



Dennis Wayne Barnes

April 7, 1971 - December 7, 2025

It is with deep sorrow that the family of Dennis Barnes announces his passing on December 7, 2025, at the age of 54. Dennis was born on April 7, 1971, in Newport News, Virginia, and spent his life as a loyal, loving, and deeply devoted father, grandfather, son, brother, and friend.

Dennis will be remembered for his kind heart, gentle spirit, and the fierce love he held for those he cared about. He had a quiet strength and a steady presence that brought comfort to many. His warmth, humor, and generosity touched everyone fortunate enough to know him.

He is survived by his daughters, Lorna Barnes (Charles Marshall II) and Kristina Nosay (Peter Nosay); his three beloved grandchildren; his mother Lorraine Husted and step-father Thomas Husted; and his sisters Heather Watson (Danny Watson) and Karen Buchanan (David Buchanan). His family holds close the memories of his unwavering love and the joy he brought into their lives.

Dennis enjoyed cheering for the San Francisco 49ers, watching NASCAR, and collecting Monster Truck and NASCAR memorabilia. These passions brought him happiness and connection with the people he shared them with.

At this time, the family will not be holding a formal service. In honor of

Dennis's life, they kindly request that memorial contributions be made to the 988 Suicide & Crisis Lifeline <https://988lifeline.org/donate/>.

Dennis will be deeply missed, and his memory will forever remain in the hearts of those who loved him.

Tribute Wall

MC

“ *Man I don't know where to begin. We were brothers , that's what we were to each other we were just teenagers 14and 16 for 40 years we have laughed together, fought together, lived together , the memories are 40 years of having a brother doing whatever we wanted when we wanted, we talked everyday while we were working for hours everyday starting at 10am, i miss those daily talks bro everyday it hits me and im waiting on that phone call, so we can talk , I'll miss you more than you'll ever know but I'll see you again bro*

Michael carr - December 13, 2025 at 09:57 AM

RH

“ It’s difficult to narrow it down to one specific memory when all of the memories are good; however, I do have a favorite. Many years ago when my kids were younger I was taking them to Mount Trashmore in VA. Beach for the 4th of July fireworks. On the way there I got a flat tire and had to limp the car to a tire place and ended up replacing all 4 tires. We finally arrived with no money for the day or evening. A friend of mine had come there and bought us some snacks and drinks for a quick fix. We made our way up the hill and partway down grabbing a spot on the lakeside to await the fireworks. I still didn’t know how I was going to wait it out so the kiddos could see the fireworks with nothing to get them food and drinks with. As we settled in I glanced to my right and caught I glimpse of The Dennis Barnes Gang waiting to view the fireworks as well. We made our way over there to say Hi and I told him what had happened and he quickly replied, “Don’t worry about it, hang with us and we’ll take care of you guys!” He responded so quickly that it was apparent it was a natural response that didn’t require him to think. The evening was beyond great and afterwards we made our way to the parking lot to hang out and eat some more great food. We were there for so long that the park was practically empty and the police had come over to tell us we were going to have to leave now. We parted ways after that and went in different directions. God sends all sorts of blessings our way in life in a lot different ways and forms. That day he saw we were in need of a blessing and orchestrated a rendezvous with Dennis Barnes & Gang knowing full well his heart and the fact that he wouldn’t hesitate to help. That day is something I’ll never forget and something I will cherish the rest of my life. R.I.P. nephew, we will hang out again one day and talk about the good times we had. P.S. This is not goodbye; but rather, see you later□



