



Clifford Leo Casby

August 20, 2020

Clifford “Cliff” Leo Casby, 74, of Woodbridge, VA was welcomed to his heavenly home Thursday, August 20, 2020 after several months of declining health. Cliff died peacefully with his beloved wife Pok Cha and their children, Kimberly, Larry, and Chris by his side.

He was born on July 31, 1946, in Bonne Terre, Missouri to father Henry Wesley Casby and mother Cecilia Stout. He was the second oldest of four boys.

Most will know Cliff for his unfaltering love of family and country. He served in the US Army for 20+ years. He is a decorated hero of the Vietnam war and earned several medals including the Bronze Star of Valor. After retiring from the military, Cliff continued to serve his country as a civil service employee and retired a GS15.

His family will remember him for his sense of humor, infectious laugh, passion for fishing, and compassion and understanding for others.

Cliff was preceded in death by his father Henry and by his brothers Wesley and Michael James. He is survived by his mother Ceclia, wife Pok Cha; children Kimberly Collette with husband William Collette, Larry Casby with wife Allyson Casby, and Chris Casby; brother Melvin Casby with wife Paula Casby; grandchildren Hayden Collette, Ethan Casby, and Hope Collette.

A funeral ceremony with full military honors at Arlington National Cemetery will be held at a later date.

Cemetery Details

Arlington National Cemetery

Events

Details are pending.

Tribute Wall

PG

“ *I grew up with Clifford him and his brothers treated me like a sister. We fished together and went frog gigging in chilly mornings. His dad and my dad were cousins. I spent a lot of summers.*

Patricia Gassner - February 14, 2023 at 08:08 AM

CC

Thank you for your story! I am glad to know he touched so many lives.

Chris Casby - June 12, 2023 at 01:16 PM



“ *Clifford Leo Casby*

January 12, 2023 at 12:00 PM

CP

“ *Laid a wreath today on his grave*



Cary Pellicane - December 17, 2022 at 01:03 PM

“ Hey Pops. It's me, your boy.

It's taken me awhile to figure out how I wanted to share the news of your passing with the world and I'm pretty sure that I still don't know what the best way to honor you is, but I can do my best to let everyone know what a great father you were.

I remember when I was a kid, and Matt and Rocco and I would go to the movies, and they used to do double features, but they would often go until after 1am in the morning. We were all of 14 or 15 years old, so we couldn't drive yet and biking that distance in the dark was not optimal so you would drop us off and scoop us in the middle of the night.

Or when you'd take us to Kings Dominion and let us run rampant through the park unattended, but made sure to feed us and distribute a bunch of cool toys and electronics that you'd won for us in the arcade.

Growing up, you never hit us. I think you spanked me once in my life. But only because I lied to mom about losing my brand new jacket. You never even raised your voice except when I talked back to mom. I said lots of shitty things to you in my years but you never held a grudge that I could tell. You knew I was just being a shitty kid and lashing out in the heat of the moment. You always told mom to lay off the nagging, to let me be me, to let me make my own mistakes, to let me blaze my own path. I know I could have been a better son. I could have told you how much I wished I was like you. That I wished I was strong enough to follow your example. But I didn't. I can only hope that you knew that, like most father's do.

Oddly enough, I'm so glad that you got sick in 2007, that you got cancer. Because it shook me up. it made me realize that I didn't want to lose my dad. That I wanted more time with you. That we still had talks we needed to have. I'm glad that you beat that cancer and others since. I know that your life was less than comfortable and

that you had moments where you suffered. I know you had times where you wanted to give up, because it was hard, or painful. I just wish I had the chance to say thank you for not giving up on me. Thank you for suffering the past 13 years so that I could get to know my father better. If there was anything in this world that could have made me turn to God for help, it was watching you struggle to breathe at your deathbed. I was so terrified of what my life was going to be like without you, but I know you had suffered enough for me and that it was finally time to relax. I hope that you have already scouted out a sweet fishing hole with Grandpa, Uncle Wes and Uncle Mike. I'll be around soon enough.

You said you'd made some mistakes in your life. You said you had a few regrets. You said you weren't perfect.

Coulda fooled me, Pops. Coulda fooled everyone.

I miss you. I'll miss you everyday from here on out.

christopher - September 11, 2020 at 07:52 PM



“ Sweet Tranquility Basket was purchased for the family of Clifford Leo Casby.



August 26, 2020 at 12:07 PM