



Devin Duane Beardslee

November 15, 1968 - December 28, 2022

Well, if you are reading this, I have passed away. December 28th, 2022, was the day. I know it's a shock, but it is true. Everyone told me it would happen one day but that's simply not something I wanted to hear not like my hearing was that great anyway, or something much less wanted to experience. Once again, I didn't get things my way and y'all know that's how I prefer things go. No surprise there.

And while on the subject, you know, the story of my life ... on November 15, 1968, my parents and older brother Ricky celebrated my birth and I was introduced to the world as Devin Duane Beardslee, the son of Rick and Betty Beardslee. It happened and there are records on file at the Ector County courthouse which can corroborate this claim.

I know, I know, some of you are thinking Devin? Well, you're right, some of you may know me as Bundy, Fester, D the loves of my life know me as Babe, Pops, Dad, Brother, Din-Din, and Daddy. All are names that I answered to proudly.

As a child I walked to Pease Elementary School, with my brother of course... there was something about him telling me that "Dev they better not call me to "COME CLEAN ME UUUP!" do you hear me". Got to ask Ricky if you want those details. Ha!

I proudly started my work life at Gard Trucking during the summers in high school, with Robert, Greg and Shannon Donaway, working for Donna. When I finally went off to college at Eastern New Mexico, I had a buddy there waiting for me, Dewaine Lee. I got to play some football there, they say I was pretty good. Did you know that I was All-South Plains in High School, I wasn't even in their area, but more on football later.... maybe. Nope nevermind, I don't want to bring up football and #52... so, no more about football. Life events changed my college career for me, and I came back to Gard trucking. Then there was a short stint working the ski season in Colorado, with Donaway, we got to play spades with Chevy Chase and his wife and then there was pipeline time in Alabama with Kip, just like the Festers, this subject is Fight Club. My real career started when I went to work at National Oilwell. Selling oilfield parts was what I was good at. I had amazing opportunities with Kandle, ClutchCo and I was blessed with being able to travel with some with work to Dubai and Amsterdam. I even had to opportunity to work alongside my brother at Beardslee Automotive.

So many things in my life seemed of little significance at the time they happened but then took on a greater importance as I got older. The memories I'm taking with me now are so precious and have more value than all the riches in world.

Memories ... where do I begin? I was kinda of a big deal.

Well, I remember my mom Betty wearing an apron, ok, ok, that isn't true BUT she could make frozen Banquet chicken, TV dinners, she didn't do much cooking but she could make an amazing sandwich. I remember Dad trying to teach me to swim...well more like throwing me in. Best way to learn, I guess. BUT I did learn. I remember that even though me and my brother were 5 years apart in age, I always wanted to be by his side, I wanted to be like

him. He is my hero. I should have told him that more.

My Papaw Beardslee bought me a new pair of cowboy boots and took me square dancing, it was a big social event, and of course I loved to dance, besides there was this girl there I was trying to impress. Y'all know me I liked to impress, and my dance moves well they could put John Travolta to shame.

The Gambler by Kenny Rogers, you know this song, it made me the amazing performer that I am. We were at this steakhouse at Sante Fe Square it was a birthday celebration, Ricky missed my performance because of football or something, I don't quite remember. Just know that I brought the house down. It remained my go-to performance song up until the very end. Speaking of performing, have I ever mentioned my performance in Hamlet, during my high school One-Act Play days? I rocked it.

From vacations with Mom, Dad and Ricky with my cousins Brian & Chris and Aunt & Uncle in Colorado, performing on pool tables, to my garage sale finds... I had an amazing childhood. Special thanks to the Hendricks for the pre-dinner dinners that you provided me growing up.

Brother, how do I ever thank you for being my constant, my hero, the person that always loved me unconditionally. The one that could set me straight when I needed straightening. How I will miss you. Thank you for giving me Donna, Greg, Robert, Angie and Brittani. You gave me some of the best family I could ask for.

I married the woman of my dreams, Cynthia Ann Beardslee, on October 31, 2012. I literally picked her up from work on her lunch break and we went to the JP. We got hitched and caught some grief from the kids and family because, just like Nike's slogan, we thought ...Just do it and we did! Little Ricky is still a

little salty about not being there. From that day on she was proud to be Mrs. Devin Beardslee, earning the title of My Wife, Soul Mate, Mi Reyna and Rockstar. I have said multiple times, that if it wasn't for her, I would have had to post this a lot sooner than now.

My children.... Stephen, Sis, Lulu, Ricky and Matthew. You 5 are my greatest accomplishment. All of you are different in your own ways. Remember that Dad will always love you and I will always be watching out for you. You will know because there will be signs.....

