



David Assaf, III

APR 12, 1945 - JAN 18, 2026



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David Assaf, III

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Taken too soon from family and friends, David Assaf, III departed this world on January 18, 2026.

He was born on April 12, 1945 in New Orleans, Louisiana, second of three children of David Assaf, Jr. and Edith McElroy. At St. Aloysius High School in New Orleans, David devoted four years to the science club, serving as its president, and also served as president of Key Club and founder of the meteorology club. In 1963, the school newspaper noted that David had his “own home workshop in which he performs experiments in the phases of science.” Indeed, it was during high school that he began a lifelong hobby as an electronics tinkerer and amateur radio operator, aka a “ham”.

For the rest of his life, David would continue to keep a workshop (affectionately called “the shack”) in every place he called home, chock full of radios and electronics in various phases of repair, especially his favorite Drake brand transmitters and receivers. With his radios, his trusted Morse code keyer, a thousand watts, and a modified Yagi antenna of his own design, he would bounce radio waves off the ionosphere to communicate with other hams on the other side of the planet, a practice known as “DX” in ham parlance. During Hurricane Betsy in 1965, he provided emergency communication via his amateur radio station, a service for which he was recognized by the city of New Orleans.

David met his future wife Paula Kreilkamp on a blind date at Loyola University, where they were both students. They were engaged for a year and a half while David was drafted and served in the Air Force and Air National Guard repairing aircraft radios at Belle Chase AFB, and while Paula volunteered with the Jesuit Volunteer



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Corps on the Colville Reservation in Omak, Washington. They were married at St. Dominic Catholic Church in New Orleans on July 12, 1969. On their honeymoon, they watched the Apollo 11 moon landing broadcast.

The young couple settled in Baton Rouge where David studied at LSU for a Masters in Electrical Engineering and worked two jobs: days as a graduate teaching assistant, and nights at the local TV station WAFB. In 1971 they were blessed with their first child, David IV. Over the next two decades, they welcomed Bernard, Megan, William, and Rachel.

David began working with William J. LeBlanc in 1973 and was made a partner in March 1979 to form LeBlanc & Assaf Consulting Engineers, later AST. As a stamped electrical and mechanical engineer, David led the award-winning design for lighting and cooling the Louisiana State Capitol in Baton Rouge, for which he was recognized by the Louisiana Congress. At his retirement, he said to lawmakers thinking about changing the electrical, lighting, and cooling systems, “Don’t mess up my building.” David also worked on electrical and/or mechanical systems at LSU’s old Alex Box stadium, LSU’s Tiger Stadium, St. Thomas More Church, St. Joseph Cathedral and other churches, the Old State Capitol building, and numerous other buildings at LSU, Southern University, and his alma mater Loyola University.

David was active in the Baton Rouge Amateur Radio Club and other ham clubs in south Louisiana. In his retirement, he took his hobby to new heights by participating in DXpeditions to exotic places and remote, uninhabited spots like Mellish Reef in the Coral Sea. These meticulously planned trips involved the construction and operation of temporary amateur radio stations for contacting thousands of hams all over the world via Morse code. The more isolated and inhospitable the place, the more sought after the DX! His most memorable trip was to the South Georgia and South Sandwich Islands, where at the age of 71, he helped set up and operate a radio station on Thule Island, the southernmost beach outside Antarctica and one of the most unforgiving places on Earth, where the only permanent inhabitants are some



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rather curious penguins.

David was preceded in death by his parents, David Assaf, Jr. and Edith McElroy Assaf, his sister Ednamary Caserta, and his beloved wife of 56 years, Paula Kreilkamp Assaf. He leaves behind his brother Dennis Assaf; his children David Assaf, IV (Sydney), Bernard Assaf (Stacy), Megan Assaf (Joe), William Assaf (Christine), and Rachel Aylsworth (Jason); and eight grandchildren: Simon, Timothy, Kirby, Nathan, Elizabeth, Noah, Lauren, and Julian.

In lieu of flowers, the family requests donations to St. Joseph Abbey (<https://www.saintjosephabbey.com/donate>) and Jefferson Performing Arts Society (<https://www.jpas.org/donate>).

Funeral to be held at Mary Queen of Peace church in Mandeville, LA on January 31, 2026: 10 AM visitation, 11:30 AM remembrances, 12 PM funeral Mass. To be followed by inurnment at St. Joseph's Abbey Cemetery in Covington at the St. Anselm cremation niches.

