



John Harry Spear

April 2, 1965 - November 10, 2016

John Harry Spear, (Ace) 51, of Cottageville, SC passed away on Thursday, November 10, 2016.

John was born on April 2, 1965 in Rome, NY son of Angela Marie (Cote) Spear and the late John Allen Spear. He was a retired veteran of the United States Air Force where he served for 23 years. Post military, John became an accomplished artistic metal fabricator. John's love for motorcycles and his gun collection was well known. He enjoyed recounting stories about his childhood farm days, military encounters and club events. He also loved reading and their dogs

He is survived by his mother Angela, longtime girlfriend Denise Hutchison of Cottageville, SC; his three sisters: Susan Black of Elbert, CO, Irene Spear of Tucson, AZ and Annette Spear (Philip Bird) of Colorado Springs, Denise's siblings: Christina Onnybecker of Benton, KY; Steve Naeter of Cape Girardeau, MO; and countless other relatives and friends. John's infectious laughter will be missed by all who knew him.

A Celebration of his Life will be held on Saturday, November 19, 2016 at 11:00 AM at his home in Cottageville, SC 29435.

In lieu of flowers, memorials may be made to the American Kidney

Foundation, 11921 Rockville Pike, Suite 300, Rockville, Maryland 20852 or
Disabled American Veterans, PO Box 14301, Cincinnati, OH 45250-0301.

A memorial message may be written to the family by visiting our website at www.jamesadyal.com.

ARRANGEMENTS BY JAMES A. DYAL FUNERAL HOME, 303 SOUTH
MAIN STREET, SUMMERVILLE, SC 29483 (843)873-4040.

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

NOV **19**. 11:00 AM (ET)

John Spear's Residence
187 Miles Place
Cottageville, SC 29435

Tribute Wall



“ *John Harry Spear*

September 29, 2022 at 10:11 AM

“ *Eulogy from John's memorial service December 3, 2016.*

I would like to thank everyone for coming, our cousins from Denver, Jo, her husband Ted and Kathy and Roger. John's favorite cousin Lisa, all the way from Connecticut and all my mom's terrific friends who have given the Spear family much love, support and all the many prayers. We are here to honor a great man, one whom most of probably never met. He was a friend to many, a loving son and a brother.

John Harry Spear was born April 2nd 1965. He allowed his 3 older sisters to speak for him for the first few years then started with full sentences and would never again be silenced, until now. He was a daredevil from the beginning. He saved his money from raising pigs to buy a trike and spent afternoons after school putting it together, he was only 10 when he ran it up the chestnut tree, throttle wide open. After that there was always a Harley. from the one he laid down on a gravel road at age 18 the day before reporting to Air Force basic training with road rash to the one he pushed 60 miles across the Philippine Island when Mount Pinatubo blew just to have a buddy crate it and send it to him 2 years later. To the massive machine he hand crafted and built only to cheat death on shortly after finishing the bike 7 years ago. The accident that nearly took his life and left him recovering the use of his hands for nearly a year only fueled his drive to build another, better bike. And to ride, always to ride. He died the way he lived, hair on fire, wind in his face on the back of a terrific bike.

John enjoyed guns, was an avid collector and spent time on his range with his friends perfecting his shot, target practicing and skeet shooting. He reloaded his own rounds, often while attached to his dialysis machine. He was waiting on a kidney transplant, sadly it didn't come in time to give him the new lease on life he so desperately wanted. He is living on through his donation though, his big brown eyes inherited from mom were able to be transplanted.

He always remembered mom, calling often to listen to her, update her on his latest adventures, hear the news on his sisters or simply say, "I love you mom". when she went to visit, he always walked her around his pond holding her hand. He was never too big to his mama's son.

My brother loved this country and everything it meant to be an American. He joined the Air Force at just 17, quickly becoming skilled at loading munitions on jet aircraft. from weapons systems to supply, eventually ending up in civil engineering squadron and his love of welding. He served for over 23 years, with deployments to Saudi Arabia and Kuwait earning the rank of MSgt along with numerous medals and decorations throughout his career. Even retirement didn't stop him from working, he quickly became a star welder in a manufacturing company. He only recently decided to retire permanently, bought a camper and started traveling.

We all listened to numerous stories from his friends in Charleston last week. Stories that made us laugh, cry and swell with pride. How he protected his troops, stood up for what he believed in, was a man loved and trusted by everyone he met. He was straight forward and direct, often giving his unsolicited opinion. The thread running through the recounting of all the tales was the same, respect. Respected for his honesty, his forthrightness, his skills as a welder, metal fabricator and biker. John's friends loved his stories and his ability to recollect events and share them always had people laughing. His laugh was infectious, just watching his laugh even at something not particularly funny was enough to get people chuckling.

From a precocious young toddler to a United States Air Force Veteran, he will be remembered as a gentle giant, extremely proud, fiercely loyal, intimidating as hell, a true patriot with a huge heart. Ride on John and rest in peace my little brother....

Irene Spear - December 10, 2016 at 07:27 PM