



David A. Jarrett

January 31, 2026

David Alan Jarrett, son of Verlin Milo Jarrett and Marjorie Jane Huncovsky, was born on July 29, 1955, in Belleville, Kansas, and passed away on January 31, 2026, at Pathways Inpatient Care Center in Fort Collins, Colorado. He was 70 years old.

David earned his bachelor's degree from Fort Hays State University and served his country honorably in both the United States Army and the Army National Guard. Two of his most memorable jobs included working at Climax mine in Colorado, and at a fish hatchery.

On June 17, 1982, David was united in marriage to Wanda Sue Mermis. Together they shared a life filled with love and devotion and were blessed with one son, Matthew Jarrett. David took great pride in his role as a grandfather and was affectionately known as "Papa" to his beloved granddaughters, Maia and Meadow, his cherished "little princesses."

He was preceded in death by his brothers Larry Jarrett and Dale Jarrett. He is survived by his wife, Wanda Jarrett of Pierce, Colorado; son Matthew Jarrett and daughter-in-law Meredith Jarrett of Laramie, Wyoming; granddaughters Maia and Meadow; siblings Darrell Jarrett of Austin, Texas; Linda Stump of Fort Collins, Colorado; Lori Scofield of Belleville, Kansas; and Lisa Anderson of Manhattan, Kansas.

A memorial service will be held in Kansas, at a location yet to be determined.

For those that wish to make contributions in his honor, a go fund me has been created. Funds collected will be used toward a burial plot, marker, and memorial expenses. Our hope is to leave as much as possible for the ongoing care of his beloved wife, Wanda, who has advanced Parkinson's, and, in keeping with his wishes, to set up a college fund for his cherished granddaughters with any remaining funds.<https://gofund.me/22fea9211>

David's life was marked by loyalty, respect, and deep family bonds. May his memory bring comfort to those who knew and loved him.

DAD

By Matthew Jarrett

I knew you my whole life, Dad

As long as you've known me

And in that time I did not realize the extent I am your son until you died

Waves of memories

Riding in a shopping cart or walking with you in a store and an old man saying
"boy you two aren't related are you?"

Driving dirt roads with you always one more corner to explore

The next best campsite probably just up the road

Peace in the mountains with you

Home on the plains

Dad, you taught me about family and our history. We'd drive endlessly from small town to small town while you'd remind me of our heritage

Too many beers with Uncle Larry the three of us sitting in front of a run down hotel just being with each other

Fried chicken in a small cafe with Grandpa

Moments I would give anything to re-live

Dad, I saw your loyalty

Your ability to give

A magnetic personality people were drawn to

Respect was given to you and you gave respect in kind

You held doors

You said thank you

Dad, you gave me freedom, "that's your decision to make." I hated when you said that to me and I resented you for years for saying that but by doing so you taught me to stand on my own.

When I left for Iraq, Dad, I'll never forget the words you spoke to me, "Don't do anything stupid."

Late in my deployment when a friend was killed I remember calling you and telling you I'd never be happy again. You said, "you will someday."

With years passing and the birth of your first Granddaughter the light and love you gave her amazed me. Always thinking of what you could do or provide to help. You had an uncanny ability to sit without moving for hours with Maia or then with Meadow sleeping on you. I trusted you with my girls. What more can

a son hope for...

When I was angry once with Meredith, you drove and found me walking down a dirt road, you rolled down the window and said, "get in those girls need you."

I never thought my first daughter would look and remind me of my Dad.

Your little princesses

Your favorite people called you, "PaPa."

A dry wit

A greeting of "Merry Christmas" when someone would call in June

The ability to tell a joke with no expression

Walking the streets of Cuba, Kansas and someone recognizing you calling out, "I thought that was Jarrett's over there."

Dad, you had a loyalty to Mom that never wavered despite of her failing health and her diagnosis of Parkinson's Disease. You gave everything to make sure she was comfortable.

Your sacrifice to Mom was on display when you were dying. Some of your last words saying you needed to get up and check and make sure Mom's bags were closed.

Dad you taught me to be alone in the woods

That a campfire was meditation

That a shooting star was worth the crick in your neck from looking up

The tranquility of a John Denver song

I remember while camping, Dad, you got up to go outside of the tent to pee and when you came back in the tent you said the stars were so low you had to duck.

We stood on a mountain ledge and watched an Eagle soar below us

We hid in the woods from an angry moose

Dad you taught me to give more then you receive

That presence is better than words

You taught me of the importance of rest

A quiet Saturday night slumber party watching John Wayne

The enjoyment of a book

The safety of home

I am proud to be your son

To bear the name, Jarrett

Dad,

You were a good man