

Always In Our Hearts

*Sweet, Tender, and Witty Memories
of David Joseph Terribilini*

WE BEGIN TO REMEMBER NOT JUST THAT YOU DIED,
BUT THAT YOU LIVED. AND THAT YOUR LIFE GAVE US
MEMORIES TOO BEAUTIFUL TO FORGET.



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Obituary

August 22, 1950 - June 29, 2025

David Joseph Terribilini passed away peacefully at his home surrounded by his family in Penngrove, California on June 29, 2025 after a brief illness with cancer. He was 74.

Born on August 22, 1950, in Vallejo, California, he grew up in Penngrove just two houses away from Penngrove Elementary School. He graduated from Petaluma High School before attending Sonoma State and Brigham Young University. David was an active member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, where he met his sweetheart LuEtta Lambert from Rohnert Park. They were married in the Oakland Temple on June 16, 1972. The happy couple went on to Chicago where David completed dental school at Loyola University. Upon graduation, David joined the military, working as a dentist in a general practice residency at the Presidio U.S. Army base. After completing his military service, David joined his brother Phil in a dental practice in Rohnert Park where the two practiced together for over thirty years.

In church he served as bishop of one of the Rohnert Park congregations, and spent many years behind the scenes performing clerical duties. In the community, he volunteered at Rebuilding Together, an organization that focuses on revitalizing communities and rebuilding lives.

He is survived by his wife of 53 years LuEtta, and by his four children and their spouses: Mark and Stephanie Terribilini of Mason, Ohio; Michael and Tracey Terribilini of Rexburg, Idaho; Andrea Terribilini of Penngrove, California; Matthew and Marleen Terribilini of St. George, Utah, and 15 grandchildren. He is also survived by his four siblings: Valaree Brough of Saratoga Springs, Utah; Philip and Jean Terribilini of Santa Rosa, California; Pat and Stacey Berg of Grants Pass, Oregon; Tami and Mike Pett of Clinton, Utah. A memorial service is planned for Aug. 9 at 11 a.m. at the Petaluma LDS Chapel, 745 N. Webster Street, Petaluma, CA.

Memories

Lucinda Halter

Dave has been in my life as long as I can remember, or so it seems. Our family moved to Rohnert Park when I was 8. We found the local LDS Ward meeting in the old Herman and Sons Hall/ Masonic Lodge. Terribilinis were one of the first families that we met. They had a daughter named Patricia who was my age and we did things together with Karen Johnson who was Pat's best friend. Dave first came to my attention when we were sitting in Primary. I was a new Gaynote and mom was complaining about teaching the Trail Blazers. There were very few boys that age but, one was tall, not really a trouble maker, but definitely had his own mind about what he was going to do. I remember looking up to see 3 boys standing at the door in the back of the hall holding the Trail Blazers sign. LuEtta complained that one of them was that tall boy who followed her around and bugged her. Dave was almost 12, LuEtta was about 10 and I was 9. I don't remember when she quit being bugged by Dave and started to like him, but I know it wasn't until she was about 12. Dave knew what he wanted and was focused clear back then.

Over the years Dave did a lot with our family so he could be around LuEtta. He went shopping with us to Coddington, piling into our old Ford station wagon with the rest of us girls. He put up with a lot of stuff from all the girls, but mostly he seemed aloof and better than us. He didn't talk much and really kind of ignored us. When stake dances came along, Dave and LuEtta had to give us all rides to and from so that they had chaperones. When I got old enough to have dates, Mom and Dad made LuEtta and Dave double date with me and whoever I had a date with.

Dave bought a green Camaro. He was really proud of it. Dave never said anything as he carted us all around. Dave has never said no to us. He always lets us invade his home. One time, Dad and Mom in their station wagon with five girls, and Rick and I in our Volkswagen van, went on a road trip to Nauvoo. We had trouble with our van overheating and by the time we got to Chicago and Dave and LuEtta's little house in Westchester the van had to go to the shop. We ended up staying for several days. We were everywhere sitting and sleeping on the floors of that little house. I know Dave was glad to see us go, but he never said so. Hr probably said,

“Come back again,” as we left. I’ve always thought that there was a little sarcasm in his tone.

We invaded his house many times, the whole lot of us, and that became a Whole Lot Of Us. With all the girls married and with grandkids, a little family gathering can be huge. Dave still hosts us, never saying No, and cooking and sitting in the back of the room. He sits back there and smiles. I think we actually entertain him. When Virginia died, the Terribilini’s gathered in their old house to share remembrances and love, and all the Lambert extended family gathered in Dave’s house. He even came over and made sure that we all got fed. It was a good thing because LuEtta couldn’t get the oven working. Dave took one look and said, “You’ve got it on convection.” We all ate our pizzas and Dave went back to the Terribilini house. We had a sisters reunion this last summer and, of course, we congregated at Dave’s house. Even though we rented a cabin in Truckee for three days, we still ended up at Dave’s house for a few days. It’s lovely to visit and walk around the house and through Dave’s Forest of redwoods. It’s lovely and cool and feels like you’re alone in the woods. Thanks Dave for all the memories and for sharing your life with us, all seven of us.

Robin Handy

I have always been really close to my cousin Andrea so I have so many memories. But I will try and pull out some that I find really special.