E.J. Fielding Funeral Home has been entrusted with funeral arrangements. Please sign the guestbook at <https://www.ejfieldingfh.com>.



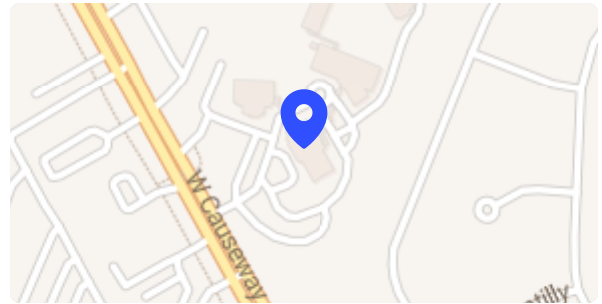
Events

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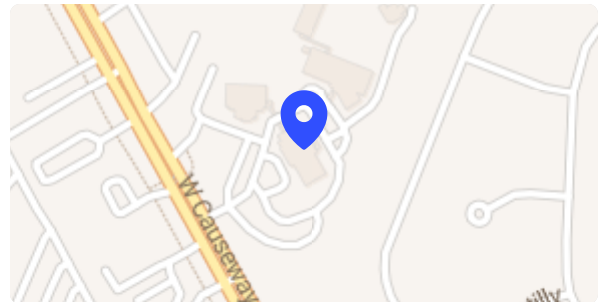
Visitation

- 📅 **Saturday**, January 31, 2026
- 🕒 10:00 AM CT
- 📍 **Mary, Queen of Peace Church**
1501 West Causeway Approach, Mandeville LA 70471



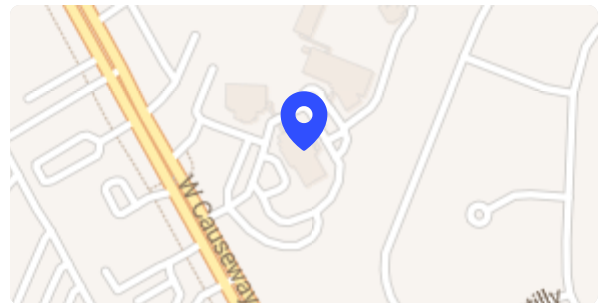
Remembrances

- 📅 **Saturday**, January 31, 2026
- 🕒 11:30 AM CT
- 📍 **Mary, Queen of Peace Church**
1501 W Causeway Approach, Mandeville LA 70471



Funeral Mass

- 📅 **Saturday**, January 31, 2026
- 🕒 12:00 PM CT
- 📍 **Mary, Queen of Peace Church**
1501 W Causeway Approach, Mandeville LA 70471





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Interment

- 📅 **Saturday**, January 31, 2026
- 🕒 1:30 PM CT
- 📍 **St. Joseph Abbey Cemetery**
75376 River Rd., Saint Benedict LA
- 📍 St. Anselm Cremation Niches



Cemetery Details

- 📍 **St. Joseph Abbey Cemetery**
75376 River Rd., Saint Benedict LA





Tribute Wall

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Dennis Assaf posted:

