

IN LOVING MEMORY

Steven "Steve" Chadwick

JULY 15, 1950 - SEPTEMBER 5, 2026





FUNERAL SERVICE

11 a.m., Thursday, September 10, 2026
Free Grace Wesleyan Church, Harkers Island, NC
Officiated by Rev. Clint Nelson

Welcome

Scripture Reading & Prayer

“The Anchor Holds”

Reading of the Obituary

Remarks

“Go Rest High On That Mountain”

Message

“I’m Already There”

Closing Prayer

THE SERVICE WILL CONCLUDE AT VERGIE MAE CEMETERY.

Please turn on bright lights and hazards in procession.

PALLBEARERS

Brent Gaskill
Ricky Rose

Tim Gillikin
Kevin Willis

Clay McArthur
Wayne Willis

ARRANGEMENTS BY MUNDEN FUNERAL HOME & CREMATORY IN MOREHEAD CITY, NC.

Steven "Steve" Chadwick, 76, of Harkers Island, North Carolina, passed away peacefully on Saturday, September 5, 2026, at Carteret Health Care.

Steve was born on July 15, 1950, in Morehead City, NC, to Leda Rose and Charles Wesley "Dick" Chadwick. He grew up in a lively family, with his parents welcoming four children within five years—and then, fourteen years later, along came Pooky.

Steve spent 16 years working with County Mosquito and Rabies Control before beginning a new chapter in 1981 with the North Carolina State Ports Authority in Morehead City. It was a job he truly enjoyed, but it was the people he worked alongside who made it especially meaningful. They worked long hours together, looked out for one another, and became much more than coworkers—they became friends and, in many ways, family. That bond became especially evident after Steve injured his back in 1989 and was forced to go out on disability. Even though he was no longer able to work beside them, his coworkers never stopped checking on him. The calls and visits continued, and they remained part of his life. They laughed together, mourned together, and even challenged one another to see who was the strongest.

Steve was also a builder and a craftsman—when he wanted to be. It took nearly six years to convince him to try carving small flying duck decoys. When he finally agreed, his first creation was a mallard, and it was beautiful. Before long, he became known as the "Stevie Dye Special." Through decoy carving, Steve met some truly wonderful people and found a hobby that brought him a great deal of pride and joy.

As the years passed and dementia slowly took away the knowledge and carving abilities, Steve struggled with losing something he loved so much. Watching his memory fade was heartbreaking for Steve and for everyone who loved him.

Growing up on the coast, Steve developed a deep appreciation for the simple pleasures of life. He loved racing fast cars, going clamming and trout fishing, and some of his favorite memories were made outdoors, enjoying the coastal way of life with family and friends.

Steve loved the Lord and attended Free Grace Wesleyan Church. More than anything, Steve loved his family. His wife, Chyrel, was the love of his life, and anyone who knew them knew just how deeply he loved her. He watched over her through the good times and the difficult ones, always ready to help in any way he could. Whenever she was sick or needed something, Steve was right there saying, "Honey, don't move. Let me get that for you." He often said, "It's me and you in this together, and I ain't going nowhere."

Steve was immensely proud of his son, Christopher, and the man he grew up to be. But one of his greatest joys was watching Chris become a father himself. Steve adored his grandsons, Connor, whom he lovingly called "Partner," and Hunter, who loved to visit and cook him breakfast. Seeing the love between his son and grandsons was something that brought him great pride.

As dementia progressed, expressing those feelings of love and pride became increasingly difficult. But even when Steve could no longer find the words, his family always knew what was in his heart, they knew his love was still there. Today, Steve is whole again. He is free from the confusion and pain that dementia brought and free from the physical pain he carried for so many years.

Those remaining to cherish his memory are his loving wife, Chryel Gaskill Chadwick; their much-loved son, Christopher Chadwick and his wife Amy; and his grandsons, who were the apples of their Pop Pop's eyes, Connor and Hunter.

Steve is also survived by his sisters, Jenny McGee (Johnny) of Straits and Missy Brazie of Harkers Island; brother, Ricky Lane Chadwick (Lisa) of Harkers Island; sister-in-law, Dawn Chadwick of Harkers Island; brother-in-law, "Brother Gaskill" (Barbara); sister-in-law, Leisa Manning (Chris); along with numerous nieces and nephews.

He was also blessed with some of the best neighbors to ever grace a family with love and never said a foul word, Rita and Wayne Willis and the late Martha and Hallis Rose. (My don't we miss you "salt treated" Martha.)

In addition to his parents, Steve was preceded in death by much-loved son, Steven Shane Chadwick; his brother, Charles "Bill Boy" Chadwick; grandparents, Howard and Alice Rose, and Wesley and Sadie Chadwick; uncles and aunts, Joey Rose, Bobby Rose, Clifton Rose, Mike Rose, Ruth Styron, Bill Chadwick, Ramona Chadwick, Thelma Chadwick, Mary Chadwick Jones, Jimmy Chadwick, Sandra Chadwick, Anne Gillikin; brother-in-law, "Little" Dan Yeomans; and brother-in-law, Manley Gaskill (Joy).

As an expression of sympathy, flowers are welcome or memorial contributions may be made to Free Grace Wesleyan Church on Harkers Island, the Decoy Guild, or the Alzheimer's Association.

To love is nothing. To be loved is something.
But to love and be loved, that's everything!

