



Freddie Ray Dye

August 28, 1932 - August 5, 2023

Freddie Ray Dye of Conway S.C. went home to be with the Lord August 5, 2023. He is survived by his wife Rita and their 5 children. Steven Dye and his wife Becky, Daughter Pam and her husband Stuart Moss, Daughter Robin and her husband Ken Magill, Son Glenn Dye and Daughter Kimberly Dye. There are 10 grandchildren and 11 great grandchildren. Freddie was in the US army during the Korean War and served in the Anti-Aircraft Command unit. He spent over 30 years working for C&P Telephone/AT&T/Bell Atlantic. He was a member of the Forestbrook Baptist Church. In lieu of flowers, donations to Forestbrook Baptist Church are encouraged.

He spent his life serving others. He was a great father and husband and a great friend to all who were lucky enough to know him. He will be missed by his family and many friends. We will see him in glory, our hope is in Jesus. A celebration of life will be held on Saturday August 26th from 2 pm to 5 pm. This will be an open house to come and go as you please to celebrate the life of our father and husband. The address is 3154 Marsh Island Drive, MBSC 29579

Previous Events

A Celebration of Life

AUG **26**. 2:00 PM - 5:00 PM (ET)

Steven Dye
3154 Marsh Island dr
Myrtle Beach, SC 29579

This is a drop in event

Tribute Wall

PM

“ 29 files added to the album Freddie Ray Dye



Pam Moss - August 08, 2023 at 01:29 PM

JN

“ Jeffrey Nuckles lit a candle in memory of Freddie Ray Dye



Jeffrey Nuckles - August 08, 2023 at 12:36 PM

JM

“ Papa used to take me to the par 3 every year. We started going out there when I was probably 9 or 10 years old and it became a tradition of ours. One of the first times I went out with him, I launched my dad's 7 iron into the water hazard. After he made a smart comment and stopped laughing, he took me to buy a replacement club for my dad. The grip didn't quite match so he used a black sharpie to make it look a little bit more like the club that was now sitting at the bottom of the pond. Years went by before my dad noticed (I can't remember if he noticed or I told him). I'll miss getting out to the par 3 with him.

John Magill - August 08, 2023 at 11:03 AM

CW

“ Cori Wilson lit a candle in memory of Freddie Ray Dye



cori Wilson - August 08, 2023 at 09:25 AM

RM

“ One of my fondest memories of my dad was when he and my mom would take the family to Myrtle Beach. It was our big event of the year. My dad tried very hard to make it a special time. He was in the ocean with us being onry and having a ball going down the water slides. He was very generous, he would give us money for things like putt putt and snow cones, and when ran out he would give us more. He bought Crispy Creme donuts in the morning which was a huge treat.

He was always a prankster. He loved putting dead palmetto bugs around to scare my mom and it worked. She would scream and he would get that smile from ear to ear just like a kid.

I think the best part of vacation was the fact that his brother Herbert and his family and our aunt Mabel who was my dads sister and uncle Carl when be there too and they would cut up and tease us all. You could say you never felt safe in the water and it wasn't because of the sharks.

We had so many vacations like that and I will always be thankful to my parents for the great memories I will always cherish. Love you Ferd,

Not a misspell, Robin

Robin Magill - August 07, 2023 at 10:10 AM

SS

My great vacations were Myrtle Beach also. Aunt Mabel talked Dad into going. I remember Uncle Freddie always had the penthouse and we would all gather and talk and go out to eat together. Best times ever. Susan

Susan Schneeberger - August 07, 2023 at 05:41 PM

SD

Maybe that is grandpa is the one that taught me and Ben that scaring grandma was funny. We always found the frogs and lizards to put on the glass door or windows. We must have gotten it from him lol

Stephy Dye - August 07, 2023 at 07:05 PM

CW

“ *Cori Wilson lit a candle in memory of Freddie Ray Dye*



cori Wilson - August 07, 2023 at 09:45 AM



“ My Dad has always been 50 years old to me. When I was a kid I thought he was old. When I got older I thought he was young. He was always very active and usually helping someone. He was so active he seemed like he was 50, until he turned 88. He could give me a run for the money with his energy and self-motivation. I can assure you there were not many 60, 70 or 80 year olds that could keep up with him. All those aging years he ignored, finally decided they had enough when he turned about 88 when his body finally realized that he was getting old.

Dad and I had a special bond with medical issues. We had a symbiotic relationship. When Dad was in need of medical attention I was usually well enough to take care of him and when I needed medical attention he was well enough to take care of me. All of the kids have pitched in when necessary to take care of both of our parents. When I was told I would never walk again my Dad was right there with me and providing the support I needed to conquer that obstacle. I was there for him when he needed to be convinced he needed heart surgery which he strongly opposed. The surgery prolonged his life many years. Dad taught us all to do the right thing even when it isn't easy or popular and especially when nobody is watching. He would teach us if you just do your job there is a good chance you will be considered outstanding. When I moved into management he taught me to ask for excellence but learn to accept something a little less. Dad liked to have “intense conversations” and I believe he started most of them on purpose. Some would call him stubborn but I like to think of him as determined. I don't think I ever lost an argument, I mean intense conversation, with him. I can also say I never won one either. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree! Dad helped me put together my first car (a wrecked 65 Tempest for \$65) which he initially paid for me. We went to junk yards searching for parts needed to get it on the road. This became a life lesson on how to work on cars but also financial responsibility as I had to pay him back every dollar that was invested in that project. One day a police officer showed up at our house (I was not home) and the officer told Dad I had done something wrong. My Dad's reaction was “not my son”. When I got home my Dad asked

me if anything special had happened that evening. I said nothing happened. Probably the worst punishment I ever received followed. Dad was not afraid of corporal punishment (being 16 I had outgrown those days) but that evening all he said is "I'm so disappointed in you". That cut like a knife and is the reason that memory is so vivid. Dad was a jokester. Being from West Virginia he knew how to play horseshoes. One day my wife was playing the game opposite him. She threw a "runner" which jumped up and appeared to hit him in the groin. He immediately said he was alright. Later that evening he stuffed a towel in his pants and told her to look at what she had done. Dad taught me how to treat people right. Especially my Mom and other ladies in my life. In spite of today's claims of ladies being equal he always thought they were better than equal. Especially my Mom whom he loved dearly. She is the glue that holds the family together for the last 60 plus years. We love her for that and my Dad did too. He was always telling me Mom is wonderful. I don't know if he told Mom as much as he told me but I sure hope so. Over these last 20 days we were blessed with a couple of days Dad could communicate with us. This gave us a chance to tell him we love him and him to tell us he loves us too. Dad knew there was a time to laugh, a time to cry, time to mourn and a time to have fun. It is all part of life and love and he lived and loved every part to the fullest, 91 awesome years. Although for us it has been a time to cry it is his time to be joyous. Although we will miss him terribly this is not goodbye. It is see you later. We love you Dad. Steve Dye

Steve Dye - August 06, 2023 at 07:09 PM



“ 1 file added to the album Freddie Ray Dye



Steve Dye - August 06, 2023 at 06:52 PM