



Daniel Russell Allen Knopp

June 19, 1985 - April 24, 2019

Daniel Russell Allen Knopp, 33 of Falling Waters, entered eternal rest on Wednesday, April 24, 2019. He was a father to Drake A. Knopp and Trenton N. Knopp. Born in Martinsburg, WV June 19, 1985, he was the son of Marvin D. Knopp and Brenda S. (Tipton) Knopp. Daniel was a star destined to shine; whose light was dimmed too soon by addiction. He was ours, and we were his. There are too many memories that are darkened by his addiction, which makes it hard to put into words what he was to our family. It wasn't always so dark, sometimes it was just hard to see who he was under the addiction. As a child, he was a prankster, leaving whoopee cushions on chairs for one of us to sit on, or hiding a hand buzzer in his hand so we'd get shocked by shaking his hand, which he'd do over and over, for hours. He was a jokester, who would dress up as an old man, or Urkel from "Family Matters," and bring all of us to tears with laughter. He liked to be the star of the show. When he was in second grade, his class had an Easter production, which he insisted he needed a bunny costume to wear. But when they arrived for the show, Daniel was the only one in costume. He was ours. He was a jack of all trades, often taking things apart just to see if he could figure out how to put them back together, most of the time, he could. When he was older, he'd help us with our cars when they were broken. He would help me get my keys out of my car countless times, often with a chuckle and the shake of his head, since it was honestly about the fiftieth time I asked him to help. He was ours. He had no fear. When he was two years old, he wanted to help his dad so much; he

climbed a ladder to the roof before anyone could stop him. He was the first of four children to have a “leash.” He was curious about the world, it blinded him to the danger he may find. He was the typical little brother, who gained a lot of satisfaction at the annoyance and outrage of his sisters. He’d also ride around in cars on late night adventures, listening to music, singing along or rolling his eyes at those same sisters. He was ours. He loved to work with his hands, building himself a treehouse that would not have passed an inspection, but he was proud of it. He was an artist, who could draw almost anything. He wanted to train to become a tattooist. He loved tattooing and had many, some of which he did himself. He loved his sons. He loved teaching them to fish, playing in the dirt, playing catch, or watching a movie together. He would take them to the park and go down the slide over and over, just to watch his sons laugh. Daniel was charismatic, people loved him. He could and would talk to anyone, anywhere, about almost anything. He just had that way about him, you couldn’t help but like him. He was ours, and we were his. Addiction affects everyone related to the addict. The space that is left empty without his light is vast, and we mourn him, who he was and who he was destined to be. He was preceded in death by his paternal grandparents Kenneth and Dorothy Greenly, and his maternal grandparents Russell and Helen Tipton. He is survived by two sons, Trenton and Drake Knopp. His parents, Marvin and Brenda (Tipton) Knopp. His three sisters, Ariella Knopp Warner (Adam Warner), Elizabeth Knopp Buckley (Jason Buckley), and Dorothea Knopp Henrich (Tim Henrich). Several nieces and nephews. As well as a large family and friend circle, and a community. A memorial will be held in June, information to follow. Please call 443-353-9114, or email memorialfordaniel@gmail.com for more information.

Tribute Wall



“ *Daniel Russell Allen Knopp*

Funeral Home Owner - December 12, 2019 at 11:22 AM