



## Tommy Scanlon

April 5, 1942 - January 18, 2013

Thomas Joseph Scanlon, Jr.

April 5, 1942 – January 18, 2013

Tommy passed away at his home on Friday, January 18, 2013, in Alexandria. He is survived by his "Darlin", his soul mate of 33 years, Jackie Doven of Alexandria and his two sisters, Patricia (Gary) Basse and Chris Toler. The parents of Jackie Doven, Bob (Romiane) Doven, Alexandria, VA, sisters of Jackie, Sandra (Bill) Sawin of Alexandria, Karen (Jim) LaBovick of Phoenix, AZ, and Cindy (Bob) Starr of Alexandria, VA . Tommy was the loving Uncle to Helen, Mathew, Kathie, Laura, Brian, Colin, Catherine, Jessica, Ben, Everett, Jamie, Dan & Julia. His two cats Mimi & Milo will miss him dearly.

Relatives and friends may call at Jefferson Funeral Chapel 5755 Castlewellan Dr. Alexandria, VA January 23, 2013 for a Celebration of Life at 10:00 AM, Services will be held at 11:00 AM, and Interment will be at 1:00PM at Mount Olivet Cemetery, located at 1300 Bladensburg Road, NE Washington, D.C.

# Tribute Wall



“ *Tommy Scanlon*

October 27, 2022 at 09:45 PM



“ *1 file added to the album Obituary Wall*



**Jefferson Funeral Chapel** - January 28, 2019 at 09:48 AM



“ *Tommy,*

*I have known you since I was a little girl. You introduced me and my family to so many places, people and experiences that enriched my life more than you'll ever know. Always smiling, making others laugh and singing - you were a kind man with a heart of gold. Thank you for all the*

*trips to Nagshead, taking me to the NFC Championship game when the Redskins finally beat the Cowboys, ski trips, events we may have never known about if you didn't gather everyone.*

*We danced at weddings, sang with my son Matthew at the river and even had a chance encounter in Seville, Spain. Thank you for the memories. We will keep Jackie in our lives & hearts and know that a piece of you will always be with us.*

*Love, Linda*

February 01, 2013 at 12:00 AM



“ Dear Tom,  
remember all the lunches we shared when working at IRS 40 years ago, where you would test all of us on trivia and crossword puzzle clues? Eventually, Angelo's became a favorite spot, where we met Joanne and Pete and became friends. All the trips to Nagshead, both during the summer and over New Year's, bring back warm memories. One day, you, Rocky and the kids were on the beach and I was in the cottage when I heard a blood-curdling scream. I ran out and found a crab attached to Linda's hand. Her father and I were at a loss, but you knew exactly what to do and saved the day! More recently, we decided to have a party after Linda's wedding, but the hotel staff wasn't cooperating, so you had the bright idea of bringing chairs to the parking garage. We told stories and joked (can't remember laughing so hard since) -- then two businessmen got out of their cars after a dinner meeting, and you invited them to join us. After a few minutes, sans suits and ties, there they were to enjoy the fun. A couple of days later, we ran into you and lovely Jackie at the San Diego Zoo, after which we brought you to our home for dinner. When we took you back to your motel in Coronado, we found that you were a favorite with the staff (big surprise there!). The last time I saw you was at Eddie's 40th birthday party on the river. You and I decided to sing 50's songs to the absolute delight of my grandson, Matthew. You were such a big hit with him, he didn't want to leave your side. Tommy, I'm looking forward to singing with you again in the hereafter. In the meantime, bring some joy to the other side, which I know you will. It was always such a pleasure to share good times with you, and I'll miss you very much. "May the good lord bless and keep you 'til we meet again."  
Love and many Hugs, Rita

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January 28, 2013 at 12:00 AM



“ Tommy, we have been friends all our lives, we played together built forts over looking Bolling Air Force base. We even took apart cars, We spent years going to nags head fishing, we took my 64 chevy and left your 64 chevy rag top with Dee. then spent the whole time camped in the sand dunes behind the light house because of the hurricane. I don't have enough space for all the tales. Your sisters and mine are friends even to this day. Tommy you were in my wedding, You have always been my friend and I will always remember the good times, fishing, camping at the lot in Berryville. Tommy you know all the stories by heart so as you look down from above remember your friends here on earth will always remember you.

