



## William Penberthy

January 27, 1950 - January 3, 2022

William Penberthy, 71, of Bloomfield passed away peacefully at home on January 3, 2022. Bill was a lifelong resident of Bloomfield. He worked for Essex County Dept. of Parks for 46 years where he held various positions, most recently electrician. He was an avid outdoorsman and sports enthusiast. He is survived by his wife of 42 years, Kathleen McHugh, and their sons Cavan, Liam and his wife, Jessica. A Memorial Service will be held on January 12th from 6-8 PM with Service at 7:00 PM, Van Tassel Funeral Home, 337 Belleville Ave, Bloomfield. In lieu of flowers, memorial donations to [ASPCA.org](https://www.aspcanet.org), would be appreciated.

# Cemetery Details

**Private**

## Previous Events

### Memorial Service

JAN 12. 6:00 PM - 8:00 PM (ET)

Van Tassel Funeral Home  
337 Belleville Avenue  
Bloomfield, NJ 07003  
(973) 743-1234 or (973) 743-1761  
<https://www.vantasselfuneralhome.com>

### Service

JAN 12. 7:00 PM - 7:30 PM (ET)

Van Tassel Funeral Home  
337 Belleville Avenue  
Bloomfield, NJ 07003  
(973) 743-1234 or (973) 743-1761  
<https://www.vantasselfuneralhome.com>

# Tribute Wall

SF

“ Steven Francis purchased the Beautiful Dreams for the family of William Penberthy.



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**Steven Francis** - January 11, 2022 at 10:47 PM



“ Full Of Love Bouquet was purchased for the family of William Penberthy.



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January 11, 2022 at 10:03 PM



“ Peaceful White Lilies Basket was purchased for the family of William Penberthy.



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January 11, 2022 at 08:17 PM

BB

“ From Bill Berry:

*Bill and I were born 11 months apart on Thomas Street in houses that were directly across from each other. We played together starting almost from when we could walk. In the early years we had ask an adult (any adult - think about that!) to 'cross us' if we wanted to cross the street. Parents back then weren't as imaginative with names so we had several 'Bill's in the neighborhood. He became 'Pen' and I became 'Berr'. He spent hundreds of hours on 'my side' of the street since I had a barn in my backyard and railroad tracks and a brook just behind the yard. Both were excellent playgrounds - although somewhat dangerous. The trains were mostly electric so they could sneak up on you - especially in the snow. The brook water seemed OK but with all the factories upstream it may not have been the wisest choice. Either one was a path to Washington Street and Ross's confectionary store with dozens of choices for penny candy that actually cost a penny a piece. We'd go to the store for candy if one of us hit the jackpot and got hold of a dime or a nickel. When my older brothers vacated the second floor of the barn we took it over and had a fantastic club house along with several other guys from the neighborhood. Maybe a girl or 2 as we 'matured'. It seemed like there were hundreds of kids just on our stretch of Thomas Street. We always had plenty of kids around for any kind of ball game. I remember playing baseball in the parking lot behind the Grand Union. Pen was one of the first in our age group to hit a home run - which required hitting a window in the factory behind left field and losing the ball. If it bounced off the window it was a double. In winter we walked to the Glen Ridge end of the street and went sledding on Gail's Hill. It seemed like a mountain back then and dozens of neighborhood kids would always be there on a snow day. Gail's parents were obviously not lawyers or insurance agents. When high school started we went to different schools with different friends but still kept a close friendship. I drove first and can remember him asking me how I remembered which way to move the turn signal lever - up/down - left/right - what a concept! He did catch on though - I guess. We got into motorcycles - dirt first and then street. One March we rode (not trailered) our*

*bikes to Daytona Beach for the big motorcycle race. I don't recommend doing that. Anyway we were in the stands with our bright white skins roasting in the sun and catching quick glimpses of blurred bikes going by. We decided to hit the beach bar and watch all the bikinis. On the ride home I actually feel asleep at 65 MPH and Bill's horn woke me up when he saw me starting to weave. I think I said thanks. Later came the ultimate party house on Mountain Ave. Four guys in a beautiful house in the woods. What could go wrong? Jim N and I worked hard to keep the house from becoming an EPA hot spot. (Jim V will deny this of course.) And winter backpacking - and that -44 degree night on Little Marcy - waking up at 2 AM to steaming bowls of Fred's stew! I moved out, got married, had 2 kids, and moved to the wilds of PA. Bill and I didn't see much of each other after that but he certainly was a gigantic and memorable part of my life. Thanks for the memories Pen - and also for saving my life on that highway in Georgia. My sincerest condolences to Kathy and the family. I'm very sad - this was too soon.*

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**Bill Berry** - January 08, 2022 at 01:42 PM



*I had forgotten about the mountainside house, I lived up the street at the time and remember visiting you guys on the weekends when I was about 13-14. I remember the weekend on Mt. Marcy. Bill slept warm in the igloo while the rest of us froze our asses off in tents... You guys were the best. Bill is smiling thinking about it... John Penberthy III*

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**John Penberthy** - January 11, 2022 at 10:04 PM

JV

*John, I was in that Igloo with him, A candle warmed the whole thing, and you couldn't hear a sound in there*

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**Jim Vernere** - January 12, 2022 at 02:34 PM