DAN KARCHER CONSTRUCTION

Swing for the Cure 2025



DKC proudly supported Swing for the Cure 2025 as a gold sponsor. Patricia and her fiancé, Zach, represented DKC by attending and participating in the tournament. They enjoyed the day's activities on the course and the subsequent dinner, which also provided a welcome opportunity to connect with some of our valued clients.

Swing for the Cure is a golf tournament to raise funds for breast cancer research with Morton Plant Mease Health Care Foundation.

Get to Know Us



Quarterly Question: Where were you born and raised, and what's your favorite memory/place in that area?

Miriah: "I was born at Morton Plant Hospital in Clearwater. I was raised in Largo. My favorite memory so far is meeting my husband here and raising our family close to my parents. I am blessed to live close to my favorite people 😊."

Dan: "I was born in Detroit Michigan. In 1953 my Mom and Dad bought a 30' air stream travel trailer and decided to move to St. Pete Fl. My brother Rod was 4 I was 3 and my sister Lauren was 1 year old. We ended up at Pirates Cove Travel Trailer Park on the west end of gandy bridge. We were parked just 40 feet off the seawall looking east at Tampa Bay. When I was 4 ½ years old Rod and I were walking on that seawall, I fell off into the water (Rod may have pushed me) We were always told there were sharks in the water and that we were not to swim there only at the beach area. I had a small inflated inner tube on at the time I fell in. We had to wear that when ever we were fishing near the seawall. As soon as I hit the water I was scrambling for all I was worth trying to paddle back to that seawall!! Well I don't remember if Rod was hollering " SHARK " or just hollering for Mom but I knew there was a huge shark right behind me that wanted to eat me. Once I got back to the seawall I tried crawling up the seawall all 4 ½ years of my life was flashing before my eyes! As you know those seawalls are covered with very sharp barnacles. I ripped my

kneecaps to shreds trying to crawl up that seawall. I still have those scars on my knees after 70 yrs. I was probably in the water less than 20 seconds as my Mom was never far away from us. That trailer park on Tampa Bay was a pristine Paradise on the water and is still one of my favorite memories. Except for the shark!"

Jill: "Although I consider myself a true Floridian, the truth is I was actually born in Ft. Benning, Georgia, a Georgia Peach. My mother and sister lived in Florida while she was pregnant with me, but my dad was stationed in Georgia. When it was time for me to be born we went to Georgia. I was born at the Army hospital and then three weeks later we returned to Florida where we have all been ever since. My fondest memories are of spending countless days with my friends at the beach and mall. Also, playing games like capture the flag, hide and seek and building forts with the neighbor kids, anything that kept us outdoors!"

Kendall: "I was born in Hudson, New York. I lived there until I was 13 Years old. Some of my favorite memories was growing up on a small farm and taking care of animals. I was also in 4h and would often participate at fairs, showing animals and riding horses."

Stephanie: "I was born and raised in Stanardsville, Virginia. Most of my favorite memories of the area are with my Dad, which is what makes them favorites. The place that sticks out the most is Luray Caverns where I learned all about stalagmites and stalactites!"

Steven: "I was born and raised in St. Petersburg, FL. Most of my memories are here, but I'll say that my favorite memory is my first date with Solange at the St. Pete Pier! It was so hot I almost passed out. I'm happy that didn't scare her off!"

Patricia: "I was born and raised in Manta Ecuador, a beautiful paradise in the beach. My favorite memory will always be having dinner with my family at our house down there, (before we all went to college and parted ways), having dinner and dessert after, while we listened to our elders talk about their stories, will always be my favorite memory. Its a very strict rule for us to have dinner together every single night and enjoy each other's company."

History With Dan

The Ballad of the Barge and the Beach House



Picture this: Manasota Key Boulevard, not the smooth ribbon of asphalt you might know today, but a winding path of crushed shells, barely more than a glorified beach track. It was a time when the Key felt wilder, more secluded. And it was down this very road that Dan and Rod Karcher received a call – a client wanted his dream home built right on the sand, facing the Gulf. Never ones to back down from a challenge, the Karcher brothers eagerly accepted.

Building on the beach always has its quirks, but Dan and Rod soon sniffed out a bigger problem than shifting sands or salty air. Getting materials down that rugged shell road was going to be tough. The real headache? The roof trusses – massive, awkward, and absolutely essential.



With characteristic foresight, Dan and Rod invited the truss company down for a reconnaissance mission. "Take a look," they urged, gesturing down the shell path. "Can your big rigs handle this?" The truss guys took one slow, bumpy ride, exchanged worried glances, and delivered the verdict: No chance. The road was too narrow, too soft, too untamed for their heavy delivery trucks. The trusses weren't getting through that way.

Now, here’s a crucial detail, the kind that turns an impossible situation into a puzzle waiting to be solved. The client didn't just own the beachfront lot. His property stretched *across* Manasota Key Boulevard, all the way to the calm waters of the Intracoastal Waterway. In those days, the Boulevard wasn't even a public road there; it was a private track that literally cut through the client's singular, large parcel of land. This quirky bit of geography would prove to be their saving grace.

When the truss company confirmed the land route was a bust, heads were scratched. Then, an idea sparked, likely born from salty sea dog tales and coastal ingenuity. It wasn't entirely original – others had faced similar challenges – but it was a first for Dan and Rod. The road was blocked, but what about the water?



And so began the great truss migration. The trusses were loaded onto the delivery truck as usual. But instead of continuing towards the beach, the truck rumbled down to the boat docks. There, a waiting crane reached down, carefully lifting the heavy wooden skeletons off the truck and swinging them onto a waiting barge.

Like a peculiar parade float, the barge chugged along the Intracoastal Waterway, carrying its unlikely cargo past mangroves and docks, until it reached the other side of the construction site. Another crane lay in wait there. It plucked the trusses from the barge, swung them across the property, depositing them as close to the rising house as possible. A little shuffle by the crane, and the framers had their materials, delivered not by road, but by sea.

Thankfully, that watery detour was the biggest hurdle. The rest of the materials made it down the shell road, perhaps with a bit of jostling, but without needing a barge. The house rose steadily, settling into the dunes beautifully. It was another Karcher Brothers success story, built not just with wood and nails, but with a healthy dose of problem-solving and the willingness to take the scenic route – even if that route involved a barge.

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