



Don Roach

June 7, 1946 - September 3, 2008

DON GASTON ROACH, age 62 of Woodstock, Virginia, died Wednesday, September 3, 2008 at his residence.

Don was born June 7, 1946 in Fort Springs, (Greenbrier County) West Virginia, son of the late James Gaston and Gladys Simmons Roach and moved to Woodbridge, Virginia in 1968. He was employed with Didlake, Inc. for approximately 20 years.

He was also preceded in death by three brothers, Lance S. Roach, Garland Roach and Randolph Roach and three sisters, Bonnie Roach Leete, Phyllis Roach Cuckler and Gail Roach Harper.

Survivors include four brothers, Dorhal D. Roach, Kenneth E. Roach, Eric G. Roach and Steve Roach and three sisters, June D. Tuck, Evelyn L. Thorpe and Ellen Thompson.

The family will receive friends from 7:00-9:00 P.M. Sunday, September 7, 2008 at Pierce Funeral Home, 9609 Center Street, Manassas where funeral services will be held 12:00 P.M. Monday, September 8, 2008 with Rev. Theresa Ramsey officiating. Interment will follow at Stonewall Memory Gardens, Manassas.

In lieu of flowers, expressions of sympathy may take the form of contributions to Didlake, Inc. 8641 Breeden Avenue, Manassas, Virginia 20110 or Muriel Humphrey Center, 13505 Hillendale Drive, Woodbridge, Virginia 22193 in memory of Don G. Roach.

Condolences may be sent to www.piercefh.com.

Tribute Wall

DL

“ Don was fortunate to have such a wonderful family to love and support him. He touched all of their lives and hearts. They will forever be embraced by his gentle soul.

Debbie Lennox - March 29, 2013 at 02:03 PM

BB

“ My thoughts and prayers are with all of my family during this difficult time. I am there with you at heart. A special hug to my wonderful Aunt Evelyn for all of the time she shared with Uncle Don over the years, at her hands he was always loved and happy. We love you all!

Beth, Bob, Zachary & Anna Baylor - March 29, 2013 at 02:03 PM

MG

“ Fond memories of the smell of your pipe. Writing "letters" back and forth to each other when I was little. Sitting at the picnic table or sitting under the trees in the backyard of Grandma's. Eating the tons and tons of food, that Grandma and Aunt Evelyn thought we had to have.....

Such a happy time. I'll miss you, but know that you are in a better place. I bet Uncle Lance, Uncle Garland, Aunt Phyllis, Aunt Gail and Mom are all happy to see you, and that Randolph will be happy to get to know his "little" brother.

What a family reunion.

With Love,

Shirley Martha

Martha Leete Goldstein - March 29, 2013 at 02:03 PM

AW

“ My heartfelt condolences to Don's families and friends on the passing of a truly great guy and genuine individual. Although it has been many years since I last saw Don, I have many fond memories of the times we spent together and a deep respect for our friendship. Rest in peace, old buddy!

Alan Wooten - March 29, 2013 at 02:03 PM

DR

“ *My Dearest Don,*

The first memory I have of you is walking to school with me to that one room school house in Fort Springs. And of me whining that I was tired and would you please carry me. You would pick me up and we would trek on to school. Soon I got older and along with that BIGGER! Finally one day when I asked you looked at me and said, "You hebbly Debby, you hebbly!" Or of the time you sneaked off from school to go to the store and get a "nandy" bar. For years you told everyone about that and about Mrs. butler whipping you when you got back to school.

There are too many memories to list here, but my last memory of you is from a month ago. I was agitating you, as Mamma would say, and asking you what you wanted me to bring you for dinner, pizza or hamburger? You looked at me and cleary said, with some attitude, hamburger!"

I was lucky to have had you in my life. My kids and grandkids were lucky to have kjown you. You made this world a better place. I love you Don Roach

Deborah Ramsey Reid - March 29, 2013 at 02:03 PM

CR

“ *Dear Don,*

Sneaking smokes, Odoul's Beer, smirky smiles, a wadded up Redskin hat stuffed in a pocket, old western movies, a ballpoint pen and notebook filled to the brim, the word "skinny", cowboy hats and suspenders, bib overalls, blowing bubbles in clear river water, big wonderful bearhugs, dancing, wet kisses on my cheek, silly teasing, the smell of pipe tobacco...Thank you Don, for so many memories of a man who laughed easily and readily, had a heart bigger than the west Texas sky and a soul filled with the kind of unconditional love that engendered trust in the smallest child and most nervous critter.

But most of all, Thank You for loving me.

As you sit at God's table with Daddy Jim, Mommie, Randy, Boots, Phyllis, Sid, Gail Gordon and Bonnie Gay please say a little prayer to help mend our broken hearts.

Go rest my beautiful Uncle - it was an honor and a privilege to know you.

Your niece, Connie

Constance Ramsey - March 29, 2013 at 02:03 PM

“ Dear Mom,

Grandma Roach raised a wonderful son in Don Roach. His strength and character, his sense of humor and the joy and light he spread contradicted his hardscrabble beginnings as well as the challenges he faced in an unforgiving world. To know him was to love him.

When Grandma died you took over, not just a sister anymore but a second Mom. You were Don's rock and to some extent he has been your's. You helped him find his place and purpose in a world he barely knew. He loved and reveled in his newfound freedom and independence. He was proud of his work and excited about living on his own. When he came to visit, you cooked for him and clothed him, always ensuring his health and happiness. You made sure he had the best of everything. When he became so ill he couldn't feed himself you fed him. For the past year and a half, daily, you comforted and consoled him, fed and washed him. He knew you were there and felt safe because you were.

Then, when he became too tired for this life on earth, you gently and lovingly saw him off to his new one. You did everything you could. It's up to God and Grandma now.

It's time to take care of yourself, get healthy and let people help you ... After all, you are also our rock.

All my love, Connie Ann

Constance Ramsey - March 29, 2013 at 02:03 PM