



David A. Herrig



David A. Herrig, 61, of Blossvale, passed away on December 17, 2019, shortly after his admission to Oneida hospital. Born in Rome on February 26, 1958, he was the son of Arthur and C. Dolores Readinger Herrig. David was a graduate of Vernon-Verona-Sherrill Central School, Class of 1976. He married Melissa “Missy” Comstock in Blossvale on October 10, 2016, after spending several years together. David was currently employed with the Camden Central School District as a custodian, where he has enjoyed over twenty years of employment. He was baptized in St. Peter’s Lutheran Church, Verona and was a veteran of the United States Air Force. David

enjoyed hunting, fishing and motorcycles and was a former member of the Demons motorcycle club. He was also extremely proud of his ink. On the outside, David was known for being stern and stubborn with an intimidating demeanor but to those who truly knew him, knew that he was kind, caring and had the biggest heart. He was strong and boisterous but always taught his sons that it was important to feel. He showed them that sometimes the strongest and most masculine thing you could do was to shed a tear; either out of sadness or joy. David wore his heart on his sleeve and never mislead anyone as to how he felt. He had a twisted sense of humor, was very silly and had a great lust for life. Surviving: wife Missy: two sons, James Herrig of Norwich and Kevin Herrig of Camden; a step-son, Tracy Kuchta of Coco Beach, Florida; two grandchildren, Piper Herrig and James Herrig; one step grandson, Colin Kuchta; a sister and brother-in-law, Kathleen and David Haldenwang of Blossvale; his mother-in-law, Gertrude Comstock of Coldbrook; two step-children, Hope Comstock and Kyle Holmes; two sisters-in-law, Summer Comstock of Coldbrook and Juanita Rivera of Clinton; three brothers-in-law, David and Tiesha Comstock of Richfield Springs, Earl Comstock of Utica and Jerry Rivera of Coldbrook and several nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by a sister, Cindy Herrig in 2003 and a granddaughter, Adrienne Carrier in 2017.



Most saw my father as being stern and stubborn with an intimidating demeanor. But those who really knew him knew that he was kind, caring and had the biggest heart. He was strong and boisterous, but also taught me that it was important to feel things deeply. He always showed me that sometimes the most masculine thing you can do is shed a tear, whether it be out of pure sadness or extreme joy. He always wore his heart on his sleeve and was never dishonest about how he felt about anyone. If he loved you, he made you feel it in your soul. He was loyal, devoted and strong willed. I could use a thousand adjectives to describe him, and they're all true. He was also warm, and silly and had an amazing sense of humor. He always found a way to make life more fun. He had a genuine lust for life and doing the things he loved and being around the people that he loved. He loved his motorcycle, he loved to fish and he loved to hunt. He watched NASCAR on Sundays and occasionally football. He loved the Grateful Dead and Steely Dan. He had tattoos, beards, and long hair long before it was fashionable. He taught me that conformity was a mechanism to make scared people feel more comfortable, he didn't adhere to that. He was proud of me when I questioned authority and stood up for what was right. He defended me through every mistake and would scold me in private. He made me want to be a musician because music easily captured his attention. He hardly ever sang along, but he knew all the words. He was a good provider, and great husband. His wife, Missy, was a true blessing to his life and made him a better man everyday. He was the embodiment of both my grandparents combined. Strong and sweet, smart and wild. He was snappy and clever and loved to pick on the people he loved most. He disliked people with a lack of common sense and he melted into a softy around babies. He was at every game he could be at and at every major event in my life. He was a good man, and I learned everything I could from him. And he was never afraid to learn from me. We were as close as I know a father and son could be, and I'll forever miss our talks, and the sound of his booming voice. I'll miss catching up on our stories from the weeks past and sharing our complaints, or laughing at each other's one liners. I'll even miss the criticisms only a father can offer a son, and how it kept me focused and even-keeled. He was super human to me and I never thought this would ever happen. He's my father and my best friend. He's my dad. From now until then, when I see you again, I'll be missing you Dad.