ON APRIL 12, 1945, THE WORLD LOST A GREAT MAN. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WAS JUST RE-ELECTED FOR AN UNPRECEDENTED AND NEVER TO BE DUPLICATED, 4TH TERM. ON THE SAME DAY, THE WORLD WELCOMED, IN MY OPINION AN EQUALLY GREAT MAN, MY "BIG BROTHER", DAVID ASSAF III. IT WOULD BE ANOTHER SIX YEARS BEFORE I WOULD BE IN HIS PRESENCE. AS THE "SURPRISE" ADDITION TO THE FAMILY OF DAVID ASSAF, JR, AND EDITH LORRAINE MCELROY ASSAF, I JOINED MY BROTHER DAVID AND ELDER SISTER EDNAMARY ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY 1951. I AM TOLD MY SISTER CRIED BECAUSE SHE WANTED A LITTLE GIRL. BUT SHE LOVED ME JUST THE SAME AND I WAS NOT TO REALIZE THE EXTENT OF MY BROTHER'S LOVE UNTIL YEARS LATER WHEN I COULD APPRECIATE SUCH FAMILY DYNAMICS. I LEARNED EARLY ON THAT I HAD IN FACT 2 SETS OF PARENTS AS BOTH SIBLINGS ASSISTED MOM AND DAD IN REARING ME. ON EACH OF MY BIRTHDAYS, MY SWEET SISTER WOULD TAKE ME BY BUS TO DOWNTOWN NEW ORLEANS TO COMMEMORATE MY BIRTHDAY BY HAVING MY PORTRAIT MADE. MY BROTHER, EVER THE TINKERER AND "DO IT YOURSELFER", WHO LEARNED THIS SKILL FROM OUR INDOMINATABLE FATHER TOOK ME UNDER HIS WING AND TAUGHT ME TO BE CURIOUS ABOUT THE WORLD AND HOW THINGS WORK IN IT. DAVID TAUGHT ME HOW TO RIDE A TWO WHEEL BIKE BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY, HE SHOWED ME HOW TO MAINTAIN THE BIKE. WE WOULD DISASSEMBLE AND GREASE THE BRAKING SYSTEM. HE SHOWED ME HOW TO REMOVE THE WHEEL BEARINGS AND PACK THEM WITH GREASE. WHILE THE BICYCLES OF MY FRIENDS PROBABLY NEVER ENJOYED SUCH MAINTENANCE DURING THEIR LIFETIMES, I WAS BUSY WEEKLY DISASSEMBLING THE INTRICATE BREAKING SYSTEM WITH ITS INTERLOCKING PLATES WHICH HAD TO BE REASSEMBLED IN AN EXACT REVERSE ORDER. IT WAS FUN. I ENJOYED THE MECHANICAL WORLD MY BROTHER SHOWED ME AND THIS CURIOSITY BECAME A LIFELONG HOBBY OF BUYING AND REBUILDING MOTORCYCLES AND MY INFAMOUS, 40-YEAR-OLD, UNFINISHED PROJECT OF RESTORING A 55 CHEVY. MY BROTHER, FEELING SORRY FOR THE SLOW PACE OF RESTORATION, TOLD ME THAT UPON HIS RETIREMENT, HE WOULD HELP ME FINISH THE CAR. SADLY, WE NEVER GOT TO FINISH THE CAR BECAUSE HE WAS NEEDED FOR MORE URGENT AND PRACTICAL MATTERS LIKE HELPING (AND TEACHING ME) ME TO INSTALL AND REPAIR WIRING AND OTHER ELECTRICAL PROJECTS AROUND MY HOUSE. MY BROTHER COULD FIX ANYTHING. I MEAN ANYTHING! HE WAS UNDAUNTED BY THE MENTAL OR PHYSICAL CHALLENGES OF ANY PROJECT AND THIS INSTILLED IN ME THE MIND-SET TO SLOW DOWN AND ANALYZE THE CHALLENGE AHEAD AND PERSEVERE. LIKE OUR FATHER, HE CREATED HIS OWN BUSINESS AND DID VERY WELL. I LEARNED FROM THEM THAT IF YOU WANT SOMETHING BAD ENOUGH AND ARE WILLING TO STAY THE COURSE, THE COMPETITION WILL EVENTUALLY FADE AWAY. HERE ARE A FEW SPECIAL MEMORIES I HAVE OF MY BROTHER AND IN NO PARTICULAR CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER. THESE ARE JUST MEMORIES THAT HAVE CONTINUED TO POP INTO MY MIND ALL THESE YEARS. • WE USED TO GO FISHING FOR PERCH IN CITY PARK LAGOONS. HE LIKED TO FISH AND OF COURSE HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO SERVICE AND REPAIR THE FISHING REELS • WE WOULD PLAY TACKLE FOOTBALL WITHOUT EQUIPMENT ALL OVER LAKEVIEW. AND I REMEMBER HIM BUYING THESE SPECIAL CLEATS WITH 2 INCH FIBERGLASS METAL TIPPED SPIKES THAT INSTILLED FEAR IN THE OPPOSING TEAM. I REMEMBER ONE GAME WATCHING HIM PUT THE CLEATS ON AND SCAMPERING AFTER AN OPPOSING RUNNING BACK TWICE HIS SIZE AND BRINGING HIM TO THE GROUND. I LOVED TACKLE FOOTBALL BUT MY COURAGE WAS NOWHERE NEAR HIS. • WE GREW



