

I request that the following be read at my funeral. I will leave it up to my wife, my children, and my wife's children to decide who reads it, and all can participate who wish. I also give them complete editorial judgment to change, modify, edit, or correct in any way they see fit. However, I would respectfully request that as few changes as possible be made.

My name is:
Andrew Ewing, Jr.

I am speaking to you today from beyond the grave, as it were. Though I've attended numerous funerals, I cannot remember one at which this has been done, but since basically there is nothing new under the sun I feel sure it has happened before, and I hope you will indulge me because there are some things I wish to say to you today.

I shall start first and foremost by saying that I'm urging you very strongly not to mourn my death today but to celebrate the life that I had. For it was indeed a joyful, wonderful life, and a full life. I would like to start by telling you a little story. Jody had a lady who worked for her, whom we called Miss Pearl. Miss Pearl was a very wise person, and one day, sometime after Jody and I were married, Jody commented to her that I was out doing things and wondered aloud why I was involved in so many activities. Miss Pearl looked at her and said, "Miss Joanne, that man, he just looooooves life." I'll gladly take that as an epitaph on my tombstone. Miss Pearl was very perceptive because I did love life, and I was fortunate enough to have many memorable experiences in that life.

Some of you may not have been aware of all the things I did in my life to make it such a wonderful life, and so I hope you will allow me to share some things with you so that you may better understand. I have divided them into different categories, and without trying to prioritize I've just listed them in alphabetical order.

1. ADVENTURE. I was never afraid to take an adventuresome trip, believing that one needed to enjoy life to the fullest. I particularly remember helicopter rides into the Grand Canyon, onto an Alaskan glacier and around the mountains of Hawaii. They sure beat the heck out of the helicopter ride from the Sewanee Hospital to Vanderbilt Hospital and were a lot cheaper as well. A few years back, I had the opportunity to take the controls of a WWII training air craft and do loops and rolls—something I had always wanted to do—and it was my first aerobatic flight. Later, I flew a glider or (sail plane) around the peak of Mt. Washington in New Hampshire. And then, of course there were white water rafting trips too numerous to mention. The most memorable were the Gauley in West Virginia and the Chatooga in Georgia where the movie "Deliverance" was filmed. And last but not least was the hot-air balloon ride Jody and I took in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

2. CAREERS. It is somewhat unusual that I had three very different careers; but each was rewarding and enjoyable. First, electrical engineering; second, the

automobile business; and third and the longest of all, the Investment Business. I have especially enjoyed my association with Wiley Bros.–Aintree Capital for the last eleven years. This group has been such a meaningful one to me, in part due to the atmosphere and even more the honor and integrity of the management as well as the rest of the group with whom I worked.

3. CARS AND RACING. You knew this would be in here, didn't you? I confess that I like speed, and in that regard I would even confess to doing one hundred and fifty one time on the Interstate. It was actually the thrill of having a car on the edge of control, not just the speed, which gave me satisfaction. I was fortunate enough to be able to race a number of times in Sports Car Club of America road races with a modicum of success, and I always looked forward to doing it. In later years, I didn't do any actual racing but did compete in my Mazda Miata in various Miata events across the country, in time trials on race tracks, just to keep my hand in. Of course, as most of you know, I did almost all of the maintenance work on my own cars, which was sort of my therapy. To sum it up, I have a poster in my garage—which happens to be a Valvolene Oil Company poster—that says simply: “You're born, you die, and in between you work on cars. We should all be so lucky.” Most of you thought I'd probably die in an automobile crash or of a heart attack from the cheese and red meat I ate. Seems we were all fooled.

4. FLYING. Some of you may not know that at one time I had half interest in a Cessna and flew over 300 hours. To me the challenge of flying, navigation, and the weather was what it was all about. I loved flying and hated to give it up. For that reason, I have chosen a poem called “High Flight,” also known as “The Airman's Prayer,” to be spoken at this occasion. I remember my first night flight in CAVU, that's airman's speak for “clear and visibility unlimited.” You could see the lights on the ground for 50 miles ahead, and you could see all the stars in the heavens above. It was an unforgettable experience, which I will cherish always.

5. PARTICIPANT SPORTS/ACTIVITIES. Participant sports were primarily golf and tennis. Almost to the very end I played tennis twice a week and golf once a week with my dear, good buddies in my tennis and golf groups. The golf wasn't that great, but the comradeship was wonderful, and I will miss all of you greatly. In this category, I must mention the 79 I shot at McCabe on November 17, 1999. Yes, it was McCabe but it was still a 79, by golly, the only time I broke 80, and we have the score card framed. Duplicate Bridge was another enjoyable activity. My goal was to become a Life Master, though I only got halfway there. I guess we cannot reach all our goals.

