



Willard "Bill" Miller Obituary

JAMESTOWN — Willard (Bill) Miller, 83, of Jamestown, Ohio, passed away at home on December 5, 2025. Bill lived a full life marked by love, honesty, hard work, passion, and steadfast beliefs. How to summarize a lifetime? For those who knew him, you will know the rest... Bill was the beloved husband of Connie (Smith) Miller with whom he shared 61 years of

marriage and devotion. Together they raised three daughters: Melony Bradford, [Xenia, Ohio](#); Marnie DeLuna (Hector), San Antonio, Texas; and Monica Miller, Pekin, Indiana. They were raised in a home grounded in strength, love and conviction. Bill was born June 29, 1942 to Carl L. and Gladys H. (Fiste) Miller – both deceased. Also preceding him in death are four sisters: Donna (Glen) Anderson, Janet (Kenneth) Babb, Carolyn (Roy) Liming, and Patricia Conley. Surviving is one sister, Phyllis (Donald) Wilson, nine grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren. A strong work ethic was instilled in Bill at the young age of six through hard work on the family farm in Osborn, Ohio, which became Fairborn in 1950. This defined Bill's entire life. For a few years he worked at Delco Moraine and then pursued a passion for horses by going to Farrier school and began his career shoeing horses. He was well known for his ability to assess and provide corrective shoeing for racehorses. Most days Bill could be found in his Blacksmith shop on the Greene County Fairgrounds shoeing and swapping stories with the horsemen. Reluctantly at the age of 76, Bill retired due to health issues. Bill's love for horses did not stop with his career. He raised and competed quarter horses before he began training and racing standardbred horses. In his spare time, he enjoyed hunting game and mushrooms, fishing, gardening and flea markets. As per Bill's request, there will be no services.

In Memoriam:

Rest in peace.

We will remember you as you were,
full of love, support, strength, and conviction.

Know how much we miss you,
we know you miss us too.

It was your time to leave us
as each of us will do.

Although not here beside us,
we will never be far apart.

The precious love we shared