



## David Stacy

July 30, 1959 - September 17, 2020

David Stacy came into this world July 30, 1959, at Roanoke Memorial Hospital. After an eventful if all too short life, Dave passed on September 17, 2020, at home in Sandston, VA, surrounded by family. He was 61 years young. Dave is survived by his parents, John (Bob) and Connie Stacy, his siblings, Pam (Johnny) Simpson, Frank (Lesa) Stacy, Ahna (John) White, and Scott (Della) Stacy, his wonderful daughter, Kim, his grandson, "Little Dave," and 2 very special friends (of the 4-legged variety), Hunter and Heidi. There were numerous other friends... too many for me to try and mention. Special thanks to Dee and Russ for everything as well as Dave's many fantastic neighbors who made such a difference in his life!

Per Dave's wishes, there will be no funeral service. However, there will be a "Celebration of Life" on Saturday, September 19, 1:00 P.M., at Dave's Sandston residence. In lieu of flowers, the family would love folks to consider donations to:

Let's Go Services

Theresa M. Sears, Executive Director

6608 White Oak Court

Sandston, VA, 23150.

[www.letsgoservices.org](http://www.letsgoservices.org)

(804) 366 – 0670

When Dave began needing a ride to dialysis, the family was incredibly fortunate to have found Theresa and Lets Go Services. Theresa immediately became a bright spot for Dave as well as the rest of the family. She not only made Dave feel immediately comfortable from the first ride, but she also voluntarily picked him up whatever items he might need from the store, restaurants... whatever he wanted! The family could not begin to express their appreciation for all she did!

This obituary is being written by the youngest of Dave's siblings with input by the rest of the crew. This particular sibling has never been accused of having a "normal" sense of humor, so he apologizes ahead of time if some of the stories contained herein are only funny to him or possibly inappropriate altogether. This would not be a first... nor, no doubt, a last! I will try, when possible, to keep the tales more or less in chronological order. Be forewarned, this little stroll down memory lane will likely be a little longer than normal! ☐

Now... I have been tasked with saying a few things about Dave to commemorate the life of an amazing brother, son, father, granddad... a job of which I am surely not up to the task, but I will try and relay a few stories as best I can. So... where to begin? I suppose closer to the beginning should do.

Well, there were many interesting stories thrown my way by family re: the life of young Dave. For instance, he was quite the fashionista from a very early age. He had received from Mom a new Easter outfit with a brand new, trendy hat in which she sent him to church. The church folks, however, soon contacted Mom letting her know Dave was expressing his couture critique of said hat by promptly flushing it down the toilet.

Pam also recounted how Dave was warned by the little neighbor about the horrors of a vaccine he was to go get in a few days. She told him about the 6-

inch needle they used, and how it was the most painful thing ever! Dave, having been warned about this, took evasive action upon entering the doctor's office, running from Mom and the staff and bouncing off the furniture and walls. It appears that he was eventually apprehended and vaccinated... and the vaccine was probably much less problematic for him compared to the trouble into which he got at home later!

In school, young Dave demonstrated his writing prowess when his teacher asked the class to write a story about their favorite pet. Dave wrote a story about his pet dolphin, which the family kept in a pool in the back yard. Dave described in comprehensive detail his porpoise pal culminating in his teacher having made it a point to ask Mom at a PTA meeting if they indeed did have a dolphin living in the back yard.

Now, this was not the last time Mom was surprised by Dave's animal amigos. Mom would be startled and stupefied over the years many times with surprise guests from rabbits to turtles (there was no race noted in this memoir). Mom recalls the pony the family had appropriately named, "Fury." Dave was the only one in the family who could ride the beast, one Mom remembered best for having bitten her squarely in the buttocks. Speaking of a tidbit of tush, Dave also had a Great Dane years later, AJ, who gave Mom's friend a nibble in the nether regions. Sensing a theme here. Though some of his beasties might have been a pain in the... neck to some, they always loved him! Dave gave back to his furry friends through his volunteering with the Henrico Humane Society, definitely a labor of love.

Now speaking of his love for animals, Young Dave did find his occasional nemesis. David had gone to the Zoo with Grandmother and Granddad Eakin along with Pam, Frank, and Ahna. They had come to the monkey cage (a place at which our family usually feels strangely at home), and there was a

sign which warned passersby to stay clear of the surrounding fence. Now Dave, never having been one to pay attention to sensible-sounding warnings, of course approached the cage. The monkey, recognizing a kindred spirit, reached out and snatched Dave's glasses off and began to munch on them for lunch. Grandmother, having spent years as a hostage negotiator for the Salem Police Squad, immediately jumped into action. She offered the monkey a perfectly beautiful hanky in exchange for the glasses. While this seemed to be an ingenious tactic, Grandmother forgot the basic rule of always making sure your transaction is a secure one prior to offering up the trade item. The monkey took advantage of this moment of incognizance to steal the valued hanky along with the glasses. Eventually the zookeeper was able to return Dave's glasses to him. Later, in the car, Dave put the glasses back on, ruminating aloud, "Dumb ol' monkey!" Granddad looked back at Dave, smiling, saying, "Dumb ol' Dave."

