

DAVID JOHN LIVINGSTON

David John Livingston was born December 30, 1920 in Cimarron, NM. He was a very strong, honorable, and fun loving man. It's amazing that he lived to be 102 years old. His mind was still sharp, but unfortunately his body gave out. We will all miss him so dearly. Many times we were asked, what do you think made him live so long. Bear with us, as we tell you about David's life and what made him a Centurion and the great man he was.

To start, it so happened the family got some interesting information from ancestry.com about the history of the Livingston family. David's grandparents were Adam Shriver Livingston and Miriam Elizabeth Mantonya Livingston. David's Livingston family line was traced back to Philip Livingston. Robert Livingston, along with Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Roger Sherman drafted the Declaration of Independence. Robert Livingston was called away just before the document. Robert asked his 1st cousin once removed, Philip Livingston, also a founding father, to sign the famous document since Robert was not able attend the signing. On his mother's side of the Kintana family history we found that her ancestral decent was from Spain, Aztec Indians, and Mexico.

Though, having famous and wealthy family members, doesn't always make you wealthy. David was born to Orville and Frances Kintana Livingston. His father owned the Cimarron Filling station, restaurant and dance hall. David grew up when times were hard and later even harder times in the Great Depression. As a young child, David dreamed many nights about one thing, and that was chocolate. He told us the story of when he was a young, he dreamed he found a penny. In his dream, all he could think about was going to the store to buy that wonderful tasting, smooth melt in your mouth, chocolate. He held that penny tightly in his hand while walking in the door of the store. He suddenly woke with his hand still tightly gripped. He laid there in bed, wondering if he opened his hand would the penny be there? But, alas it was not. This dream did not discourage him. It encouraged him, to keep looking for his fortune. Believe me when the family says, he was Publishers Clearing House greatest fan. Though he may not have found a great riches of money, he definitely found a great wealth of love over his lifetime.

David grew up with 2 brothers, his oldest brother Jack and the youngest Jim. His family moved from Cimarron, NM to Santa Fe, NM. There, his father worked at the Railroad Depot as telegrapher. As a young child David's mother always took him to church on Sundays. Even if the other boys could not go that Sunday, David always went with his mother. This is where he began his relationship with the Lord. His faith ran deep and strong. David always prayed, every night. We could hear him softly praying. His prayers were so genuine, and moving, You could tell by listening to his prayers about the love he had for the Lord, for his family and friends. David was a man of few words, he was a

listener. If you had a problem and needed someone to talk to, he would listen. He never used words like you must, you have to, but more like suggestions of looking at a problem in other ways. He would softly guide you, tell you he loved you, and then pray with you and for you. At one point in David's life, he contemplated becoming a priest.

As David grew up, he excelled in sports. He attended the Santa Fe High School Demons. He was in football as a running back or half back, in basketball he played center and in track it was the 100 yard dash, relay team and long jump. David said he always got a dry mouth running, so he found putting a small pebble between the cheek and gum relieved his dry mouth. But, please don't try this at home! David loved to ride a bicycle. He won a bicycle race in Santa Fe and won the prized bicycle from the Western Union. Sports ran as deep as chocolate in his blood. He could talk sports, teams, and players all day with you, especially about the Dallas Cowboys. He always enjoyed his time talking to Uncle Bill, Steve Diane's husband and Moe Tamra's husband about sports and stories of when dad was in the Navy. David believed that exercise, and drinking milk, kept him fit and strong. At 100 years old, he was still walking on an elevated treadmill, lifting weights, and doing 300 sit ups. Who could keep up with him! He loved to go to the gym with Frances and meet his brother Jim there. They would all go their separate ways to work out. And after every workout David and Jim would sit and chat over a cup of coffee. Uncle Jim passed away a few years ago. Dad really missed his talks with him. But, we know they are together in heaven, probably sitting, chatting, and drinking their coffee again.

But now, back to his early life. He has a close, loving relationship with his brothers, father and mother. At 17 years old, David's mother died from tuberculosis. It was devastating time for him losing her. He tried to help after school, to bring in money. For a while he worked in a jewelry store, and he learned to cut and polish stones, and work with silver and gold to make jewelry. When he was able to afford a motorcycle, he began doing home deliveries for the Capital Pharmacy. He said there were some scary rides on the motorcycle during the Santa Fe snow storms. But, he knew he had to make the delivery because someone was sick and needed the medication. So this kept him pressing on, along with a prayer to keep him safe.

Just after Pearl Harbor was bombed, David felt a calling to join the fight for freedom and enlisted in the Navy on June, 15, 1942. His calling was so strong to fight, he turned down 2 sports scholarships. He said goodbye to his family and friends in Santa Fe. He and best friend Eddie Duran rode David's Harley Davidson motorcycle from Santa Fe, NM to San Diego, CA where he was to start his Naval training. He was first assigned as a deep sea diver and did some training on a submarine. While he was going through the first few months training, he caught pneumonia. When he recovered from his illness, the Navy reassigned him as a Torpedo man. His first ship assignment was the USS Doyle. He was a plank owner of the USS Doyle, a destroyer, which was launched from Bremerton, Washington. The ship made its way from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean. The USS Doyle made several voyages as an escort to the Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth ships. During these escorts David did take his occasional turn in the Eagle's Nest looking for ocean bombs and the German submarines, known as the

Grey Wolf. He and his shipmates went to Derry Northern Ireland, Greenock Scotland, and Casa Blanca. When the USS Doyle returned to New York, David was called back for training in San Diego, California. This was just before the USS Doyle set out to Normandy for D-Day. God was looking out for him when David was called back for training.

