



Daniel Payne

February 20, 1933 - August 25, 2008

Abbs Valley, VA - Daniel R. Payne, 75 of Abbs Valley, VA died Tuesday August 25, 2008 in a Bastian Nursing Home.?? He died after a long illness.? Daniel was preceded in death by his parents, James and Gladys Lester Payne, his young daughter Tammy, his wife Agnes Shupe Payne at a young age, and his beloved son Jimmy just last November.? He is leaving behind grieving family who loved him: his daughter Crystal Payne of Abbs Valley, VA, his son Keith Payne of King, NC, brothers Tom Payne of Portage, IN, Edd Payne of Gary, IN and Jim Payne of Empire, AL, sisters Karen McMahon of Warrenton, VA, Dixie McCroskey of Lexington, NC, Nancy Bristol of FL and Candace Jenkins of Winchester, VA, plus many other relatives and friends. Funeral Services for Daniel will be conducted on Thursday August 28, 2008 at 2:00 PM from the Mercer Funeral Home Chapel.? Burial will follow at Grandview Memory Gardens Cemetery in Bluefield, VA.? The family will receive friends on Wednesday August 27, 2008?from 6 to 8 PM at Mercer Funeral Home.

Those wishing to share memories or condolence messages with the family may do so by visiting www.MercerFuneralHome.com. Mercer Funeral Home & Crematory of Bluefield is serving the family of Daniel Payne.

Tribute Wall



“ *Daniel Payne*

October 05, 2023 at 06:08 PM

“ Unrecognized Genius

How does one define a real genius? Webster's generic definition is: a person endowed with transcendent mental superiority; especially: a person with a very high IQ . But you hear people define genius in all sorts of ways: 1) a high IQ; 2) book learning or well-read; 3) degrees and higher levels of education; 4) artistic or skilled; or 5) public speaking abilities. Sometimes people will call those who have the gift of gab a genius because they have learned to influence people by their speech, when in many respects they are not only not a genius but are quite the opposite on many levels. Conversely, having a high IQ does not mean that you can speak well in public or that you have had the opportunities to earn degrees. And indeed, in real life, much genius can be overlooked, not understood, even not believed.

Suppose you went deep into the mountains and encountered a huge bear of a man, 6'4", 250 lbs., carrying a gun and several dead animals on a strap across his back. And suppose you tried to talk to this man, and he grunted at you more than he spoke in language, and he seemed shy and backward, and he used profanity and was harsh in his demeanor. If YOU are one of those highly educated and well-spoken people, your natural instinct would likely be to think that this man is somehow inferior, uneducated, even dumb. But suppose you saw a book, a funny, well-written book in his knapsack, and upon closer inspection you realized it was written and illustrated by the mountain man. And what if you found videos of breathtaking scenery and breathtaking music, filmed and edited and put together on a Hollywood production level, and in the credits, ALL the credits, was the mountain man's name?

Upon further inspection you might find a hunting knife with a blade cut out of an old lawn mower blade, now shaped like a Bowie knife and sharpened and polished until it glistened in the sunlight. And the handle of that knife is hand carved out of the most beautiful woods, some inlaid, with a design cut in the center and filled with

ground-up spent cartridge cases from the mountain man's gun.

The old man might have some drawings around: caricatures of his family members or an oil painting of a sail boat with waves crashing around and birds flying overhead that the old man painted when he was just a boy.

And you might find a humorous poem somewhere in the mountain man's or his family's possession, and you would realize that part of the mountain man's genius was his razor-sharp wit, never at a loss for a quick and witty comeback.

What you may not realize, though, is that under this gruff exterior, this harsh and sometimes mean man was a gentle, creative, and wounded soul who loved so deeply he feared it. And some of us believe that all of his artistic outbursts were a result of his strong spiritual side attempting to be seen while he outwardly strove to hide his vulnerabilities from the world. If you are a casual acquaintance of the man lying before us today, Daniel R. Payne, you might not recognize this description of him. But as those of us who knew him best have always known, the man was a genius and was the kind of complex man most of the world will never understand. Very few of us were lucky enough to realize that our love for this man was deeply returned. And we have wondered to ourselves and out loud, if this man had been given the opportunities many famous people have, just how far would he have gone, how many more would have been touched by his genius?

Daniel had a hard life. He is preceded in death by his parents, James and Gladys Payne; his young daughter, Tammy; his wife, Agnes, at a young age; and his beloved son, Jimmy, just last November. He is leaving behind grieving family who loved him: his daughter Crystal; his son Keith; brothers Tom, Edd, and Jim; sisters Dixie, Karen, Nancy, and Candy; plus many other relatives and friends. He has endured a long illness of his own, and it was torturous for all who loved him to watch him fade away, knowing his rugged mountain man lifestyle. But he is at peace today;

Karen (with help from Jim and Candy) - March 07, 2014 at 04:21 PM