



Allen Adams

September 22, 1974 - July 31, 2025

With broken hearts, we announce the passing of Allen Adams, a beloved husband, devoted father, proud Pappy, loyal brother, and cherished friend, who left this world on July 31, 2025. Allen was a man who loved fiercely, lived fully, and showed up for the people he loved without hesitation.

He was the treasured husband of Melissa Adams, and the proud father of Austin Adams, Alex (John) Adams, Alexa (Gage) Adams, Maegan (Josh) Riggs, Al "AJ" Elk II, Matthew (Sydney) Rivera, Michael (Destiny) Sauerwald, and Al "Tr3s" Elk III. His legacy continues through his grandchildren: Madisyn, Bryson, Braxton, Blaze, Brycen, Everlee, Aiden, Emilia, Michael Jr., and Lylaa, who brought him immeasurable joy.

Allen is also survived by his father Robert (Stacey) Adams, mother Helen Stewart, brothers Jeffrey (Jane) Adams and Chad Adams, and sister Reanna (Brian) Adams Lee. He will be deeply missed by his sister-in-law Melanie Steinmetz, brother-in-law Michael (Amanda) Kuti, and many nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends whose lives he touched with his warmth, wisdom, and wit.

He was preceded in death by his mother Beverly Thomas, father Bruce Stewart, son Christopher Rivera, and brother Anthony Thomas.

Allen's life was defined by passion and presence. Whether it was riding his Harley, coaching his kids' sports teams, or spending weekends camping with family, he poured his heart into every moment. His family was his top priority, and he made sure they always knew it. Allen's kindness, strength, and humor left a mark on everyone who knew him.

A Celebration of Life will be held on Saturday, August 9, 2025, from 3:00 to 5:00 PM at Perinchief Chapels, 438 High Street, Mt. Holly, NJ 08060. A reception will follow at VFW Post 2692, 199 W. South Ave, Mt. Holly, NJ 08060.

In true Allen fashion, there will be a tribute Harley Davidson ride organized by family and friends. Riders will depart at 2:00 PM from Village Pub & Package Goods, 539 Chatsworth Road, Tabernacle, NJ 08088, and head to Perinchief Chapels. All are welcome to join this final ride in his honor. For more details, please contact Jeffrey Adams.

Allen lived loud, loved big, and left behind a legacy of laughter, loyalty, and love. He was one of a kind—and he will never be forgotten.

Ride free, Allen. Your journey here may be over, but your spirit rides on.

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

AUG 9. 3:00 PM - 5:00 PM (ET)

Perinchief Chapels
438 High St.
Mount Holly, NJ 08060
(609) 267-0399

Tribute Wall



“ *Blue Caribbean Bouquet was purchased for the family of Allen Adams.* ”



August 08, 2025 at 12:00 PM



“ *I knew Allen since he was born always respectful just a good person haven't seen him in a while but ran into him a couple of months ago at the Evergreen very sad the world lost a good man* ”

Patrick Lind - August 07, 2025 at 05:34 PM



“ *Magnificent Life Spray was purchased for the family of Allen Adams.* ”



August 07, 2025 at 02:48 PM



“ *Sentiments of Serenity Spray was purchased for the family of Allen Adams.* ”



August 06, 2025 at 04:05 PM



“ *Summer's Light Bouquet was purchased for the family of Allen Adams.*



August 05, 2025 at 09:39 PM



“ *Dale and Sue Kuti planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Allen Adams.*

Dale and Sue Kuti - August 04, 2025 at 06:58 PM



“ *Dale and Sue Kuti purchased the Blue Caribbean Bouquet for the family of Allen Adams.*



Dale and Sue Kuti - August 04, 2025 at 06:58 PM



“ Allen wasn’t just my brother-in-law — he was family in every sense of the word. We used to joke that I was his “sister wife,” not because of anything scandalous, but because I was always around — in the middle of the chaos, the laughter, the late-night talks, and the everyday moments that made up a life.

He had that kind of laugh — loud, obnoxious, and absolutely contagious — the kind that pulled everyone in, made you forget whatever was heavy, and reminded you how good it felt to be together. You never laughed at Allen — you laughed with him. Because when Allen was around, it felt like everything was going to be okay, even when it wasn’t.

He loved my sister fiercely and unapologetically. They were a team in every way — through the hard times, the good times, and the everyday stuff in between. He didn’t just marry her; he claimed all of us. He helped raise his grandson like his own. He embraced our kids like they were his. And when he said “family,” he meant all of us — no conditions, no half-way.

He was proud of my daughters. He’d light up talking about Megan’s determination, Maria’s strength, and Madison’s heart — he saw them. Really saw them. And he made sure we knew it.

I still find myself wanting to tell him things. To share a moment, a joke, a win. Then I remember — and it stings. But I also know he’s still here in his own Allen way. In the rumble of a Harley. In the no-nonsense loyalty. In the stories we’ll keep telling so he never fades.

I miss him more than I can put into words. But I’ll be here for my sister — holding her up, loving her fiercely, and honoring Allen the way he lived — with heart, grit, and just enough sarcasm to make him proud.

Ride free, Allen. And if you’re listening — don’t worry, I’ve got her. We’ve got her.

Melanie Steinmetz - August 03, 2025 at 05:39 PM