



Marty Dale Whitmire

May 7, 1968 - April 11, 2017

Marty Dale Whitmire
Liberty, South Carolina

Marty Dale Whitmire, age 48, husband of Angie Smith Whitmire went to be with Lord Tuesday April 11, 2017. Marty was born in Easley, the son of the late Charlie Whitmire and Dorothy Whitmire of Pickens. Marty was an avid Gamecock fan. Many things Marty enjoyed was fishing, and also was a handy man and a very hard worker. He loved his family very much.

Survivors include his wife Angie Whitmire, six children; Brandon Whitmire (Sue) of Pickens, Johnathan Whitmire (Lacie) of North Carolina, Jeremy Whitmire of North Carolina, Chelsea Whitmire Bradley (Spencer) of North Carolina, Justin Smith of Pickens, Jessica Williams (TJ) of Pickens, two half-brothers; Charles Terrill Whitmire, Ben Thomas Wilson, eight grandchildren; Natlie Bradley, Breanna Whitmire, McKenzie Whitmire, Gracie Whitmire, Allie Williams, Hank Williams, Josiah and Eli Whitmire.

Visitation will be Monday April 17, 2017 from 1:00pm to 2:45pm at Roanoke Baptist Church with Funeral Service to follow at 3:00pm in the church sanctuary. Burial will follow in the Church Cemetery.

Marty was predeceased by his father, Charlie Whitmire, three brothers; Tony Michael Whitmire, Gregory Allen Whitmire and Rodney James Whitmire.

The following will be serving as pallbearers Brandon Whitmire, Jeremy Whitmire, Johnathan Whitmire, Chelsea Whitmire, Justin Smith, Jessica Williams, Melvin Whitmire and Paul Clayton.

Mountain View Funeral Home is serving the Whitmire family.

Comments



“ I remember Marty well when he was a teenager, and I went to Roanoke with him and his parents, I was friends with Faye Turner his first mother- in-law I saw him with Wendy quite often and he was always real sweet and polite. His parents were wonderful Christian people, , It broke my heart when I heard of this tragedy, but I know God does not make mistakes. You are all in my thoughts and prayers, and will be in the upcoming weeks.

Joyce Roper



Joyce Q. Roper - April 17, 2017 at 11:56 AM



“ It is hard to think of Marty being gone. Marty would come over to our house about 3 or 4 times a week. He became a familiar face around our place. I'm only 15 years old but this makes me think about how fast your life could go. I have known Marty since I was born and at a time i was living 2 houses down the road from him. I remember running over to their house and walking up to the door which would lead from the porch straight into Marty's and Tony's room. I would yell hey at them and run to get a cookie from Granny.

My baby sister is 2 years old but she always enjoyed seeing Marty. She will run to our door and yell " Hey Martian ", a nickname Marty earned by coming over almost everyday. I always showed Marty my drawings from Art. When I look back on this, Sadness isn't going to take over. Im going to remember Marty by his loud laugh, big smile , and his big heart :)

We Miss You Marty & We Love You

Katie Black - April 17, 2017 at 09:59 AM



“ Marty and I were married when I was 15, he was 16.... We were married for 15 years and pretty much grew up together.... We have 4 beautiful children together.. Brandon, Jeremy, Jonathan and Chelsea, as well as 6 amazing grandbabies. There will always be a part of Marty in this world through his kids, and in the many memories of that laugh, and his ability to make us smile no matter what! You live on in our hearts... Till we see you again, watch over your family down here, while enjoying the family on the other side..... You are missed:(

Wendy Whitmire Tinsley - April 16, 2017 at 09:37 AM



“ Divine Peace Bouquet was purchased for the family of Marty Dale Whitmire.



April 15, 2017 at 11:08 AM



“ Andrew Thayer lit a candle in memory of Marty Dale Whitmire



Andrew thayer - April 14, 2017 at 10:31 PM



“ Keep us in your thoughts and prayers as we ask God to provide us with the strength to make it through this difficult time.

To my Family:

This week we have come together to support each other in one way or another. Giving strength to help one stand while leaning on another for support. Thanks everyone. Continue praying.

In many ways the memories we have will be different in that; he was a Son, Husband, Father, Nephew, Cousin, Uncle, Papa and Brother. This gives each of us memories that are unique, special and even personal in their own way. Marty will be loved and missed by everyone that was lucky enough to have had the chance to know him.

A few weeks ago Marty stopped by my house to chat as he often did. I could tell that he was feeling down, so I asked him what was on his mind. He had been missing Tony and just wanted to talk with somebody. We talked and cried and eventually laughed as we sat there for over an hour telling stories back and forth about memories we had of Tony.

Sometimes it helps to share a special memory of a loved one. Today was real hard for me, so I am gonna share a story with you that happened on more than one occasion.

I can remember staying at Paw-Paw and Granny's on the weekends when I was only 4-5 years old and Marty was 13-14. After a bowl of Honeycomb Cereal on Saturday mornings we would play outside until the Siren at the Fire Dept. would go off to let us know to run back to Granny's house to watch wrestling and eat lunch. I would try my best to keep up with him all day long (never being able to, of course) and no matter what, he would always make sure I was still tagging along, never letting me get out of his sight.

We would go through the woods and across this "Giant" pipe that crossed over a creek(deeper and wider than the Grand Canyon to me). The big boys would always race across. Marty would always win and after celebrating his victory he would always run back across and help me scoot on my bottom safely to the other side. Our destination was a pond where we would go fishing. It must have been without permission because after about an hour or less, Marty would always yell, "OLD MAN ABBOTT IS COMING!!!!" then pick me up, and run(like "Forrest Gump" could only dream of!!!) all the way back to the Grand Canyon, help me scoot across and when everyone else caught up, we all laughed(while catching our breath) and they would talk about how mean "Old Man Abbott" was and how he could never catch us in a foot race.

He was only 9 years older than me and as a child he was my favorite Uncle to be around and my Hero. As an adult, the age difference seemed to fade and for the last 10-15 years of our lives, he always told people that I used to be his nephew but now I was his Brother.

I know that time will heal this pain and this will get easier to accept. I thank God for the memories I have. I LOVE YOU "BROTHER"!!!



“ Melvin Whitmire lit a candle in memory of Marty Dale Whitmire



Melvin Whitmire - April 14, 2017 at 03:42 PM



“ My prayers are with the family.



Debbie Thayer - April 14, 2017 at 06:54 AM