



Mr. Stephen Matthew Boaman

February 13, 1977 - December 7, 2012

Stephen Matthew Boaman, 35, of 104 Villa Court, Sunset, South Carolina, died Friday, December 7, 2012.

Stephen was an amazingly devoted father, protective older brother, loving son and faithful, generous friend. He loved cooking, boating, cars, the beach, and most of all, his little girl, Savannah. Those who love Stephen describe him as a captivating, kindhearted and gentle soul; a natural wit with a mischievous, goofy sense of humor and a charming smile. He was resourceful, creative and fearless in tackling life's challenges, and took pride in his accomplishments.

Stephen will be greatly missed by his parents, Mary Ann and Larry Plummer; his beloved daughter, Savannah Rose Boaman; his brother, Matthew Boaman and fiancée Danielle Drozd; stepbrother, Matthew Plummer and stepsister, Lauren Plummer; grandparents, John and Mary Murphy, and Alice Plummer; great-grandmother, Ann Toland; aunts, Joanne Elischer and Trish Murphy; uncles, John Murphy and Michael Murphy; and his many friends in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Georgia.

A memorial service will be held at 11:00 AM Saturday, December 15, 2012 at Salem United Methodist Church, 520 Church Street, Salem SC 29676.

A trust fund has been established for Stephen's 6-year old daughter,

Savannah. In lieu of flowers, donations may be sent to: Mary Ann Plummer,
104 Villa Court, Sunset, SC 29685.

Tribute Wall



“ *Mr. Stephen Matthew Boaman*

January 28, 2023 at 01:03 PM



“ *I miss and love my daddy very much*



savannah rose - December 07, 2013 at 12:23 PM

JW

“ *Death is nothing at all.
I have only slipped away to the next room.
I am I and you are you.
Whatever we were to each other,
That, we still are.*

*Call me by my old familiar name.
Speak to me in the easy way
which you always used.
Put no difference into your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.*

*Laugh as we always laughed
at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me. Pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word
that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effect.
Without the trace of a shadow on it.*

*Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same that it ever was.
There is absolute unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind
because I am out of sight?*

*I am but waiting for you.
For an interval.
Somewhere. Very near.
Just around the corner.*

All is well.

Henry Scott Holland ~ 1847-1918

***You will be missed Steve..King of Neuspeed..Cheers for so many*

*smiles***

John Stetson Woods

John Stetson Woods - January 16, 2013 at 08:59 AM



“ *1 file added to the tribute wall*



Jennifer Harrison - December 17, 2012 at 12:47 PM



“ Stephen had a gift for understanding people. He understood pain from a place well beyond his years and he understood people with an intuitive and unusual depth. This allowed him to reach people that to most seemed unreachable. The memory I want to share of Stephen happened one morning in Macon when he was driving me to school. We were heading down Forsyth Road and suddenly right in front of us, a woman flipped her SUV and landed it upside down. Before I could blink, Stephen had yanked his VW rabbit off to the roadside, jumped out of his car and sprinted to the overturned vehicle. He crawled through the passenger side window, shattered glass caking into his knees, his palms and elbows, cutting up his skin, and grabbed hold of the two screaming little kids and carried them out. Then he ran around to the front passenger side and coached the mother behind the wheel who was buckled in upside down screaming for her children. By this time, people had gathered to watch but not one assisted Stephen. As he released the mother from her seatbelt and started to catch her and pull her out (she weighed at least 200 lbs more than him) the paramedics showed up. Stephen gracefully stepped back and let them take over. I remember the emergency responder’s busy glance over at him as if he was a freak of nature—his baggy jeans slipping off his butt with his cap turned backwards. He walked back to the car, grabbed my hand to comfort me and off we went as if nothing had happened.

He was all of 17 or 18 years old at the time.

Stephen was always being a hero, a hero without any need or want for recognition. He operated on a constant impulse of putting himself before others, no questions asked. Innately paternal, he was very protective of those he loved and had a way of making you feel like you were the most important person in the world. This was completely genuine as he saw the unique beauty and unborn potential in those he loved. He loved deeply and with his whole heart. He was a motivator and supporter. For all of these reasons, his daughter was blessed with the best Dad a girl could have. Having had a chance to see him with his daughter, I can’t help but

think (and hope and pray) that his love for her is now constant in her. May she be reminded of his beautiful qualities throughout her life, and may this beauty remain alive in her very being.

Stephen's entrance and exit into my life have both altered me. He had that way with so many people. He does not stop loving those he loves. The world has been such a good place with him in it. Like Stephen, may we love with courage, holding nothing back, putting our whole self in.

Rest in peace, SMB. You are forever loved. - JLH

Jennifer Harrison - December 17, 2012 at 01:34 AM

KG

“ *My favorite memory of Stephen was spending picnics, bbq's, Easter egg hunts, family bingo's and years of vacations at the Jersey shore with him and his dad, Jim Boaman, at our grandparent's home, Marge and James Boaman. Stephen, remember the shed? ;) Your cousin Kate, on the Boaman side*

Kate Grubb - December 13, 2012 at 09:19 PM

KG

“ *My favorites memory of Stephen was spending picnics, bbq's and family bingo's with him and his dad, James Boaman, at our grandparent's home, Marge and James Boaman. Stephen, remember the shed? ;) Your cousin Kate, on the Boaman side*

Kate Grubb - December 13, 2012 at 08:59 PM

JH

“ Steve Boaman was an amazing person and close friend. I first met Steve when he moved to my hometown, Hillsborough, NJ. I was lucky enough to spend tons of time with him and we had everything in common. Everyone should have a friend like Steve. We were even roommates for a while - some of the best times of my life. So many memories and funny stories to tell, and I'll never be the great storyteller that Steve was...