When I was a preteen I stayed the night at their house to spend time with Andrea and the next morning Uncle Dave found great pleasure in teasing me. I guess I reacted well to this (maybe because I am a lot like my Grandma Delores who was also fun to tease) anyway he started calling me Chatty Cathy which I guess was a popular doll from his childhood. When I asked why he did this he said it was because he had favorite uncles who teased him and everyone needed an uncle who teases them. I never minded the teasing he sent my way and I always was teased by him. As an adult we often would pick on each other. I loved giving him a hug because he hated it so much. I know he intimidated a lot of people but he never was intimidating to me. I always found him to be a big joker and tease and someone who quietly served without any thought of recognition.

When I lived next door to them for 3 years in Virginia's rental, uncle Dave was always there for me when I needed something. One time I was leaving for a church activity and my tire went flat not far from the house. I called uncle Dave and he very quickly came and changed my tire so fast it was amazing. At that time I was teaching 1st and kindergarten and had caught strep throat. Uncle Dave came over right away and gave me a blessing. I was grateful to have such an uncle who was willing to help out his niece who was living alone away from my own family.

He always gave us exceptional dental work, often not charging us at all for it. He gave me a root canal for free when I really needed it. I was a just out of high school and living with my grandparents at the time. I had no money and couldn't get a job because my grandfather was sick and dying and I was staying with him during the day taking care of him and going to college at night. To this day that is the root canal that has bothered me the least!!!! I have not had any issues with it since the day he did it almost 30 years ago.

About 8 years ago we were visiting the Terribilini's with my whole family. The morning we were going to leave our van wouldn't start. Uncle Dave looked over it and quickly addressed the issue, he knew exactly what was wrong with it. He took my husband Nate over to Costco, helped him buy a new battery and then showed him how to install it. I was so grateful to him! Plus Nate has used that skill a ton since then!

He was always feeding us, I always enjoyed any of the food he made! He was a really good cook!

I also have tons of memories playing Rummikub after dinner on Sundays. Uncle Dave won more often than not! I made sure that this game has been a staple in my house because of the fun I had playing it at the T's!

I will miss my Uncle Dave. It will not be the same at family gatherings without the tall, silent, teasing, and quietly serving uncle. He has always been there cleaning, cooking, pushing Andrea around, and standing in the back with his arms folded watching and laughing at all the chaos.

Lori Morrison

I do remember life without Dave. I think because I am enough younger than him, that he was not a part of my church experience until Dave became my sister's boyfriend. Then he often came over for Sunday dinner and talked quietly with LuEtta. He didn't like his picture taken and I sometimes went with them to the drive-in with Lucinda or LeNae. Dave tolerated us so he could be with LuEtta. Eventually they got married and Dave was officially a part of the family.

In high school I got a job working at Straw Hat Pizza and Dave worked there, too. He always got jobs on breaks from school rather than vacation or take it easy. I was enjoying making money and making friends with my coworkers. Dave, as you all have mentioned, was a hard worker and in his quiet way trained me in all aspects of pizza making, selling and cleaning. He made sure I knew what needed to be done and how to do it and gently made sure I kept busy at all times. I think it was because of him I was the teenager who got the longer shifts and the most hours. Dave had turned me into a pretty good employee.

Another example of Dave's quiet service and work ethic was at my wedding reception. He was in charge of the beverages and kept everyone's glass full.

Having always lived close to Dave and LuEtta, I was never a house guest but went to many family get togethers at their house. He tolerated us noisy Lamberts and cooked delicious meals for us. I liked to go in the office to see what puzzle he was working on and invade his space a little.

As everyone said, Dave was an amazing dentist! He never hurt me and never asked for anything more than what the insurance paid. After taking out LeNae's wisdom teeth, he took pity on me and made sure to use gas on me to keep me calm and be able to endure the extraction of all four. There was no waiting or worrying about doing it. He just said, "I am taking out your wisdom teeth." And he got started. I appreciated that. It saved me from worrying about it.

When my children needed braces, he and Phil arranged it with the orthodontist next store to take them on. They traded the use of a special machine they had for their orthodontic care along with me cleaning their

office. I think I got the better end of the deal. We couldn't have been able to pay for the braces.

LeeAnn Lambert

I don't remember Dave except as a teenager dating LuEtta, but since we moved to Rohnert Park when I was 1, the Terribilini's have been a part of my life ever since I can remember.

When we were little, Mom only took me to the dentist once in my whole life. So when it came time to get a dental checkup for me to go on my mission, Dave was practicing in Rohnert Park. I went to him for the exam, and he filled a lot of my back teeth since I hadn't had regular dental care. But he told me he wasn't going to remove my wisdom teeth because the roots were wrapped around my jawbone so badly. He had taken out both LeNae and Lori's and he said they were the hardest wisdom teeth he had ever pulled for the same reason as mine, but mine were worse than theirs, and since I had room in my mouth for the wisdom teeth and they were not impacted, I was keeping them. So now when I go to any other dentist, they are amazed at all the teeth I still have.

Dave was an excellent dentist. He was very good at all aspects of it from hiding the syringe, to shaping and fitting teeth, to diagnosing and fixing problems. I haven't ever found another dentist as good as Dave.

