



Dennis Dawson Stouffer

May 16, 1951 - June 6, 2023

Dennis “Denny” Dawson Stouffer broke all of our hearts when he died suddenly on June 6, 2023, at home in Fort Collins, Colorado. He was only 72 years young. Those who truly knew him loved him fiercely and without bounds because, in our eyes, he was simply one of the best people on the planet. Perhaps in the end he was just too good for this crazy world.

Denny was born in Ann Arbor, Michigan in 1951 to Beverly and Ned Stouffer (deceased) but spent some of his childhood in Virginia with his brother, Kenneth Stouffer (Lois) and twin sisters, Janice Mead (Todd) and Linda Stouffer (Peter Forss), and then serendipitously moved to Colorado during his high school years. He had become such a good baseball player (shortstop) that he was invited to a try-out camp by a scout of a major league baseball team in his senior year of high school but turned it down. After he graduated from Arapahoe High School, he moved on to play football for Colorado State University. Sadly, he injured his knee badly, and that injury plagued him for the rest of his life. “Shoulda stuck with baseball!” he later said. However, he would subsequently take up golf, which became a life-long Passion (yes, with a capital P), and he has 6 holes in one to prove it!

A natural-born rebel with a big heart, Dennis was also a lover of terrible jokes, could remember any joke told to him, and would repeat them often, sometimes to the chagrin of those around him. Although stodgy people were

periodically repelled by his sense of humor, more lighthearted people were charmed, including Deborah “Debbie” Stouffer, his wife of 25 years with whom he raised three adoring (and adorable) children.

His daughters, Kresta Grabau (Scott), Libby Laplante (Robert), and Nora Stouffer (Pat Taffe) were the lights of his life, and he was theirs. As adults, Dad told them that they were his greatest accomplishments, and he was very proud of them. With a mischievous twinkle in his eye, he teasingly took no small credit for the people they had become; but of course, he was right to. It was unusual to end a conversation with Dad without saying “I love you.” He always emphasized the importance of being honest, for standing up for what is right, and for protecting the vulnerable, including animals. Pets were treated with love and respect, and after losing Juicy (the dog), Bubba (the cat), and Suzy Q (the cat), Dad mourned them like family. He also taught his daughters to love and support each other. Unfortunately, none of them inherited his talent for telling jokes. On the other hand, and very fortunately, they didn’t inherit his love for Miracle Whip.

Dennis is also survived by his grandchildren, Reece and Esmee Laplante. “Pops” enthusiastically looked forward to news of their activities in California. Reece is great at baseball, and Esmee has a wicked sense of humor—just like their Pops. His Wyoming granddaughter, Catherine Mae Stephens, was his newest delight. She was always eager for a dance party or to practice golf with Pops in the living room. Pops loved his grandchildren with a love so grand, including his prematurely born baby granddaughter, Molly Grabau, who died in 2011.

All work and no play made Denny a dull boy, or at least that’s what he believed. Of course, he did what he had to do and had various jobs through the years including working for Kodak, owning a custodial business, and working for the City of Loveland. In later years, he was a Manager for Larimer

County Facilities, where he met his partner in love, Sonja Isakson. They spent many, many happy years together having fun and adventures—traveling in Europe, Canada and the beaches of Mexico, hiking, skiing, watching movies and football games, seeing shows, taking trips to golf and to see family, and otherwise, playing a lot of golf. A LOT of golf.

Denny loved road trips and once, when his kids were young, the family sold everything, bought a van, and toured the country for an entire summer, even bringing the family cat along! (Don't worry, she lived to a ripe old age.) In later years, Denny would frequently reminisce about that trip with much fondness.

In fact, Dennis loved many things, including golf (did we mention golf??), snacking on pistachios and pumpkin seeds, rooting for the underdog, playing chess, the Beatles, philosophizing, finding new shows to watch, and eating ice cream. And there were also things he couldn't stand, like narrow-mindedness, bigotry, wearing a suit, not having charge of the remote, and being fussed over. In our collective minds, we can hear him saying, "Wrap it up, wrap it up. What's all the commotion about?" But we must pay homage to our favorite Denny/Dad/Pops/Best Friend/Golfer Extraordinaire/Awesome Human who lived passionately, laughed abundantly, and loved generously.

There are many potential ways to celebrate him, but sending flowers is not one—he thought your money was better spent elsewhere. Instead, if so moved, commemorate him by doing some of his other favorite things: By spending a day on the couch in your towel recovering from your exploits, or by donating to your favorite charity or local youth golf, or by taking your loved one out to dinner or splurging on a nice steak at home, or going to a movie or watching a movie at home with a nice cocktail and some homemade popcorn, or wearing some crazy socks and going commando. Whatever you do, indulge in your Passion and "always look on the bright side of life!"

There will be a Celebration of Dennis Stouffer's Life at Collindale Golf Course's CB & Pott's Hall of Fame room on Sunday, June 25 at 2 pm. Yes, there will be songs by The Beatles playing and some of Denny's favorite snacks to nosh on. We would love for anyone who knew him to come and share your best memories of him, and it wouldn't hurt to don some crazy socks while you're at it. Sorry, you'll have to tell your own jokes.

