



David H. Albert

APR 24, 1943 - JUL 29, 2025



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David H. Albert hung up his tool belt for the last time on July 29th, 2025. He passed peacefully at home, with his two loyal dogs, CJ and Boss, curled up beside him — exactly where they always liked to be.

Born in Whittier, California in 1943, he came into the world ready to raise a little hell, build a lot of stuff, and fall in love hard — which he did, with power tools, shot guns, fishing poles, bulldozers, and most of all, his wife Carol.

He was a proud “surfer dude” who somehow managed to be both a sun-bleached beach bum and a star athlete in high school football and track. In 1961, he headed off to the University of Arkansas, hauling his surfboard with him, despite there being zero ocean in sight. (Hope springs eternal.)

It was there he met Carol while working on a homecoming float. She didn’t know who he was when he called her for a date — but he fixed that in no time. They married in 1966 and spent the next 50 years building a life full of love, laughter, and adventure.

Dave started out teaching shop at Ramay Jr. High, but his love of sawdust and doing things his own way led to opening “Dave’s Wood Shop” in 1970 — which eventually grew into Kitchen Distributors. Together, Carol and Dave built kitchens, friendships, and a life full of stories.

He had a deep and abiding love for fishing (black bass only — don’t even try him with trout), making legendary pilgrimages to Lake Fork in Texas and even casting a line in the Amazon and Panama. His fishing tales grew larger with time, just like the fish he almost caught.

He’ll be remembered just as much for his legendary Fourth of July parties at Beaver Lake. At the crack of dawn, Dave was out clearing an island to create the perfect campsite. Later in the day, he could be found tossing kids off their inner tubes from his bass boat, steering the pontoon through



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more than one summer storm, and proudly serving up Carol's snickerdoodles — the best known to man.

Each November, Dave and his hunting buddies would head off to the woods for deer camp — more laughs than deer most years — but always a good time. In his younger years, he never missed dove season because who doesn't need another reason to sit by the campfire? Hunting was as much a part of his life as fishing and woodworking.

After Carol passed, Dave found comfort in moving dirt with the bulldozer, fixing up the bulldozer, ordering things for the bulldozer and talking about the bulldozer (he proudly referred to the dozer as his "new girlfriend").

Dave is survived by his daughter Andi, her husband Mike Stephens, and his beloved grandson Chance, who no doubt inherited some of that mischievous sparkle. Also surviving him are CJ and Boss, who are currently accepting belly rubs in his honor while looking for a new home. He was predeceased by his parents, Genevia and Horace Albert, his sister Patricia, and his beloved Carol — who is surely trying to talk him into a game of bridge while he sets up the perfect campfire and pulls out a bottle of peppermint schnaps.

The family will be holding a celebration of his life on Sunday, September 7th from 1:00- 3:00 at Herman's Ribhouse in Fayetteville. We would love it if you wore camo or an old baseball cap in his honor. In lieu of flowers or gifts, Dave would love a donation to the Animal League of Washington County or the Fayetteville Animal Shelter.



Tribute Wall

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George Faucette lit a candle in honor of David.

To many great times - dove hunting, deer hunting, and fire-sitting. Goodbye, My friend. I'll miss you greatly

August 21 at 10:33 AM





Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring David by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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