It wasn't unusual while you were visiting their house to get a call from Dave telling you to come into the office right then for a teeth cleaning or check up if somebody cancelled their appointment. He'd say, "I have to pay them (the hygienist or assistant) anyway so you might as well come in." Most times he wouldn't let you pay him. If you had insurance, he would bill the company, but I never paid a co-payment. He was very generous.

Dave and LuEtta were gracious enough to let me recuperate at their home a few times. One time I was on vacation at their house and ended up in the hospital with pancreatitis and had to have my gallbladder out. I was too sick to fly home to Hawaii right away, so I stayed with them for another week. Then just a few years ago I broke my leg, my femur, and couldn't walk on that leg for three months. When it was time to be released from the rehab hospital in Honolulu, I couldn't go home because of the stairs I had to climb to get into my house. Dave and LuEtta

agreed to let me come for two months and live with them to finish recuperating. Tasha flew with me from Honolulu to SFO, and Dave and LuEtta came and picked us up. Andrea taught me how to use my wheelchair around the house, LuEtta helped me with my care including taking me to doctor's appointments, and of course, Dave cooked for me asking every night what people wanted for dinner the next day.

When I told them I was going to retire from BYU-Hawaii, Dave asked me where I was going to live. When I said, "I don't know for sure yet," he pointed to their guest room and said, "You could stay there for two months." I guess since I had lived with them for two months recovering from my broken leg, Dave knew he could stand me for that long! Lol

Dave was an avid reader and also spent a lot of time and effort studying the scriptures and other supplemental Church materials. He was very knowledgeable about the gospel of Jesus Christ and would regularly share with me something he had recently learned or ask me questions about what he was studying. I always enjoyed these insightful discussions around the kitchen table and felt honored that he wanted to discuss these topics with me.

With Dave's illness and passing, people have been sharing their stories of Dave's service or interactions with the family. Andrea's post on Facebook about his passing generated so many people's comments as well that I think Dave would be surprised by all of them. You never know what impact you have on other people's lives. Dave was just being himself. Doing what he does quietly and on the downlow. It's another reminder that everyone's life matters.

Leslie Tucker

I was pretty little when Dave and LuEtta got married. I remember going and spending the night at their apartment in Penngrove. Dave had a cool Camaro and the three of us watched Hawaii 5-0. I thought they were the coolest people ever!! This is my first memory staying with them.

I also remember staying with them at their house in Fort Berry. They had the two boys and I think LuEtta was pregnant with Andrea. We went to pile into their red truck and I shut the car door on Mark's little fingers. I felt so awful! Dave was so calm and didn't get mad at me. They had to take Mark to the hospital on base.

They still continued to let me come and stay with them! Their home has always felt like my second home. I have so many memories of staying with them whenever we were in California. Mom and Dad never said a word about us splitting our time home in California between their house in Ukiah and with Dave and LuEtta. They were so great to our girls and to Bill and I!

When I was 19 I was working in Ukiah at an ice cream store for the summer. Dave or maybe LuEtta called me one day and offered me the job of being his Dental Assistant. He even offered for me to live at their house. Bill was coming home from his mission that summer and I was in the same town when he returned. Making it much easier for us to date again and get engaged. We loved hanging out with Dave and LuEtta and their family. Dave was the most generous boss too. He was an amazing and gentle Dentist! Dave helped us so much when we were young and Bill was in college. We will forever be grateful for his generosity and kindness.

Lisa McDermott

For most people, brother-in-law's join your family when you're an adult or at least a teenager. But my brother-in-law Dave was part of my family before I was born. Dave has always been there, a fixed part of my family life. Dave was more like an uncle to me because of our age difference. He was usually quiet and often snarky when he did speak. But I knew he was kind and was never put off by his humor. And I enjoyed teasing him back just a little as I got older.

Dave was always working it seemed. If he wasn't in the dental office, he was mowing or watering or doing other projects around the house. I remember once when I visited their home in Rohnert Park he was checking the hinges of all the interior doors. Tapping the pins down or greasing them if needed. If he wasn't busy at home or work, I usually heard he was out helping his parents, his brother, a friend or a ward member.

Dave was always someone I could rely on. He was my only dentist until my husband entered dental school. Dave even extracted my wisdom teeth, a non surgical procedure. I was never nervous in his dental chair. I had complete trust in him and his quiet and direct nature also bolstered

my confidence in him as a doctor. He gave me the directions and advice needed but never information that would cause anxiety.

During the years Dave and LuEtta have lived in Penngrove most of my visits have brought me from a distance and I have been their house guest. Dave always cooked for us. He didn't make the day trips with us to the beach or San Francisco, but he'd have a delicious, hot meal ready for us on our return. I love that at the end of those visits, every time, Dave's farewell words were "come again." And I knew he meant it.

I visited in the winter a couple of years ago when LeeAnn was staying as well. She was recuperating with a broken leg so LuEtta helped her get to her doctors visits and Andrea shared her wheelchair accessible bathroom with LeeAnn. During her visit, LeeAnn had noted that Dave's plaid shirts—his usual uniform when around the house—all seemed to have holes at the elbow. Well I couldn't help myself, I had to tease him a little. I'd ask things like "are Terribilini's known for pointy elbows?" And was that was the cause for the state of his shirt sleeves? Or I'd check each day and comment on if he was keeping his elbows covered or not. He took it in stride and I think I even got a smile or 2 from him.

