

Celebration of Life Service from
Hackett-Livingston Funeral Home
Shenandoah, Iowa
Saturday, October 26, 2019
10:30 a.m.

Words of Comfort ~ Sandy Nelson

Memorial Register
Mary Whipple & Rhonda Thorsness

Caring for Flowers
Barbara Taylor
Tiffanni Connell & Bonnie Hanes

Urn Bearers
Aysah Dondlinger
Kemper Long

Honorary Urn Bearers
All Dave's Family and Friends

Songs of Comfort
"You Raise Me Up" ~ Josh Groban
"Outskirts of Heaven" ~ Craig Campbell
"Fishin in the Dark" ~ Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

Resting Place
Rose Hill Cemetery
Shenandoah, Iowa

Memorials ~ May be directed to the family.

Following the services at the graveside, please join the family for a time of food and funny stories at the Shenandoah Eagles Club.



David Louis Stevens, beloved son of Nancy (Hankins) and the late Richard Stevens, was born on October 2, 1952, and entered to rest surrounded by his family on October 16, 2019.

Some would say he had nine lives, was spring-loaded, and spent each one of those lives giving anyone willing to accept the challenge a good run for their money.

Dave grew up in Shenandoah, and miraculously managed to graduate with the class of 1970 (he'd tell you 75), much to the relief of every one of his instructors and the entire administration. They earned their money with him.

If you knew Dave in his youth, you were witness to seemingly endless tomfoolery, police sirens, dust clouds, and the occasional serious misdemeanor. In fact, according to sources who wish not to be named as an accessory after the fact, Dave still holds the record for the most successful attempts to outrun local law enforcement. All in good fun, of course, and he was never one to back down from a challenge.

Dave, after he decided to become a part-time law-abiding citizen, spent most of his professional life in the printing business. Aside from that, he was also pretty handy with a set of tools, fishing rods, guns, a vegetable garden, and a cooler. He was a dedicated Broncos fan, and much to the chagrin of their mothers, managed to impart a deep love of Husker football upon a couple of his grandsons.

Dave married Vicki (Whitehill) Stevens on November 24, 2000, and together they joined their families. Their children, Brandon, Natalie, Leigh, Katie, and Nikki somehow managed this dynamic duo with a little bit of grace and remain after all these years their own force to be reckoned with.

Dave and Vicki became grandparents for the first time in 1999 with the births of their grandsons Aysah and Alex, a role that Dave, in particular, was so excited to play he quite literally danced a jig. Kemper and Renee soon joined the family, followed by Nicholas, Samantha, Annabelle, Easton, and Matthew. The icing on the cake for Dave and Vicki came with the birth of their first great grandson, Orion.

Over the years Dave became affectionately known as Grandpa, or Grampy, to everyone. He never knew a stranger, and friends were always family. He reveled in his role as grandfather. He was the bass master and knower-of-all-things to Aysah and Kemper, and he was their best friend.

Preceding Dave to the great beyond was his father Dick Stevens, grandparents Duffy and Merna Hankins, grandparents Edward and Sarah Stevens, and a slew of great friends and family that he missed dearly (all of whom most likely welcomed him to the other side with a cold beer).

Left to cherish and laugh about their every memory are his mother Nancy Stevens of Shenandoah, IA, his wife Vicki Stevens of Farragut, IA, children Brandon Stevens of Omaha, NE, Natalie Cottrell and Andy Paez of Clarinda, IA, Leigh and Victor Bycroft of Fort Dodge, IA, Katie and Andrew Peterson of Coin, IA, and Nikki and Jamarl John of Fayetteville, NC; grandchildren (in no particular order) Aysah Dondlinger, Kemper Long, Matthew Peterson, Samantha and Annabelle Cottrell, Easton Paez, Alex, Renee, and Nicholas Von Korff, and great grandson Orion Dondlinger.

The family wishes to extend their heartfelt gratitude for every kind word, thought, and deed during Dave's illness. They'd buy you a beer...but there probably just isn't enough to go around.

"Sometimes the lights all shining on me, other times I can barely see. Lately its occurs to me what a long strange trip it's been."

Jerry Garcia



*H*ackett
Livingston
FUNERAL HOME