He met up in Florida with his next ship. The USS Yosemite, a destroyer tender ship. He is also a plank owner of the USS Yosemite. A tender ship repairs other ships that suffered hits and in need of repairs from combat. He stepped on board the USS Yosemite with his new ranking as Torpedo man First Class. He and his shipmates then set sail to the Pacific to fight the war there.

He saw a lot of action in the Pacific. He and his ship headed to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba and then to the Panama Canal. He then went to Pearl Harbor and the USS Yosemite repaired ships there for about 5 months. They repaired 216 ships setting a very impressive record and earning the USS Yosemite the nickname, "Busy Lady". During his time in Hawaii, he did get some R-n-R. It helped when the Navy were running shy of barracks, they had David and a few of his shipmates check into a hotel for a few months in Waikiki. While he was in the Navy in his spare time, he trained as a boxer. He could hit the speed bag and the boxing bag like a professional. He would skip rope like a professional boxer, jumping only a few inches off the ground. He would jump high, twirl the rope 5-6 times then hit the ground with his feet and never skip a beat. The R-n-R ended, so he and his shipmates moved on to repair ships at Eniwetok Atoll in the Caroline Islands, and Leyte Gulf in the Philippines. David was in with a special scout group of about 6-8 shipmates. They scouted out islands many times before other shipmates would step inland. It was during one of these scouting trips in the Philippines that David remembered most. He had gotten out of the boat on the beach and preceded into the jungle. His team separated and scouting the area. All at once, a Japanese warrior with a sword was chasing him. He was running and shooting, but then he was out of bullets. He kept running as fast as he could. He came across a ravine with ocean swells splashing upwards. He knew the Japanese warrior was closing in on him. He quickly said a prayer. Then he backed away from the ravine, running as fast as he could towards it and leapt over safely to the other side. The Japanese warrior stood on the other side from him yelling and shaking his sword. David, then turned and started running again, finding his way back to his shipmates. All that sports training in high school really paid off for him that day.

His ship and fleet then marched toward Japan. His ship was just outside waiting on August 9, 1945, as the Nagasaki bomb was dropped on Japan. The USS Yosemite and its crew members continued to tender the ships even after the war was over. Dad received 4 metals during the war: Good Conduct, Asiatic Pacific, Philippine Liberation and the North Atlantic Submarine Patrol. He was honorably discharged on 10-24-1945 and returned home.

David began to fit into home life again after the war. He and his brothers bought gas station in El Paso, Texas located near McNutt Road. He remembered there were three

young children who used to visit the gas station to get soda pops. One little blonde haired girl was shy and cute. Little did he know at that time, years later that little blonde girl would be his wife, Frances. So, David and Frances married and David became a father to Dale and Diane.

David was a great husband, dad, grand-dad, teacher, counselor and PE coach. David was a man who loved life, family, friends and all animals. He loved the outdoors and camping. He loved Frances with all his heart. He always called her sweetheart. They were always holding hands, he kissed her every morning when he got up and every time he came home from work. They were truly in love for the 55 years they were together. He was Frances', husband, and best friend. He cared for her whenever she was hurt or sick. He loved her, honored and adored her as she did the same for him in return. He was a great dad. He cheered Dale on when he played football, made Eagle Scout and raced his go-cart across the finish line. He taught Dale all about engines and tools, and how to fix things. He was at every high school football game to see Diane in the marching band. He helped her with the 50 yard dash and long jump. He tried his hardest to teach her without laughing too hard, basketball. But, we just won't go there.

David enjoyed making people laugh. He loved to play with his children and grandchildren, Tamra and Heather, great grandchildren and his nieces and nephews. He loved to see the playful side of things. He liked to be sneaky and try to see if someone would catch him cheating at cards or board games. He would laughs hard telling the punch line before he got a joke out! He loved seeing people laugh. He enjoyed his time spent with Tamra and Heather. Years later, when Tamra was a nurse practitioner, she would come over to check on her grandma and grandpa. He would always have a big smile on his face and say to Tamra, "There's my girl!" He was very proud of his children and grandchildren of all their accomplishments.

David was here on this earth for 102 years, but for those who loved him it wasn't long enough. He was a wonderful and loving husband, dad, grand-dad, great grand-dad, brother-in-law, uncle, and friend. In his own way he touched everyone with his faith, love, friendship, kindness, laughter and code of honor. Remember him this way, as he lived his life. Today we celebrate his life. We know he walks with the Lord. We know he is healthy and well, with no pain. We know he is smiling down at all of those he loved and loved him. David, we will all miss you.

David, my father and Hero - I love you and will miss you.

Your daughter, Diane