



Obituary

Born: Wednesday, June 23, 1976

Died: Monday, August 20, 2012

Dietzel Dovid Brown, age 36, a resident of Jessup, died of natural causes on August 20, 2012 at Baltimore Washington Medical Center.

Family and friends are invited to a memorial gathering at the Gregory J. Gonce Funeral Home, PA, 169 Riviera Drive, Pasadena, on Saturday from 3 to 4 PM. His memorial service will immediately follow at 4 PM, with Pastor Angel Shannon officiating. Feel free to express your condolences below as well.

As written by his wife Grace:

I'm supposed to write an obituary for Dov, a few sentences to remind the world of his life. There is so much more than just a few sentences.

Service Summary

Visitation

3:00 PM to 4:00 PM, Sat Aug 25, 2012

G. J. Gonce Funeral Home, P.A.

169 Riviera Drive
Pasadena, MD 21122

Memorial Service

4:00 PM Sat Aug 25, 2012

G. J. Gonce Funeral Home, P.A.

169 Riviera Drive
Pasadena, MD 21122

He was born on June 23, 1976, in Berlin, Germany, to Carolyn and Frank Brown. Along with his parents, he is survived by his wife, Marianne "Grace" Brown, his in-laws, Bill and Paula Gawne, his sister in law, Amanda Gawne-Armbruster, his niece Rhiannon Armbruster, his friends: Cort, Jason, Ronny, Felicity, Gretchen, Billy, Elmie, and so very many others I just can't name them all, but that makes them no less important to him, or to me. Finally, as we had no children, He is sorely missed, and survived by his cat, Loki, and our other cats, Ping and Panama.

I met Dov shortly after his 19th birthday in 1995. He was driving the blue truck then. His older friends will tell you about "the shitbox from hell" a primer black beat up and ancient truck Dov used to drive with a skull attached to the grill, and the hood was held down with bunjy cords.

No, seriously.

Dovs earliest memory, no lie, was being on a beach with his mother and a whole bunch of other people and looking into the sky at a brightly lit flying object. Was Dov really an alien? His birth certificate says otherwise, however, given the man I know and love, sometimes I am forced to wonder. He was special, there is no question there. Special, and very weird.

My early years with Dov were spent living with him at his parents house in their modified family room. And maybe I'm not supposed to talk about things like this, but Dov was a huge pothead at the time. It was his favorite pastime. Getting high, playing games, and spending time with his friends. Cort, Kyle, Ronnie, Nikki, Elmie. He would talk about his

older friends, Broc and Sarah and Bobby. When we left Greenland Beach and moved to Brooklyn, we began to lose touch with various friends. It's life. It's normal for people to pass in and out of our lives, sometimes coming back, sometimes just remaining a happy memory in our hearts.

In 2003 Dov and I decided it would be a good idea to get married. And so, 2 weeks later we did. Not long after that we both decided it was time to make changes in our lives and we quit smoking pot. Again, we lost touch with more and more of our old friends. Not because we didn't love them, but because it was a change we needed to make. We started clubbing and Dov discovered he was even more weird than he thought. He loved going to the club. And I think he had a lot of wonderful memories from there, and made some great friends during that time. Kat and Elfie and Pie stick out in my mind specifically. He really liked Elfie a lot and I think he often wished they had more in common to build a better friendship. I know when he ran into Elfie last year at Ren fair, he was very excited to get back in touch with him, even just through the casualness of facebook.

Dov loved music. All kinds of music. He loved Renaissance Faire too, and I know that he will be missed there by so many people who saw him every year, but never knew who he was. For the past several years he was almost a staple.

He loved to bounce. Bouncy bouncy bouncy. He would send me texts from work. He loved his job, and he liked almost everyone he worked with. Gretchen, Abby and Billy all come to my mind directly, but I know there were more.

He loved Japan. Anime. All things Japanese from the culture to the writing to the simple politeness of society. His dream was to visit Japan at some point. And the past 3-4 years he had given devoted study to learning the language so that he would be able to speak it when he finally went.

Dov was agnostic with leanings towards ancient Viking beliefs. I believe though he was in a shift more towards a simple Japanese temple and Buddhist belief system towards the more recent years of his life. There was no doubt though Dov believed in God, some kind of God. And though he preferred to keep his beliefs on a more personal pagan level, I am confident that as he is shown the way to the Summerlands, he will find the answers he was looking for.

Dov was my husband. But more importantly, he was my best friend. He was the best friend anyone could have asked for and would do whatever he could for the people he cared about. Please remember him as a happy bouncy guy who loved fun, loved his friends, and loved life. It is a true shame he had to leave us so suddenly because he still had so much to do. -grace