



Larry Edward "Ed" Pond

DECEMBER 15, 1937 - FEBRUARY 3, 2026

FUNERAL SERVICE

11 a.m., Saturday, February 14, 2026
First Baptist Church of Davis, Davis, NC
Officiated by Rev. Chuck Houston

ORDER OF SERVICE

Prelude Brenda Washburn

Processional Hymn # 448

Welcome and Opening Prayer Rev. Chuck Houston

Amazing Grace Men's Choir

Scripture Reading Anna McLamb

Congregational Hymn # 151

Sermon Rev. Chuck Houston

Call for Tributes

Eulogy Jeff McLamb

It is Well With My Soul Men's Choir

Closing Prayer and Benediction Rev. Chuck Houston

Recessional Hymn # 491

<u>PALLBEARERS</u>	Tommy Fulcher	Anson McLamb	Cole Pond
	Weston Pond	Dickie Styron	Jonathan Styron

Ed will be laid to rest privately at the Oscar Davis Cemetery.

Larry Edward “Ed” Pond, beloved husband and father, heard the trumpet and crossed to the other realm on February 3, 2026, aged 88 years.

Ed was born on December 15, 1937, to Blakely Sylvester and Effie Davis Pond, at their home on Croaker Street in the village of Davis Shore (Davis, NC). He was descended from a long line of New England sea captains on his father’s side, while on his mother’s side, he was in the eighth generation of Davises who first settled at Davis in 1737.

Education carried Edward many wonderful places in life, and it began in a one-room schoolhouse at Davis. From the 4th grade until he graduated as salutatorian in 1956, he attended Smyrna School. After discovering that he was prone to sea sickness on his first trawler voyage, he abandoned the dream of continuing his family’s heritage at sea and pursued a Bachelor of Science in Engineering Physics at North Carolina State College, now N.C. State University.

In college, he began dating Dorothy Lee Willis, a Meredith College student who had grown up just a few houses down from his family’s home in Davis. They were married at Davis First Baptist Church in September 1959.

Shortly after Edward graduated, the newlyweds moved to Charlotte for him to take a job with Southern Bell Telephone Co. It would be the first of many moves they would make with the Telephone Company in their life together. Edward started by climbing poles and splicing cable, but just a few months later, he joined the Air Force Reserves and then served six years in the inactive reserves with the N.C. Air National Guard. Once in the reserves, he returned to work at Southern Bell, and the young couple found their home wherever the Telephone Company sent them, twice in Charlotte, twice in Greensboro and once in Gastonia, before they moved to Basking Ridge, N.J., when Edward took a job with AT&T in Manhattan. By that time, their family had grown to include a son and a daughter, and Edward received his M.S. in Communications Engineering from Clemson University.

When they left the big city, they returned to Charlotte, where they lived for 17 years until they agreed to accept one last transfer, this time, to Atlanta. During all those years, the family would return home once or twice annually to visit family and to care for the Pond family home on Horseshoe Road overlooking Core Sound, where Edward had grown up.

After 32 years with the Telephone Company, Edward retired in 1990 as a Corporate Vice President with BellSouth, and he and Dorothy and their youngest daughter began the transition from Atlanta back home to Davis, so that Dorothy could care for her mother in her remaining years.

After concluding that the circa-1890 Pond family home could not be modernized or moved off site without felling the ancient live oaks on the property, it was torn down, shortly after Edward videoed every part of the house, to record it for posterity. With Dorothy, he designed the dream home where they spent many happy years, using CAD software on the home computer.

In retirement, Edward fulfilled many dreams, like catching spots in Core Sound with a gillnet, raising blackberries and asparagus in his Daddy's garden, building museum-quality furniture in his wood shop, and traveling the world with Dorothy, visiting at least nine countries and making several dear friends while abroad.

He was an enthusiastic genealogist, local historian and a legendary storyteller. He offered memorable eulogies when friends passed at Davis, and he even wrote a book, titled *The Secret Civil War Diaries of Beaufort and the Villages of Davis Shore*. He expressed gratitude for all that education had given him by sending all his children to college and funding college accounts for every grandchild.

He was preceded in death by his parents, by his older brother, Eugene Pond, by his nephew, Andy Pond, by his sister-in-law Andra Hamilton Pond, and by an infant daughter, Catherine Rose Pond.

He is survived by his "Darling", Dorothy, his devoted wife of 66 years, and their children, Richard Ashley Pond of Tampa, Florida, Priscilla Ann Pond DiNatale (Tony) of Atlanta, Georgia, and Anna Elizabeth Pond McLamb (Jeff) of Raleigh, NC, by seven grandchildren who all grew to know and love their Pops, Alexis DiNatale, Christina DiNatale Burks (Chase), Ellie, Cole and Weston Pond, and Nora and Anson McLamb, and by his niece, Heather Pond Williams (Jim).

The family dearly appreciates the loving care that Edward received at PruittHealth Crystal Coast in the last months of his life. In lieu of flowers, the family welcomes you to make a donation to Davis First Baptist Church or the Core Sound Waterfowl Museum.

Family and friends are welcome to submit online condolences at www.mundenfuneralhome.net.

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Excerpts from an August 4, 2000 interview of Ed for the Core Sound Waterfowl Museum.

“So I was introduced to duck hunting, and I learned early on that you don’t complain, having to wind those decoy anchors up in that ice cold water. Because if you complain, they—Mr. Henry and the men would make fun of you ... sometimes I would wrap one hand up—as I was winding the cords around the decoys.. and did not even know it.... And if your food—if you carried a sandwich or a light bread biscuit and a piece of cheese or a piece of mullet roe, and somehow or other the dog ate it or it fell overboard, you didn’t complain that you didn’t have any lunch. You just took the chances, and perhaps somebody else would share theirs with you.

“But ... that’s the way it developed.... the decoys and the relationships—it’s very tragic to me now to realize—and when I retired and came back home... I imagined that I was going to do a lot of hunting. But since I have returned, I have realized that what I liked about hunting was—or what I liked most—was the relationship with those companions [the Mr. Henrys and the Lionels and Mr. Wesley and others], and they are not here now.”

“I remember very vividly one of the last great—before I left for college—one of the last great duck hunts. I was driving the school bus—and he had done this before, but I remember this one specifically—and he saw the bus coming. And he went and stood by the shoulder of the road and kind of waved his hand. And I stopped the school bus and opened the door. And he said, “In the morning at four o’clock.” And I knew what that meant.

“And he took me and an elderly man, who was the father, really, of my college roommate, and we went over to the Banks. Left at four and we went to the Banks and sat in one of his best blinds on the last day of the season, because he didn’t have any guides, I mean he didn’t have any hunters, then. And Mr. Blanchard and I sat in the blind, and the tide was extremely high, and it was extremely cold, and the water was just below my knees all day long. And we sat from daylight until dark that day. And I still remember that day, as you can tell, very vividly.”

The Peace of Wild Things

by Wendell Berry

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.

I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.

And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.



The Loved Ones

by Wendell Berry

The loved ones we call the dead
depart from us and for a while are absent. And then as if
called back by our love, they come
near us again. They enter our dreams.

We feel they have been near us
when we have not thought of them.
They are simply here, simply waiting
while we are distracted among
our obligations. At last
it comes to us: They live now
in the permanent world.
We are the absent ones.