



David Arthur Anderson, Sr

May 20, 1934 - February 25, 2023

David Arthur Anderson was born in Rillton, Westmoreland County, PA to Raymond and Lillian (Springer) Anderson on May 20, 1934. He passed away on February 25, 2023. "Dave" was preceded in death by his parents and siblings, his dear wife, Donna Darlene (Pearson), and grand-daughter Bethany McCall.

He is survived by his children: daughter Dana McCall and husband Steve, sons: David Anderson Jr. and wife Laurie, Darin Anderson and wife Sharon, Dale Anderson and wife Adina, "adopted" daughter Jeanetta Cavanaugh and husband Bill. He is also survived by his grandchildren, Andrew Mulbrook and wife Kristina, Ashley Valerio and husband Joseph, and grandson Chad McCall. He has numerous nephews and nieces, other family members, and friends, that he held very dear.

Dave married Darlene on June 30, 1956. He was a devout, loving husband. He loved Darlene dearly. When he entered a room full of people and Darlene wasn't there, he would ask, "where is everyone?" Their marriage lasted 65 wonderful years until Darlene's death in 2021.

Dave was a man of faith, baptized on June 2, 1951, as one of Jehovah's Witnesses. In 1968, Dave and Darlene wrote the branch of Jehovah's Witnesses for direction, as they wanted to help in the global preaching work.

They moved with their four young children to Ardmore, PA and also helped build a Kingdom Hall under construction.

Dave had the 'gift of gab." He could always be found in conversation with strangers, many of which became lifelong friends. He would introduce them to an understanding of Jehovah God and the hope of a better future.

He was a master carpenter. Always on the move. He was not a fan of TV and could always be found "tinkering." He could do amazing things with just a few pieces of molding. Many homes, Kingdom Halls, Assembly Halls, and his work place, Hahnemann University Hospital, benefited from his artistic touch. One of his favorite projects was working on the Turnersville Assembly Hall in Turnersville, New Jersey.

He loved to build and loved to be around people, especially those who love Jehovah. He was able to combine all his loves after the 1989 Hurricane Hugo devastated parts of the Caribbean. He was part of a relief effort to rebuild places of worship in Montserrat and Antigua.

After retirement, in 2002, Dave and Darlene moved to Hendersonville, North Carolina. In March 2017, they moved in with their daughter Dana and her husband Steve, in Texas. After the death of Darlene, and because of failing health, he moved to Senoia, Georgia, into the care of his son Darin and wife Sharon. He always made friends everywhere he went.

Dave looked forward to the promised new world where we will be reunited with our loved ones, enjoying the real life, the perfect life. The life our heavenly Father Jehovah wants us to have.

McKoon Funeral Home & Crematory (770) 253-4580.

Tribute Wall

“As a teenager new in the truth, I have very fond and wonderful memories of the Andersons. When Dad and Mom noticed that I saw this as the truth they adopted me into the family. I really needed the association and Dana needed a spiritual friend around her age. New in the congregation, I remember...EVERY Sunday after the meeting, The Anderson clan and their tag along "adopted" kids went in service. We went to their home after the meeting, had a huge lunch (there was always food at that table. (Jehovah knows how they fed ALL their kids and the adopted kids! Their 3 boys and their other adopted kid James Bender) and then we all piled into the big blue and white van. I remember Dad as a very mild and patient man. I chuckle when I remember Mom trying to "help" Dad drive while she was in the passenger seat. "Watch Out Dave!" "Look Out" She would yell. Dad would usually answer in a mild voice "I see him Dads, I see it"! That always impressed me that he kept his calm demeanor.

Dad was always so kind and helpful to my family and really gained the respect of my unbelieving Father. I truly feel that he was the perfect one to talk to him about Jehovah and the Bible's promises. In talking to Dad while he was sick in the rehabilitation center, we talked about my Father, and he said that he looked forward to seeing him when he was resurrected. Dad said my Father was a very kind man, and we discussed the probability of Dad continuing his Bible study with my Father. In conversation Dad Anderson always called me "Baby. It made me feel good that he considered me a spiritual daughter.

One fond memory is on a Sunday while in field service, in the big van we drove up to a big property with a home way down a long driveway. As we drove in front of the house at least 2 big dogs, maybe more surrounded the car. I think I remember them snapping at the tires when we stopped. No one wanted to get out, because we were in fear for our lives. Dad decided that he was going to get out. No! None of us wanted him to get out. Mom of course didn't want him to get out. He decided to listen to, none of us, and stepped

out of the van. Those dogs I'm sure did not expect to have such an easy meal. Dad got out of the van and told those dogs "Oh, be Quiet, Hush, Calm Down"! He proceeded to go to the door and leave a magazine in it and calmly walk back to the van. I think the dogs were in SHOCK! I watched that and said to myself; like the disciples said of Jesus when he calmed the storm. "Who really is this man?"

I loved to see him eat even when he was in the rehab. To me he looked the happiest when he was chowing down. I learned so much in my Theocratic life from my time observing my spiritual parents and are so grateful to Jehovah that they took me in and long to see them soon.

Jeanetta Cavanaugh - March 24, 2023 at 05:37 PM

JC

“ 1 file added to the album *Fun Memories*



Jeanetta B Cavanaugh - March 24, 2023 at 03:10 PM

JC

Trying to add more pics.....hold on :-)

Jeanetta Cavanaugh - March 28, 2023 at 04:24 PM