Before I left that winter I ordered a plaid, fully lined shirt-jacket for him that would arrive after I was gone. Then I checked up on him to see if it was helping to keep his elbows properly covered. Indeed it was! And Dave gave his full approval of the jacket noting how warm it was.

I am grateful for Dave and will miss him. I'm grateful for his example of quiet service to others and his love for family.

Valaree Brough

David loved to view Music and the Spoken Word each week. On the day that he passed, Mark put the Tabernacle Choir recording to his ears. They sang, "What a Wonderful World," and "God Be with You Til We Meet Again."

Dave, LuEtta, and Andrea always included me in their temple trips to Oakland. I treasure the memories of sitting together with them in the Celestial Room and sharing impressions and feelings.

As co-executor with Phil, Dave took over the handling of Mom's estate. We always trust their integrity. We never had reason to doubt their

fairness in all matters pertaining to Mom's estate, as well as Dad's extensive stamp and coin collections.

I treasure the volumes of "first day of issue" sheets of stamps that Dave carefully and meticulously cataloged and indexed for me, of my half of the stamps that Dad collected. Dave and I were the only ones interested in them. (Dad had commissioned Bill Kelly, postmaster, to set aside two full sheets of every stamp that was issued for a number of years.)

Dave was faithful in fulfilling any calling he received from priesthood leaders. His last calling was as building cleaning coordinator, from which he was "released with a vote of thanks" the week before he passed. He often did the work himself when others did not show up.

Our childhood and youth:

As kids close in age, competition was fierce. We fought over who got the purple glass, or the most breakfast cereal; or who sat by the window in the car. One year, in an effort to curb the urge to occasionally fist fight, Santa brought us Bozo the Clown, a child-height plastic clown with sand in its base. Two pairs of boxing gloves accompanied this timely gift!

Games: so many games we played! Chess, Monopoly, Risk (which we never finished), checkers, Parcheesi, Old Maid.

As young teenagers, Dave had an insatiable interest in my personal diary. He would grab it and run through the house, waving it, as I chased him relentlessly to retrieve it! I do not know if he ever got a chance to read any entries.

Our Marin Stake President, Weston L. Roe, chose 11th or 12th grader Dave to represent Seminary students and to accompany him as he traveled up and down the stake, from Covelo on the north to San Rafael on the south. Together they visited the Seminaries in those early morning hours!

President Jeffrey R. Holland said that the three things we take with us are our covenants, our character, and our memories. Dave's bucket was full of these everlasting qualities.

Dave was the original lip syncher! In Primary, Sister Virginia Wyatt was music leader. She was formidable and we were scared of her. Whenever she noticed that the older boys were not singing, she would threaten

them, “If you boys don’t start singing, you will come up and sing a solo!” Dave still would not sing, but he would mouth the words! :)

Green Thumb:

After Dave bought the Penngrove property, and before they built their home that LuEtta designed, Dave planted rows of redwood seedlings along the east and south borders of their property. They have grown into a Redwood Forest!

He also wanted plant starts from my raspberries in Oregon. I smuggled the canes across the border and he planted them! They thrived under his watchful care, and yielded him many raspberries for his breakfast cereal over the years. He was generous to let me pick often as well.

Holidays:

Spending New Year’s Eve at DJT’s was always fun! We came to expect a delicious spread of varieties of finger foods including Dave’s famous 7-layer dip for chips; as well as LeeAnn’s famously delicious cream puffs, which she and Andrea would create together.

Dave always had a Wysocki puzzle going during the holidays. He would watch “The Fugitive” every New Year’s Eve as well.

Ann Pells

I remember him helping take apart all the Bookshelves for Mom to move.

And helping Andrea and Grandma at church, as well as his testimony via zoom for Mother’s Day

And spinning pizza dough over his head while making homemade pizza for all the T family. Quite a lot of pizza for all of us!

I think my best memories of uncle Dave are watching movies and playing games and having sparkling cider at New Year’s Eve parties

Anytime we were with uncle Dave, the food was always delicious. The company was even better.

He has a quiet servant’s heart, and I knew he was always looking out for the good of everyone around him.

Amy Handy

Dave drove the white Camry from CA to UT for us then flew home 🥰

Eating Papa Murphy's pizza at Dave & LuEtta's 😊

One time we were at their old house & Dave was watching the tv show cheers & laughing. He burped then passed gas & we thought it was so gross. LuEtta just laughed & said when you are married it doesn't matter



Dental work 😊

They drove to our wedding with baby/toddler Matt T 💕

Andrew Brough

This is such heartbreaking news. It's so hard to face this loss, and I can only imagine how heavy this moment feels for you. He's been a rock in our lives, a steady presence through every season.

When Dad passed, his generous offer to us for housing in California showed his big heart, even though we stayed in Utah. That kindness defined him, and every visit to his house overflowed with warmth and memories.

I'll always cherish his hand-tossed pizzas, those unforgettable Thanksgiving feasts, and the summer days at San Francisco Giants games with Uncle Stacey. Playing baseball near the park by their house was so much fun. His backyard was a wonder—a Redwood Forest he nurtured alongside your Oregon raspberries, Mom, which he turned into the sweetest treats for us.

