



Francis "Buck" Joseph Hammond

DEC 29, 1921 - APR 6, 2009



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Francis Joseph "Buck" Hammond, Sr. died Monday, April 6, 2009 at Renaissance Nursing Home, Millsboro, DE, under the care of Delaware Hospice.

Born December 29, 1921 in Wilmington, DE to John and Nora Hammond, he served with the Navy in WW II and was a machinist at the DuPont Co. Experimental Station in Wilmington for 35 years. After retiring in 1983, he and his beloved wife, Ida DiRico Hammond, split their time between their homes in North Wilmington and Old Landing, Rehoboth Beach, DE. After Ida's death in 1995, he moved to the Rehoboth Beach home where he enjoyed fishing, puttering, crossword puzzles, politics, and hosting family and friends.

In addition to his wife, he was predeceased by his brother John Hammond of Sebastian, FL. Survivors include two sons and a daughter: Frank Hammond of Tierra Verde, FL, David Hammond and wife Lynn of St. Pete Beach, FL, and Eileen Hammond Weigel and husband George Alex Weigel of Wilmington, DE; five grandchildren: Kristen Dandurand, James Hammond, David and Philip Weigel, Heidi LaPlant; and two great grandchildren: Chloe and Will Dandurand; and daughter-in-law, Chris Hammond of Wilmington, DE;

All services will be private. Arrangements are being handled by Parsell Funeral Enterprises, Inc., Lewes, DE.

The family wishes to thank Delaware Hospice for the care they provided both at home and at Renaissance. Donations in lieu of flowers can be made to Delaware Hospice Center, 100 Patriots Way, Milford, DE 19963.

www.parsellfuneralhomes.com

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Tribute Wall

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Bob Glover posted:

Buck was truly "one of a kind!" My family and I think of him often, and always will! We loved him like family and he treated us like we were. My favorite Buckism: Dave and I were roofing the house in Wilmington largely due to Buck's distaste for heights. Buck needed to climb the ladder to check out some aspect of the job, and was hugging the ladder like something inexplicable but strong was trying to pull him off it. The hem of his pants caught on the heel of his shoe when he was 3/4 of the way up to the top. He stopped hyperventilating and caught his breath and said, not to anybody in particular, "My pants is tore from shoesole to asshole." I chuckle even as I write this. We miss you, Buck! Bob, Kathy, Caitlin, Rob

April 9 at 8:00 PM



Memories only last if you share them

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



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