



William Kenneth Fischer

DEC 20, 1932 - MAR 28, 2026



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William Kenneth Fischer

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William (Bill) Kenneth Fischer passed away on Saturday, March 28, 2026. He was born in New Braunfels, Texas, on December 20, 1932.

He is survived by his children, Jana McLain, Robert Fischer, and David Fischer; eight grandchildren; and ten great-grandchildren. He is also survived by his siblings Butch Fischer, Candice Fischer, and Mary Fischer Jones.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Kathryn; his son, William Fischer, Jr.; his parents, Florine Owen Musgraves and Marvin H. Fischer; and his brother, Ray Lynn Fischer.

Born during the Great Depression, Bill learned resilience early in life. He overcame many challenges before joining the U.S. Army during the Korean War, where he trained as a helicopter pilot—an occupation that became his lifelong career. After his military service, he worked for Houston Helicopters and later moved to Louisiana in 1965 to join Chevron Oil Company, where he remained until his retirement in 1990.

Bill met his future wife, Kathryn, when her family moved next door to his. They were only six or seven years old. Although their families eventually moved apart, Bill and Kathryn reconnected toward the end of high school and married a year later in Liberty, Texas. Shortly after their marriage, Kathryn introduced Bill to Jesus Christ, a moment that profoundly shaped the rest of his life. Together they raised four children during their 53 years of marriage.

Bill moved his family to Covington, Louisiana, in 1970, where he lived until 2011. His battle with dementia began to show in 2009, and in 2011 he moved to Mandeville to live with his son David and daughter-in-law Barbara. In 2022, he entered Peristyle Nursing Home, where he spent his final years.

He will be deeply missed by all who knew and loved him. We rejoice that Bill is reunited with Kathryn and rests now in the presence of his Savior, Jesus Christ.



Obituary

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In lieu of flowers, contributions in memory of Bill Fischer may be made to the Alzheimer's Foundation of America.

The Celebration of Life for Bill will be at Christ Episcopal Church in Covington, La, on May 30th at 11 am. There will be a reception in the church parish hall immediately following the service.

E.J. Fielding Funeral Home has been entrusted with funeral arrangements. The family invites you to share thoughts, fondest memories, and condolences online at E. J. Fielding Funeral Home Guest Book at <https://www.ejfieldingfh.com>.





Events


William Kenneth Fischer

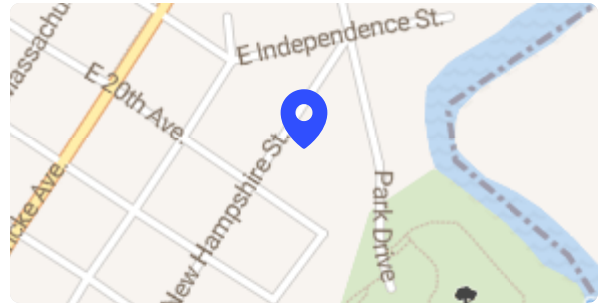
DEC 20, 1932 - MAR 28, 2026

Celebration of Life

 **Saturday**, May 30, 2026

 11:00 AM CT

 **Christ Episcopal Church**
120 S. New Hampshire Street, Covington LA
70433





Tribute Wall

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CM

Cody Mclain posted:

