



# Preston L. Burlew

JUN 18, 1954 - AUG 10, 2024



Scan to Visit

# Table of Contents

<b>Obituary</b> .....	Page 3
<b>Tribute Wall</b> .....	Page 4



## **Preston L. Burlew**

JUN 18, 1954 - AUG 10, 2024

**P**reston Burlew, 1954-2024, passed away of natural causes on August 10, 2024. He was a 1976 graduate of Gettysburg College in Pennsylvania, with a BA in Biology. He spent 30 plus years as a manager in pharmaceutical development. He was a man of immense humor and wisdom, cherishing every moment with his loved ones. His passion for music, writing, art, nature and unwavering spirit will forever be remembered. Preston is survived by his wife, Joanne Burlew, Daughters, Jessica Burlew and Lauren Marinak and granddaughter, Emily Marinak. A celebration of life will take place at a later date. In lieu of flowers, the family asks that you make donations to Hungry For Music, a 501C organization that is dedicated to expanding opportunities in music for children. <https://hungryformusic.org/make-a-dedication-donation/>

Please sign the Tribute Wall located on this website.



## Tribute Wall

**Preston L. Burlew**

JUN 18, 1954 - AUG 10, 2024

DD

**Dennis Demetris** posted:

On behalf of the brothers of Theta Chi Fraternity at Gettysburg College please accept our Condolences on the loss of our classmate Preston. Rest in peace brother.

March 16 at 7:38 AM

PB

**Paul Bradford** posted:

Actually, I haven't seen Preston in more than fifty years and yet I found myself thinking of him today and Googled him up just to see what he was up to. How sad to find he's passed. We went to Junior High school together (imagine remembering someone from eighth grade!) and he was definitely the coolest boy in our class, and the only one who wore his hair long back in those straight-laced times. I was thinking of him, just now, and about how the administration came down on him and forced him to get a haircut in order to attend our graduation. I remember how embarrassed, and strangely sweet he seemed when I saw him at the event. Paul Bradford

March 7 at 6:07 AM



## Tribute Wall

**Preston L. Burlew**

JUN 18, 1954 - AUG 10, 2024



**Keith Kretzmer** posted:

I met Preston sometime before high school where we grew up in Oakland NJ. We went through high school together and then college, Gettysburg College, where we both in fact were biology majors. Although at Gettysburg we only occasionally crossed paths. A lot of memories. We were pretty close through high school, along with a small group of friends and girlfriends. We sat close to one another freshman year in Mrs. Petretti's algebra class, I think that that perhaps is what really brought us together. During college years we spent a lot of time together during summer break. We even worked together for a short time at a landscaping company in Oakland, a job he invited me to after the contracting job I had ran out of contracts. Memories memories. I distinctly recall going to his grandmother's house to visit since she lived in a nearby town and she served us a bowl of elbow noodles mixed with tomato sauce and hamburger. We were probably 13. His Mom and Dad were down to earth people, Dad hard working, not complaining. I went to only one high school dance and it was with Preston. Prior to the dance Preston and I sat at his kitchen table with his Mom, and Preston and I each drank a pint of Sloe Gin. Mind you since I ran cross country and track, this would have disqualified me from the team, so this must have been winter between running seasons. His Mom drove us to the dance and retrieved us afterwards! Preston had his own car in high school, a gray-silver Buick Special. Must have had a V8 engine and slightly bald tires because one rainy night we nearly slid off the road, me terrified, he laughing. We spent many summer nights together during college breaks, often in his basement listening to music. Several times we would drive to Clifton in his Buick to visit his Gettysburg college roommate, picking up a six pack of 16oz PBRs for the ride. One morning the landscape boss called off work since it had been raining. So we took advantage of the free day, loaded our bikes in his car and drove across the Tappan Zee Bridge to Tarrytown NY, looking for Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow, spending the day riding our bikes, walking in the woods, carefree. I wish we had stayed in contact with each other. Maybe we outgrew each other? I know we all have friends like that. There are a few though, very few, that you look back on now and have regrets. To my friend Preston. Keith Kretzmer December 2024

