



## David Walter Landrith

October 12, 1963 - November 18, 2014

David Walter Landrith, age 51, passed away November 18, 2014. David served as the senior pastor for Long Hollow Baptist Church for 17 years. He is survived by his wife of 27 years, Jennifer; 3 children, Rachel (Stephen) Lorance (25), Sam (20), and Josh (18); his parents, Horace and Shirley Landrith, Seneca, SC; his brother, Hal Landrith, Hot Springs, AR; his mother and father-in-law, Glen and Roberta Ramsey; his brother-in-law, Larry Ramsey (Brenda), all of Cleveland, TN. Visitation will be Friday from 12:30pm until 4:30pm, at Long Hollow Baptist Church. Funeral services will be conducted at 5pm. Graveside services will be Saturday, November 22nd at 3pm Eastern Standard Time, at Candies Creek Baptist Church Cemetery in Charleston, TN. In lieu of flowers please make memorials in David's name to Long Hollow Baptist Church, 3031 Long Hollow Pk. Hendersonville, TN 37075, [longhollow.com](http://longhollow.com).

# Tribute Wall



“ *David Walter Landrith*

October 14, 2022 at 08:02 PM



“ *My sincere condolences to the family. - I am sorry to hear of your loss. It was never the Creator's purpose for mankind to suffer (Romans 5:12). I hope you are comforted by the "God of all comfort" who promises to comfort us (2 Corinthians 1:3*

**iris smith** - October 11, 2018 at 12:00 AM



“ *Please accept my sincere condolences for the loss of your love one, this is the most difficult things we must face in this life, may it comfort you to know that others are deeply touched by your loss, the bible assures us one day all sickness and death will be gone forever and we will see our love ones again, view jw.org to learn more.*

**Sister** - November 24, 2014 at 10:30 PM

“&#226;€œYOU INFLUENCE OTHERS&#226;€&#166;.DON&#226;€™T LET OTHERS INFLUENCE YOU&#226;€&#157;

*Those eight words have stuck in my head and in my heart for well over thirty years. I had the pleasure of meeting David upon entering my junior year of high school at Bradley Central in &#226;€œThe Hub&#226;€&#157; of Cleveland Tennessee in 1980. I have had the sincere privilege of calling him my friend since then. I hadn&#226;€™ seen him face to face since 2002, at our twenty year class reunion, but we were able to swap phone calls and emails since then, even in light of his enormously busy schedule.*

*Most people knew him as a great teacher, leader, shepherd, pastor; and he was most certainly all of those things. But what is so cool to me is that I got to know him when he was a sixteen year old kid; and guess what&#226;€&#166;. The core of David Landrith, his heart, his attitude, his care and concern for people, his absolute sold out love for Jesus, was the same when I first met him (at sixteen) as it was when he left this earth for his home in heaven! I read in full agreement with Richie Hughes&#226;€™ tribute to David when he said that David &#226;€œspecialized in making people feel special&#226;€&#157;. What a great statement to describe him!! I have several wonderful memories of David: humorous things like getting in a couple mile run behind the high school in the summer before entering our senior year, David wearing high top canvas Chuck Taylors with no socks on a 90 degree day, and asking me if I thought it would make his feet stink&#226;€&#166;.. And serious things like watching him pray with a kid at FCA camp in Black Mountain, North Carolina in 1981 that had been overcome with the struggles of his young life. Constantly encouraging, constantly exuding happiness, and constantly showing the love of his Savior to EVERYONE he came in contact with. At the class reunion in 2002, David was asked to offer the blessing before we ate. He got to the mic and offered a couple of classic Landrith lines about &#226;€œSIN&#226;€&#157; (making it a three syllable word) and some good natured pokes at some of us who had lost a bit of hair in the twenty years since graduation. Then before he prayed, his tone*

became serious and he spoke of the thing he was most passionate about. He said very clearly, "I'm not going to preach, but I want to share something with you briefly." He remarked about how quickly twenty years had passed and he related it to how short life is in comparison to eternity. He talked about the most important decision a person could ever make in accepting Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior and by so doing, assuring that eternity would be spent in heaven.

That is David Landrith. That is his heart. Jesus wasn't something that David flicked on and off like a switch. It wasn't a show. It wasn't shock and awe. It wasn't about numbers, or attendance, or mega-church status. It was about allowing the Jesus that he knew was absolutely real and living inside him, to shine through to everyone he came in contact with. And by doing that, he made us all better. You couldn't be around him for more than a minute without being impacted by him. What a remarkable man! What a remarkable faith! What a remarkable legacy!

And getting back to those eight words that I started with, my fondest and most cherished memory of him. I was seventeen. I went to a really big party one weekend. I don't mean a birthday cake and punch kind of party. It was one of those types of parties that you hope your mom doesn't find out about. By Monday morning that party was the talk of the school. David and I had several classes together. He walked up to my desk, and took my notebook. It was one of those spiral composition types. He didn't say a word, but within a few minutes he had passed it back to me. On the front of that notebook, in big block letters, written in ink were those eight words. No preaching, no finger pointing, no judgment, and no discussion, just those eight words and wink and a smile. Words I shall never forget, nor shall their meaning ever diminish. Words that he lived by, not only as an influential pastor later in life, but as a teenage friend of mine who was completely under the influence of Jesus Christ. Thank you for your influence David Landrith! Thank you for your example of

*steadfast faith! Our hearts are heavy today, but this is most certainly not good-bye; it's a see you later.*

*See you later man,*

*Jeff McClellan Bradley Central High School 1982*

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**Jeff McClellan** - November 21, 2014 at 03:16 AM