



## David Lawrence Busch

September 20, 1979 - November 27, 2015

David Lawrence Busch, 36, of Gladstone, MO passed away Fri. 11/27/2015. David is survived by his father & mother Donald & Nola Busch of the home; son Kyle Busch of Kearny, MO; 2 brothers Jeremy Busch & family of Sacramento, CA and Frank Busch & family of Canton, NC; aunt & uncles Larry & Patty Janacaro, David & Julie Busch of Sacramento, CA; & numerous nieces, nephews & cousins. A memorial service is being held 6-8pm, Thurs. 12/03/2015 @ White Chapel (6600 NE Antioch Rd, Gladstone, MO). He will forever be cared for & dearly missed.

# Previous Events

## Memorial

DEC 3. 6:00 PM - 8:00 PM (CT)

White Chapel Funeral Home  
6600 NE Antioch Road  
Gladstone, MO 64119

# Tribute Wall

BE

“ I first learned of David's passing this last April. Up to that point I didn't even know his name.

*Let me explain.*

*In April of 2015, my 13 year old son was playing baseball at a field near the area where David spent most of his time. During the game, my son Josh took a line drive to the mouth. it was pretty hectic. He came running off the field, bleeding profusely and yelling that his teeth were gone and that he can't feel them. My husband and I were panicking and trying to calm him down. Coaches and other parents were just as panicky, not knowing what to do. Suddenly David appeared, told us he was a paramedic and that everyone needed to calm down. And we all did - well just a little. He was talking calmly to Josh, which was good because it cleared our heads enough to make a plan to get Josh to emergency and let the game play out. I could tell that David was most likely homeless, and admittedly wanted to just leave the area and get Josh to a "real " doctor.*

*Thankfully Josh had braces. Five teeth were loose, and his braces were embedded into his lips. It wasn't pretty, but it would eventually turn out fine. The next day Josh called my mom to tell her about his "injury." He told her about the "homeless paramedic" and after hearing the whole story, my mom asked if the homeless man actually did calm him down. Josh replied, "Yes. Because everyone else was freaking out!" So my mom then told Josh that the homeless man was probably his Guardian Angel in an unexpected form, and was there to help comfort Josh.*

*A week later, Josh was not yet allowed to play baseball but he went to the game to hang in the dugout with his team. David was there again and saw him and asked him how he was doing, and went around telling everyone, including people from the other team all about Josh's story. And that was the second and last time I saw David.*

*When baseball practices were starting up, a parent from our*

*baseball team told my husband (also named Dave!), that the homeless died over Thanksgiving. When they came home from practice, Josh's first words to me were, "My Guardian Angel died."*

*I cried on and off for several days. And then I decided to do research. I found an article in our local newspaper and found out his name and where he had passed. I am not sure of his religious preference but I stayed after church and prayed the rosary for David L. Busch. My son wrote about him in a project (a personal narrative) that was required as a part of his preparation for Catholic Confirmation and he named the essay "My Guardian Angel."*

*I was content with what I now knew about David until today when i drove by the intersection near the ball field. Suddenly I had to know what happened to him. I called our Coroner's office and they directed me to this page. I am so happy to be able to tell someone this story and I hope that it makes those who loved David feel some peace in their hearts. And know that i will continue to pray for him and his soul.*

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**Betsy** - June 27, 2016 at 03:16 PM

AS

*Betsy,*

*I'm not sure if you will ever reach back out to this page, but I want you to know how much this message means to me and my family. Today is the 3 year anniversary of David's passing and there's not a day goes by that we don't think of him. He truly was a selfless soul and was always out to do what would help someone else despite not being able to help himself. Thank you so much for writing this letter about him and letting us know how he touched your family. By the way we are Catholic! God works in mysterious ways!*

*Annette*

*James361993@yahoo.com*

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**Annette Shelton** - November 27, 2018 at 01:15 PM