August 15 at 4:11 PM



**Steve Kuhlman** posted:

I worked with Preston in the late 1980's and early 90's in the pharmaceutical industry. He had a great sense of humor and enjoyed a joke, even if it was on him. I remember being on call one weekend and had to come into work. As I passed Preston's office, I saw his technicians filling birthday balloons and loading them in his office. They filled his office to above the top of his door. When Preston came in the next day, he had trouble pushing his door open- then the balloons came tumbling out into the hall! It was a great prank and he enjoyed it. I will miss his laugh. My condolences to Joanne and his family. Sincerely, Steve Kuhlman, VMD

August 27 at 9:51 AM



## Tribute Wall

**Preston L. Burlew**

JUN 18, 1954 - AUG 10, 2024

DA

**David And Angela R** posted:

Preston and JoAnne were outstanding next door neighbors for many many years. We couldn't have appreciated them more. Preston will be missed.

August 25 at 9:38 AM

CH

**Chuck** posted:

Preston probably did more to shape my career than anyone else. He was the one that made the leap of faith to promote a young technician that was late for work often because he was out partying until odd hours, had no clue what he wanted for a career, and periodically had a problem with authority, to supervisor at Hazleton. As the years went on, he bequeathed the commissionership of the work softball league, Dog Days, to me, a significant display of trust. From there, we became friends, often competing for quarters around the poker table. Conversations were always lively with this poker gang. Professional sports were a point of contention for us, as he was a Yankee and a New York Football Giants fan, and I am not. But it was always fun competing/ribbing, as in our mudbug fantasy league (Newcastle Browns, a storied organization), or with the Mr. Smith's boys who filled out brackets for March Madness every year for close to 30 years. Preston, always the organized one, kept records on who won, and how much \$ he lost. He was not a good team picker, although he would disagree, which was always fun. I will miss that fun. I will miss you, Preston.Chuck

August 23 at 3:36 PM

TV

**Tom Volpicelli** posted:

The first met Preston was in 1974, during my time pledging the Theta Chi fraternity at Gettysburg College. He had long blonde curly hair, he reminded me Roger Daltrey of The Who. Since we were both big Who fans we became great friends, and Preston became my big brother in the fraternity. We spent a lot of time together, listening to music, going to concerts, partying, and enjoying the social life of our college years. We often ventured to the Gettysburg battlefield, where we explored history and nature, creating memories that have become some of the most cherished moments of my life. One of my fondest memories is of the Blues jams we had at the frat house. Preston on drums, me on guitar, and a mix of other students and local musicians. While some of the other members of the house were less appreciative, as well as a nearby motel, we had some of the best times I remember at school and were an important part of the direction in music I was to take after school. Preston was more than just a friend; he was a brother in every sense of the word. His presence brought light and laughter into our lives, and his absence leaves a void that can never be filled. We will all miss him deeply, but we take comfort in the memories we shared and the impact he had on our lives. Goodbye my brother, you will always be remembered and cherished by all who had the privilege of knowing you.