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UP IN A LITTLE COTTAGE ON MILNE BLVD IN LAKEVIEW AND WE SHARED A BEDROOM. THERE WAS A SMALL DESK WITH A LAMP IN THAT ROOM AND HE FAITHFULLY AND SEEMINGLY ENDLESSLY DID HIS HOMEWORK NIGHT AFTER NIGHT. THIS WAS ONE SKILL THAT I NEVER ADOPTED. BUT I ADMIRER HIS STICK WITH IT ATTITUDE. • MY BIG BROTHER WAS MY PROTECTOR. I'LL NEVER FORGET THE TIME WHEN I WAS IN THE BACK YARD OF OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR AND A VISITING COUSIN OF HIS NAMED GORDON, WHO FOR SOME REASON HATED ME. WHENEVER I WAS IN HIS PRESENCE HE WOULD PICK A FIGHT. ON THIS DAY SURE ENOUGH, GORDON ATTACKED ME AND I YELLED OUT. WHEREUPON, LIKE SUPERMAN, HE EMERGED FROM HIS BACKYARD HAM RADIO SHACK, HOPPED THE FENCE AND PULLED THE BULLY OFF OF ME. • ANOTHER TIME, WE WERE VISITING OUR GRANDMOTHER "LITA" WHICH IS SHORT FOR "ABUELITA" OR LITTLE GRANDMOTHER. SHE LIVED ON NAPOLEON AVENUE IS THIS OLD, DARK, SMELLY, DEPRESSING MANSION WHICH WE HAD TO VISIT ON A WEEKLY BASIS. ONE DAY, MY BROTHER AND I ESCAPED FOR A WALK OUTSIDE WHEN WE WERE APPROACHED BY A HOMELESS MAN WHO WANTED TO TAKE ME WITH HIM. SUPERMAN APPEARED AGAIN AND SCARED THE PERP AWAY. • OUR FATHER WOULD OCCASSIONALLY TRAVEL TO CENTRAL AMERICA FOR BUSINESS AND WOULD BRING US BACK INDIGENOUS NATIVE INDIAN ARTIFACTS. ON THIS OCCASION HE BROUGHT DAVID AND ME THESE LITTLE HAND MADE KNIVES WITH THEIR OWN SHEAVES. DAVID, BEING 12 AND I SIX BEGAN TO MIMIC THE HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT OF THE COWBOYS AND INDIANS MOVIES WITH A KNIFE IN EACH OF OUR RIGHT HANDS AND OUR LEFT HANDS OPPOSSING. I WATCHED IN HORROR AS I, ON MY BACK IN A RECLINING CHAIR, AS HE TILTED HIS KNIFE AND SLICED OPEN MY HAND. I STILL HAVE THE SCAR AND THAT PRECIOUS LITTLE KNIFE. • WE WERE FASCINATED BUY SLINGSHOTS AND WOULD FREQUENTLY SCOUT OUT A GOOD "Y" SHAPED BRANCH ON THE OAK TREE IN OUR BACK YARD TO MAKE THE SLINGSHOT. I STILL HAVE THAT TOO • AS I PREVIOUSLY MENTIONED, DAVID COULD FIX ANYTHING AND NOT ONLY THAT HE SOMETIMES HAD THE REPAIR PART WITH HIM. ONE HOT SUMMER HE AND HIS FAMILY WERE VISITING AT MY PARENTS HOME IN LAKEVIEW AND THE A/C UNIT FAILED. HE WENT TO HIS CAR, GOT HIS TESTING EQUIPMENT AND DETERMINED IT TO BE A FAILED START UP CAPACITOR. WHERE DOES ONE FIND A START UP CAPACITOR ON A SUNDAY? NOT TO WORRY, DAVID HAD THE PART IN HIS CAR!!! THE A/C UNIT WAS UP AND RUNNING IN NO TIME. • HE WAS MY BASEBALL COACH. DURING THE SUMMERS, ST. DOMINIC CHURCH HOSTED CYO BASEBALL GAMES. I WANTED TO BE THE PITCHER FOR THE NEXT GAME AND MY BROTHER TOOK ME TO THE BACKYARD WHERE WE PRACTICED. WHEN THE GAME BEGAN AND THE PITCHER WAS STRUGGLING, DAVID, THE ASSISTANT COACH TOLD THE HEAD COACH THAT I WAS READY AND THEY PUT ME IN THE GAME. I DON'T REMEMBER THE OUTCOME!!! I HOPE WE WON! • I HAVE MANY MORE MEMORIES BUT TIME IS LIMITED. BUT ONE OF MY FAVORITES DEALS WITH HIS COOKING PROWESS OR LACK THEREOF. HE WAS HOSTING A FAMILY BBQ AND WHEN I ARRIVED, KNOWING HIS PENCHANT FOR SERVING "BURNT" CHICKEN I APPROACHED THE PIT, OPENED THE COVER AND SAW WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN 15 POUNDS OF CHICKEN PARTS ALL PILED UP ON TOP OF EACH OTHER. THERE WAS NO WAY THIS WAS GONNA WORK. KNOWING HE CLAIMED NO PRIDE IN COOKING, I OFFERED MY HELP, HE ACCEPTED AND I REMOVED THE TOP TWO LAYERS OF CHICKEN AND PROCEEDED TO COOK IT IN STAGES. I KNOW HIS CHILDREN HAVE SPECIAL MEMORIES OF DAD'S BBQ SKILLS. MUSIC PLAYED AN IMPORTANT ROLE IN OUR HOUSE. GROWING UP WE WOULD HEAR CLASSICAL SYMPHONIES ON THE STEREO AND THE METROPOLITAN OPERA