Richard Husted - December 11, 2025 at 08:02 PM

RH

“ It’s difficult to narrow it down to one specific memory when all of the memories are good; however, I do have a favorite. Many years ago when my kids were younger I was taking them to Mount Trashmore in VA. Beach for the 4th of July fireworks. On the way there I got a flat tire and had to limp the car to a tire place and ended up replacing all 4 tires. We finally arrived with no money for the day or evening. A friend of mine had come there and bought us some snacks and drinks for a quick fix. We made our way up the hill and partway down grabbing a spot on the lakeside to await the fireworks. I still didn’t know how I was going to wait it out so the kiddos could see the fireworks with nothing to get them food and drinks with. As we settled in I glanced to my right and caught I glimpse of The Dennis Barnes Gang waiting to view the fireworks as well. We made our way over there to say Hi and I told him what had happened and he quickly replied, “Don’t worry about it, hang with us and we’ll take care of you guys!” He responded so quickly that it was apparent it was a natural response that didn’t require him to think. The evening was beyond great and afterwards we made our way to the parking lot to hang out and eat some more great food. We were there for so long that the park was practically empty and the police had come over to tell us we were going to have to leave now. We parted ways after that and went in different directions. God sends all sorts of blessings our way in life in a lot different ways and forms. That day he saw we were in need of a blessing and orchestrated a rendezvous with Dennis Barnes & Gang knowing full well his heart and the fact that he wouldn’t hesitate to help. That day is something I’ll never forget and something I will cherish the rest of my life. R.I.P. nephew, we will hang out again one day and talk about the good times we had. P.S. This is not goodbye; but rather, see you later□



Richard Husted - December 11, 2025 at 06:36 PM

KN

“ One of my favorite memories of my dad is how he could make even the simplest moments feel special. Whether we were playing board games, joking around with each other, or just sitting together talking about life, he always had a way of making me feel heard and loved. He had such a big heart, and he gave so much of himself to the people he cared about. I'll always remember his laugh, his stubborn strength, and the way he showed up for his family no matter what. I'm going to miss his big bear hugs that felt like they healed your soul. And I'll never forget how he always had a pair of shoes to match every outfit he wore and somehow made it look effortless, even with those neon yellow shoes. I love you, Dad, and I miss you so much.

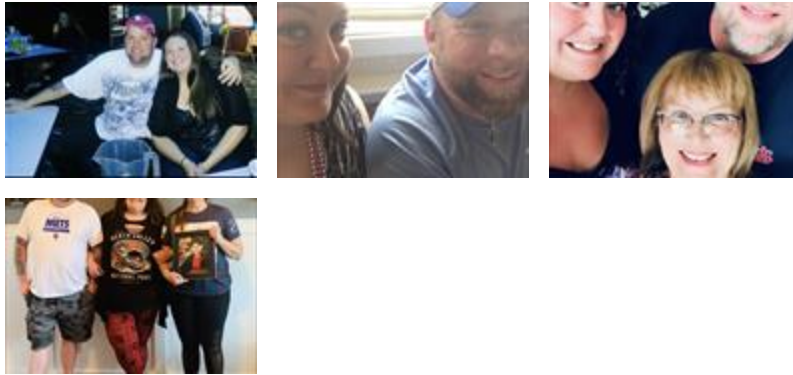


Kristina Nosay - December 11, 2025 at 02:06 PM

HW

“ Bro I’m going to miss you more than you’ll ever know. I love you more than anything, and it’s going to hit me every week when you’re not walking through my door like you always did. You brought so much life with you every time, and I’m going to miss that more than I can even put into words. I know you’re up in paradise now with Robert Lee, probably cracking jokes and causing trouble together. One day I’ll see you again, and you better be waiting for me with that same smile and big bear hug.

And listen—just because you’re up there doesn’t mean I’m giving in to your 49ers. Not happening. Patriots forever, bro. You already know. Love you always!



Heather Watson - December 10, 2025 at 08:06 PM

NA

“ He was always so kind the times I met him. My heart is broken for you all. Please know you are in my thoughts and prayers.
Natalie.

natalie - December 10, 2025 at 12:24 PM

DS

“ Ava always called him grandpa and it man him so happy. He definitely treated her like a princess 👑



Destiney Spiva - December 10, 2025 at 09:55 AM