



## David P. Toner

February 14, 2018

David P. Toner, 79, formerly of South Salem, NY, passed away on Wednesday, February 14, 2018 at Evergreen Health Care Center. He was born in West Chester, NY, son of the late David and Rose (Cavanaugh) Toner. David worked as an airline captain for TWA for many years, and served our country in the United States Army. He is survived by his two loving daughters; Jennifer DeDominicis and her husband Steve, and Margot Healey and her husband Peter; four grandchildren, Carly, Jack, Morgan and Ben; a sister, Margaret "Peggy" Martabano; a stepson, Mark DiBenedetto and his wife Amy; two step grandsons, Lance and Brooks, and several nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by his son, Mitchell Toner. A graveside service will take place on Tuesday, February 20, 2018 at 1 P.M. at South Salem Cemetery, Spring St., South Salem, NY. Memorial donations may be made to the Parkinson's Foundation, 200 SE 1st St., Suite 800, Miami, FL 33131. For online condolences, please visit: [www.introvignefuneralhome.com](http://www.introvignefuneralhome.com)

# Cemetery

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## South Salem Cemetery

Spring St.

South Salem, NY, 10590

# Events

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**FEB** **Service** 01:00PM

**20**

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South Salem Cemetery

Spring St., South Salem, NY, US, 10590

# Comments

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“ My fathers last years were not the way he wished to live and I can feel some relief that he is finally at peace and no longer suffering. But that does not make it any easier to accept that he is no longer with us, no longer here. On the day of his funeral it was a beautiful sunny day and I can hope that this was his way of saying - all is good don't be sad.

He was a good father, he made sure we were always well taken care of. He was there for every birthday whether it was by card or phone call or a nice dinner out... and he was there for the holidays especially Christmas- making sure it was always special for us... he was there for all the celebrations that were important to us. He spent the time with us as much as possible. We knew without a doubt that he cared for us and loved us.

When I think of my dad I will think of the times flying in his plane and feeling the amazement of being in the sky. Of the time he picked us up - in -a - helicopter! - landing in my front yard- and being the coolest kids in the neighborhood. I remember the times he took me to the local airport and the air shows and showing me all the kinds of planes... I never got to be on a TWA flight when he was the pilot and I will always regret that... but we did get to fly many times and go on trips together and while we were flying he would tell me all that was going on to prepare for the flight and what was going on in the cockpit... which was all great to hear except for the parts about “ needing to be careful during turbulence because you could break your neck” ...he always said things like that so calmly like it was no big deal... I think I had heard from his friends that he could remain in control and calm during the most scary times flying- thunderstorms and lightening in the cockpit, leaking in the cabin... the time he flew an old airplane from Ohio I think that was in bad shape and broken down but he was not afraid to fly it. He was an amazing pilot- he was a “pilots pilot” as his friends would say.

The greatest time I had with my dad was when we took a trip together to Panama when I was just out of college, to visit his good friend Tyler Kittridge... we stayed with Tyler and his wife at their home in Panama- it was this great tropical place... we spent time in Panama City and touring the Panama Canal... then we made a trip to Columbia to tour his cacao farm and mine- we took a plane , a boat and then another small plane to get there- on the way we were pulled over by soldiers with machine guns (later I would find out they wanted to kidnap us), landed somewhere in the jungle on a landing strip no bigger than my drive way, almost got bit by a very large snake that luckily a man killed with his machete- most of the men had machetes on them I noticed-, got shot at, stayed in a hotel with a dirt floor, flew back on a plane that was carrying a man with a gun shot wound and a mayonnaise jar for an IV... needless to say it was a very adventurous time and I loved every minute of it. The greatest thing about my dad was how adventurous he was ... he loved to travel and explore new places. He loved the history of the places he would visit.

I hope my kids will remember my dad when he was able to sit on the floor and play with them... of the airplane he built for Ben... I hope they will know the stories about my dad- especially the one about my dad flying to Saigon in the midst of chaos and gunfire to bring home soldiers and civilians.

My dad was not as strict as he sometimes appeared. He was very kind and generous.

When I was leaving for college- a college he did not want me to attend- I expected him to lecture me on how much it cost and I better get good grades and study hard...

but instead he surprised me and said to me... "have fun".  
I will miss my dad just being here but I will go on remembering what he gave me: that  
life can be an adventure and you need to live every minute of it.  
Margot

**Margot** - March 02, 2018 at 01:00 PM

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“ Patty Rossi lit a candle in memory of David P. Toney



**Patty Rossi** - February 21, 2018 at 11:21 AM

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“ Lisa Greene Everett lit a candle in memory of David P. Toney



**Lisa Greene Everett** - February 15, 2018 at 05:34 PM