I'll always remember his sense of humor, how he loved to laugh and pull pranks on people. It was Steve at his best and so much fun to be around.

Steve was also one of the most generous and caring people I've ever met. He took care of his friends like family. If you were hungry, he'd feed you. If you needed money, he'd give you any he had. Once, I needed a job and he helped me get one. That's the kind of person Steve was, he put others first. He truly was one of the great ones, a gem, and people like him don't come along very often in our lives.

His impact on my life and the many, many others that he has touched will never be forgotten. My heart goes out to his family and loved ones.

John Von der Heyden - December 13, 2012 at 08:30 PM



“ *To Steve's family- There are no words to express my most heartfelt, and deepest sympathies. You are all in my heart, thoughts & prayers; now, more than ever. I am so sorry for your loss.*



To Steve- You were such an important, special & wonderful part of my life for a long time- I will have all those amazing memories forever, and for that I'm so grateful. But I'm also gonna miss you forever. I'm so glad I had the chance to see you & meet Savannah, and the love you two shared. You're an even better father than I imagined, and she will never forget your love. You're going to be missed more than you ever thought possible. & by more than you could know- myself included. You will forever have a special place in my heart, same as its always been.

Kelly Gaiser - December 13, 2012 at 07:09 PM

KP

“ They say a picture is worth a thousand words. I think this picture truly shows how Stephen and I felt about each other, through the good times and the bad. Break-ups, make-ups, arguments, and reconciliations, you were my best friend. Never in my life have I met someone who could make me fall in love so quickly. You were the type of the person who never judged a book by its cover, and showed me that I should follow in your footsteps. It's the little things that make me miss you; the certain times of the day where I would usually call you or vice versa, or hearing a song on the radio that was "our song". I miss the funny names we had for each other. I miss the notes you would put with my lunch, just so I knew that you were thinking about me. I miss the way we could talk for hours, and never have a silent moment. Mostly, I miss knowing that all I had to do was look at you and know that everything was going to be okay. On our first date, we laid in the tent and watched Nick Swartson. It was freezing, but I didn't want to admit that. On our second date, I knew I loved you, and I knew you loved me. Who else was I going to eat "sushi fish" and watch Toy Story 3 with? Everyone else thought we were crazy, but we didn't care. We knew how we felt about each other, and that's what mattered. Meeting you and spending everyday for a year a half of my life with you, are two of the greatest blessings I could have ever asked for. You made me a better person, and I will never forget you. You must have told me a thousand times that all you wanted was to see me graduate from college and make something of myself. You would be proud to know that I graduate on Monday, and I wish you could be there to see the ceremony. I know you'll be there in spirit, and I can make peace with that. The way you could make me laugh, no matter how bad my day was, was like no other. You taught me so much about life and love, and for that, I will always be thankful. There are so many things that I never got to say to you, Stephen, and I hope that someday, I will. For now, I can take solace in the fact that I know you are watching over me and, more importantly, Savannah Rose. I know I'll see you again one day. I love you more than anyone will understand. May you rest in peace. "I don't deserve it, but I love that you loved me" -Lee Brice



Kristen Petersen - December 13, 2012 at 12:32 PM



“ *Nicole Giuliano lit a candle in memory of Mr. Stephen Matthew Boaman* ”



Nicole Giuliano - December 13, 2012 at 01:00 AM



“ *Kendell Kuehn lit a candle in memory of Mr. Stephen Matthew Boaman* ”



Kendell Kuehn - December 12, 2012 at 09:45 PM



“ *Jennifer Harrison lit a candle in memory of Mr. Stephen Matthew Boaman* ”



Jennifer Harrison - December 12, 2012 at 04:03 PM

SA

“ *Stephanie Anthony lit a candle in memory of Mr. Stephen Matthew Boaman*



Stephanie Anthony - December 12, 2012 at 04:01 PM

RK

“ *There are people that you meet during your life that are so memorable and so special that they stay with you forever. Steve, you were one of those people for me. You were so hard working, positive, charismatic, and funny. I enjoyed every minute I ever spent with you. Some my hardest belly laughs were with you....laughing about silly and random things. You were a rock star at work and a fantastic neighbor and friend.*

Steve, thank you (and Billy) for lending me possibly the only iron and ironing board on Arlington Avenue so I had sharp clothes for my first post-college job interview. I barely made it on time the following morning since you kept me up late watching some random movie and shooting the breeze.

My prayers are with you and your family. You will be missed by me and many others.

Rich Kilcoyne - December 12, 2012 at 03:26 PM

TM

“ *My prayers to your family. Steve was great person. Too many memories to share but I'll always remember how his big heart he shared with everyone.*



Tony Manalo - December 12, 2012 at 02:29 PM

HG

“ *Heather Garrison lit a candle in memory of Mr. Stephen Matthew Boaman*



Heather Garrison - December 12, 2012 at 02:20 PM

CS

“ *Carole And Gil Smith lit a candle in memory of Mr. Stephen Matthew Boaman*



Carole and Gil Smith - December 12, 2012 at 12:32 PM

MP

Hey Steve, cook us up something special in heaven....Maybe some day, I could cook as well as you. Thanks for all of the recipes....RIP my friend....Mike & Paula

mike perrotti - December 20, 2012 at 01:11 AM