



CHAVARIN, David

OCT 25, 1998 - OCT 4, 2025



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Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
Tribute Wall	Page 4
Media	Page 8



CHAVARIN, David

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Services are pending with Greenwood Memorial Park and Mortuary.



Tribute Wall

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Wendy Wallace Thomas shared 16 photos and a video to the **Tribute Wall** album.

Can anyone else still hear David's voice, his laughter echoing through the years? I hear them now, clear as the days I captured his joy on the soccer field at Whitman. Those photos hold more than light — they hold his spirit, his motion, his smile. Sending warm hugs and deep love to his family and friends who carry his memory forward



October 22 at 3:08 PM



Tribute Wall

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Jimmy Jacobson shared 2 photos to the **Tribute Wall** album.

David was my classmate, neighbor, teammate, brother, roommate, and friend. We spent thousands of hours together through some of our most formative years growing up from kids to young adults. I was lucky enough to travel to Portugal, NYC, Texas, and so many other places together with David. I competed alongside him, sat next to him on countless 5 hour bus rides, and journeyed to the Oregon coast last summer with him for our friend's wedding. I learned a lot about life through David, celebrated with him, cried with him, and laughed with him. David and his legacy will remain a treasured part of my life's story, survived by his tremendous loyalty, his intuitive quest for fairness, his unique ability to challenge those around him to be better, and his relentless dedication to encouraging and showing love to those around him. On the soccer field, David was fiercely loyal. If a member of the other team took a cheap shot at one of us or fouled us too hard... he better watch out - David was coming. A yellow card or a stern talking to from Coach was an acceptable price for David to pay to make sure that the other team knew, and that we knew: He had our back. We followed suit, all had each other's backs. Knock one of us down? Expect to get knocked down in return. Fair game. David made sure of that. At the same time, David was a gracious competitor, an honorable opponent, and a fair friend. If David knocked someone from the other team down on accident, he would apologize and help them up. David made sure we all knew you can't chirp at the other team when we're losing, but he was the master of all shit talk when we were winning. When our friend punched a hole in a wall, David made sure everyone knew that he would be paying for it. Fair game. David was the one who brought energy to our daily warmups - always calling us each out by name to do "One More" rep. One warmup drill involved jumping and bumping shoulders against each other, like going up for a header. Whoever was going against David best get ready, because David was going to swing out wide, get a running start and jump and hit you hard. Only a few people on the team would go against him. To do so was an act of courage. With small things like this, David set the standard. If you weren't performing, David usually didn't hesitate to let you know. This tough love drove me to be better, I'm sure others would say the same. The way that he shouted "One More" will always keep me moving forward. David remembered the details of each of his teammate's successes with uncanny precision. On the team bus ride home, David would stand, leaned over the back of his seat like a train conductor, shouting acknowledgements and enthusiastically praising every moment from the game where one of us made a great move, a great pass, or a great save. Every great play, no matter how consequential, David would usually remember. He would often spend hours on the bus ride home highlighting each other's victories, no matter how small. This encouragement drove us all to be better and the team had a culture of positive encouragement no matter the situation. David was a big reason for that. Beyond his physical strength, brilliant footwork, and raw talent on the soccer field, David was a fearless friend who was always up for anything, always happy to listen and talk, adventurous, and the life of the party. David had a knack for appreciating and noticing the wonder in the little things. Frequently we would sit on the bus or plane together and just look out the window and remark about how wildly profound *insert whatever we were perceiving at the moment* truly was. The fact that that we were driving through a canyon, carved by a river over millions of years. The fact that we were born when and where we were born, instead of being born to some other family in some other time and place. The fact that we were there together now, doing whatever it was we were doing. Being together with David was to find novelty and share appreciation. David was extremely good at expressing gratitude and letting his love for the people around him come to life in a very physical





Tribute Wall

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tangible sense. Aside from frequent airport cuddle puddles, I will always remember David for the way he made sure to shake EVERYONE's hand, dap them up, or give them a hug when he rolled up to soccer practice or any social gathering. Even when you didn't ask for it, if he knew you needed it, David would come give you a hug that lasted a few seconds longer than expected. David never hesitated to say "I love you." I will always remember David for his readiness to show love to his friends and family. Love you Papi

October 9 at 5:33 PM



Danny shared an album called **Remembering David**.



October 15 at 1:22 AM



Danny posted:

It had been a while since I heard from David. We went to Nestor till middle school years, he was a year older than me. I remember him with a big smile on his face, he had a great sense of humor too, and was a very talented soccer player. I remember admiring his soccer skills and always wanting to play with him and his friends. Last I heard, he played soccer in college too, which is not surprising. I am heartbroken by the news of his passing, he was still so young and full of life. He will forever live in my memories as a goofy kid with a kind heart. My deepest condolences to his family and friends in these unfortunate times. May he rest in heaven and his family find the strength to live through this process. He was very loved by Nestor alumni and he will never be forgotten.

October 15 at 1:11 AM



David Buse posted:

David and I shared some memorable runs together during his time as a student and athlete at SOH...I am heartbroken to hear this news.