He loved playing Rummikub and always kept us on task saying, "it's your turn", knocking on the table with his game tile.

I can still see him teaching us pool, sly grin on his face, tossing out one-liners that had us laughing. And his crop dusting? Pure Dave. Lacey still chuckles about her first memory of him—strolling through the kitchen where she, Amy, and I were playing a game, letting one rip, and walking

out without a word. It was his quirky way of saying, “Welcome to the family, Lacey!” We knew she was in when he could be his unfiltered self.

I’ll never forget the time I was about ten, racing the go-cart at Grandpa T’s field. The steering wheel came off in my hands, and in my shock, I didn’t think to hit the brakes. I crashed right into the fence at the bottom of the field. Uncle Dave came running, checking to make sure I was okay, then helped push the go-cart back to Grandpa’s shop for repairs. Looking back, I laugh at how rattled I was and how calm he stayed, turning a scary moment into a funny memory. And while I never got sprayed with the hose, his playful threat to douse us kids if we pushed the envelope too far always kept us in line, with a grin.

When tensions flared among us siblings in California, Dave and Luetta opened their home as a quiet refuge, letting us chill for a few hours until the dust settled. That kindness meant the world. And there was always a puzzle on his table, inviting us to sit, tinker, and connect with him in his thoughtful way.

Uncle Dave, you’ve been a pillar in our lives, and we’ll miss you deeply. Thank you for your humor, your kindness, and every moment you gave us. We love you, and we wish you peace. Godspeed!

Lacey Brough

My first memory of Uncle Dave was when we were engaged. Amy, Andrew, and I were sitting in grandma T’s kitchen playing a game and Dave walks in, crop dusted [passed gas], and just kept walking out like nothing had happened. We all looked at each other and then just started laughing.

He always made me feel welcome. He even let us put a few puzzle pieces in when visiting. His meals were always amazing.

Matt Swensen

Some of my favorite memories are from the New Year’s Eve parties at their house each year. Wonderful fun with cousins and watching the ball drop on TV. I know Dave and LuEtta must have put a ton of effort into organizing and hosting those parties, but on the outside it looked

effortless and everyone was able to just enjoy being together in the wonderful atmosphere of their home.

Christine Swensen

Uncle Dave always inspired me because he is just unapologetically himself. His unique way of quietly observing and making cute comments here and there at the exactly right time. I feel like he has the gift of offering a calm and collected presence- one that allows anyone around him to be put immediately at ease. I wish I was like that!

Phil Terribilini

I shared a bedroom with Dave for 18 years. That's why I know so many 60's songs: his radio was always on. We fought a lot and yet, years later we shared a business and an office for decades and never fought or argued. We totally trusted each other.

As a young child, Dave often accompanied his father on house calls to repair television sets. Doing odd chores at the Penngrove TV Shop was fulfilling and it was fun for Dave to ride with Dad in to San Francisco and pick up several TV's which would soon be displayed in the front of the store. He participated in the annual store inventory at the end of the year. As an older teen, he was sometimes called upon to make deliveries of tv's to peoples' homes and to help with installing tv antennas.

In elementary school, Dave participated in school plays, student government and after-school folk dancing. As we walked to Penngrove School two doors away from our house, I had to be careful where I walked, often forgetting Dave would jerk the tree branch I was walking under and the dew drops would rain down my neck.

Dave did cub scouts and little league. There were occasions where he would spend a few days at his paternal grandmother's chicken ranch in Petaluma and do odd chores for her. For a time, he took organ lessons from a lady near the church.

He played basketball for Petaluma High School. One time he went too heavy on the cologne and got the nickname of "Rosebud" which he hated. At least one summer, he worked for Pizza Hut. In later years, he was happy to support his sons in their baseball and basketball activities.

Growing up, Dave was a part of this Petaluma Ward when meetings were held in various places such as the Women's Club house, Hermann Sons Hall and the Pengrove Women's Club. He would help clean up and set up chairs and sound systems and put out hymnals. He was baptized by his father at the only baptismal font in the area—at the Santa Rosa chapel at the corner of Johnson and Beaver Streets. He enjoyed the Fathers and Sons Campouts and later enjoyed Nolan Cordon's annual High Sierra hikes. As a young teen, Dave helped with the building of this (Petaluma) building weeknights and Saturdays. Service in the church was always a given for Dave.

When Dave was in Art Hollingsworth's early morning seminary, there were tests and grades back then. One day, Dave didn't like the grade he got on his test and he wadded up his paper and threw it at the Art. Showing great composure, this great, young teacher returned disrespect with love. Later in life, Dave served with this same person who was now stake president as his stake clerk for nearly a decade.

Before college, Dave thought he might want to be a dentist (his dad had planted seeds that it would be a good profession that he wished he had chosen) and he took prerequisite courses for dental school at Sonoma State and BYU and then was accepted at Loyola University Dental School in Chicago. He and his young bride drove across the country in their red Chevy pickup and got his training. He was #2 in his class of 120 while serving four years as ward clerk for the Suburban West Ward outside of Chicago. Following graduation, he joined the US army that provided a general practice residency for further training where he served for 3 years.

