



Clarence Edward Van Hoy Jr.

January 4, 1930 - February 3, 2023

Ninety-three is a long life but when it is compared to our universe that is measured by billions of stars, miles and years...timewise, it is reached to less than a wink of an eye. Long or short, life is like toilet paper...the closer you get to the end, the faster it goes as Father Time takes back what Mother Nature was kind enough to give us. On February 3, 2023 it became my “statistical turn” to join roughly 14,000 fellow Americans who daily depart this old world and move on to hopefully meet a merciful forgiving Maker and avoid facing an avenging Baker. Assuming I escape the “warmer climate”, my epitaph for my loved ones is.... “See Ya! But hopefully not too soon”. Like Private Ryan live a good life...choose useful over useless behavior and keep eking out that “tiny wink”. Love you. (I hope I proved it.)

Dr. V. nice...but to us, his three sisters, he was “Junior (Jr.)”. He was born in Alton January 4, 1930, to our late beloved parents Clarence “Bud” and Lorraine (Riley) Van Hoy Sr.

His childhood was the “Great Depression” and his adolescence was World War II and its aftermath. These were hard times for our family. It made Junior a worker. He cut grass (no power mower), was a paper boy, set bowling pins, ushered at Up-town theater, was a Tri-City stock boy to cashier, and studied at the kitchen table. He was determined to be the first in our family circle to go to high school and he graduated from Alton High School in January, 1948.

Thanks to Laclede Steel, Tri City Grocery, and Milton Road Cleaners he worked his way through Shurtleff College (now SIU Dental School). He

received his degree May, 1952, the same month he received his draft notice. He reported, was tested, and placed in the Air Force Aviation Cadet Program. A year later an Air Force letter came saying Junior was the class honor graduate and received his wings and 2nd Lieutenant commission. He was assigned to a new wing of Strategic Fighters and Air Refueling in Great Falls, Montana. He flew for the Strategic Air Command (SAC) from 1953-1956. He then took his discharge and returned to Illinois to teach.

In 1954 he met his future wife in Great Falls Montana, Dolores "Terry" Bechard, just as

She was moving to Denver for a new job. They met a few times when she came home for family events, but mostly went their separate ways for three years because of distance and his squadron's "Combat Readiness" activities. They met again in 1957 on his visit to see his career Air Force buddies. This led to their wedding August 23, 1958. His wife died 3 months before their sixtieth wedding anniversary from Alzheimer's. Besides his wife, he was preceded in death by his parents and his twice wounded World War II veteran brother Phillip (1992).

He is survived by their two sons and daughter-in-law, Mark, Alton, IL and Vern (Laurie), Naples, FL; three grandchildren, Todd (Jill) Van Hoy, St. Louis, MO, Megan Van Hoy, Alton, IL, and Lt. Scott Van Hoy, Jacksonville, FL; Two great grandchildren Charlotte Van Hoy and Mallory Van Hoy, St. Louis, MO; three sisters Delores Sawyer (widow), Town and Country, MO, Darlene (Bill) Graves, Escondido, CA, Irma Jean Peterson (widow), Tremonten, UT.

At 27 years old Dad began a 36 year career in education; 9 years with the Alton Public School System, 5 years with the Superintendent of Public Instruction Office in Springfield, IL,

14 years with Lewis Clark in Godfrey, IL (retiree) and 8 years with Darton College in Albany, Georgia (retiree). Over those years he did graduate work at St. Louis University, Southern Illinois University (Carbondale) earning two masters and a Ph.D. Like our aunts, we remember Dad at the kitchen table doing lesson plans, grading papers and especially writing his 220 page thesis

for his Ph.D in 1971-1972.

We have many good memories of Dad but what we remember the most is how Mom and Dad were a team...of hands. Hands that held, fed, bathed, comforted and tucked us in at night. Hands that took ours to cross a street or in a store, push a swing, pulled a sled or a wagon, steadied a bike or, in Dad's case throw us a ball. He was our little league baseball and flag-football coach and helped with basketball and soccer. He was our tutor (Mom was harder). Those hands made our home a special place every holiday. Dad filled a great Christmas stocking, always topped off with a "Depression" apple and orange. He had a talent for hiding Easter Eggs out in the open. He could sing "Happy Birthday" in any key.

Dad and Mom's ashes will be buried in Roselawn Cemetery, in Bethalto, Illinois. Gent Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements. When asked about memorials he said, "I don't want to burden you but you and yours are our memorials...do well!!!

Another time he said he would appreciate two prayers – a short one for us and a real long one for our nation's schools. The educational team of home, school and community needs help. Pray that all adults who have children that touch their life revisit the idea of "setting a good example." We want our children to learn, achieve, succeed, and give their best effort each day. The secret for achieving this could be Loving adults giving them their best effort every day and encouragement. We can hear Dad saying. "I'll give that three hallelujahs and two amens."

See ya, but hopefully not too soon!

Online guestbook and information may be found at www.gentfuneralhome.com

Tribute Wall



“ *Norma Cremin lit a candle in memory of Clarence Edward Van Hoy Jr.* ”



Norma Cremin - April 13, 2023 at 11:54 PM



“ *Scott Cochran lit a candle in memory of Clarence Edward Van Hoy Jr.* ”



Scott Cochran - February 22, 2023 at 11:53 PM



“ *Tania Walker lit a candle in memory of Clarence Edward Van Hoy Jr.* ”



Tania Walker - February 16, 2023 at 09:57 PM



“ *Leslie Palos lit a candle in memory of Clarence Edward Van Hoy Jr.* ”



Leslie Palos - February 16, 2023 at 04:09 PM