October 11 at 7:53 AM



Luca Barsher posted:

It's hard to describe someone like David in a single memory. He wasn't just one story you can point to, or one moment you can neatly put into words. He was a presence threaded through a hundred different lives, a character who wandered into your scene and somehow stayed. David was real in every sense of the word. He had this larger than life energy, always pushing buttons, always finding a way to make things a little louder, funnier, and more honest. We met on the very first day I arrived on Whitman campus. He was one of those people you just know will be part of the story ahead. And not just mine. David had a way of showing up in people's lives and becoming a character they'd never forget. We used to talk about being side characters in random people's stories, but the truth is, he became a main character in many. I'll never forget our endless "what do you mean" battles. Anytime we disagreed, it would start with me saying, "What do you mean?" and him immediately replying, "What do you mean what do you mean?" That would spiral into "What do you mean what do you mean what do you mean?" and so on, collapsing whatever the original disagreement was into a ridiculous semantic loop. Before long, neither of us could keep a straight face. The argument would dissolve, the weight of it would just drift off, and we'd move on. That was David. He could disarm tension without needing to win. He was the heartbeat of so many rooms. A connector. Someone who made people feel seen, included, and part of the banter. He could get under your skin in the best way possible, not to hurt, but to draw out something real. One of the moments that lives with me is from our very first day with the men's soccer team. We walked into the team meeting five minutes late, and Coach Jose, in a dead silent room with twenty five faces watching, looked straight at us and said, "Do you have a watch?" David said, "Yeah, I have one," as he lifted his wrist to prove to the room he indeed was wearing a watch. After a brief moment of deafening painful silence, Jose said to us, "Then why are you late?" There was nothing we could say. We were just standing there, caught. This was the first impression we gave to the team. But that moment, sharp and awkward in real time, turned into a joke that lasted for years. "Do you have a watch?" became a core memory and phrase in our team's shared language. That's what David did best. He could take a single tense moment and turn it into a story that stuck, into something that made people laugh and feel connected. David was one of those people whose presence couldn't be replicated. Not because he was flawless, but because he was unmistakably himself. He believed in people. He held me to a high standard. He saw the best in me when I couldn't. He reminded me to be kind, to find common ground with anyone, and to laugh more. Time passed, and our lives went different directions, but our friendship never disappeared. It just sat quietly, waiting to pick up where we left off. I'll carry a piece of him into everything I do, strive for, accomplish, fail, and experience. David wasn't just my friend. He was my brother, and he will always be. Till we meet again.

October 9 at 5:33 PM



Wendy Wallace Thomas shared 16 photos and a video to the **Tribute Wall** October 22 at 3:08 PM album.









Media

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Jimmy Jacobson shared 2 photos to the **Tribute Wall** album.

October 21 at 2:31 PM





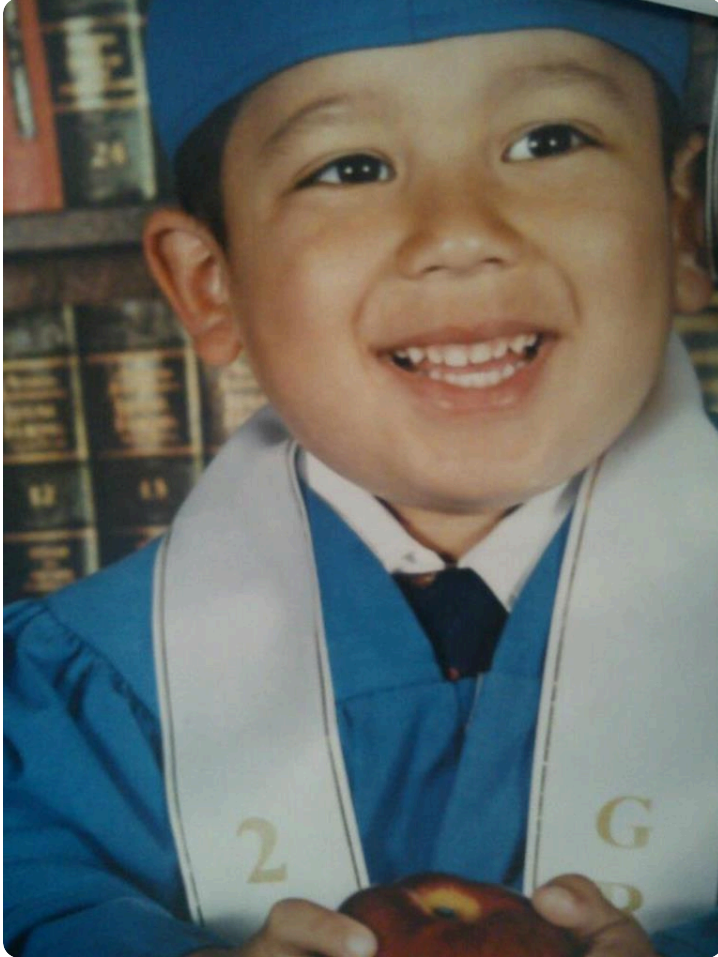
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Danny shared a photo to the **Remembering David** album.

October 15 at 1:22 AM





Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring David by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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