



## Dale Seidman

January 5, 1961 - March 4, 2020

Dale Seidman, 59, of Hollywood, Florida passed away March 4, 2020. Beloved husband of Helene Toll; loving father of Alexandra Barski (Roy); cherished son of Janice Seidman and Stanley (Carol) Seidman; dear brother of Traci Seidman (Sam Gravatt) and adored uncle of Rachel Strauss.

The family suggests contributions in Dale's memory be made to:

American Cancer Society [www.cancer.org](http://www.cancer.org)

Humane Society of Broward County [humanebroward.com](http://humanebroward.com)

Joe DiMaggio Children's Hospital [www.jdch.com](http://www.jdch.com)

# Tribute Wall

TS

“ You know, I’ve always said that funerals should be less for grieving the loss, but more for remembering and celebrating the life of a great person. I’ll end by saying that in these hours, these days since Dale has passed, I see him everywhere. I’ll miss his face and his voice, but I will see him everywhere, every day. When I drive past the airport, when the planes fly over my house 50 times a day, when I get in my car and take that aggressive stance at the steering wheel, when I drive a stick shift, or hear the baffles open up on my exhaust as I’m pulling G’s off the line. And in the music, too. So many songs take me back and I remember, we remember. And smile. All the good times. All the love. All of us better for having been touched by this one man’s spirit. God bless Dale’s soul; God bless us all.



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**Traci Seidman** - March 10, 2020 at 09:02 AM

“ For sure, Dale was not just my big brother, but also my friend. Probably my best friend in that his interests were always purely in my best interest. He was my protector thru middle school and high school. My friend thru college together at BCC, Nova and the University of Florida. I had many “firsts” with him. His friends were my friends. I was there when he started dating Amy. When Alex was born. And I was there when he invited Helene to his house for the first time. We really have been thru this life together. And we’ve always had each other’s backs. Dale loved to fly. We flew as a family almost every Sunday with our dad at the controls. My mom would sew us all matching shirts with flying themes. Dale passed his written test for his pilot’s license at 14 years old. He beamed with pride! We were all so proud of him! He got his full pilot’s license as soon as he legally could at 17. He was so motivated, mature and bright, skilled and talented. He was a great man, a man’s man, with a heart of gold. If you know Dale at all you know that he’d do anything for you - he’d literally give you the shirt off of his back. You could always count on him. There was nothing he wouldn’t do for anyone that he loved.

Mostly, he cared about his family. He loved deeply. And I think that we can all learn a lot about how to love from Dale; he really knew how to love. He loved Helene and Alex above all, and his family, his friends, and his pets. So many friends! And it shows with all of the people that are present here today - we were all touched by Dale in unique ways, we all love him, and we all will miss him, too. Dale was a wonderful husband and a loving father. He was an excellent son, a freaking amazing brother, stepbrother, and brother-in-law. He was a generous and caring uncle, a trusted friend, and he was a torturously loving cat dad. He was motivated, a go-getter and a doer. He lived with passion, love, joy, great big belly laughs, music and cheer. He knew how to enjoy life and live-it-up. He was a biker and a cyclist. He loved the outdoors. He was a rock-and-roller, a partier, and a bat-outta-Hell. He was a lover of life. Dale was strong, and in the words of more than a few friends, a tough ‘sombitch. He was a caring protector of his loved ones. He was a pilot, a race car driver, a muscle car enthusiast and car repair man. He was super smart, super strong, and good at most anything he did. He was generous, reliable, unselfish, it was like such a given that he would be there for you, a rock - for all of us. He was always there for you. You could count on Dale and that’s one of the things I’ll miss the most, knowing that I can’t call him for back-up. Well really, he’s been my angel all of my life, I don’t see any reason why he’d stop now...

I’ll miss the laughs with gusto, his quick humor, the looks between us that spoke whole thoughts though we were the only ones in the room that were in the know. I’ll miss his smile, and the way he looked when he was proud, or when he said something funny. I’ll miss the quick starts off the line and the way he would pull up to someone at a stop light, just looking for a race. I’ll miss all of our car talks and calling to tell him when I buy a new car. There’s nobody else that can share a passion for cars as much as Dale and me.

