

David B. McMorran: 1949-2014

A memorial for David's family and friends



Honoring David

🕒 February 22, 2014 📁 Uncategorized



David, June, 2013

David Burch McMorran died peacefully with his wife Annelies by his side, Saturday, February 15, after more than a year battling cancer. Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1949 with his twin brother John to parents Mary Jean and John B. McMorran, David spent his early years in Boston, North Carolina and Virginia. The family—at this point five strong with the new addition of Caila

—settled in Boulder, Colorado, in 1952. Sisters Blair and Megan soon joined the family.

He graduated from Fairview High School in 1968 and then, during the Viet Nam War he chose to do his two-year, Conscientious Objector service at Rose Memorial Hospital in Denver, Colorado. David attended Saint Johns College in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and University of Colorado in Boulder where he graduated with a BA in History in 1976.

David managed The Flagstaff House restaurant in Boulder, Colorado, in the '70s, and wanting a change, he bought a new motorcycle in Anacortes, Washington, while visiting relatives and drove from Washington east to New York and then headed south. Running out of money in Atlanta he got a job at Spencer's Restaurant in Marietta where he met Annelies Covalt. They married in 1981 and settled in Roswell. He became a loving step-father to Brigitte (then 11). His life's work was contracting and carpentry, which he had learned from his father who built their house on Davidson Mesa east of Boulder overlooking the Rockies. Remodeling, especially older homes, was his strong suit.



David and John, 1953

David lived by his own rules and had a dogged zest for life and adventure. He loved people, music, books—especially the classics—traveling, sailing, new challenges, and his grandkids: Brandon and Claire. Family was a priority; he made time for and thoroughly enjoyed all his nieces and nephews. He loved learning and found ways to broaden his mind throughout his life. When he met Annelies he took Dutch lessons so he could greet her family in their native language. He took on many apprentices in his work, sharing his skills and

experience in construction. He was an active volunteer in two organizations: the Power Squadron where after years of study, he reached the highest level of Navigator, enabling him to teach boating and water safety; and the Atlanta Mac User's Group where he could share his love and knowledge of technology.

Family Members

David is survived by his wife Annelies and step-daughter Gitte Kondis (Ted) and grandchildren Brandon and Claire in London; his brother John K. McMorran (Barbara) and their children Casey Johnson (Patrick), Matthew and Curtis in North



Brandon, Claire, Ted & Gitte Kondis

Carolina; sister Caila Klien and sons Phillip (Celina) and Patrick (Adrianna) and daughter Sophia (Oscar) in Brazil; sister Blair McMorran (Jim Barnhart) and sons James (Rebecca), Matthew and Lucas in Colorado; and Megan McMorran (Barry Johnson) and sons Nathan and Benjamin in Oregon, and Thomas in Moscow, Russia; his aunt Anne McCracken (Philip) and their three sons in Washington; his aunt Kay McMorran and children Thomas, Elizabeth and Andrew in California; sister-in-law Ida Hoving Haag and her sons Martijn Hoving (Sietske) and Wouter Hoving (Jeannette) in Holland; 12 grand-nieces and nephews and many cousins.

Memorial Service

The Memorial Service is scheduled to take place 3 pm, Saturday, March 15th, at Jefford's Fellowship Hall, Roswell, Georgia, 30075. You are invited to bring a bottle of your favorite wine to share to celebrate his life. In lieu of flowers or gifts, the family asks that contributions be sent to the Atlanta Humane Society,



David, 1972

Heifer International
or a charity of your
choice.

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Brigitte Kondis

From Service on 15th March

When I sit quietly, or think back over the years, where do I remember David?

I see him walk through Annelies and David's kitchen door right about 5:30 in the evening, sometimes covered in sawdust, usually with a band-aid on one finger or another where he had hit it with a hammer or caught it under something heavy, because nothing was too big for David to move. He would give Annelies a big kiss then head straight for the shower. 15 minutes later he was back in the kitchen on bartender duty. He loved his first sip of bourbon, preferably Old Forrester, but no one was allowed to drink until everyone had been served and a rousing Cheers! or Prost! called out. There would follow a wonderful series of discussions in the kitchen about everything and anything, and David would listen just as well as offer an opinion or start up the next topic.

I see David behind the steering wheel: expertly backing his sailboat down the boat ramp, or driving his jeep up and down his parent's 1/4 mile driveway in the snow while I was towed behind on a sled screaming with joy and a bit of fear. I see him carefully revving his pickup to help me pull big rocks out of the garden of Ted and I's new house, and on another day coming roaring up the driveway on his motorcycle, wearing his leather jacket, a big smile lighting up his face.

I see David with his toolbox, headed out on Christmas eve to help a neighbor he barely knew who had discovered a frozen and now leaking pipe. Or breezing into the first house Ted and I bought, a 70 year old brick bungalow in Atlanta, ready to crawl into the darkest corners of the attic to locate that leaky bit of roof.

I see David out splitting wood for the wood burning stove he installed in the Roswell house, he could chop wood faster than Annelies and I could stack it. He was then getting a blazing fire going in two minutes flat and happily warming up his hands and backside. In the same room he would practice his guitar and listen to Tom Waits records, sometimes singing along. If it was baseball season he and Annelies would be tuned into the Braves games, a pile of dollar bills pinned to the bulletin board as the season progressed and they won or lost the bets between them on whether the Braves could really pull it off this season.

I see David at our dinner table, enjoying something delicious Annelies has made. They were a wonderful couple in so many ways but certainly a chef never had a more appreciative diner. I see Annelies and David eating lunch on their deck, enjoying a boat ride on the lake, or when time allowed traveling together to South Africa, to Holland, to Wales, to the Pacific coast, always staying with family or at a small B&B, finding the best places to walk, taking the scenic road.

I see David with his nieces and nephews and grandchildren. Any one of them could command his full attention with a simple request or need. I see my son Brandon and David in the front yard, raking up huge piles of Pinestraw because when you're five that's pretty fun. By the next year they were weed wacking and mowing the lawn in matching ear protectors. I see my daughter Claire with David in his workshop making the world's most creative piggy bank, or bent over the computer screen comparing their favorite web sites. I see that David's gifts to them were simple: patience and time and quiet love.

It is wonderful to look out and see so many people who knew and loved David. He was a good man, and for every person here, there must be many more that remember his smile, his gentle strength, and his kindness. My only regret for David, and all of us, is that his time with us ran out when he still had so much life, talent and love still to share.

By Brigitte Kondis (daughter)

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Claire Kondis

Here is the poem I said at the funeral for David!

My Dear Grandfather

My dear grandfather, a wonderful man, Always believed in me, knew that I can.

Your loving granddaughter thinking of you, We were a team, our bond like glue.

A few words, to show how I feel,

My dear grandfather, routinely amaze, Since I was little, you gladly helped raise.

Countless things, with patience you taught, You listened to me, whenever I thought.

My dear grandfather, you truly cared, You've always been, much more than fair.

The love you gave, only the best,

With the dearest grandfather, I have been blessed

By Claire Kondis (10)