Luetta can tell about:

- Bought a house next to the church lot.
- Building a home in the country (LuEtta)
- DJT Working with 3? Stake presidencies as stake clerk
- Raising 4 kids
- Served in Habitat for Humanity
- Army life and living at fort Barry

I was fortunate to have an older brother and sister to pave the way in many new chapters in life. The fear of going to school, moving up to Jr High and High School was diminished because, well, if Dave can survive it, I suppose I can, too. And I'm sure his excellence in his first year of dental school was a factor in my getting accepted to Loyola. After I had about given up hope of getting into dental school, on a stormy night in April at BYU on my graduation day—and I missed graduation because I was sick—I went to bed feeling terrible. There was a knock on my bedroom door from a roommate—there is a long distance call from Chicago. Dave had phoned me and to tell me he saw that I was added to the posted acceptance list. The clouds parted and the sun shined down on me, so to speak. It was a whole new world. The gross anatomy professor, who was the head of the admissions committee at Loyola, often talked to me about Dave as he made the rounds in our gross anatomy lab. Being just a year ahead of me through school, Dave was a great resource for the demands of dental school.

Dave had plenty of role models of full-time missionaries that came and went in his life. For a time, the missionaries lived above our garage. Dave decided to serve a mission and was called to serve in Toronto and Ottawa, Canada. As you know, Dave was an introvert and so Talking to strangers was very difficult. So after a several months, he decided to head home. He told me that his mission president intercepted him at the airport and warned him that if he got on that plane, he would burn in hell. Dave got on the plane anyway. I think that president's warning was actually a blessing, because Dave tried to prove him wrong for the rest of his life—from the very next Sunday until the end of his life, never missing a Sunday in church or a call to serve if at all possible. He returned home, went to school and got married.

When Dave asked me about the eulogy, he showed me this card where he had written something—implying that he wanted it incorporated somehow:

Everyone needs:

- Something to do
- Someone to love
- Something to look forward to

Patricia Berg

Even though I tried to warn LuEtta about marrying Dave, LuEtta Lambert was perfect for Dave, and Dave for LuEtta 😊

After our wedding reception, Stacey & I were getting ready to leave, Dave & LuEtta brought us a goodie bag of food from the reception. Dave said, “you probably didn’t even have a chance to eat any of the good food here,” he way totally correct. As I remember it, that food was the only food we ate on our “honeymoon” of a day and a half, before heading back to school.

Dave’s service has continued since that day, doing free dental work for our family, including pulling wisdom teeth for missions. He even pulled mine. I’m sure he didn’t even realize what a great blessing this was for our family.

Dave was our airport taxi service many times.

Whenever we visited Penngrove, a delicious meal was prepared by Dave. This was Dave’s way of saying I love & care about you. Oh how we loved walking through the field to Dave & LuEtta’s home for a meal, games, bitha and cherished memories.

The last few times we visited the Petaluma ward, I was inspired by Dave sharing what he learned from his personal study of the ‘Come Follow Me’ lesson that week.

When Val would mention Dave gave a great talk in sacrament meeting, I would text Dave and ask for a copy of his talk. He would gladly email me a copy, and I’m so grateful he did.

“It’s hard to forget someone, who gave us so much to remember.”

I will remember my brother David Joseph Terribilini (djt) for his many acts of service and his relationship with our Savior Jesus Christ.

Families are Forever 💕💕

Stacey Berg

Reflecting on my first memory of David brings me back to a Sunday in July 1973 at Petaluma Ward. When I was introduced to him, he spoke just a few words, and LuEtta gently remarked, "He doesn't say much," a truth I came to observe over the next 52 years. Yet, what stood out to me even more was his remarkable kindness, which was often accompanied by acts of service. I still recall times he would drive for hours to help others, returning home with little rest. It became clear that service was his love language.

Our bond grew through our mutual love for sports; I have fond memories of attending a football bowl game in San Francisco with him and Matthew many years ago. However, some of my most cherished moments with David were around the table, enjoying one of his delicious meals during our visits to Grandma T.

I had the blessing of listening to his talk on Mother's Day in 2025. That experience felt sacred; the presence of the Holy Ghost affirmed to me that David truly understood the Plan of Salvation and has now embraced his celestial reward. My heart goes out to all the DJTs; I pray for peace and comfort for you in the days and years ahead. David Joseph Terribilini has indeed left behind a remarkable legacy, and he will be dearly missed.

Jeff Berg

I remember him driving us to Candlestick Park and the Oakland Coliseum to watch baseball games. One game there was a drunk guy trying to carry beers in each hand and they were spilling on us kids. Dave yelled at the guy to be careful and walk another way to his seats. When the guy didn't listen Dave stood up and physically redirected him around us so we didn't get soaked with beer. Thought there might be a fight but Dave just stared the guy down.

Also, his ability to burp the loudest I've ever heard was legendary. I would tell my friends about my uncle who could burp the alphabet. He was Buddy the Elf before Buddy the Elf.

I remember at Carly's wedding reception in Idaho (I believe) being off the side away from the group and talking to Dave about patients and how there were some that we just didn't want to talk to or see. It was

comforting to hear him relate to some of struggles and to get his encouragement.

Dave, thank you for always taking us to baseball games, cooking us food and pulling my wisdom teeth. Praying for peace and comfort for you and your family.

