

Charlene said that Ferrell wanted his service to be uplifting and that is what it is going to be. Ferrell had many friends with many memories but unfortunately there isn't enough time to share all the stories. But don't worry Ferrell, we will share more when we conclude today. We might even interject some of the uncensored versions.

We were a Band of Brothers. Jim Rawlins, Wayne Snow, Robert Williams, Tony Fair, and Ron Polonic were kind enough to share some of their memories & of course I will throw in some of my own tidbits.

We were all either neighborhood, high school, college, or fraternity brothers who became lifelong friends. Tuffy was the first to befriend Ferrell when they lived on Radio Drive. He remembers all of the ball games whether it were football, basketball, or baseball. He especially remembers the cot throat whistle ball games we played in Tuffy's backyard. He also remembers his Dad mounting a light in his backyard so that he + Ferrell could shoot hoops at night.

Tuffy + Wayne both remember going with Ferrell to see the Macon Peaches play when Pete Rose played for Macon. Wayne also vividly remembers Ferrell's mother letting Ferrell miss school so that he could attend opening day. Wayne thought Dee was the coolest Mom ever. ✓

Tuffy remembers going on many a hunting trip with Ferrell. They were both excellent hunters but on one particular day they didn't have much luck. When Ferrell was asked how many birds they had killed, Ferrell said "None but we were able to scare the crap out of a bunch of them."

Ferrell was a good athlete and Wayne remembers the year the two of them helped Cherokee Heights win the city softball championship. It just so happened that Ferrell, Wayne, + Jerry Johnson were in a virtual tie for the batting title going into the last game. Wayne didn't play as he had to go to Atlanta for his preinduction physical for the Navy. Ferrell went 2-4 + Jerry went 3-4 to nose Ferrell

out by percentage points.

Robert + Ferrell bonded when they roomed together at Georgia Southern. They later became the founding fathers of our fraternity when they petitioned national. Robert has many fond memories with Ferrell whether it be going to the Braves games together, or the harrowing ride they shared in the back of Roy Fowler's triumph. The things that Robert enjoyed the most though, were the long deep philosophical discussions that he, Ferrell + Sonny Massey would have late into the evening.

Tony + Ferrell were soulmates. They shared many good times and a few bad times together but that was what friends do. There was never any doubt about their love and support for each other. There weren't many Saturdays in the fall that you couldn't find them seated together at Georgia Southern football games. Tony always knew that Ferrell was special, but he shared a memory that struck a chord with Tony. Tony's daddy Willie Fair was a man of few words but when he spoke you needed to listen.

Tony got a call from Ferrell one day and Ferrell said "If you have been wondering where your Daddy has been, he has been in my office for the last two hours talking."

Willie had not developed a father/son relationship but they had developed a True friendship.

Ron shared a couple of things about Ferrell that most of us didn't know. Ferrell was a Man's Man's but Ron said he was definitely in touch with his feminine side & he gave two examples to illustrate it.

The first was, Ferrell served as Barbara's Maid of Honor when Ron and Barbara got married.

The second was when Ferrell won a Womenless Beauty Contest at Riverside Country Club. On this occasion, Ferrell came prancing out with a wig, a long floral print dress, a fully enhanced body, & his cigarette & 5 o'clock shadow. Pushing a grocery cart like a homeless person. About halfway across the stage, he took a moment to pause so that he could get in a good scratch.

Another memory that Row shared was their vacations to the beach together. Ferrell had a morning ritual. He would put his cigarettes in a baggy, pack his cooler and head to the beach. He would take his beach chair to the edge of the water, put a cool wet towel around his neck, light a cigarette + open a Miller Lite. As the tide gradually came in, Ferrell would try to stay in his chair as long as possible. As waves began to roll in, he would try to time the waves perfectly ~~so that~~ he would throw his hands up at just the right time so as to keep his beer + cigarette from getting wet. They would both die laughing while this went on. They ~~had~~ decided to name this exercise the Caribbean Wave. Since Ferrell wasn't able to go to the beach this year, I want you to join me in one last Caribbean Wave for Ferrell.

And last but not least there was Big Jim McBrayer. I was not always known as Jimmy or Jim McBrayer thanks to my good friend Ferrell. When we were in high school, he decided I needed a nickname so he started calling me Jack Ass. I am sure that he chose that name because this was an animal of great strength + stunning looks. Later when we went to college, he decided I needed a more sophisticated name so he called me Mule. Again I am sure it was because of my strength + <sup>stunning</sup> looks. There are Fraternity Brothers who to this day don't know my real name. I would like to take this time to formally introduce myself to my fraternity brothers. I Am Jim McBrayer / but you can call me Mule.

Ferrell was always the best looking of the bunch + had a way with the women. He was a chick magnet. We all loved Ferrell, but we had ulterior motives, too. We were hoping that if we hung around him we might get lucky + pick up

Some of his rejects.

Ferrell was quite the swager in his early days. I remember him winning two talent contests at CHUM. One time for singing the Righteous Brothers' 'Unchained Melody' and another for doing an impersonation of Elvis. He had the "Thank you, Thank you very much down to a T."

Ferrell was a hunter and I wasn't. I decided to tag along and watch him shoot doves one day. Since I didn't have anything else to do, I decided to be his retriever. He was a great shot & had killed about 40 to 50 birds when we saw a pickup truck come across the farm we were at. He told me to go hide the birds. As it turned out it was a false alarm. It was a buddy of Ferrell's. After the guy left, Ferrell told me I could go get the birds. He had told me to hide them. I didn't know that I was going to have to find them. We never did find those birds. We laughed & laughed.

The Avett Brothers have a song called "The Perfect Space" with lyrics that go like this

"I wanna have friends that I can trust, that love me for the man I've become not the man that I was."

Ferrell loved me for who I am. Politically, Ferrell and I were polar opposites. He was a bleeding heart liberal Democrat + I am

conservative Republican. He might not agree with me but he would always listen. I must admit though, sometimes I would say something + he would give the look with those steely eyes of his and he didn't have to say a word. You knew what he was thinking.

Lastly Ferrell was a Sigma Nu for life. It would like the brothers in attendance to recite with me the Sigma Nu Creed

To believe in the life of Lore  
To walk in the way of Honor  
To serve in the light of Truth  
This is the life, the way, + the light of EN  
This is the Creed of our Fraternity



Ferrell lived a life of love.  
He loved his family, + friends, but  
most of all he loved Charlene. She  
Completed who he was.

He lived a life of honor + he  
lived a life of truth.

He modeled the beliefs of our  
Fraternity.

Ferrell, we love you, we will miss  
you but we will never forget you.

We will have a toast in your honor,  
soon. We will make it a Miller Lite  
of course.