

Bill was above all a gentleman whose mostly quiet demeanor belied a political toughness. He was by no means shy in his advocacy. He was ever present at community meetings on the transformative issues facing Charlestown. He was a patient advocate who presented focused points of progress and preservation simultaneously.

Along with his wife Carol, Bill was exactly what our neighborhood needed in the years that he served as a volunteer visionary. In an era when our neighborhood felt overlooked by large institutions and the political establishment of the past, community meetings could often get heated. It was Bill's voice that was most often heard over the din.

Bill put in the work. What stands out in my mind is not necessarily what he said on the issues of the day but that he was always the last person in the room. Long after the pundits were done with their remarks, the proverbial bomb-tossers had beaten a path to the door and the chairs were being put back under the tables, Bill would still be in the hall, personally making his pitch on behalf of the community he loved.

This was such an effective and underestimated tool. Bill saw the engineers, developers and urban planners who were there to present plans to our town as people and professional equals. His depth and breadth of knowledge, passionately shared, was best appreciated in these crucial few minutes after the crowds had gone home.

Bill left his mark on this community both in the elegant structures we see today and more importantly in those that we don't because he helped to organize for their removal from our landscape.

May Bill rest in peace. His effective advocacy will be sorely missed as will his demeanor in the face of tough conversations. So much has been learned from the example he set. Charlestown is a better place because he walked our streets and even planned a few of them!

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