Love you!

Eric Berg

Couple of quick Uncle Dave thoughts / memories:

Chef - I think the first time I had pasta that wasn't just from a package and a jar of bottled red sauce poured on top was at Uncle Dave's house in Rohnert Park. It was eye-opening to me to see what real Italian food could be as a teenager.

Dentist - Every time I told kids at school what we did for summer vacation, it was I went to California. They would say, oh cool, did you go to Disneyland the Golden Gate Bridge? I said, "not this time, but I did go to the dentist and get a cavity filled." Not until I was an adult and started paying for dental insurance, etc. how much of a benefit this was to our family ... especially because we were often there on holidays or after hours. A big sacrifice for him, for sure.

Bishop "Tooth Fairy" - After my mission when I was living with Grandpa T. for the summer, we visited the Rohnert Park ward and I was there shortly after Girls camp and all of the youth in the ward were talking about Bishop Terribilini and his call sign at camp on the radio was the Tooth Fairy. They mentioned how much fun he was and I could tell he was such a respected and loved leader by the ward. That summer I saw a different side of Uncle Dave that led me to believe that his somewhat "gruff" (don't bother me) exterior that was sometimes on display for his nephews was kind of a show. / facade.

Son - Every time we would visit Grandma T., Uncle Dave would be over there fiddling around to fix something or checking in on her.

Uncle - As a little kid, I always remember the request for the Go-Kart was made by my brothers and they would get that thing started and we would

race it around the junk yard. I also have memories of our California cousins coming up from California for Thanksgiving and spending time.

Great Uncle - “Luuuuke” – One of the good things about living the past 20 years in California was being able to visit Grandma T. as well as the Terribilinis of Penngrove and Santa Rosa. Every time Uncle Dave would see our oldest son, Luke, Dave would break out in the Darth Vader ” Luuuuuke” voice and call him by name. I’m grateful my kids could get up there and meet and spend time with Uncle Dave and his family.

Cow Wrangler — The summer I lived in Penngrove, Uncle Dave had just started landscaping the yard and had planted a number of small Redwood saplings. There were some cows that got loose in the field and I have a memory of Uncle Dave chasing the cows away from his yard and the Redwood trees. It’s been a few years since I’ve seen these trees, but from last I remember they were towering and quite majestic.

Scott Berg

I can remember him always being our dentist and helping us as kids. Looking back at it now I’m sure he did a lot of free work for family and friends.

As a kid he would always call me smiley.... Which made me smile even more.

Yes his burps were amazing!

Praying for peace and comfort.

Craig Berg

Mine are pretty similar to Jeff. I was going to say going to baseball games and his burping after meals. I also remember going to his office the have our dental work done.

Kevin Berg

I remember feeling cool to say that my uncle was my dentist as a kid and that I had to go to California to go to the dentist. Looking back I see how generous he was to take a Saturday morning away from his family and work on a bunch of squirrely kids. He always has fun little side

comments that are funny. Now as an adult I see how he selflessly took care of his family and helped transport Andrea everywhere and always with a smile on his face. I remember going to the Redwoods with them and us calling them the “family from California” and everyone laughing about it. I respect that Dave is his own self and not afraid to do things his own way. I enjoyed his cooking and always enjoyed being at his house. He is the loudest burper I have ever heard. We love you Dave and appreciate all you have done for me and my family!

Carly Powell

I remember what a good cook he was and when I was younger being impressed that he could make pasta from scratch, and liked watching the process of him doing that. I am grateful for all the dental work he did for us over the years. I also really appreciated the effort their family made to come up to Idaho for our wedding. I feel like he is one of those guys who did lots of service behind the scenes/without much attention. I know that he did a lot to help out grandma and that he was part of the reason she could stay in her home as long as she did. It was comforting to know that he was close by and able to step in and help her whenever needed.

Sending all our love to Dave and his family ❤️

Tami Pett

Some of our best conversations were when it was just the two of us such as when he would pick me up from the airport. I especially remember having a wonderful conversation with him when he and I went together to pick up Dad’s ashes from the mortuary. He stayed with us, here in Utah, a couple of times when passing through to see his kids. He was always willing to feed us a scrumptious meal when we would visit California. Dave was always a hard worker and always willing to serve whenever help was needed. I always remember him having a strong testimony of our Savior, Jesus Christ. He loved to study, especially gospel topics and would share his wisdom with us. He had a fun sense of humor that always made us laugh. Dave was always compassionate and helpful especially helping our parents and then his care went up a notch when dad passed away and then up another notch when our mom’s health became limited....not only helping around the yard and fixing what needed to be fixed but also paying and managing the finances. He has

always been a quiet example of Christlike love and service. Love you Dave!

Shantel Roman

I remember one time we were at grandma's sitting around the kitchen table visiting and Dave got there. Someone (maybe grandma, I can't remember) inviting him to join, said, "Take a stool Dave!" and Dave started laughing so hard. I don't think I'd ever seen him laugh like that. I also remember him being a great cook and lots of delicious dinners at their house. And the water fight between him and Colten is a classic.

Hailey Marble

I remember he is a really good cook. Once he made some really delicious pasta at their house for all of us and it was next level!