August 21 at 9:23 AM



## Tribute Wall

**Preston L. Burlew**

JUN 18, 1954 - AUG 10, 2024



**David Serota** posted:

I am finding it very difficult to accept that my dear friend Preston Burlew is no longer walking this earth with me! I first met Preston in early 1978 when he was hired at Hazleton Laboratories in Vienna, Virginia. I did not hire him but in 1977, I hired a young lady named Jo-Anne Smith (my second hire ever) who would spend around 50 years as Preston's wife and best friend. Shortly after joining Hazleton, Preston became a supervisor and reported to me for over 7 years. He was an outstanding young supervisor with a strong work ethic and commitment to quality. He was also a great leader and role model for some of his younger staff. He did not always agree with many of my decisions but we kept up a healthy dialogue over such issues and it was not unusual for him to change my minds on some decisions. In the early 1980's, we learned that we both liked baseball and football and gambling on both sports. Through the 2023 football season, we were still betting on all the NFL games each week, \$3/game and 10 cents on point spread differences. I am not sure that I will have any desire to watch NFL games this fall with him being gone. He loved jokes but was not always the best joke teller, which in many cases was the real fun part of his joke telling. He loved the Yankees and New York Football Giants, and also the Oakland/LV Raiders, probably because he was from Oakland, NJ. Preston was a loyal friend, loving husband and father, and I will miss him a lot. Dave (Doc) Serota

August 17 at 10:57 AM



**Larry Castonguay** August 20 at 12:55 PM

Dave, we've never met but I feel like I know you through my conversations with Preston; and I can tell from your sharing some memories that you knew Preston, as well as, Joanne, very well. Larry



## Tribute Wall

**Preston L. Burlew**

JUN 18, 1954 - AUG 10, 2024

LC

**Larry Castonguay** posted:

Ah, Preston my man, when we first met in '73 at G-burg I never imagined all the great times that we would have together, at school, and then after. I remember when I first met Preston like it was yesterday. Beautiful fall day at g-burg getting the dorm room ready for Junior year with bunk beds, trunks, stereo equipment boxes, indian prints, etc. and Preston walk by, stuck his head in and said 'you guys need any help' - hell yeah! I think the first thing he did, was what he always did; clean the room and put shit away. Preston was always there for you, had a great heart. He'd bring the beer and we'd listen to tunes and play pinocle ("nuck's now). We each brought different types of music to listen to, and we always enjoyed exploring the music. Too many great times to remember, and we always stayed friends. Even though he went to school in PA, and lived in Virginia, and then Delaware, well, you can take the boy out of Jersey, but you can't take the Jersey out of the boy. We had many good times, visiting North Jersey, and Preston visiting my parents house in Cherry Hill. Preston loved jokes, and he loved my fathers jokes, often repeating them to me years later, ones that I had completely forgotten. Its funny how after school, fate would have us near each other in Maryland and Virginia. Preston was living in Virginia and we (elizabeth and I) were living in Wheaton Md. He lived with us for a few weeks (while he was in between apartments) and left our apt for work on misty day on his motorcycle. When he grabbed his helmet, I asked him what he was doing, and he said it would be fine. Mid morning I got a phone call that he was in an accident and in the hospital. Car pulled out in front of him from the median area. Then, a miracle happened, he found his soulmate when Joanne arrived on the scene. And you know the rest of the story. "Your killing me Petey, your killing me" - I know I will be hearing from you Preston, you never left me hanging...

August 15 at 4:11 PM

MU

**Mike Upton** posted:

My name is Mike Upton. I myself did not know Preston well. But this is my connect with him. A lifetime ago, three wonderful young women connected as room and suite mates at Mary Washington College. Though they graduated together over 40 years ago, their friendship has been maintained. One of those women was Gail Upton (née Story), my wife of 41 years. Another of those women was Jo. The third was Carrie Wagner. I am in awe of the tenacious manner in which these three have sustained their bond. This is how close they still are. My wife very recently returned home from multiple consecutive hospital stays totaling over 75 days. During her hospital stays, both Carrie and Jo boarded airplanes to come to Oklahoma City to lift her spirits and give me respite. Also, during her stays, Carrie, Jo and Preston sent multiple postings of encouragement to Gail. Prior to Gail's hospitalization, the three connected via zoom calls biweekly and monthly to share and catch up with each other. The featured event of each such call was Preston coming on at the end of the call with a choice selection of jokes. I won't call them dad jokes because that could be interpreted as pejorative but you know what I mean... he was a wonderfully warm person. While I didn't know him well, the glimpses of him I did get tell a story. He will be very much missed by many...

August 15 at 4:11 PM



# Memories only last if you share them

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



Scan to Visit