



Randy Lee Duckworth

Feb. 28, 1954 - Sept. 4, 2026

Randy Lee Duckworth, 72, a Glen Alpine native and son of Paul and Laura Faye Duckworth, joined his friends and family in Heaven on September 4, 2026, where we can only assume Heaven's version of The Cockpit was already waiting for him, cold beer included.

He leaves behind Sue Pittman, his wife and partner of almost 14 years, his brother, Wayne; lots of aunts, uncles and cousins, his daughter-in-law, Angel and her partner, Stephan of Raleigh and her three boys, Sutton, Quinn and Eli, who affectionately nicknamed him Randolph. He also leaves behind a collection of four legged and feathered family members that suited Randy perfectly: his horse Mac, beloved dog Josey, Dillon the cat and more chickens and roosters than anyone could count.

If you knew Randy, chances are you had a Randy story.

He was everybody's "go to" guy. Chainsaws, lawnmowers, four wheelers, if it was broken or just needed serviced, you brought it to Randy. If something at your house needed fixing, you called Randy. And if absolutely nothing was broken but you wanted to drink a beer, tell a story, watch a ballgame or catch a race, well Randy was your man. Chances are you ended up at The Cockpit, Randy's beloved man cave, where the TV was usually turned to whatever sport happened to be on, the beer was cold and there was always room for one more.

As a boy, Randy loved nothing more than hunting. His dad would drive him to a

chosen spot and Randy with a rifle and backpack would hike through The Gorge, camp overnight and make his way safely home. That love never left him. Over the years, hunting trips with friends took him to Burnsville and The Monroe House, where stories were told and retold, the problems of the world were solved in a matter of days, and if luck was on his side, he came home with deer meat to fill the freezer.

Randy waited 50 years to meet the woman who would become his wife, and apparently decided she was worth the wait. They "got hitched" in 2012 on the beach at Don and Debbie Grigg's home on Lake James. It was exactly the kind of wedding they wanted: friends, music, laughter and a canoe fulla beer. It remains a day many will never forget.

He never met a stranger. A quick trip out could become a social event. You might have seen him recently at his latest favorite restaurant, El Maiz. Randy always stopped and talked because Randy knew people and people knew him.

He was useful when you needed help, entertaining when you needed company and loyal when you needed a friend.

Pancreatic cancer may have taken Randy from us far sooner and faster than anyone was prepared for, but it did not get the final word on his life. His life was so much bigger than the way it ended. It was hunting trips and race cars, broken lawnmowers, chainsaws, lake days, old stories, dogs, horses, roosters, cold beer and ballgames and loving friends who surrounded Sue in those last days, the woman who loved him, built a life beside him and remained beside him all the way home.

To celebrate Randy's life, family and friends will gather at The Cockpit on Sunday, October 11, from 1:00-5:00 pm. We'll do it the way Randy would have wanted, watch whatever sport happens to be on TV, tell the stories that probably get a little better every time they're told, raise a glass, laugh loudly and remember one of the truly Good Ones. Because men like Randy don't really disappear, they live on in the stories we can't tell without laughing, the places that will never quite feel the same without him and in all the people who were lucky enough to call him family or friend. Raise one for Randy, he'd like that

Sossoman Funeral Home and Crematory Center is assisting the family with the arrangements.

arrangements.

Tribute Wall

No tributes added yet.