6. SPECTATOR SPORTS. I confess freely to being a sports fanatic. My favorite sports were college football, college basketball, and pro football in that order. I attended so many Vandy football and basketball games, I cannot begin to count them. At one time, I could lay claim to being the only person to personally attend all three Vandy bowl games and all their NCAA basketball games. Since then, I have missed some basketball games, but I still believe I hold the record for most games attended. I

always liked to watch sports on TV. Perhaps, the best days of the year were the first and second days of the NCAA Basketball Tournament. When the field was cut from 64 to 32 teams, I could sit down on Thursdays and Fridays and watch sixteen games each day. With a satellite dish and split-screen TV, you couldn't watch every single minute of every game, but you could watch a lot, and I savored it, and looked forward to it. I was fortunate enough to attend seven NCAA Final Fours, one Super Bowl, the Olympics, and even one day at a practice round at Augusta National at the Masters. Many of these have been goals of mine over the years, and I was able to fulfill them. Perhaps best of all were the approximately twenty SEC Basketball Tournament trips that I made with our SEC group. Always fun and memorable times.

7. TRAVEL. In recent years, Jody and I were fortunate enough to be able to travel many places around the world. We did twelve different ocean or river cruises plus other driving and bus trips to Europe. Each memorable in its own way. From Tahiti to Turkey. From Stockholm to Siena, and many places in between. If anyone has about 100 hours, we have the slides to prove it. Hopefully, my family and our friends will view them again sometimes, maybe for future trips. I particularly remember the challenge of finding our hotels in some of those cities. Thanks, Seawell and Marcy: we could not have done it without you. Next on our list were China, Australia, and New Zealand, but I guess that will have to wait.

8. MUSIC. During my college days, I became enamoured with music, particularly classical music and Opera. In the musical and theater category, my highlights include seeing Renata Tabaldi in her debut in *Aida*, at the Metropolitan, and seeing Maria Callas in *Norma*, also at the Metropolitan. And in later years, the Passion Play in Oberammergau, in Germany. All were especially memorable.

9. OTHER. Special Memories include my 50th Parmer Grade School Reunion and my Montgomery Bell Academy 50th Reunion, where 29 of 31 living members of the class of 1952 attended. Guess I didn't quite make the Vandy 50th. Also, my 70th birthday party was a very special occasion. In reviewing many of these experiences, I am sure I have forgotten events that should have been included. In any case, I've thought about listing favorites, and that is difficult to do. It is hard to put a ranking on them. Regardless, the top of my list would be sitting on the side porch in Monteagle at night with Jody, listening to all the tree frogs and the other sounds of nature. Other special ones would include the beautiful sunsets and snorkeling in Bora Bora, that first CAVU night flight, the Opera Gala that we went to in St. Petersburg, Russia, and the incredible view from Lykabettus Hill on our first day in Athens. And, oh, did I mention sitting on the side porch with Jody in Monteagle at night listening to the tree frogs?

So, I tell you these things so you can see, that I did indeed have a good, full and wonderful life, and I ask you to remember it that way and celebrate it with joy.

And now it is time to say goodbye. First, to my loving family: I shall do so by generations, so I shall start with my parents. I would be remiss if I did not start with them because whatever person I became was largely due to the loving and accepting

way I was reared. My parents sacrificed to give me a college education in Electrical Engineering; yet, seven years out of college, when I was contemplating making a major career change, their reaction was, "Do whatever you want to do and what you think is best; we support you." How many parents would do that? Not many I suspect.

The next generation includes my loving and adoring wife, Jody, and my only sibling, Elizabeth, my sister. Though Jody and I have seen some rough times, it has been a wonderful thirty years, and I shall miss her greatly. These past few months have been especially hard and she has been my Rock of Gibraltar. I am so proud of her strength, courage, and support during this difficult time. I couldn't have done it without you, Jody, and I cannot begin to tell you how much I love you and look forward to seeing you in heaven. Now, she will need the support of all of you, which I know you will give her.

My sister, Elizabeth has been of inestimable help in researching melanoma and guiding me in my care and treatment. I appreciate all her help, support and care.

The next generation would be my children, Kent, Andrew, Christie, and Ann and my wife's children and my blood cousins, Elizabeth and Billy. I am so proud of all of them and the fine adults they have become. I can truly say, though I may be a little prejudiced, that they are all outstanding in their own right. For my children, I gladly share credit with their mother. As for Elizabeth and Billy, though their mother and father deserve most of the credit, I would like to think that I have had a positive influence on their lives. I say goodbye to all of you with much love and affection.

The last—but certainly not the least—generation, would be my grandchildren, Robert, William, and Andrew Ballow and Catherine and Sara Ewing. I shall miss you all greatly, and I am so sorry I didn't get to see all of you grow into adulthood. Continue on that straight and narrow path, and honor your father and mother. Remember, I'll be watching.

And in closing I say goodbye to all my dear friends. I could not begin to name all of you, but you know who you are. Whether old friends from childhood, newer friends from Vandy tailgates, or my co-workers. I cherish our friendships and shall miss you all.

To all my friends and family, I pray God will bless us all.

One last request. When we would be in Church and Beethoven's hymn "Song of Joy" was sung, Jody would look up at me with those big green eyes and smile because I was always singing the hymn, my favorite, much louder than normal. I ask at this point that "Song of Joy" be sung, and I ask you to sing it with "gusto," loudly, the way I sang it. Remember, I am listening.