



David Dutton

April 26, 1944 - July 23, 2024

David James Dutton, 80, of Keene, died peacefully on July 23, 2024, in PRHC with loving family at his side.

He was born April 26, 1944 to parents James and Bette (Elizabeth) (nee Brown). Dave grew up on McKellar Street in Peterborough alongside his 2 brothers: Paul and John.

He later lived in Thornhill with his loving partner, Lydia, for many decades before returning back to Peterborough.

Dave had an ear for music and played the guitar starting at 10 years of age. He had an affinity for all things mechanical and a curiosity for science and math, not to mention his green thumb! In the early years of his vibrant youth, he worked at Peterborough Outboard Marine and later completed the Technology Program at Devry Institute of Technology in the 1980s.

In his later years Dave continued to enjoy gardening and spending time with his beloved companion cat, Blackie.

He is preceded in death by his parents, James and Bette, and brother, John.

Dave will be missed and remembered fondly by daughter, Tina (Garth);

grandsons Haydn and Piers; devoted partner, Lydia; Cousins Carolee, Wayne, Bill and Shelley; family and friends.

A celebration of life will be planned for a future date.

Tribute Wall

LE

“ Lydia Epstein Dave and I embarked on a whirlwind of adventures across Ontario, weaving memories that still warm my heart. Our journeys took us to picturesque places, each etching its own story into our souls. Peterborough: Dave’s eyes sparkled as he showed me his childhood home. The creaky wooden floors whispered secrets of his past—the laughter, the dreams, and the echoes of youth. The Kawartha Lakes: We sailed across these serene waters, our laughter carried by the wind. Dave’s face lit up as he recounted childhood summers spent fishing and chasing fireflies. Lift Locks: Standing by the massive locks, Dave explained their engineering marvel. We watched boats ascend and descend, a dance of water and steel—a metaphor for life’s ups and downs. Lake Ontario: The vastness of the lake mirrored our friendship—endless and ever-changing. Dave and I sat on the rocky shore, sharing dreams and secrets as waves lapped at our toes. Downtown Toronto: Amid skyscrapers and bustling streets, Dave and I explored hidden gems. We devoured street food, our taste buds dancing to the rhythm of the city. Jackson’s Point Cottage: Our cozy refuge by the lake. We would enjoy burgers and coffee, and we sat on the porch, watching sunsets paint the sky. Chip trucks fueled our adventures—one fry at a time. Blackie, Our Feline Confidante: Our beloved cat, Blackie, curled up between us. His purrs eased our worries, and his antics brought laughter. He was our silent companion, stitching our bond tighter. Dave’s Unwavering Friendship: Despite pain and challenges, Dave stood by me to help out. His smile, like a sunbeam breaking through clouds, warmed my soul. His wit—sharp as ever—brightened even the darkest days. Feasts with Friends and Family: Around the table, we celebrated life. Dave’s voice harmonized with laughter, and we savored dishes that tasted of love and shared memories. Dave’s legacy lives on—the laughter, the chip truck pit stops, and the unwavering friendship. And in the quiet moments, I still hear his voice, whispering to me “You’re my best friend, Lyd”

Lydia Epstein - July 26, 2024 at 08:55 PM

TJ

“ I'm so glad we found each other and had 30+ years to make memories. I remember how thrilled Dad was to walk me down the aisle at my wedding. He bought me my first kickass stereo and first car. He shared his love of music with us through his guitar. He enjoyed skating with me and the boys and cheering from the sidelines of their gymnastics sessions and soccer games. I'll miss our discussions about government and black holes. I'll always remember how he would knock on my door just after leaving to tell me "one more thing" RIP Dad. See you on the other side!

Tina Jackson - July 26, 2024 at 05:01 PM

HJ

“ Most of the time seeing my grandpa meant a few things, more apple juice, long discussions about science and maths, and usually that I'd be staying up late due to these discussions. I think a lot of my love for science was sparked by him, I hope to one day spark others into being curious about the world too

Haydn Jackson - July 26, 2024 at 08:03 AM

PD

“ My grandpa (juice) was always kind i remember when he would come by with big apple juice containers, he ended up bringing so much i got sick of apple juice... I could go for some apple juice. lots of love grandpa, miss you.

Piers Davis - July 25, 2024 at 11:48 PM

KD

“ Tina - so sorry to hear about your dad. Sending hugs. kelly

kelly dutton - July 25, 2024 at 11:15 AM