

IN LOVING MEMORY *of*

GEORGE WASHINGTON



PATRIOTS

SUNRISE

March 23, 1935

SUNSET

October 15, 2024



ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The family of William "Coach" Peay would like to express our sincere gratitude for all acts of kindness with deep appreciation. The many comforting messages, prayers and expressions of kindness will not go unnoticed. May God richly bless you for all the love you have bestowed on us at our time of bereavement.

The Peay Family

COACH

WILLIAM

"BILL" Peay

Pipkin • Braswell

FUNERALS • CREMATION • RECEPTIONS

6601 E. COLFAX AVENUE DENVER, COLORADO 80220
(303)996-0869 OFFICE (303)996-0891 FAX

WHEN SOMEONE YOU LOVE BECOMES A MEMORY, THE MEMORY BECOMES A TREASURE

LIFE Story

William (Bill) Peay – A man who made his own path – fearlessly, passionately, and always with a spirit of adventure. William was born on March 23, 1935, to Albert and Hattie Peay in Portchester, New York. Bill was the first of three children; his early years spent beneath the sprawling skies of Rye, New York.

A gifted athlete, he shone bright at Rye High School, illuminating the fields with his prowess in football and basketball. His talents led him to The University of Denver on a football scholarship, but he gracefully pivoted to basketball, joining his younger brother, James (Jim) Peay, on the court. In 1958, he proudly received his Bachelor of Arts, driven by an unyielding passion for education, which he nurtured further with a Master of Arts degree from the University of Northern Colorado in 1975.

As a dedicated physical education teacher and beloved coach at George Washington High School, Bill did more than teach; he inspired. Pushing boundaries and defying convention, he instilled in his athletes and students a spirit of relentless pursuit, encouraging them to embrace life fully. He lived by those principles, introducing his children and those around him to golf, skiing, gymnastics, and even the thrilling rush of white-water rafting. Known affectionately as “Coach,” he left an indelible mark on the hearts of those he guided.

When not molding young minds or leading teams to victory, Bill reveled in the joy of collecting and refurbishing motorcycles and cars. Over the years, his keen eye for beauty led him to own an array of splendid vehicles, including Rolls-Royces, classic Cadillacs, and Corvettes. A renaissance man at heart, he ventured into winemaking, proudly establishing “Just Crewzn’ Winery,” where each bottle bore a personalized label adorned with a truth from scripture—reflecting his deep faith as he celebrated life one vintage at a time. His intellect never wavered; he kept his mind sharp with current events and the delightful challenge of Sudoku, even nurturing a club at his local YMCA, garnering the prestigious title of Volunteer of the Year.

Yet, above all, Bill embodied strength and protection for his family. His love as an older brother to Jim Peay and sister Margaret Simon was unwavering. As a father, he cherished Carla, Karen, Kory, and William Perrin Peay, and as a grandfather, he found boundless joy in the company of his grandchildren—Kylin McCaston, Keith McCaston, Christopher Ratliffe, and Carter Ratliffe. His love reached into future generations, as he embraced his role as great-grandfather to Kason, Kynli, and Kya McCaston, whose lives will forever reflect his lessons and warmth.

On October 15, 2024, in the serene embrace of Denver, Colorado, Bill’s vibrant spirit transitioned to the next chapter of existence, reuniting with his beloved wife, Michael Welch, his parents, Albert and Hattie Peay, his cherished nephews, Ronald K. Coleman Jr. and Eric Peay, as well as a host of other relatives and friends.

Bill Peay will forever be remembered—a devoted father, an inspiring teacher, a passionate coach, doting grandfather, and a true renaissance man whose legacy of love and exploration will continue to resonate in the hearts of all who had the privilege of knowing him.



I'M FREE

Don't grieve for me for now I'm free,
I'm following the path God laid for me
I took his hand when I heard him call,
I turned my back and left it all
I could not stay another day,
To laugh, to love, to work or play
Tasks left undone must stay that way,
I've found that peace at the close of day
If my parting has left a void,
Then fill it with remembered joy
A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss,
Ah yes, these things I too will miss
Be not burdened with times of sorrow,
I wish for you the sunshine of tomorrow
My life's been full, I've savored much,
Good friends, good times, my loved one's touch
If my time seemed all too brief,
Don't lengthen it now with undue grief
Lift up your heart, rejoice with me,
I am with God now, He set me free.

SPECIAL Tributes

I didn't grow up with a dad, but I never felt like I missed out on the presence of a father. Our favorite bedtime story was Bernstein Bears. Our favorite snack break between playing uno and putting puzzles together was cheese and crackers. You held the handlebars while I learned to ride my bike. Our hearts raced together while you taught me to drive. You were the firm grip on my hand as you walked me down the aisle. Thank you for showering me with love and guidance that I can now pass on to my kids. You'll forever be the #1 coach in my heart, and I'll always be your Punky Poo.

KYLIN MCCASTON - GRAND DAUGHTER

My grandpa was a super grandpa! He taught us a lot and always made us laugh. We had a tradition at Christmas where we would first take turns pulling out one item at a time out of our stockings. Next, we would open all the gifts one by one. I will always remember the look on his face at Christmas time when at the end of night, he would hand out the envelopes to all of us! He always made us smile. I wanted him to be proud of me when he came to watch my brother and I play football. My grandpa always told me, "Good game!" when it was over. He was the BEST!

CHRISTOPHER RATLIFF - GRANDSON

I remember everyday after summer school my grandpa would come pick me up and we would always go play golf or get ice cream. He was always so excited to pick us up and teach us more about his favorite sport of golf. I loved learning from him, and he would be so patient with my brother and I because we were not the best at golf. This was always my favorite part of summer! I'm going to miss him!

CARTER RATLIFF - GRANDSON



ORDER OF Service

Saturday, the Fifteenth day of March Two Thousand Twenty-Five

Two o'clock in the afternoon

Pipkin Braswell Chapel of Peace

6601 E. Colfax Ave.

Denver, Colorado 80220

Pastor Frank M. Davis, Officiating

The Processional.....*Louis Armstrong Recording*

"What A Wonderful World"

The Welcome.....*Minister Brian Tarver*

The Song of Gratitude *Nate King Cole Recording*

"Unforgettable"

God Speaks.....*Minister Brian Tarver*

Old Testament / New Testament

God Listens in Prayer.....*Minister Brian Tarver*

The Song of Remembrance *Bette Midler Recording*

"Wind Beneath My Wing"

Acknowledgement, Condolences and Obituary.....*Pipkin Braswell Funeral Director*

The Journey..... *Video*

The Family Tribute

Special Tribute.....*Dr. Rick Perea, Ph.D.*

Expressions of Love..... *2 Minutes*

The Song of Promise..... *Mahalia Jackson Recording*

"Precious Lord"

Words Of Comfort*Pastor Frank M. Davis*

PIPKIN BRASWELL FUNERAL DIRECTORS

"I Did It My Way"

COMMITTAL / CLOSING PRAYER/ BENEDICTION

The Recessional *Josh Groban Recording*

'You Raised Me Up'