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SATURDAY AFTERNOON BROADCASTS. BUT A REAL FAMILY FAVORITE WAS JOHNNY MATHIS. I REMEMBER DAVID, ONE DAY WALKING THROUGH THE HOUSE SINGING "MARIA" FROM WEST SIDE STORY. AS HE APPROACHED THE FINAL HIGH NOTE ON THE WORD "MARIA" OUR MOTHER, AS SHE WAS WANT TO DO UPON HEARING A PARTICULARLY BEAUTIFUL MUSICAL PASSAGE EXCLAIMED, "BEAUTIFUL, SING THAT AGAIN"RECENTLY, WE LOST PAULA ASSAF, MY BROTHER'S BEAUTIFUL BRIDE AND A WONDERFUL MUSICIAN IN HER OWN RIGHT. I LEARNED AT THE FUNERAL THAT ANOTHER JOHNNY MATHIS SONG ENTITLED "GOOD NIGHT DEAR LORD" WAS FREQUENTLY SHARED IN THEIR BEDROOM AS THEY DRIFTED ASLEEP. MY BROTHER SHARED THAT SONG AT HER FUNERAL AND AT THE GRAVESITE FOR PAULA.I WOULD LIKE TO SHARE ANOTHER MATHIS FAVORITE WHICH I SANG AT OUR MOTHER'S FUNERAL "MAY THE GOOD LORD BLESS AND KEEP YOU"

February 1 at 3:26 PM



Christian Kennedy posted:

Your wife is number 1 and she's never wrong. No matter what you say or think she's always right. Treat her with love and she will stick by your side forever. He told me that as a 14 year old and now I'm about to get married at 23. Such a great man and mentor when I'd go see him.

January 26 at 9:14 PM



Paul N6pse shared 2 photos to the **Tribute Wall** album.

I got to know David when he joined our amateur radio team to go to South Sandwich and South Georgia in 2016. . David was super excited and willing to do anything that needed to be done. He was a real gentleman, and well liked by the entire team. I was impressed with David's intellect. He was very bright and he knew how to solve the most difficult of problems. David was a very fine gentleman and I will miss knowing him and having him as a friend.RIP dear friend,Paul Ewing



January 23 at 8:11 PM



Richard Hill posted:

From Eileen HillTo the family of David and Paula:My deepest sympathies to my former across the street neighbors and friends. You touched my life and I will always cherish the time that we spent together. Love to all.Eileen Hill

January 25 at 10:42 AM



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VE

Valerie Englehardt posted:

I have many wonderful memories of David. He was an extraordinarily kind man. He dearly loved his Paula. When he was a lector at Mass, he read the Scripture with such deep expression and emotion that made the Word of God come alive. David ardently believed, loved and lived his Catholic Faith. It was the core and center of his life and inspiring to others. David would be fully present when speaking to another. He would make eye contact and with a penetrating gaze he seemed to look beyond the surface, into the heart of the other. He valued every human being. John and I thank God for the gift of knowing and loving him. Valerie Englehardt

January 23 at 9:23 PM

AN

Angie Notz posted:

I did not have the privilege of meeting David and realize how much fun and wisdom I missed out on! But I have however, made a wonderful friend in his daughter, Megan, who has his wit and wisdom. Her Midwestern friends appreciate her and wish we were there to support this beautiful family. Sincerely, Angie Notz

January 23 at 8:11 PM



Media

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Paul N6pse shared 2 photos to the **Tribute Wall** album.

January 26 at 1:42 PM





Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring David by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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