Beyond his love for animals, themselves, and his occasional furry foe, Dave also enjoyed from time to time imitating animals. One such time, he decided to imitate a squirrel, climbing up on the roof of their cabin in Fernwood, near Salem. There, Rocky (minus his buddy, Bullwinkle), began tossing acorns off the roof onto unsuspecting passersby... particularly his squirrely siblings. Pam, Frank, and Ahna stared up into the heavens, wondering what cosmic forces were nailing them with nefarious nut-missiles? While Pam and Frank remained perplexed (and possibly concussed), only Sherlock Ahna was able to solve the mystery, identifying Rocky as the scoundrel! Elementary, my dear Dave, Elementary!

One year for Christmas, Dave received everyone's favorite "Johnny Eagle Elephant Gun!" All fun and games until somebody puts their eye out! This was likely the beginning of Dave's many hunting expeditions. Dave was appreciative of Mom, not just for the gun, but also for hanging up targets for him right in the living room. These targets consisted of small to medium-sized

glass balls... some painted red... some green... hung off the Christmas tree. Strangely, after Dave had shot several of these, each giving off a very pleasing shattering reverberation, Mom came back in and did not seem at all pleased with his efforts. She did, in fact, confiscate his weapon! Dave immediately went out and licked the frozen flagpole out front... oh... wait... that was another story. Anyway...

Pam is Dave's older sister by all of about a year. She had quite a few suggestions for stories. One of my personal favorites took place in Grandma Stacy's kitchen. Now Dave, being a fan of Bugs Bunny and the cartoon world, had seen many times the expected reaction from a little pepper in the face. While Pam and Grandma prepared some vittles, Dave poured some pepper in his hand and proceeded to blow it in Pam's face. Dave awaited the hilarious bout of sneezing hilarity which would undoubtedly soon occur. Strangely, Pam only coughed and began crying. Grandma, who was not as amused as Dave, questioned, "What is wrong with you? Have you lost your mind?!?" It is debatable whether this was the first time Dave had been posed this question, and it most assuredly was not the last! This same basic question, in some format, was repeated when Dave and younger brother, Frank, decided to play catch with a croquet ball... particularly after Frank lost a few teeth which weren't even, most likely, reimbursed by the Tooth Fairy! Further, one would think this would have been the query posed when, at 10 years old, Dave jokingly threw a baseball by Pam's head. Unfortunately, his aim left something to be desired as he threw a strike directly into the back of Pam's head. However, Dave had learned his lesson by this time and ran to Mom first to do damage control. By the time poor Pam had arrived (likely somewhat concussed and still seeing stars), Dave had convinced Mom that Pam was unhurt and likely to blame for the incident. Pam was thus sent to her room. Score one for Dave. Badee-badee-badee-That's all folks!

Along with his love for animals, Dave also had a voracious appetite for

reading! He could read ten books before this particular brother could get through a couple book jackets. From J.R.R. Tolkien to Washington Irving, Dave spent innumerable hours in various worlds from the Shire to Sleepy Hollow. As a young'n, Frank recalled Dave tying a long cord to the light switch so that he could turn it off before Mom or Dad could catch him. He would also use a flashlight under the covers to read on well past bedtime!

As Dave got older, the stories continued... although I probably will withhold one or two... unless I change the names to protect the innocent... or guilty, as the case may be. I will relate the story of Dave, as a teenager, having snuck out of the house to go and see his girlfriend (we will call her Woopsi). Woopsi's window was beside her Mom's... which was also right beside Woopsi's little brother, Houdini. Unbeknownst to Dave, Houdini had decided to escape of window at the same time Dave was sneaking in the other. Mom, having heard this, stuck her head out of her window and caught both! Not a magical night!

Now Ahna is the youngest sister, about 4 years younger than Dave. As a child, she apparently, per her admission, had the ability to talk... a lot... possibly with the capacity to slightly pester her older siblings. Allegedly, our hero, Dave, might have conspired with a few other family members and friends, to give Ahna an all-expense vacation somewhere, a place filled with good cheer... or at least good will. They brought Ahna to the local store and placed her neatly in a Good Will box. However, upon further consideration, Dave and crew decided that this might not be the best of ideas, so they did go back and get her. It is unclear from Ahna whether this did, indeed, inspire any significant good will!

There are few things Dave enjoyed more throughout most of his life than fishing. He spent countless hours in rivers, lakes, bays... you name it, and he

would fish it. There are stacks of citations in the house for various fish, and his name is still can be found beside the state records for several of them. Dave was awarded the “Master Angler” title from VA, and he even was mentioned in “Field & Stream” Magazine!

