



## Stephen Derek Visser

January 2, 1947 - January 5, 2020

Stephen Derek “Derry” Visser, 73, of Bradenton Beach, Florida, passed away on January 5th after a lengthy illness. Visser, formerly of Cincinnati, was preceded in death by parents Dorothy Dohoney Visser and Leonard Barco Visser, and by brother Nicholas Wade “Nick” Visser. He is survived by brother Pieter Clark Visser, nieces Victoria “Tori” Visser Zeppi and Gillian (Visser) de La Sayette, and by a number of grand nieces, nephews, and many other relatives and friends. A US Navy veteran, Visser will be interred at Sarasota National Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to ICYO Cincinnati’s tennis program for underprivileged youth.

### When I'm Gone

When I come to the end of my journey  
And I travel my last weary mile  
Just forget if you can, that I ever frowned  
And remember only the smile

Forget unkind words I have spoken  
Remember some good I have done  
Forget that I ever had heartache  
And remember I've had loads of fun

Forget that I've stumbled and blundered  
And sometimes fell by the way  
Remember I have fought some hard battles  
And won, ere the close of the day

Then forget to grieve for my going  
I would not have you sad for a day  
But in summer just gather some flowers  
And remember the place where I lay

And come in the shade of evening  
When the sun paints the sky in the west  
Stand for a few moments beside me  
And remember only my best

# Comments

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“ I have been searching for Derek's whereabouts for a number of years, and am saddened that when I've finally found him, it is too late to say, "Hi. How's it goin'?"

In 1986, a new job took me to Cincinnati , where we became friends and shared many laughs. He was smart and patient and fun - and helped me with many "life moments." including, letting me cry on his shoulder when a boyfriend dumped me . . . patiently helping me practice tennis (although I was a hopeless case on the court) . . . running over to my apartment early one summer morning - dressed in full winter garb and gloves, with his tennis racket in-hand - to help capture a bat that had made it's way inside . . . and digging frozen ground one winter day to help me bury my cat (which had been nothing except mean to him) . Of course, he grumbled about the cat while digging its grave.

I've moved thru a half-dozen states since then. We kept in touch for at least a decade after I moved away from Cincinnati - and, even long distance, we shared good times. Then he fell off my radar. Time passed. Intermittently I tried to find him. I knew he had relatives in Florida, but wasn't sure exactly where. I've missed Derek. Sorry to hear he was ill for so long.

Derek is one of the treasured friendships of my life.

Nance Brisbois

Del Mar, CA

**nance brisbois** - February 23 at 11:39 PM

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“ I was watching a show, which made me think about Derek. His family likely doesn't know me; however, Derek was without a doubt one of my favorite people growing up. Behind my first tennis coach, Derek was the person who pushed me to excel at the game of Tennis. I would wake up at the crack of dawn on Saturday and a Sunday mornings to hit with him on Withrow High Schools tennis courts. He taught me how to serve, volley and eventually how to compete. I credit Derek, for being able to compete as a D1 NCAA tennis athlete. Without him early on, I wouldn't have made it. We lost touch after I went off to college, but I'd always think back on the days that we hit together.

Derek was a kind, funny and generous soul. He will be missed. Sending my thoughts, even though they are super belated, to the entire family.

Best,  
Tim Hershner  
Cincinnati, OH (now residing in Fort Myers, FL)

**Timothy Hershner** - April 22, 2020 at 11:48 PM