. With every grandchild, Pete's heart grew. His uncanny way of connecting with each child was a testament to Pete. And when his final three grandchildren were born halfway across the country, Pete didn't bat an eye, taking to the road and driving 1,000 miles for love.

For his remaining years, Pete lived the Retirement Dream. With a devoted group of friends, Pete built a daily routine: from Stewart's for pre-dawn coffee and "shootin' the breeze" to Price Chopper to play his numbers, then back home, cultivating a garden that grew to half the size of their property, or sitting in his white resin chair waving to anyone driving Route 107 who honked.

In addition to his beloved "Toots," Pete is survived by daughters Sandy Verret, Karen (John) Klemczak, Nancy DePasquale, Janet (Scott) Whiteaker; 16 grandsons and 1 granddaughter; 5 great-grandchildren, and twin great-grandsons on the way.

He is predeceased by his parents, brother Joseph DePasquale, sister Catherine Spannbauer, and his firstborn and only son, Thomas Peter, who died after one day on Earth.

Visitation will be on Sunday from 4 – 7 pm at the Robert M. Halgas Funeral Home, Inc. 111 County Highway 106 (Corner of Route 29 & Black Street), Johnstown. A Mass of Christian Burial will be held at 11:15 am on Monday (Pete's 88th birthday) at St. Mary's Church, 156 East Main Street, Amsterdam with Rev. Jeffrey L'Arche officiating. Burial with military honors will follow at St. John's Cemetery.

In lieu of flowers, please donate to the Wounded Warrior Project at www.woundedwarriorproject.org.

Cemetery

Events

St. John's Cemetery

Amsterdam, NY, 12010

SEP 22 Visitation 04:00PM - 07:00PM

22

Halgas Funeral Home

111 County Highway 106, Johnstown, NY, US, 12095

SEP 23 Mass of Christian Burial 11:15AM

23

St. Mary's Church

156 East Main Street, Amsterdam, NY, US, 12010

Comments



“ Our sympathies are with you all at this time of your loss. May the love of GOD be a blessing to you and surround with peace. Cindy and Steve Pillow



Cindy Pillow - September 21, 2019 at 02:34 PM



“ Always the good times at Atlantic City. Those were the good old days. The day he told Martha to slam it. Our prayers are with the Family, God Bless.

Hank & Nancy Mars - September 20, 2019 at 05:23 PM



“ Thank you for the kind words and the giggle. My mom will love to be reminded of those days.

Janet - September 21, 2019 at 02:17 PM



“ There were of course many memories with Uncle Pete from family gatherings and many Christmas Eves together. I will always remember his big smile and welcoming arms. Of course his first words were always “let me get you a glass of wine”. My most recent funniest memory was; I had come back east and Theresa and Jim took me to see Aunt Delores and Uncle Pete. I no sooner had gotten out of the car, and Uncle Pete came running toward me saying, OMG it’s Ted, you look just like my szwagier. Now I know I had put on a few pounds since I had seen him but I didn’t think I resembled “Ted” that much. We had lost Dad a few years before and Uncle Pete missed him terribly. From this time on every time I saw Uncle Pete he reacted the same way and with tears in his eyes, he would tell me again how he missed Dad. Uncle Pete, thank you for the wonderful memories and love you showed. I Love You always. My sincere condolences to my Aunt Delores and all of my cousins and their families. With much love, Kathy

Kathy Phillips - September 20, 2019 at 05:10 PM



“ Can you imagine the reunion between those two this week? That thought brings our broken hearts much solace.

Janet - September 21, 2019 at 02:17 PM



“ Tom Keay lit a candle in memory of Peter DePasquale



Tom Keay - September 20, 2019 at 03:19 PM



“ Thank you, Tom.

Janet - September 21, 2019 at 02:17 PM



“ Scott, Rachel, Nicholas and Olivia Migli send Aunt Delores and the entire family our deepest sympathies.

Uncle Pete was a special man who I will always remember for his smile, laughter and love of life. If only everyone smiled and laughed like Uncle Pete the whole world would be a better place. He will always hold a special place in my heart and in my memory.

Scott James Migli - September 20, 2019 at 01:31 PM



“ Thank you, Scott. Our shared family vacations and Christmas Eves are special memories we will always hold dear. Much love, cousin.

Janet - September 21, 2019 at 02:19 PM



“ Always welcomed into his home with love and lots of food. So sorry to all of the family.

Joan Purtell - September 20, 2019 at 01:29 PM



“ Thank you, Joan.

Janet - September 21, 2019 at 02:19 PM