



William Paul Fletcher

May 25, 1962 - March 19, 2026

William “Billy” Paul Fletcher, lovingly known by many as “Captain Bill,” passed away peacefully on March 19, 2026, at the age of 63.

Born on May 25, 1962, and raised in Rock Hall, Maryland, Billy was truly one of a kind. He was the kind of person who could talk to absolutely anyone, make people laugh without even trying, and leave an impression everywhere he went. Hardheaded at times, goofy most of the time, and with one of the purest hearts a person could have, Billy was deeply loved by so many. With his piercing blue eyes and movie-star good looks, he naturally drew people in everywhere he went.

From the time he was young, Billy was very athletically inclined and seemed naturally good at just about anything he tried. Whether it was water skiing, snow skiing, skateboarding, or life on the water, he made it all look easy. In grade school, he already had half the girls crushing on him — which explained why there were so many tears when he broke his arm as a kid, a story his family never let him live down. Friends still laugh about him skateboarding on his hands and somehow making even that look effortless.

Billy spent much of his life on the water as a charter captain, crabber, and boat captain. His boat, the “Nasty Hussy,” became a familiar sight and a big part of who he was. Even after retirement, the water always remained home to

him in one way or another.

Music was another lifelong love. Billy was rarely far from a guitar and loved classic rock, especially Stevie Ray Vaughan, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Steve Miller Band, and just about anything he could sing along to. He loved NASCAR races, cooking for the people he cared about, and making meals that brought everyone together — especially his oyster stew and shepherd's pie, recipes and traditions he learned from his mother, Zola Jacob.

Billy never had a mean bone in his body. He cared deeply for people, animals, and anyone who needed kindness, whether they asked for it or not. He adored his pets over the years, especially Dexter, Shiloh, and Snowball, all of whom were spoiled exactly the way he believed they should be.

Above everything else, Billy loved his daughter, Olivia, endlessly and spoke proudly of her every chance he got. That love was one of the clearest and most important parts of who he was.

Billy is survived by his loving wife, Jennifer Riggs; his daughter, Olivia Bakker; and his father, Kenny Fletcher. He was preceded in death by his mother, Zola Jacob.

To know Billy was to know laughter, stories, music, stubbornness, kindness, and a man who truly lived life in his own way. He probably would not have wanted much fuss made over him, but the amount of love being shared in his memory speaks for itself.

Though the waters are calmer now, his stories, music, laughter, and spirit will continue on in the hearts of everyone lucky enough to have known him.

“Oh, 'til we meet again, my friend.”