

On September 17, 2026, David Clyde McCasland finished the final chapter of his earthly life and turned the page to the beginning of his forever story.

Dave was born September 15, 1943, in Oklahoma City to Clyde and Pansy McCasland. He attended Putnam City Schools K-12, earned a BA in Education from Oklahoma State, completed post-graduate study at Multnomah School of the Bible in Oregon and received an MA in Communications from Wheaton College in Illinois.

Luann Waldrop entered Dave's life during his freshman year of college through her friendship with his sister, Martha. Working together at Lost Valley Ranch, attending Multnomah at the same time and teaching in District 11 schools deepened their friendship into a lifelong love. They married in 1969 in Colorado Springs. Their marriage of 57 years has been a true partnership and example of commitment to others.

Dave's many hats were so numerous that it is impossible to include them all. (As he often sang at Lost Valley, "I've got a hat. You've got a hat. We've all got a hat, it's true.") He was: a teacher, speaker, leader, researcher, writer, producer. A cowboy, maintenance man, Army veteran, comedian, musician. A mentor, shepherd, prayer partner, friend. A husband, father, grandfather, brother, uncle. He wore all these hats with integrity – Dave was who he was, through and through. Whether looking at you with that twinkle in his eye while cracking himself up sharing a corny joke, or throwing an arm around your shoulder to listen and offer a prayer, his guiding motivation was to draw you into the love and joy that overflowed from his love for Jesus.

That love poured out to anyone who entered his circle. If you called, came by the house, or stopped on the sidewalk to chat, Dave had time to listen, encourage, and pray. Dave's influence will long be felt in the ongoing ministries of Lost Valley Ranch, First Presbyterian Church, Our Daily Bread, and the Oswald Chambers Council.

Most of all, his love will live in the hearts of his family who carry on his wisdom, humor, and sense of fun and adventure. With joy, he will reunite in Heaven with his sisters, Mary Ann Janss and Martha Hamilton, and his brother-in-law, Jim Hamilton.

Here to cherish his memory are his wife, Luann; daughters Jennifer (Patrick) Watson, Janna (Jeremy) Jones, Becky (Saul) Levine, and Debbie (Mike) Richard; eight grandchildren; his brother-in-law Chuck Janss; and his nieces and nephews.

Dave would say that the time in our lives between the dates of birth and death is represented by a dash. That dash is our story. It is God who created and loves us and gives us the promise of eternal life with Him. He is the author of our story.

In lieu of flowers, a gift to someone in need would be a gift to David.