



## Randall David Smith

August 14, 1954 - July 14, 2021

Randall David Smith, born August 14, 1954, in Cincinnati Ohio and passed away tragically and suddenly from a heart attack on July 14, 2021, in Bristow, Virginia.

Randy created a very successful moving company and shared his time with his daughters, grandchildren, friends, and his dogs. He was an excellent marksman, loved cycling, and playing the harmonica; he was one of a kind. Giving, funny, outgoing, hard-working, and loving describe Randy best. Randy set a good example for everyone he met. He was a decent and kind man who truly cared about helping others and always did the right thing. So many people loved and admired Randy; he was an amazing man and father.

Randall is survived by his beloved dog Cash and cat Spot, daughters Casey and Kelly, best friend and former wife, Susan, sisters Karla and Cathleen, son-in-law Jeremy and his two grandchildren, Karli, and Randall, whom he adored with a passion. He is terribly missed.

A Celebration of Life Service will be held on Saturday, August 7, 2021, at 3:00 PM at Pierce Funeral Home and Cremation Services, 9609 Center Street, Manassas, VA 20110. The family will receive friends one hour prior to the service as well as have a dinner reception following the service.

The family has asked, that in lieu of flowers please consider a donation for Randy's grandchildren Karli and Randall.

# Previous Events

## Celebration of Life

AUG 7. 3:00 PM (ET)

Pierce Funeral Home  
9609 Center St.  
Manassas, VA 20110  
(703) 257-6028  
pfh@piercefh.com  
<https://www.piercefh.com>

# Tribute Wall

“Randy and I go back 50 plus years. It was about the time we both had hair well below the shoulders and driving our first cars. Used to go to his house after most days at school, catch the munchies and raid his fridge. Randy lived with his dad and he did a lot of the cooking for them. He knew his way around a kitchen quite well having worked in some country clubs as a cook and I’ll always remember his chili. He’s the only one I remember ever cutting up hot dogs and adding right in to the kettle. Makes sense to me now. By the way Randy’s dad “Bob” was an absolutely awesome father. He seemed to understand what it was like to be a teenager in the 70,s.

Upon returning from work at the college he would come through the front door calling out loudly “Randal David” as to alert he was home and possibly alerting to putting away anything that might be “wrong”. Very fair and understanding man. Randy followed his dad in that demeanor.

We worked in a couple jobs together at a country club and a moving company in Reston in our late teens early twenties. In 1978 I started up a little moving company and Randy was with me in it for about a year helping me get started. About a year later he started his own business doing the same and we were friendly competitors for a while. There was plenty of business for the both of us so no issue there. In fact we would help each other with support from time to time with labor help or truck needs. Don’t remember the year but soon he married his soulmate Suzy. Suzy helped him with the business working from their home on Bennett Rd as they started raising their daughters Casey and Kelly. Eventually they outgrew the house with the business and took the big step getting in to the warehouse and storage aspect where the business thrived to become what is still today. As a fellow moving business owner I know how hard Randy worked on a day by day by day basis. He did his 40 plus years and earned a lot of respect from his family, friends and community.

Randy and I were duck hunters together for about a decade. We did a lot of road trips to the Eastern Shore of Maryland. In the beginning I had kind of introduced him to the shotgun sports and I was a better

*shot for a while. Then he started loading his own producing his own shotgun shells in his garage. Boy did he blow my doors off becoming a near professional shooter. If I remember correctly Randy earned a perfect 100 straight broken targets on the skeet field in the various competitions he competed in. I was never able to keep up with him but enjoyed going on occasional shoots. We stayed in touch frequently through the decades and I feel lucky to know he and I were great friends. To me, Randy looked like the picture of health not seeming to carry any extra pounds and remaining active and fit. I figured he would be the last one standing among the group of about six or 7 of us that started our friendships in Greenbriar during high school. I will really miss him.*

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**Bill Campbell** - August 06, 2021 at 10:05 PM



“ *Beautiful in Blue was purchased for the family of Randall David Smith.*



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August 06, 2021 at 04:11 PM



“ *I knew Randy in high school, but he was a few years older than me, so we were mostly just “friends of friends”. When we got all grown up, I got to know him like this. Man, what a awesome surprise when I got to jam with him. Such a talent, gone too soon. RIP Randy.*



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**Denise Philpott** - August 05, 2021 at 08:14 PM

LR

“ I saw Randy recently after 20 + years ...he still had a pleasant demeanor and a friendly smile. He commented on how Susie was doing an excellent job of keeping his company going and how she was such a great mom..  
Randy will be missed.

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**Liz Ryan** - August 05, 2021 at 10:30 AM

BM

“ 15 files added to the album Memories Album



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**Brian McDonough** - August 05, 2021 at 08:00 AM

DW

“ I met Randy in High School, but we didn't become friends until a couple of years later. I loved working for him (getting paid for working out!). I'll never forget the day the two of us moved a baby grand - and we both needed knee surgeries. It was a little wobbly, and a lot of touch and go, but we got 'er done. Like he always said - never say never! Randy was always ready with a big smile and a hearty laugh, and he always came through for me in the pinch. I'll miss you, ole buddy!

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**David Wilson** - July 24, 2021 at 06:43 PM

KM

“ *My most memorable thing about my dad is how in the blink of an eye, if I needed him, he was there. From stepping on a thumb tack when I was 14 to er visits from being sick, middle of the night phone calls or just to check in, when my son was in the hospital having seizures- 4:00 am he was there. No matter what it was I could count on my dad 100%. He was it. He was my go to, my best friend.*

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**Kelly Smith Morton** - July 18, 2021 at 11:29 PM