



Terry Shawn Fry

September 15, 1963 - April 10, 2026

Terry Shawn Fry, 62, of Springdale, Arkansas, passed away on April 10, 2026. He was born on September 15, 1963.

Terry was known to many as the “bug man” through his work as a pest control technician, but to those who loved him, he was so much more. He was a strong presence—never one to say more than needed—but when he did speak, it usually came with wit, sarcasm, and a humor that could catch you off guard. He was self-proclaimed as “The Voice of Reason,” and in his own way, he often was.

Terry, also known as “Pops”, had a deep love for his family. He enjoyed vacations, gatherings, and any opportunity to be surrounded by the people he cared about. Whether he was fishing, watching Razorback football, or simply spending time together, those were the moments he valued most. He had a way of showing love that was uniquely his—if he was giving you a hard time, it usually meant you were someone special to him.

He lived fully, laughed often, and loved every chance he had.

He was preceded in death by his father, Bob Fry; his mother, Joyce (Autry) Fry; and his wife, Rachelle (Scott) Fry.

Terry is survived by his brother, Tony Fry and his wife, Kelli Fry; his sister, Karen Hamilton and her husband, David Hamilton; his daughter, Allison Przytulski; his bonus son, Derek LaMastus; his daughter, Tiffany Kendall and her husband, James Kendall; plus his grandchildren, Ralen Kendall and Avy Kendall, along with many extended family members and friends who will miss him dearly.

A viewing will be held on Friday, April 17, from 5:00–7:00 PM at Sisco Funeral Chapel.

Funeral services will be held on Saturday, April 18, at 2:00 PM at Calvary Free Will Baptist Church in Springdale with Pastor Clark Snow officiating.

Burial will follow on Monday, April 20, at 11:00 AM at Hickory Creek Cemetery.

“May His Memories be a Blessing.”

Online condolences may be left at www.siscofuneral.com

Cemetery Details

Hickory Creek Cemetery

13236 Schoolhouse Dr.
Lowell, AR 72745

Previous Events

Visitation

APR 17. 5:00 PM - 7:00 PM (CT)

Sisco Funeral Chapel
705 West Meadow
Springdale, AR 72764
(479) 751-4577
siscofuneralchapel@gmail.com
<https://www.siscofuneral.com>

Funeral Service

APR 18. 2:00 PM (CT)

Calvary Freewill Baptist Church
1000 N Gutensohn Road
Springdale, AR 72762

Tribute Wall

RG

“ Terry was married to my sister Richelle during the happiest years of her life. I pray they are walking hand in hand in heaven. See yall soon

randa graham - April 29 at 07:37 PM

MB

“ I scheduled for Terry at West Termite,He always made me laugh and the customers loved him.He will always hold a special place in all of our hearts.We love you Terry,you will be greatly missed!!

Marianne Brown - April 17 at 03:18 PM

TF

“ The Webb Family purchased the Beautiful in Blue for the family of Terry Shawn Fry.



The Webb Family - April 17 at 09:54 AM

TF

“ The Webb Family planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Terry Shawn Fry.

The Webb Family - April 17 at 09:54 AM

JM

“ JG & Verna Metscher
Tontitown, AR

JG Metscher - April 14 at 06:10 PM

DF

“ *Destiny Blackwood & Family purchased the Beautiful in Blue for the family of Terry Shawn Fry.*



Destiny Blackwood & Family - April 13 at 08:33 PM

“ I have started and stopped writing this more times than I can count because I don't quite know how to put into words what Terry meant to me. He wasn't just my best friend's dad. He was a huge part of my life.

I grew up without much, and somehow Terry saw this awkward teenage girl — dumb as a box of rocks and making questionable life choices — and he loved me anyway. He treated me like I mattered. Like I belonged. Like I was one of his own. That kind of love changes a person.

When I picture him, I see him sitting quietly while Tiffany and I talked nonstop about absolutely nothing, mixing condiments for 20 minutes before taking a bite of food. The patience that man had was incredible. He let us be ridiculous. He let us grow up. And he loved us right through it.

And I have to say this because it makes me smile — Terry is literally the reason I shave my arms. I will never forget a sunny day at Silver Dollar City when he casually mentioned how unattractive hairy arms are. So here I am, 40 years old with some wrinkles and a little extra weight, but at least I don't have hairy arms. Thanks, Terry. I'll carry that legacy proudly.

One of the greatest gifts he ever gave me was taking me on trips I never would have experienced otherwise. As a poor kid, the Disney trip wasn't just a vacation — it was a dream. I'll never forget flying into Florida and walking into the most disastrous hotel room imaginable: a couch sawed in half, stained mismatched bedding, a broken shower window covered with cardboard, and a phone that wasn't even connected when he tried to call the front desk. We were crying laughing, posing for pictures like we were at a luxury resort. And of course, by the next day, he had us somewhere better. That was Terry. He handled it.

On the way home, I left my entire bag of Disney souvenirs on the

plane. I was panicked and sure I had ruined everything. He had every reason to be frustrated — but he wasn't. He stayed calm. He figured it out. He got my bag back and made our next flight, and he never once made me feel small for making a mistake. That was who he was: steady, capable, kind.

Joe's Crab Shack. Hard Rock Cafe. The T-shirts we collected. Those weren't just meals — they were moments where I felt special. I felt cool. I felt like I had seen the world. He gave me experiences I otherwise never would have had, and he probably never knew how much that meant.

Even as an adult, he never stopped checking on me. He once told me, "You feel like one of my own kids," and "If there's ever anything you need, I will always be here." I will carry those words with me forever.

Terry was woven into my childhood — the laughter, the growing up, the chaos, the lessons. He was fun. He was stability. He could be strict, yes — but the good always outweighed the hard. Always.

There are so many more stories. Road trips. Bad timing bathroom stops. Endless laughter. I could write for hours.

I will always be grateful that he loved me like one of his own. That love shaped me more than he probably ever knew.

Thank you, Terry. For the trips. For the patience. For the steady presence. For making a young girl feel like she belonged.

You will be missed more than words can say.

 *Destiny Blackwood*

Destiny Blackwood - April 13 at 06:04 PM