



Wilfred "Scotty" Everett Scott

June 3, 1931 - April 3, 2023

We're born, travel through life, and then we gracefully exit the stage. Wilfred Everett Scott (nee Scotty) was born in Setauket, NY on June 3, 1931. One of fifteen children born to Emma Hart Scott and Frank Scott. His parents, wife (Elma), along with thirteen siblings predeceased him. (Mary Lewis, Brooklyn, NY is his surviving sister). Before departing for the military and the Korean War he married the love of his life, Elma Cox McClain. Surviving the War and returning home Scotty and Elma setup home and immersed themselves in their Setauket community, extensive families, church, and their beloved American Legion Post (1766) A perfect day would find Scotty up at dawn, exchanging morning pleasantries at his favorite donut coffee shop and then off to prep his beloved elementary school for his little charges and their teachers. At the end of the school day Scotty would head off for a bit of "relaxation" with a lure and line on the Port Jefferson LI Sound dock, or surf casting along the area's shores. Wife Elma always knew where to find him (no one else knew his favorite fishing spots).

Success would mean fish for neighbors, friends, and the freezer. Whether flounder, mackerel, bass, cod, snapper, or his favorite Blues, whatever his catch of the day smiles were all around when he surprised his recipients with dinner (all gutted, scaled, cleaned, deboned, and heads removed) ready to cook. What a guy! Scotty had many "fish tales" to tell throughout his life some with photos to show. Such simple satisfaction. Life became complete when Elma delivered a perfect baby girl, Lisa Annette, to round out their family. A

prouder Dad was hard to find. Sandwiched within this busy life Scotty found time to help anyone and everyone that needed or asked. Sometimes he'd surprise friends with shoveled walkways or cut grass upon their waking. He rescued stranded motorists, young hitchhikers, or walking friends and neighbors. He was at his happiest cooking for church, the legion, or family reunions. He mentored many a nephew in what makes a good day of hard work as his apprentice. This everyman found time to play miniature golf, pick blueberries, hunt for stray golf balls, attend carnivals, fireworks, parades, explore the Long Island woods with his wife, daughter, nieces and nephews. Christenings, graduations, weddings, and too many funerals found the Scott family in attendance. Scotty needed a good excuse to miss Sunday service at the family's Bethel A.M.E church. 2005's Retirement allowed the family to leave their familiar Long Island and relocate to the warmer, landlocked City of Washington, in southern Utah.

Lisa embarked upon a career as a nursing professional with a specialty as a respiratory therapist. Elma found a new church, Grace Baptist Church, where she never missed a Sunday service. She also joined her gang of gal pal Red Hatters.

Scotty volunteered with Grace Baptist to visit shut ins. He also met with the Friday Morning Vets at the local Golden Corral. He and his best pal Dwight decided to eat lunches throughout St George and Washington City. Pounds and waistlines later made them decide there was no winner. Lisa and niece Betty entertained frequently and both Scotty and Elma were pressed into assistance on these Utah ventures. Main meat/fish course was always Scotty's. Elma could do it all. It was always a good time at their affairs. Invitations were never refused. One of Scotty's proudest moments was planning Elma's surprise 90th Birthday party. She had an outdoor catered BBQ (complete with a roasted pig). Elma said it was the best celebration ever and her only birthday party. Scotty beamed. Well done, Scotty! Sadly, after 67 years of marriage he and Lisa lost Elma. Life seemed to blur, the wind stopped blowing, the birds sang quietly. The void was great and felt deeply.

For 5 years they soldiered on. Fewer smiles, yet they attempted to carry-on. As Scotty developed a series of ills Lisa cared for her dad. Finally, she took a leave to care full time for him. On Monday, April 3rd Scotty left this life. He was a son, a brother, a father, an uncle, a beloved relative, a loyal friend, and a proud United States Veteran. Scotty will be missed by all who knew him intimately and those he met just in passing. Travel safe Scotty, until we meet again. "Do not go where the path may lead, go instead where there is no path and leave a trail."

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

JUN 3. 1:00 PM (MT)

First Southern Baptist Church
475 W Buena Vista Blvd
Washington, UT 84780

Tribute Wall

LG

“ Dan and I , Lynn met scotty at the walmart in washington, that was his local hangout. Friendly to everyone, we enjoyed his company and stories.
RIP scotty. Miss you.
Dan and Lynn greathouse

lynn greathouse - April 06, 2023 at 03:12 PM

GN

I really enjoyed conversing with Scotty at Nisson's Foodtown in Washington. He had a lot of wit and wisdom and was a genuine good guy.
Rest in Peace
Garth Nisson

Garth Nisson - April 06, 2023 at 07:42 PM