



David Paul Buttrum Sr.

January 6, 1955 - December 24, 2013

David Paul Buttrum, Sr., of Haymarket, VA, died December 24, 2013, at the age of 58.

He was born on January 6, 1955, in Baltimore, MD. He was a father, musician, truck driver, biker, fisherman, storyteller, and the life of any party. He befriended everyone he came in contact with and loved making people laugh.

Mr. Buttrum is survived by his parents, Lawrence and Roberta Buttrum of Easton, MD; brother, Robert Buttrum and wife Elizabeth Buttrum of Ridgely, MD; sister, Jamie Thompson of Easton, MD; nephews Robert Buttrum, Jr., of Denton, TX, James Thompson, Jr., of Easton, MD; two nieces, Jennifer Thompson of Easton, MD, and Melissa Brocato and her husband David of Greensboro, MD; a great-nephew, Rory Brocato; and the light of his life, his son, David Buttrum, Jr., of Bristow, VA.

A graveside service will be held on Friday, January 3, 2014, at 2:30 p.m. at Woodlawn Memorial Park near Easton.

Memorial contributions may be made to the Arthritis Foundation, 1777 Reisterstown Road Suite ,#175, Baltimore, MD, 21208 or www.arthritis.org/.

Cemetery Details

Woodlawn Memorial Park

11365 Ocean Gateway
Easton, MD 21601

Previous Events

Graveside Service

JAN 3. 2:30 PM (ET)

Woodlawn Memorial Park
11365 Ocean Gateway
Easton, MD 21601

Tribute Wall



“ *Wish we all could have stayed in touch. We had lots of fun in North Linthicum. I'll never forget all of us being in some guys car and you and him went out the windows and shook hands over the roof as we were driving up Hampton Rd
Lol. Rest in Peace my old friend., Carole Chenowith*

Carol chenowith - May 08, 2024 at 07:34 AM



Maybe you'll run into Leslie on the other side.

Carol chenowith - May 08, 2024 at 07:35 AM



“ *David Paul Buttrum Sr.*

October 26, 2023 at 06:42 PM



“ *David Paul Buttrum Sr.*

January 28, 2023 at 12:44 PM



“ *David Paul Buttrum Sr.*

January 28, 2023 at 08:03 AM

GK

“ 2 files added to the album *New Album Name*



Gail Kroedel - January 01, 2014 at 12:40 PM

PC

“ 2 files added to the album *New Album Name*



peter callahan - December 29, 2013 at 05:38 PM

PC

“ 3 files added to the album *New Album Name*



peter callahan - December 29, 2013 at 05:15 PM

KH

“ 3 files added to the album *New Album Name*



ken hamilton - December 29, 2013 at 04:26 PM

PC

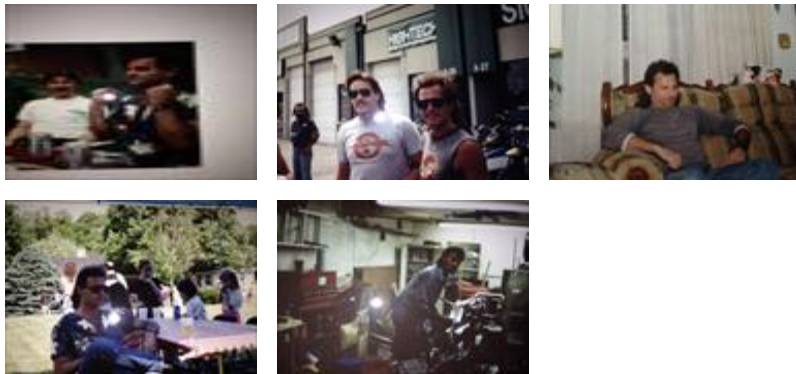
“ 3 files added to the album *New Album Name*



Peter Callahan - December 29, 2013 at 04:16 PM

KH

“ 6 files added to the album *New Album Name*



Kenny Hamilton - December 29, 2013 at 01:57 PM

ST

“ *I will always hold a special place in my heart for him....Stef.*



stef - December 29, 2013 at 08:23 AM

YA

“ *Eleven years ago Dave showed up at my door, looking to rent an apartment. I had no idea what to expect, and when I opened the door, I saw and heard this brash Biker, and was a little intimidated for a few minutes. But there was something kind and childish behind that rough exterior and those bright eyes. Peter and I decided to rent to him and he pretty much stayed to himself for a couple months. After a while I was worried that he wasn't eating well, and would send dinners down to his door. It took a while but he eventually came out of his cave, and Dave and my Dad would have lots of laughs. Dave's fun side started to show through and he started enjoying life again.*



After that it didn't take long for Dave and Peter to become best friends. They rode their motorcycles together and worked on them together. They even planned on working on motorcycles as their retirement job.

When I was learning to ride and bought a motorcycle, it was Dave that left his friends at a restaurant to come and get me and bring my new bike home in his Pick Up Truck. Whenever I wanted to go for a ride to practice, Dave was always willing to go with me.

By this time Dave was more like family than a renter. We had watched each others children begin to grow into young men. Dave loved the kids, and they loved him. He would go to their parties in the field and tell them that he was the coolest kid there... and they thought he was too! Whenever Dave showed up anywhere, you knew it was time for the party to start.. You would hear his motorcycle coming a mile away and you knew when he walked in the door of the house or the bar or into a big open field, he would light up the surroundings. He was the loud one, never serious, full of life, and living it to the fullest.

Yvonne & Peter allahan - December 28, 2013 at 09:31 PM

TL

“ *Tamara Leonard lit a candle in memory of David Paul Buttrum Sr.*



Tamara Leonard - December 28, 2013 at 06:54 PM