

FAMILY REMARKS FOR DAVID A. WHITE—JUNE 27, 2015

Ben White

Good morning, on behalf of our family, thank you for joining us in this celebration of my brother Bucky's life.

I would especially like to thank all of the members of the Law enforcement, Fire Rescue, EMT, Medical and the other emergency response personal who have shown their amazing support for Bucky by being here today. It is a truly amazing and humbling sight to see you all here today.

On behalf of my family and Bucky, I would also like to apologize in advance to those people whose 911 phone calls are currently being unanswered, we apologize to those of you whose houses are currently being emptied of all valuables, we are truly sorry that there is no one to respond to the barn fire at your home, and lastly we apologize for the stress your loved ones in the hospital are feeling as they urgently and futilely push their call buttons for a glass of water.

We have been truly touched by the compassion of all of the people who we have spoken with. Many are wondering if they could or should have done anything differently. I can tell you with all honesty that none of us could have changed Bucky's choice in this matter. There is no shame or guilt in our hearts and we pray that you will feel the same.

This sentiment was best expressed by Henry Scott Holland who was the Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford College in the late 1800's. This poem was found on a small card taped to Bucky's refrigerator.

Death is nothing at all.
It does not count.
I have only slipped away into the next room.
Nothing has happened.

Everything remains exactly as it was.
I am I, and you are you,
and the old life that we lived so fondly together is untouched, unchanged.
Whatever we were to each other, that we are still.

Call me by the old familiar name.
Speak of me in the easy way which you always used.
Put no difference into your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes that we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me.
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.
Let it be spoken without an effort, without the ghost of a shadow upon it.

Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was.
There is absolute and unbroken continuity.

What is this death but a negligible accident?

Why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?
I am but waiting for you, for an interval,
somewhere very near,
just round the corner.

All is well.
Nothing is hurt; nothing is lost.
One brief moment and all will be as it was before.
How we shall laugh at the trouble of parting when we meet again!

Lindsay White

Dave was such a joyous soul with an amazing capacity for love. And he had such an infectious laugh.

He was strong too. We keep hearing stories of how he helped people through some of the darkest hours of their lives. How his gentle voice and reassuring presence helped them find the strength to go on. I hope you will continue to share your stories of Dave with us for years to come.

He also had people who guided him through his own stormy waters. Thank you to all who have held a hand or shared some words and given support to him.

I think it's hard not to wonder why, not to ask if there was something anyone could have done. I don't think there will ever be an answer to that question. I just think he hurt too much to stay.

The one comfort I have is he doesn't hurt anymore and he is at peace at last.

I think if there would be a way to honor his life, it would be to do as he did, lend a hand, a smile or hug to someone.

Spread joy wherever you can and push back the darkness.

In the end, love is the only important thing.

[At cemetery: This is KKE-1399 "Big Bucky Base." We are 10-7. Over and out.]

Edie White Peay

David's fixation with bubble lights started when he was just a young child. He was about 10 years old when he decided he wanted one of his own and for Christmas Mom and Dad gave him an amber bubble light as a present that promptly went on the Jeep. (As a sidenote, we all had learned to drive as young kids thanks to the wonderful Mini Moke Dad acquired. For those officers present you should know that we drove exclusively in the fields on our property.)

So David and Dad worked it out - or more likely David sold him on the idea, that he could really help out by plowing our driveway with the jeep. Before that first snowflake hit the ground, David was

out in the driveway plowing every speck of snow with the bubble light flashing. Ben recently reminded me that Harold Buker, our neighbor who owned the airstrip nearby, always said our driveway was clearer than Logan Airport. I remember that Dad finally had to make a rule that there had to be at least 2 inches of snow on the ground for him to plow to keep the sparks down and limit wear and tear on the plow.

He followed his passion for bubble lights and driving (legally) over the speed limit into every career – including, the Texaco wrecker, EMT Training, Volunteer Fireman and ultimately his career as Policeman to Chief. He loved to rescue and help others, which he did with extreme professionalism and care...and it was his honor to assist families when they'd lost love ones, working with his dear friends Charlie and Marion at the funeral home. He gave his life in service to all of us, including our family. He loved deeply and expressed it in his deeds, actions and very frequently with an "I LOVE YOU". He had a wickedly funny sense of humor and his laugh was legendary.

