



Daniel A. Ryan Sr.

July 5, 1952 - October 21, 2025

Daniel A. Ryan, Sr., lovingly known as Dan, of Atlanta, GA, passed away peacefully on Tuesday, October 21, 2025, at the age of 73. Born in Portland, OR, he was the second child of Carole (Fraker) and Thomas J. Ryan.

Dan lived a life full of passion, humor, and heart. He was a man of many interests — road trips with no set destination, candle making, college football (Roll Tide!), grilling and smoking meats, crafting the perfect chili, and building bonfires that became legendary among friends and family. He adored his dog Layla, and cherished every moment spent with his children and grandchildren. Holidays held a special place in his heart, especially the Fourth of July, Halloween, and Christmas, which he celebrated with unmatched enthusiasm.

Beyond his immediate family, Dan cultivated a chosen family—a close-knit circle of friends who stood by him for over 36 years. They were his brothers and sisters in spirit, offering unwavering support, laughter, and love. Beneath his rugged exterior was a kind and generous man, known for his fierce loyalty, warmth, and quiet (sometimes not so quiet) strength.

Dan is survived by his sons, Daniel Ryan, Jr. and his wife, Shara, of Buford, GA, and Thomas Ryan-Lawrence and his husband, Chris, of Atlanta, GA,; his former wife and mother of his children, Ann Rinehart of Atlanta, GA,; his siblings, Kathy King of Denver, CO, Rusty Ryan of Chicago, IL, and Polly Gray

of Chicago, IL,; his nieces, Tonya Sing, Laura Sandford, Sandy Walter, and Alissa Lewis-Cullen; his nephew, Sean Cullen; and his beloved grandchildren, Noah Ryan-Lawrence, Aidan Ryan, and Liam Ryan.

After a successful career in sales and executive leadership, Dan spent nearly two decades running his own small business. He later moved to Albuquerque, NM, where he lived for almost ten years before returning to Atlanta in 2021 to be closer to his family — a chapter that brought him profound joy and happiness.

While Dan's family deeply mourns his passing, they find comfort in knowing he is at rest. A Celebration of Life will be held on November 15, 2025, at 5:00pm at Ecco Midtown, 40 7th Street NE Atlanta, GA 30308, where all who knew and loved Dan are welcome to gather and honor his memory.

In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to: NABA Club 1809 Briarwood Road NE Atlanta, GA 30329 or online at <https://nabaclub.org/donate/>

May his memory forever burn as brightly as one of his bonfires.

Previous Events

Celebration Of Life

NOV 15. 5:00 PM (ET)

Ecco Midtown
40 7th Street NE Atlanta, GA 30308
Atlanta, GA 30329

Tribute Wall



“ *Jennie M. planted a [Memorial Tree](/store/Product.aspx?ProductId=4518) in honor of Daniel A. Ryan Sr..*

Jennie M. - November 14, 2025 at 06:47 PM

TR

“ *Being the first at something is always difficult, so I'll take the punch.*

There are so many memories to share, I don't even know where to start. I remember one time, when I was young, my brother and I did something wrong...I have no idea what it was at this point. But it's when my Dad lived off Betsy Court. He made us sand the front porch. No reason...he wasn't planning on repainting it. Just thought we needed some manual labor as a punishment. So, no power sander...just our hands and some sand paper. That's the kind of Dad he was. Strict, and loving.

Then, MANY years later, he was at my house for a random Saturday get together. His oldest grandson, Noah, had some friends over and they were playing outside. For some reason we will never understand, they thought it would be funny to take the dog's poop and smear it all over the house. I mean all over...the siding, the door, the windows.

The adults all stood in the kitchen with "WTF faces" and I remember my Dad looking at me and saying, "I'll take care of it, son. Where you're bucket and soap?"

We showed him and next thing you knew, all three (or four) boys were out there scrubbing the side of the house. Taking accountability and responsibility for what they had done...and "ewwwwwwing" all the way.

Dad just stood there and watched them. Told them to stop complaining and get the job done. Once it was, he just came back in, sat down, and said "It's taken care of. I don't think they'll be doing that again anytime soon." And we continued to enjoy the afternoon.

I think this lesson probably came his from his father, Thomas J. Ryan. I remember Dad telling a story of when him and some friends egged a neighbors house...I think Dad was in high school. When his dad found out, he made my dad go over with a broom and scrub the

roof.

I miss you already, Dad. And I know you're always with me.

Love you.

Thomas

Thomas Ryan-Lawrence - October 27, 2025 at 10:07 AM