



Fredrick P. Doerfer

January 27, 1949 - November 26, 2018

Frederick P. Doerfer, 69, of West Shokan, NY, passed away peacefully after a long illness on November 26, 2018. Born January 27, 1949, in Brooklyn, NY, to the late Frederick R. and Veronica (Spatz) Doerfer, he is survived by his loving sister and brother-in-law, Carol Doerfer and James O'Neill and his much-loved nephew and godson Conor Doerfer O'Neill, all of Hudson. He is also survived by many cousins, including Edmond Hodgens of Coxsackie and Frederick Hodgens of Albany. Retired from the City of Kingston, Fred enjoyed music, art, fishing, photography, and reading. From his teen years to more recently, he played the drums in a number of bands. As he wished, he will be cremated and there will be no calling hours. To honor his memory, since this is red kettle season, donations may be made to the Hudson Salvation Army, .40 South 3rd Street, Hudson, NY, or to the charity of your choice.

Tribute Wall



“ Dear Family,

I remember spending my summers with Fred on my gandparents farm many many years ago...I was saddened to read of his passing. Sincere Condolences.

Henry Betke Jr.

Henry Betke - December 11, 2018 at 11:35 PM

JN

“ *I was saddened to hear of Fred's Passing. Fred and I were old friends at Ulster Community College. I remember when Fred went on tour for a while, also working the Catskills. This was probably in the mid 70's He was a great drummer. Sincere Condolences to the family. JD Nichols.*

Jon Nichols - December 03, 2018 at 02:31 PM

AH

“ Dear Carol, James and all who loved Fred,
I first met Fred in our Freshman year at Ulster County Community College in an old refurbished - sort of - school building in Kingston, NY. We called it "Harvard on the Hudson". He & my future (& ex) husband J.D. were roomies in "the chicken coop" in Stone Ridge after UCCC moved to the new campus. They both played in bands. Fred was always one of those special people we get to meet and cherish in our lives. I ran into him occasionally, last time being in Shop Rite. He mentioned that he had some serious health problems. I just hope and pray that he did not suffer. He was such a good soul. My prayers to all of his family and friends. My deepest condolences.

Annemarie Harms

Annemarie Harms - December 01, 2018 at 02:17 PM

“ Dear Sister Carol, It is with much sadness that I learned of Fred's passing. I was Shandaken Town Supervisor back in the eighties when Fred was hired to the town's weatherization program that provided energy saving benefits to those who needed and qualified for same. At that time, we interviewed many people. It was with my strong recommendation that the town agreed to hire Fred. I immediately saw in Fred, a natural air of honest, sincere and pleasant ways. He was wonderful to people whom he so importantly helped. I know that because of such positive feedback from the needing clients that he served. There was certainly a fair amount of stress with the job, having to deal with the general public, contractors, and administrative paperwork. Fred confidently handled it all with exemplary stride. Fred impressed me as person with an innate sense of self confidence about his integrity that guided his actions, knowing to himself that he was functioning in his indisputable realm of honesty I'm glad his obit mentioned fishing. Fred and I often talked about fishing. My father had a sign in his old car that read: Fishermen are "REEL" People. Fred was a real, reel person. Over the years, I'd like to think we became mutual admirers of sorts. In these later years, Fred would recognize my wife's real estate sign on our car at the Boiceville Supermarket and always approach us to say hello and talk; sometimes waiting by our car for us to come out of the market. It was always a delightful pleasure to meet a nice guy like Fred. Within the last year (not sure just when) I knew Fred was dealing with some issues that he skeptically mentioned, when we last met at the supermarket. I sensed he was not telling me all. So, I gave him my card and assured him that if he needed a "fishing kind of guy" for anything whatsoever, to just call. He appreciated that but, knowing Fred, I did not expect a call. And, he insisted he'd be fine. I asked for his phone number (2044) and told him, I'd be checking on him. We last departed with a tight gripping handshake in the parking lot of the supermarket. Fred never called. Time passed with my hope that all was well and we'd soon meet again in the market parking lot. Fred and I talked about someday fishing the reservoir together in my rowboat. We never did. Now, in sorrow, I very deeply regret that I failed to call this good

person that I thought so much of. He was, indeed, Mr. nice guy! At age 74, I especially and truly feel sorrow with Fred's untimely, younger passing, and I sincerely hope that these very intentional, well meaning words are helpful to you and family. Very, very Sincerely, Wayne Gutmann, Mt. Tremper

R. Wayne Gutmann - November 28, 2018 at 08:44 PM

AW

“*Dearest Fred, to you the family & friends! Thank you for your laughs, hugs & music that made our journey here more enjoyable. The memorable moments are too many to recall over the 45 to 50 years you gave me as my favorite adopted uncle. I will be forever indebted to you for the shared experiences. Sincerely Yours from the moment of today through eternity. Anton Werner*

Anton Werner - November 28, 2018 at 12:31 PM