To me, he was PopPop... my grandfather. When we visited, I spent a lot of time with Grandma, but Pop had his own way of bonding with us. Looking back, a lot of it was character building... I just didn't realize it at the time. In the kids' bedroom, he had these massive speakers... at least they felt massive to me as a kid. The receiver was in his room on the other side of the house, and every single morning we'd wake up to classical music blasting at a level that made sleeping in impossible... or at least that's how I remember it. So it was up and at 'em, into the kitchen, hoping for Pop's beloved Golden Grahams. And if we were really lucky... Sailboat French toast. We drank milk out of coffee mugs with little animal characters at the bottom, so of course we had to finish every drop. Pop wasn't shy about putting us to work either. "A penny a pinecone" was a regular job, given all the pine trees in his yard. Cutting grass, weed eating, raking, cleaning gutters, blowing off the driveway... we did it all. To cool off we jumped in the unheated hot tub. When we came barreling back into the house from the hot tub, he was always right there to stop us from dripping water across his living room. One image that always sticks with me is Pop in his La-Z-Boy, martini in hand, watching golf, the Astros, or the Saints... giving us his own play-by-play like we were right there in the game with him. Golf outings at the country club were a staple. That seemed to be his favorite way to spend time with us, and he kept things interesting... five-foot gimmes one minute, then hitting you with a "gotcha" the next. I loved digging through his attic... records, magazines, postcards, old pictures, little knickknacks... iykyk. His fridge was always stocked with every kind of soda you could think of... and my personal favorite back then, Clearly Canadian. We were blessed to have a Christmas at Pop and Grandma's... it was something special. Church wasn't optional. We sat in the pews while Pop and Grandma sang in the choir. As a kid, it almost felt like they were part of the show... and somehow, I could always pick their voices out of the crowd. They were proud to introduce us to their church family, and that always meant something. Even though my time with Pop was limited, the memories and the lessons he left me with will stay forever. I'm grateful for every moment... and for the impact he had on my life. Miss you Pop!-Cody

April 2 at 9:46 AM



Tribute Wall

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David Fischer posted:

While my dad was working for Houston Helicopters, a small crop-dusting outfit, I have a few memories I'd like to share. The first is one where I was too young to remember but have heard the story many times. In April of 1962, on opening day of the inaugural season of the Houston Colt 45's (later renamed the Astros), Dad had the privilege of flying in the umpires to Buff Stadium in Houston, landing in the outfield, just behind second base, during the opening day ceremony. The next memory is my dad's idea of going out for a Sunday drive. To him, this meant going out to the airfield and taking the family up for a ride in a helicopter. While we flew all around Houston, I was thinking how great my dad was. Finally, in 1965, Houston Helicopters was on the brink of bankruptcy and his fellow pilot, friend, and my godfather, tried to convince dad to go in partnership with him and buyout Houston Helicopters. Dad had an offer to move to Louisiana and take a job with Chevron. He would have to risk everything to stay, and security if he left. We'll he chose to leave and his partner went forward with his plan. His partner ended up making Houston Helicopters into one of the leading oilfield transportation companies. I never saw any expression of regret from my dad. And although I never asked him about it, I believe that he wasn't willing to risk the welfare of his family and knew Chevron would secure his future. He remained friends with his former partner and was happy for him, but didn't regret being able to sleep at night, knowing he was providing for his family with minimal hiccups. Knowing how the story played out, I'd say dad achieved everything he wanted in life, except to live to be 101.

April 1 at 6:20 PM



Eve Wolfe posted:

Mr. Fischer did not know how I fit into the dynamic of his family. He only knew that I was there quite a bit at first he came to live there. He would show me his "great room and Bath" he had and he was lucky he lived with his son David and daughter-in-law Barbara. He would show me all around the house, he would say his Barbara had made everything wonderful for him and she was a great decorator. His boy and his girl, I could only assume was Neil and Kelly, lived with him too. He would make you believe he knew who you were, and he was happy to see you.

April 1 at 5:32 PM



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April 1 at 5:29 PM



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David Fischer posted:

My father, believe it or not, was a very good bowler in his younger days. His passion for the game may have developed from when he worked as a pinsetter when he was a teenager. When I was 5 years old, he traded his bowling ball for a bicycle, which he gave to me for Christmas. It wasn't until many years later that I understood that our family of six was financially poor in 1964, and the sacrifice he made was much more than an old bowling ball. He traded his passion for my happiness.

April 1 at 4:40 PM



Cody Mclain April 2 at 9:50 AM

That one got me. ☐



David Fischer posted:

My fondest memory of my father was one that actually happened before I was born. After my brother Bob was born (child #3), my maternal grandfather advised my father that he should get a vasectomy. From an economic standpoint, it would be the prudent thing to do. My father assured my grandfather he would do that right away. We'll, despite having the greatest of intentions, my father procrastinated long enough for my mother to get pregnant with me. Without this memory, I wouldn't be around to have other memories. David Fischer

April 1 at 2:52 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring William by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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