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

JUN **25**. 2:00 PM - 2:00 PM (MT)

CB & Potts Restaurant and Taproom at Collindale Golf Course
1441 E. Horsetooth Rd.
Fort Collins, CO 80525

Tribute Wall

KR

“ *Kresta lit a candle in memory of Dennis Dawson Stouffer*



Kresta - October 04, 2023 at 02:20 AM

KR

“ *For Dad--I know you would've loved this. ❤️*
<https://youtu.be/UPLmKaIHBzI>

Kresta - August 13, 2023 at 11:13 PM

BH

“ *Dennis, My friend! Rest in peace. You rocked the Chilson Center with you smile and work ethic! Love you my friend! Bill Hutch. City of Loveland.*

Bill Hutchinson - August 01, 2023 at 11:05 PM

DG

“ Dennis and I were best friends our senior year in HS. We always had a lot of fun and did some crazy and stupid things together. We both were huge Beatles fans. Dennis had a reel to reel tape recorder. This one night we decided to sing along with the Beatles. Our favorite song was Hey Jude. The ending with Paul screaming and yelling was especially fun to listen to. Anyway we put on the cassette and recorded our singing on the reel to reel. We gave it our all. We thought we did pretty good. Then we listened to the recording. We were terrible...except the ending screams and yells. Hard to believe that was 50 years ago and now Dennis is gone. RIP Dennis. Nanonnon Hey Jude.
David Glass

DAVID GLASS - June 25, 2023 at 06:44 PM

SI

Thanks so much for the memory, David, the Beatles remained his life long favorite. Denny shared many stories of your time together. sonja

Sonja Isakson - July 01, 2023 at 10:59 AM

KG

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Kresta Grabau - June 19, 2023 at 12:04 AM

KG

Sorry, that should be "2009" but I can't edit the caption.

Kresta Grabau - June 19, 2023 at 04:37 AM

“ Dear Dad, I wish I could call you and say "Happy Father's Day" and "I love you, Dad." I want to call you every day just to hear your voice.

I remember when you taught me how to ride a bike and how excited you were when you let go, and I did it on my own.

I remember you making me go back into a restaurant and returning an after-dinner mint that hadn't been paid for when I was 5 years old; I never stole anything in my life because of you, Dad.

I remember you taking me to see my very first movie in a movie theater. It was Star Wars: A New Hope, and I was 5 years old. I remember holding your hand as we stood in the really long line to get in.

I remember how you tried to teach me how to golf in the backyard when I was seven years old, and how you continued to give me your best tips.

I remember looking up at the stars with you when I was 11, you talking about "life, the universe, and everything," wondering if there was life on other planets, and how my little mind was just blown.

I remember how you introduced me to Douglas Adams. I read all of his books because of you.

I remember you teaching me to drive a stick shift on the back roads, and the look on your face as the car lurched over and over as I tried to get the hang of it.

I remember watching Dr. Who and Star Trek with you. I've seen every single episode, multiple times. It will always remind me of you.

I remember you helping me to adjust my mask and snorkel that I had gotten as a gift from you and mom when I wanted to be a marine biologist.

I remember you recommending that I read Tom Robbins. Thank you, Dad.

I remember going to "The Money Pit" in the movie theater with you, and how you fell out of your seat you were laughing so hard. Then I fell out of my seat I was laughing so hard because you were laughing so hard.

I remember how worried you were when I told you I was moving to New York City, and how you sang Cat Stevens' song "Wild World" to

me.

I remember how proud you were when I graduated nursing school, and how proud of me you were no matter what.

I remember how heartbroken you were for me when Molly died, the lessons you tried to teach me about grief, and how you talked about her often, more often than anyone else.

I remember how fierce you were about standing up for justice and protecting your loved ones.

I remember how sometimes when I called you, you'd answer the phone and say, "Heyyyy baybehhhh." I miss that so much.

I miss YOU so much. I hope you know that we thought you were the best daddy, and we wish you didn't have to leave so soon.

You mean the world to me and always will. Happy Father's Day.

Kresta Grabau - June 18, 2023 at 11:54 PM

KG

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Kresta Grabau - June 18, 2023 at 11:07 PM

LS

“ My big brother meant the world to me. Besides picking me to be the twin he took care of, he also would protect no matter how. One day, walking home from elementary school, some boys were throwing crab apples at me, I ran home and told Denny, he went out immediately told them a thing or two and they all ran away! He shared all his adventures with us, even taking us on his dates, taking me camping with Debbie or hiking. I went to all his baseball games and football games. One time a made a tackle, and got a cleat up his nose. Our dad went out and he walked off with a bleeding nose to everyone applauding him He and I were tight. I will miss him dearly . Linda

Linda Stouffer - June 13, 2023 at 06:41 PM

RP

Worked with Denny at the Golf Shop...Great days...what character and good guy. Rest in Peace buddy.

Roger Paddock - July 01, 2023 at 11:02 AM

SI

Thanks, Roger, so fun when you two were catching up a few years back!

Sonja J Isakson - July 07, 2023 at 06:32 PM

SP

“ One of the best summers Susan and I (Steve) had was hiking most of the trails on the eastern slope in RMNP with Dennis and Sonja. My adventures with Dennis began in 1971 and included: hiking, skiing, golfing, gaming (chess, cards, etc.). There were ski trips, golf trips, river trips, not to mention mind expanding trips. He was one of my guiding lights, one of the most positive beings I've ever known. He will be greatly missed and frequently in my thoughts.

Steve Pruitt - June 13, 2023 at 02:28 PM

SI

Thanks for heartfelt words, Steve. That summer was truly magical for us all! Dennis was definitely a bright light in this world and will be missed.

Sonja J Isakson - July 07, 2023 at 06:33 PM

SP

“ 5 files added to the album Rocky Mountain



Steve Pruitt - June 13, 2023 at 01:56 PM