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January 26, 2013 at 12:00 AM



“ Tommy you were a great friend over the past 45 years. We had allot of adventures together. There are so many stories. I can only set the pace for someone who reads this account. I worked at the District Building on Pennsylvania Ave. in the late '60s. I looked out the window to the street and here comes Tommy in his convertible with the top down going to his parking spot in the lot behind the building. There is a motorcycle in the back seat. He has driven from Oxen Hill in the rush hour. I went out to the sidewalk and ask stupidly, "what's this?". "A motorcycle, I have a buyer," he replies. This may seem odd, but it actually made sense. He was practical in his way. Things just kept rolling after that. There are always more tales to tell from small stories to the tall story. The friendship and companionship and even some conseling, "tougue in cheek" through the years are so important to me. I know you are watching Tommy. The picture does tell it all Rock.  
Jack

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January 26, 2013 at 12:00 AM



“ Didn't have an opportunity to spin my tale yesterday at Tommy's service, probably just as well as I might have forgotten something. As Tommy once told me - "don't worry over the things you don't have any control over" - that's helped me to keep from shedding just a few tears since I heard of Tommy leaving us. Anyway, here goes. Some 42 years ago a "career" decision led me back to "the guvment" where I met and worked with Tommy. After a couple of "social" outings with Tommy I realized my life was going to change and was going to be a LOT more fun and interesting from then on. Little did I realize how much more fun and interesting!

After one of the first Christmas parties Tommy threw I actually had an opportunity to help him continue his way to my house instead of spending a night in the Big House. On his way to my house Tommy actually ran over the foot of one of DCs finest directing traffic around an accident on the 14th Street bridge. As I was following Tommy I was able to stop and talk the officer into letting Tommy leave his car there for the night and ride with me. Still don't know how I pulled that one off.

The next few years brought many good times with the Oxon Hill Sportsmen's Club. Hunting, fishing, turkey shoots, and various parties were always fun, usually because of Tommy's presence. Trips to Nag's Head at Tommy's friend Cy's cottage, the Atlantis cottages and later Tommy's home led to one grand adventure after another. One New Year's at the Sea Ranch hotel we were politely asked to leave the swimming pool well after midnight AFTER we finished removing various pieces of deck furnishings from the bottom of the pool. Somehow we thought that would be a good learning experience for Linda and Eddie even though the management thought otherwise.

Skiing entered our lives in the early years together. Tommy and I took our first skiing venture to Mt. Tremblant. Although several years at Mt. Tremblant and many more at Mt. Sutton brought too many memories to recount I'll never forget our first night in Montreal. Trying to confirm directions we'd been given to a certain bar/restaurant and ward off the "chill" (yeah "chill" my you-know-what it was near zero that night) we went into a well lit building to

*ask for directions. I don't think in our combined nearly 30 years of Catholic school we would ever find ourselves being admonished by a nun for asking for directions to a bar with half frozen beers in our hands while an ambulance crew was wheeling a gurney with a patient up to the same nun who was the admitting nun in the ER of the Catholic hospital we had just entered. After our apology she let us know the bar was right around the next corner.*

*After several more skiing ventures Tommy was the kingpin in discovering a major turning point in many of our lives - life on the Shenandoah. After an opportune lunch break one day during a float trip Tommy followed up our chance meeting with Shoat - the "sheriff of the river" - by going back the next weekend, meeting the owner of the property we had lunched on, and ultimately securing some rental lots for the next year. Our life on the river became a major part of our lives for the next many years and any time Tommy was there the experience was enhanced considerably to say the least. Pete once said everything happens for a reason and he was right. Tommy entered our world to bring so many of us together and to make our lives much, much more interesting, fun, educational and fulfilling. There are way too many fond memories to recount here. But, and most importantly, for the past 33 years Tommy brought us Jackie to help enhance so many of the experiences we enjoyed through Tommy. To say he will be missed is an understatement of major proportions.*

*Rocky*

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January 25, 2013 at 12:00 AM



“ Tommy, you played a very important part of my life and the memories seem endless. From shoulder & piggy back rides when I was just a toddler, fishing and crabbing in the Outer Banks when I was a young boy, floating & fireworks (lessons) on the River. I remember burning steaks when I was trying to learn how to grill at about age 11-12. Everyone at the table seemed disappointed but you dug in and said they were perfect, and I believed you, and it taught me a lesson about compassion and lifting people up. Weddings (late night singing in the garage after Linda's), birthdays (making my 40th celebration at the River) and many other joyous celebrations. Again, the memories are both endless (and priceless). You told me when you were a boy you would go on your roof and look up at the stars. Now you'll be able to look down on the stars. I will miss you dearly and regret not being able to say goodbye.

Cheers & Love,  
Eddie Rockwell

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January 23, 2013 at 12:00 AM