



David L. Brock,

November 30, 2012

David Lindale Brock, Sr., 79, of Waldo, FL passed away November 27, 2012 at E T York Hospice Care Center in Gainesville. He was born in Trenton, FL to Sidney C. Brock and Annis Gay Swilley Brock on March 14, 1933.

He served in the US Navy and was a chemical operator for a chemical company. He enjoyed fishing, hunting, and his family.

Mr. Brock is survived by his wife of 52 years, Patsy Brock, son, David Brock, Jr. (Sheila) of Green Cove Springs, daughter, Christie Clark of Gainesville, sister Owida Cash of Ocala and three grandchildren, Michelle, Benjamin and Preston.

Funeral Services will be at 11:00 AM on Tuesday, December 4, 2012 at Waldo Baptist Church with Pastor Jim Debois officiating. Visitation will be at the church one hour prior. Burial with military honors will be in Dedan Cemetery in Brooker.

Tribute Wall

“ My father was a lot more than the obituary reads:

My daddy was a man who would sit me on his lap and place his hat on my head and I thought that was the best thing since sliced bread.

My daddy was a man who could always find Santa's sleigh racing through the night sky on Christmas Eve but never could quite catch a picture of him dropping off the presents.

My daddy was a man who hunted to eat, but at the same time appreciated feeding deer candy canes to get them close enough just to watch them and enjoy their beauty.

My daddy was a man who thought it opportune time while drinking moonshine, that he made, to teach me how to drive a 3 on the tree in an old blue Chevy truck. It's no wonder the confidence I had at 14 to think I could drive anything and ended up crashing a car on a church trip to the skating rink! Luckily he also advised me to plead "No contest" and do the community service with stride.

My daddy was a man who taught me how to fly a kite and that living life was easy as long as I knew how to soar. Work hard-Play hard!

My daddy was a "pull my finger" man and found farts funny!

My daddy was the man who packed us in the old blue Chevy and headed to the mountains with a cooler full of Nehi sodas, a loaf of bread and a pack of bologna just to see the majestic wonders and to have a picnic near a river.

My daddy was a man who took me fishing and searched for the perfect spot and baited my hook to drop the line so I could catch a fish every time. It seemed kind of silly to me that "specs" lived in a "bed" until we found one!

My daddy was a man who took me to the barber shop to get his hair cut and when I first realized my love for shoes at a very early age. My face peeled to Stumps department store window eyeballing a pair of "Red Light", "Green Light" tennis shoes thinking I couldn't leave without them. I didn't.

My daddy was a man who sat me on the tractor fender and we cleared the fields. It was cool to ride on such a massive machine!

My daddy was a man who helped me build a rabbit cage with one side for a boy and one side for a girl. You know they just looked lonely so I put them together and wow! Birds and the bees in action and we got babies too! Needless to say, we really didn't have to have "the talk".

My daddy was a man who liked to eat wild blackberries and make elderberry wine. He's the same man who wouldn't drink inside the house, but sat out under his shed and drank beer and if people headed out that way, he put a coffee can over it.

My daddy was a man who taught me how to look for the gifts and talents in others that may not always be recognized and embrace them with love. Those things are life's real treasures.

My daddy was my best friend.

Christie Clark - December 05, 2012 at 09:11 AM

JG

“Patsy and family prayers are going up right now for you. It is 10:55 am. one step at a time He carries us through difficult times Blessings

Jane Greene - December 04, 2012 at 10:56 AM

JG

“ *Pray for all of you..take one minute at a time. Blessings to a beautiful family.*

Jane Greene - December 01, 2012 at 11:08 PM