David "Davie" Brooks died on February 17th at the age of 68. He passed away at home while sleeping, having suffered a heart attack. Dave was a well-loved member of his community, having been known for his friendliness and smile. He dedicated his life to being a dedicated family member and making the world a better place one act of kindness at a time.

Dave was born on September 19, 1949 to farmers Mortimer and Florence Brooks. He was the last baby to be born in a small medical center in South New Berlin, now converted into a cafe and guest house. Handprints of the babies born there are still up on the wall, Dave's finishing the collage. He grew up on his parents farm in New Berlin, developing a love for animals and sportsmanship. In high school he was a locally renowned athlete, frequently making the paper as quarterback of his football team. He graduated with the class of 1967 and worked 17 years for I.L. Richer before moving on to his 29 year career as a postal worker. As his long time coworker George Carnrike Jr. remembers, "Dave always delivered with a smile." He retired in 2008 after 29 years of service.

Being lifelong family-oriented, Dave entered his first marriage in 1967 with high school sweetheart Karen Peck. They had three children: Dale, Brett, and Lori, before ending in divorce in 1982. He had a brief marriage with Lisa in 1992, resulting in no children. On April 19, 1996 Dave married for the final time to Barbara Page. The family blended with her two children from previous marriages: Katie and Jake, and later added a child of their own, Patience. For each of his children, Dave was a wholehearted and loving father. His middle daughter Katie talks about how he was always there, "He was always there for us even when we were in situations we shouldn't have been in. If we got drunk at a party he said to make sure we called to get a ride and not drive drunk." In 2008 he had a disconnecting with his eldest son, dissolved shortly before his death. All of his other children, and later his grandchildren, were very close to him and could trust in his unwavering support. Dave emphasized the importance of family time and made sure that a large portion of his time was spent with the ones he loved playing games, watching movies, or just chatting.

When not spending time with his family, Dave liked to spend his time conversing with friends, running his own small farm, or out in the woods. Every year for deer season, Dave got up at 5 a.m. to strategize with his team and spend their day trying to catch the biggest buck they could. Some years he'd get a buck and some years he didn't, but he always had a great time. Into his retirement, he hobbied in teaching himself guitar and assisting the Amish community. He also knew to enjoy his life, indulging in the occasional guilty pleasure a trip to the casino, a sweet or two, and keeping up with current celebrity gossip.

Dave never felt the need to venture far from where he was born and spent his life in Chenango county. In 1982, he built his own cabin on 69 acres near Chenango Lake. While his property was dear to him, he allowed local maple tappers to use his trees in exchange for just a few bottles of syrup, let his friends and their friends hunt, and always accepted a visit. As soon as you knocked on the door, he'd make sure to offer you a drink and sit on the porch, chatting for as long as you may need. His generosity and good nature made him a loved member of the community. He was well-known, very liked, and highly respected. If you were to ask anyone about him the first thing they'd describe is his smile. "What a great friend. Spent a lot of time coon hunting and deer hunting with him. Miss always seeing him around town, always smiling." says close friend Tim Lawrence.

Dave was seldom somber and carried this perspective into death. When he lost his brother he consoled his daughter saying, "Try and remember the good times, he wouldn't want you to be sad. You'll be with them in Heaven in the end. Someday when I go, I want a celebration of life just like his. Have a beer and pour my ashes on my hunting ground."