Now while fishing was always important to Dave, it was a close race between that and his love for the Pittsburgh Steelers! From Terrible Towels to his Mean Joe Greene jersey, Dave was ready to battle on Sundays! He was not a fan of Baltimore... or New England... anyone who might be playing, or worse, beating his Steelers! He was always happy to debate the virtues of the Black & Gold over any other team... particularly Tom Brady and the Patriots!

I recall as a kid being in the car as we approached the place in which Dave lived when he was in his early 20's. As we came closer, you could hear an alarm going off from inside... what sounded like a fire alarm! As we opened the door, the smoke came billowing out as we entered the kitchen. Fearing the worst and unable to determine from where the smoke was coming initially, we searched frantically for Dave, eventually finding him... apparently unconscious... on the couch in the family room. However, it turned out he was not indeed unconscious, but rather snoozing... in the midst of a fire alarm and smoke billowing around. He immediately raced to the kitchen and opened the oven door...and took out the seriously burnt and curled up husk of a pizza he had been cooking. This was a sad waste of a perfectly good pizza. Very sad.

Now, as this terrifying tale of torturing an Italian treat shows, Dave was no stranger to hair-raising incidents! For those who believe in Guardian Angels, I would argue that, over the years, Dave probably had the most overworked ones around! Dave told of one time where he had fallen asleep on the highway while traveling along at around 60 miles per hour. When he awoke, he was momentarily disoriented, trying to figure out where he was as he tried to get the car slowed down. It turned out that he had fallen asleep, drifted off

the road... onto an exit ramp... and was partially up the ramp before coming to. Another time, Dave had been driving in his Camaro on a country road where there were plenty of hills where he could get the suspension off the ground (a la Dukes of Hazard). He was going ~85 mph when he realized he had lost track of where he was and was about to come to a 90 degree turn in the road. Ahead of him, there was a large ditch. He knew he couldn't make the turn, so he accelerated to try and jump the ditch. He managed to do this successfully, missing a telephone pole by inches. The car careened through the field, through some bushes, and into a Kroger parking lot where he did a 360, came to rest in one piece, and vowed to never own another 8-cylinder car! Once again, Guardian Angel deserved a raise... and continued to work overtime frequently over the years for Dave (including when he jumped out of a perfectly good airplane)!!

There are so many more stories one could tell about Dave... many funny... many showing what a great guy he was. I could go into detail on his amazing upholstery work... how he took pride in every stitch and did all he could to make folks happy with the job he did. I could talk about his infectious laughter that could light up the darkest day... his knowledge of trivia on just about every subject you can think of... I could go on, but I won't right now.

I will tell you, from my perspective, I am blessed to have grown up with 4 wonderful siblings... 2 fantastic brothers and 2 terrific sisters. Speaking of the 2 brothers, Dave and Frank, they loved me so as a child (I was 11 and 8 years younger, respectively), they took their valuable time to play football with me on a regular basis. Well, actually they used me as a football. Kinda the same. At least I can blame many of the issues I have nowadays on getting spiked one too many times.

Anyway, it is funny the things that stick with you as a kid. One of my favorite memories of Dave, one of the earliest I recall, was Dave running me up to

Kroger's in his van and buying me a Grape Nehi. Don't have any reason why that was so special, but it was. From so many early-morning fishing trips, vacation memories , movies... you name it... never an argument... only a big brother who will always have a space beside me when I cast out a line, and I will always wave a virtual Terrible Towel when I see a Steelers game (unless, of course, they're playin' the Cowboys... brotherly love only goes so far!).

# Tribute Wall

AW

“ *I miss you so much! It hurts. But what turns my sadness to happiness is all the crazy things you did to me!* ”



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**Ahna White** - October 21, 2020 at 12:51 PM

HM

“ *I am going to miss arguing over the Steelers and Browns. I got very few victories in those.* ”



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**Helen Faye Miller** - September 24, 2020 at 06:35 PM

KS

“Dad has so many stories, it's hard to decide what to share. He used to tell me all the time about pranks he would pull on his friends or people he was training at the factory. Looping a snake in the bottom of a couch (the springs) so when his friend further down the line flipped it to start working ... he was in for a surprise. My favorite memories of Dad was fishing. Something he and I both shared. Countless times, he would take me out on the boat and we would spend all day on the water, laughing and having a great time. I miss you Dad. I'll never forget the last time you and I went fishing at Diascund. I came to see you yesterday. The staff at Vincent seem very nice. I miss you so much. David said, "he loves you and now you'll be able to go with him everywhere. That you're his Angel." I love you Dad, keep watching out for Dave.



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**Kim Stacy** - September 24, 2020 at 10:07 AM