Stephen is my "Mr. Instructions" "The Professor", always obsessed with instructions and always wanting to see them even with the happy meal toy. Super intelligent, who else gets on their report card "promoted to 1st or 2nd grade." Kristen, Sis, my "Miss Determined", my "Tough Kid". Once she puts her mind to do something or accomplish something it WILL happen. My "drop the mic and walk off the stage" kid. I truly believe that she was to most like me. Kelsey, aka Lulu, "The Natural", "Miss Mischievous" kid. Lu has always been the kid that just had it. Never had difficulties with much of anything...plus she had some of her Daddy's outgoing personality in her. Ricky D..." The Comedian", "Mr. Love"... He was always making us laugh. I could write a novel on the funny stuff this kid has said and done. No kid on the planet has ever said "I love you" more than this kid. Matthew, "Kojak", "Big Matt", Bubba...other labels were still being developed. He has a little of the older kids labels in him. He has natural athletic abilities and is so funny and has an amazing heart. He is our work in progress he is young still and I know that there will be plenty of stories to come. I love you kids beyond measure. You are all the reason for my being and purpose, and I thank you for being you. "When you'd scream, I'd fight away all of your fears. And I held your hand through all of these years.... you still have all of me."

Stevie and Brandon, please take care of my girls and babies. I know that I

don't have to tell you that...but the dad in me just has to say it out loud. I hit the lotto with you two. I love you both.

Then, just when I thought I was too old to fall in love again, I became a Papaw, and my five grandbabies stole my heart. Maverick Cash, Steve Ross, Violet Mae, Braden Duane, and Zoe Reese; they have blessed my life more than words can say. I truly wish that I could have been healthy enough to be the Papaw that y'all deserved. I love each and every one of you. You are my treasures that are irreplaceable and will go with me wherever my journey takes me. I think that I would like to go with Baby Stevie's story about the shark bite. You know the one that took my leg.... We will go with that reason why I am gone. Dang Megalodon.

Jessie, Rosie, Jesus, Nancy, Jennifer, Jessica, Tyler, Cassandra, Michael, and Leo thank you welcoming me into your family when I married Cynthia and giving me some pretty awesome nieces and nephews. Uncle Tio and Brother-in-law are titles that I wore proudly. Much love.

Festers, Dewaine, Ronnie, Shannon, Jeff Guthrie, Tre, and Chavez ... y'all are my extended family, I love you guys and I will see you again. Kip and John when you visit the portal, I will be on the other side. Probably singing, Turtles all the way down. Oh... John, make sure that Kip stays in tune when y'all sing...please. Watch over my Reyna and Matthew, oh and watch out for rabies too.

To my Squirrels boys, I love y'all, and I hope that you learned something from this old coach. Continue to make me proud and I will be your angel in the outfield. Remember: I LOVE THIS TEAM!!

So, this might be a good time to mend fences for things yet to come.

I apologize to my Babe and family, that I couldn't make it as long as I wanted to. I am sorry Matthew that I will miss out on some important moments, this is what worried me the most, I know that you will always have support and love wherever you are going and doing. Your mom has a village behind her, and it will all be ok...I promise. Remember that I am always with you.

Oh, and Brother, I will be waiting here for you so we can go on that fishing trip.

I almost forgot.... Did I tell y'all that I've held a few titles, more titles than I mentioned above in my day?

I've been an awesome son and brother, a social butterfly, a rockstar husband, a performer, a dedicated employee, a true and loyal friend, Fester, Uncle Tio and a Papaw. And if you don't believe it, just ask me. Oh wait, I'm afraid it's too late for questions. Sorry.

So ... I was born; I blinked; and it was over. That pretty much sums it up.

No buildings named after me; no monuments will be erected in my honor. (still holding out hope for that one) But I did have the chance to know and love each and every friend as well as all of my family. How much more blessed can a person be? Really?

So, in the end, remember... do your best, follow your arrow, and make something amazing out of your life. Oh, and never stop smiling.

If you want to, you can look for me in the sunrise or evening sunset, maybe in a portal somewhere. Just know that I'll be there in one form or another.

Of course, I will probably comfort some while antagonizing others, but you

know me... it's what I do best.

So, I'll leave you with this...please don't cry because I'm gone; instead be happy that I was here. (Or maybe you can cry a little bit. After all, I have passed away). I am with my Mom, Dad, and my grandparents. Angie is here waiting for me to wrap this up so she can show me around.

Just remember that today I am happy, and I am dancing. Probably naked or showing my butt if you know me.

I love you all..... Peace (dropping the mic)

A Celebration of Life service will be held at the Crane County 6th Street Community Building on January 14th at 1:00 pm with Greg Workman officiating. Reception following for family and friends.

Tribute Wall



“ *Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum* was purchased for the family of Devin Duane Beardslee.



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