Thank you David for all your hard work and sharing your life with us. It was a life well lived and well served, and you left an amazing legacy of service to others to inspire us. And, thank you for watching OUT for us in this life as we know you will continue to watch OVER us...cause, that's what you do, it's your M.O. We love you dearly.

Rest in peace sweet Davey and God Bless.

Jenny White

To provide some context I should let you all know that I'm Jenny, or the "and White" on the side of the barn; and, since I'm the youngest in the family it seemed fitting that I go last. I'll also admit I've been worrying and wondering whether I might keel over sometime this week or right now during all of this, but as I look around today I realize that if anyone was going to have a medical emergency, this would be the time and the place to do it. So, if I do fall over in the next few minutes, I'll expect a heroic response.

You know, not everyone gets to say that they knew a real life, honest to god, superhero. The one I knew actually chased down monsters, pulled people out of burning buildings, and arrived at the last possible moment just like in the movies, with lights flashing and sirens blaring, to save the day. At the superhero academy he went to he was even issued a special costume and this cool utility belt filled with all kinds of powerful and mysterious gadgets that he'd take on missions with him. And, like most superheroes, he was even given a secret identity (well, some of you know) as the best big brother and friend that anyone could ever have. My brother Bucky was also a bit of a paradox, because he was at the same time the bravest and most tender person I have ever met.

There are many things I have learned over the years, and perhaps we can all learn, from both David's life, and his passing. The first is how to live well, and with humor and heart—with your heart not just peeking out timidly from behind your ribs once in a while to check things out, or even perched out on your sleeve in case you need it, but wrapped around your whole body just like a suit of armor. He wasn't given any real armor like the rest of us who walk around with just that little shell or hard edge we hold onto to keep us from feeling too deeply. Not David...he was wrapped in heart, steeped in heart, he walked through life heart-first—so I think what probably would have made more sense is for him to have gotten the coveralls version of that special vest they give them at the superhero academy, so he could have worn that all the time instead...

Any of you who knew him understands the absolutely selfless capacity he had to bring a smile, and to comfort and console; which seemed matched only by his ability to take charge and calmly do what needed doing in the midst of an emergency or a crisis. He saw us many of us at our worst—and loved us still—and day after day, year after year, he answered the call and came to our rescue. He was physically strong—holy crap was he strong, as I'm sure any of the bad guys he caught could tell you—but in many ways he wasn't really built for the work he chose, or that chose him—because it's just sheer madness to send the biggest tender heart on the planet into the kind of tragic and dangerous situations he faced—but he went anyways.

David showed me how to live bravely, even when you're scared—how to stride courageously into the dark of night or into the fire to rescue someone in need—and I think we all have need of a little rescuing now and then, in big ways and in small ways, too. So as we move through our grief together in the days to come, and as we celebrate his life by remembering all of the joy and laughter and light and honest to god salvation he brought to all of us, perhaps we can also remember—as he modeled for us with his bottomless generosity—that we can all benefit from a little extra kindness, every day and especially in times like these. A smile, a call, a hug, a gentle word can mean all the difference in the world sometimes—and they don't cost us anything to give.

It was David's true calling—to answer our calls and cries for help. And he did so, bravely and tenderly, for as very long as he could. It breaks my heart to think that there really was absolutely nothing any of us could have possibly done to save him in the end—that our collective love, as big as it was for him—was still not enough to keep him here with us. But I choose to believe

that maybe he was here for just as long as he was meant to be here, or at least for just as long as he could bear to carry all of the burdens that he helped us all face. He took on all our pain—felt it with us, and sometimes felt it for us—so that we could keep going. What a precious gift from an incredible man...

It is my hope that we will all continue to love him and keep him in our hearts as he did for us—and that we can find a way to forgive him for having to take leave of us so soon, well before we were ready to let him go. He did his very best for us—and gave his all for us. He gave and he gave and he gave, of himself and his love, and perhaps his biggest fault in the end was that he forgot to save enough for himself. Some of us here owe our lives, literally and figuratively, to him—and all of our lives certainly have been better and blessed for having known him. I know he saved me over and over again and I'm so grateful—and I believe it would bring him some additional measure of peace and happiness to know we've all promised to do that for each other.

My wish is that we might honor his life and show our gratitude to him by day after day living by his example—by bravely and tenderly answering each other's silent calls for help, by reaching out a hand to pull each other out of the dark and into the light. I think Bucky would have liked that, and I bet it would make him laugh like only he could. On this day may he finally know how much and how deeply we all loved him and may he rest, finally and forever, in peace.