

# Paul David White

Brockton, Mass

**Tuesday, September 30, 2008**

Paul David, age 56 years, of Brockton, passed away Sunday at the Roger Williams Medical Center in Providence following a more than 16 year battle with cancer. He was the husband of 28 years of Cheryl L. (Weston) White of Brockton. Born in Brockton he was the son of the late Henry A. White, Jr. and Marjorie E. (Prescott) White of Marlboro, MA. He was a graduate of Rockland High School Class of 1970 and had been a resident of Brockton since 1969. He was employed as a machinist at the Hanscom Air Force Base for over 28 years from which he retired. Paul was a veteran of the U.S. Navy and the Naval Reserve where he served in special communications. He was a member of Manomuskegan Chapter of DeMolay of Rockland. Paul enjoyed being outdoors and liked to camp, fish and water ski and enjoyed spending summers in North Wayne, Maine with his family. He especially enjoyed watching his sons play baseball. In addition to his wife and mother he is survived by his two sons, Joshua Paul White and Douglas Matthew White both of Brockton, a brother, Henry A. White, III of Brockton, a sister, Marjorie P. Bagley of Marlboro, MA and his best friend and beloved dog, Buddy. A sister, Lynne A. Munise preceded him in death. A funeral service will be held on Thursday, October 2 at 11:00 A.M. in the Dahlborg-MacNevin Funeral Home, 647 Main Street, BROCKTON, MA. Cremation will follow the service and interment will be at a later date in Central Cemetery, Randolph, MA. Visitation will be on Wednesday from 2:00 P.M. 4:00 P.M. and 7:00 P.M. 9:00 P.M. For additional information or to send a condolence please visit [www.d-mfh.com](http://www.d-mfh.com).<sup>1</sup>

## ***Don't Quit***

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will  
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill  
When the funds are low and the debts are high  
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh  
When care is pressing you down a bit  
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns  
As every one of us sometimes learns  
And many a fellow turns about  
When he might have won, had he stuck it out.  
Don't give up though the pace seems slow  
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than  
It seems to a faint and faltering man;

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<sup>1</sup> [http://news.bostonherald.com/news/obituaries/death\\_notices/view.bg?articleid=1122280](http://news.bostonherald.com/news/obituaries/death_notices/view.bg?articleid=1122280)

Often the struggler has given up  
When he might have captured the victor's cup;  
And he learned too late when the night came down  
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out  
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt  
And you never can tell how close you are  
It may be near when it seems afar;  
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit  
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

Author Unknown