



David Harding

August 1, 1946 - March 12, 2020

David Harding, 73 of Athens, passed away on Thursday, March 12, 2020 at Athens Health and Rehab. Mr. Harding was born August 1, 1946 to Rex Harding and June Staufer Harding.

He is survived by his sons, Shannon Harding and Jack Harding (Lisa); grandchildren, Luke Harding and Kaitlyn Harding; brother, Jerry Harding.

Preceded in death by his wife, Susan M. Blum; parents, Rex and June Harding; brothers, Mike Harding and Jim Harding.

There are no services planned at this time.

Tribute Wall

JH

“My father provided a great example of work ethic to me. It's the most memorable aspect of him, his passion and example of working really hard and enjoying it. My dad is the hardest working guy I know. He didn't just work to make ends meet, he worked because he loved it. Often, he worked when he didn't have to, - just for “fun”. Some guys love fishing, hunting, power boats or sports cars. My dad's passion was raising cattle. Weird I know, but rustling bulls and building fences was where he found joy in life. Of course, his boys were expected to work on his farm with him. That meant I was working with the cattle too. We worked the little farm that I grew up on, not because we were poor or because we had too, but because my dad wanted too. My dad had a good “regular” job. Although he could barely read or write, he was a marine machinist at the Bremerton Naval Ship Yard. He made good wages and we lived somewhat of a simple lifestyle. His job was enough to provide for us. We could have lived in town close to his job, however, the life my dad wanted was in the country, with cattle all around him. For that, my dad ended up giving me the best gift that any dad can ever give his child. Without even realizing it, he taught me a work ethic. With my dad's example of hard work, even with the shouting commands to “GO GET ME A NINE-SIXTEENS WRENCH AND RUN BOTH WAYS!”, I learned to work hard and to hustle. Although I hustled every time, (in my memory, my dad's might be different) I can't count the number of times I'd return to the work site, breathless from running in those huge rubber boots, to find that while I was gone my dad improvised with another tool he already had. He no longer needed the tool I'd just fetched. A young person learns a lot growing up like that. You learn how to do things, just by seeing it done. I don't remember my dad ever teaching me with an actual lesson on anything, like how to change the brakes on the truck or how to build a fence or any of the thousands of things we did together. I remember working with him to get the job done, simply because he told me too. Not having taught a class on anything, my dad taught me to do it myself for just about everything. I love you dad and I'm going to miss you.

Jack Harding - March 13, 2020 at 04:34 PM