Kyle Pett

When Grandpa T died, Dave walked up to the cardboard casket during our family viewing, looked inside, and tapped loudly on the side like he was trying wake him up. Shantel said she remembers that it was shocking when he did it but also funny. Dave gave me good career advice when I shadowed him at his office. Knowing what I know now it was probably annoying having me around, but he tolerated me and some of the advice he gave I still use to this day.

Amber Cobbley

The best thing I remember him making was a goat (?) cheese sauce with pasta and it was delicious! I remember the many times that my mom (Tami), Val and Pat would be laughing really hard at something, and Dave would come in with his dry humor and go "HA. HA. HA." like he was making fun of them.

Colten Pett

During a family dinner at Grandma T's house, Dave was egging me on about something, so I dumped a cup of water on him. Then Dave got me back by "running the hose" on me outside. Kyle remembers all the

women yelling at Dave to stop and he and Colten kept escalating...neither one of them would back down. I remember one time we were visiting Grandma T. and Dave was going to help someone move and asked me to come along and help, which I did. I remember having a good conversation with him.

Thoughts from family and friends

Aaron Shiffler: He was always so kind and good to me.

Amy Davis: One of my favorite and earliest memories of your Dad is seeing how tenderly he cared for you and your mother. He was a loving bishop and so very patient. I will remember him fondly with love and appreciation for his example of Christlike service.

Angelica Pritchard: He was such a wonderful Bishop and I loved seeing him when I came up to Petaluma.

Anne Stevens: He reminded me of my dad and treated all of us young women like his daughters.

April Rich: Your Dad was an amazing and wonderful person.

Austin Bitsol: He was an awesome person. Glad I got to meet him.

Becky Roner: His passing touches the hearts of so many who have known him over the years.

Betty Christensen: What amazing person David is.

Brooke McFadden: What a loss!!! I love this man so much. He was my Bishop and mentor during a time in my life that I needed so desperately.

Carol Bentley: Like others, when I think of your Dad it brings a smile to me of his funny, dry sense of humor and steadfastness in the Gospel. He will be missed.

Christopher Kurtz: I love your dad so very much. I consider the many years and countless meetings that we sat next to each other among my dearest blessings. I loved his dry sense of humor, how he would tease me. I was always so inspired by his deep love of the gospel and his quiet humility. There are countless things that I could say about David Terribilini, but I think the greatest was that he was a man of God, a disciple of Christ, a devoted husband and father, and a really good man.

Cynthia Peters: He was my Dentist up till he retired. I liked him a lot. He always had a calming effect about him that put me at ease.

Cynthia Smith: He was a gentle giant.

Dee Dee Taylor: We loved your dad and always had great respect for him. An amazing man and friend!

Denise Harmon: He caught me in the hallway one Sunday after I had chosen “In Humility Our Savior”. He did his customary arm bump with that grin of his and said “Thanks for picking my favorite Sacrament hymn.” I told him it was mine too and he said he could tell by the way I sang it, it was special to me too. So after that, every time I used it, he would grin. Last Sunday I had the privilege of leading the music in Sacrament meeting and I asked if we could change the sacrament hymn to that song and as I sang the last verse I was touched deeply as I knew he had truly “proven himself worthy of that sacrifice divine.”

Emily Myers: He was such a steady and familiar presence in all our lives. Always ready with a teasing remark for me or my husband, and always warm in spirit. I’ll never forget the many mornings he sat faithfully in the church while my mom taught seminary. His quiet strength and good humor leaves a lasting impression.

Emily Whitacre: He was an amazing man and he will be missed by all.

George Estes: Your Dad was one of my Heroes. I really looked up to him.

Helen Nelson: A truly great man!

Jan Roberts: He was a great man he will be missed.

Jana Russell: He was a very good man!

Jeanie Larsen: We remember your dad fondly! Our two families go back a long ways!

Jenna Dean: Your dad was such a gentle sweet man.

Judy Canaan: He was such a sweet man. He’ll be missed.

Karen Freemantle: He is a great man.

Kari Conover: I loved watching your dad quietly and patiently serve his gals at girls camp. Truly a valiant man.

Kathy Gajda: He was a wonderful man and we were blessed to have known him.

Kelly Beck: I enjoyed the time I spent with your Dad so much. He always made me smile. I am so thankful for how he blessed my life.

Kimberly Gifford: He was such a good guy.

Kimberly Knicks: I love your family and I have so many memories of your dad. He was the epitome of a gentle giant.

Kirsten Henderson: Truly a great man and priesthood holder! He will be missed!

Kristel Restle: He was a good man and I know he is doing great things on the other side.

Lynette Rutkowski: I know you know how much I loved your dad. My boss, my Bishop and my dear friend.

Meleseini Palu: Your dad was an amazing person, and we'll always cherish the memories we made with him. He will be deeply missed.

Melody Allred: He was such a kind man.

Patti Quezada: I loved him so much! What a great man!

Stephanie Yamamoto: Oh how much Bishop touched all of our hearts! He taught me patience and kindness throughout my childhood.

Susan Vanderhoef: The Lord just got a valiant warrior on the home team. My love goes out to you and your dear mom, two of my favorite people ever.

Tad Brown: He was a great man.

Tamara Long-Partei: Like so many others our family too loved David and your whole family. David baptized me and my family.

Photos





