Continued next post



**“ MY BROTHER, MY BRO**

*I can't even believe that I'm standing here today, that Dale got sick - and he's gone- And I know the feeling is shared. It's so unreal and unbelievable and a travesty. He was a young man at the top of his game, living the life.*

*Dale was so vibrant and jovial and full of energy. He loved life and lived it to the fullest. And he was full of love. He loved his family more than anything. His wife, his daughter, his parents, and me too, his sister.*

*He loved to eat good food and celebrate with friends, to ride his bike for miles and miles on the beach. He loved his cars, having the fastest one and being the first one off the line. He imagined himself a race car driver. And, though terrifying to some, he was a skillful and experienced driver. It was exhilarating for me and I always learned from him. He taught me everything I know about driving and cars. I was lucky enough to know him all of my life. He was my first friend, he was my guardian angel, my teacher, and my idol. He was my brother, my bro. Apparently, his name was the first word I spoke; I called him "Doll," and called for him constantly. I used to stand by the front screened door, watching and waiting for him to come running home from school. During my nap time he would throw Match Box cars into the hallway to lure me into his room. I would go and we would build tracks and play with dozens of cars. We loved playing with those Match Box cars. He had cases of them. We examined the details of every one of them, he taught me the makes and models and their symbols, and we ran them hard.*

*Our love of cars started with our father who always had great cars, exotic cars and he taught us to value and care for them. And of course, drive them to their limits. We begged our dad to do "Bat turns," imagining that we were taking the corners on two wheels like Bat Man, laughing hysterically while we rolled around in the back seat of the car without seatbelts. Our mom was terrified. So much fun and laughter from our youth that would just take a lifetime to share with you.*

*Our grandfather owned a tire shop in Pittsburg. We spent so many wonderful hours hiding inside stacks of Dunlop tires when we were kids, scaring the daylight out of our grandmother when she couldn't find us. Did that more than once until they figured it out. It was a weekly event to ride into downtown with Bubby on Wednesdays to pick up tires at Dunlop and load them into the back of her station wagon, Dale and I riding up front like we were really working, too. My dad taught Dale to park and drive and gave him the keys to all of the cars when he was 13. It was Dale's job to run the sprinklers and move the cars around the driveway, so the paint didn't get stained by well water. By 14 Dale discovered that he could take a car to school and back and our parents were none the wiser. Well, imagine that he let me, his little sister, ride along. I felt so cool, and "good enough" that he would allow me to come along and hang out with he and his friends. We used to joke that he took me because otherwise I would tattletale, but I don't think that's true, I don't think he minded taking me a bit. I would hang out in the garage while he worked on countless cars and rebuilt engines. He taught me everything I know about cars and driving. He taught me how to drive a stick shift, and even how to shift just by the sound of the engine, without even using the clutch, which does, by the way, come in handy whenever your clutch pin breaks*

*and you find your clutch pedal lying on the floor.  
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**Traci Seidman** - March 10, 2020 at 08:56 AM



“ Dale you were a very dear friend to me and Don. We so enjoyed our evenings and weekend outings with you and Helene. Your love for Helene and Alex and your entire family was one of the most admirable things about you. I will miss your humor, advice and passionate opinions. Until we meet again.

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**Wendy Weimer** - March 07, 2020 at 05:53 PM

SC

“ Dearest Dale, there are no words to express our sorrow. We will miss you so much. We will always remember our fun Happy Hours. Our get togethers after HH at our home for Prosecco, chocolate (dark for you) and flan.

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**Sylvia and Curt** - March 07, 2020 at 11:05 AM

SJ

“ Dale you will be sorely missed, you had a heart of gold. We will always cherish the great memories we had with you and Helene. We will all meet again , my dear friend.

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**Sue and Jeff** - March 05, 2020 at 05:43 PM