



## Stephen Ray Mitchell

September 29, 1957 - April 10, 2025

“Life should not be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well-preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside in a cloud of smoke, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming "Wow! What a Ride!" — Hunter S. Thompson, *The Proud Highway: Saga of a Desperate Southern Gentleman, 1955-1967*

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Stephen Ray Mitchell, formally of Prattville AL, passed away peacefully on April 10, 2025 at the age of 67. Stephen was born on September 29, 1957 in Maryville, TN to William and Judy Ousley Mitchell.

Stephen is survived by his daughter Caitlin Pectol (Orlando FL), her husband Nick Pectol, granddaughter Collin; daughter Emily DeBusk; brother Douglas Mitchell (Bonaire GA), his wife Celeste, nephew Christopher Mitchell (Richmond Hill GA), wife Kira and nieces Madison and Brooklyn.

Stephen graduated from Troy University where he was a member of Theta Chi Fraternity and the Trojan football team. He was an avid outdoorsman, and with a long career of advertising in the outdoor industry, he was able to spend much of his time doing what he loved. Stephen was a passionate storyteller, passionate about most things in fact. Challenging the status quo was

commonplace, which rendered many extraordinary tales that he loved to share and relive. Stephen lived for experiences and making memories - his legacy a testament to a life well lived.

Celebration of Life will be held on at 1pm on June 7, 2025 at the Courtyard Marriot Troy (115 Troy Plaza Loop, Troy, AL, USA 36081).

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In lieu of flowers, the family welcomes photos, sentiments or stories to be shared on this page. Any more is certainly not necessary, but if you are inclined to an additional expression of remembrance, please consider a donation to the wildlife conservation organizations below.

National Wild Turkey Federation (NWTF) <https://your.nwtf.org/members/donate/>

Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation (RMEF) <https://www.rmef.org/donate/donation-packages/>

Coastal Conservation Association Florida (CCA) <https://ccaflorida.org/product-category/donations/>

# Tribute Wall

VJ

“ *In memory of such a dear friend... we named our youngest child after him. What a personality he had... my husband met him many years ago in Montgomery, Alabama at Bassmasters. I remember the first time I met him. His voice just radiated through the house. His personality matched that voice. I sure will miss him. I remember many many stories of Tommy and Steve's hunting and fishing escapades. Never a dull moment. He lived his life well, and loved his family just as hard as he lived. Wherever a beautiful soul has been, there is a trail of beautiful memories ... how true that is. God, our father, your power brings us to birth, your providence guides our lives, and by your command, we return to dust. Lord, those who die still live in your presence, their lives change, but do not end. I pray, and hope for my family, relatives and friends, and for all the dead known to you alone. In company with Christ, who died and now lives, may they rejoice in your kingdom, where all our tears are wiped away. Unite us together again in one family, to sing Your praise forever and ever.*

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**Valentine Jackie** - April 24, 2025 at 12:30 PM

TV

“ Memories of Steve’s escapades? Where to start? In over the 30 years of sharing the outdoors and life with Steve, I could never pick 1 outstanding story. It never ended. He always had a knack for getting himself and usually me in an awkward, scary or flat out dangerous situation but we always came out of it. Once in in the high plains of Montana, Steve decided to walk through the plains in flip flops. He ended up walking through a bed of rattlesnakes. Then he decided to attack them with a small pocket knife. Another time he bet me he could sneak up on a sleeping bull and jump on his back. The bet was a dollar. He got the dollar. Not sure you would call what happened when he jumped on the bull a win but he did it. There were a few times his insistence on his opinion was ended with us in a bar fight or street fight. Hell, just a couple years ago a fight broke out , at Steve’s suggestion, in the Utah woods on an Elk hunt and somewhere between Costa Rica and Panama there may be a federal still trying to figure out if we broke international law. He also had a huge heart. Loved his daughter and his friends. He loved the beauty of nature and animals. Sometimes a little too much. I saw a Caiman (small crocodile) damn near get him and a sandhill crane bite the hell out of him. He was trying to hand feed both. He went skydiving with his daughter because she wanted to. He was scared as hell but he did it. He worked hard at his profession and succeeded when it was road trips, cheap hotels and face to face handshake deals. Not an internet chat. His personality did it all. There are to many events to tell but to put it simply.. He was a great man and he really Lived his life.

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**Tommy Valentine** - April 23, 2025 at 08:39 PM

MS

“ Stephen was a friend and colleague starting somewhere in the late 80's in Montgomery, Alabama. We worked at The Bass Anglers Sportsman Society together. A group of us guys shared many adventures. There were many Stephen stories that we talk about till this day. He was always jovial and we all loved to have fun together. We called him the Big Guy. We all loved him and are gonna miss him. Rest easy Big Guy.



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**Mike Swain** - April 23, 2025 at 07:06 PM