

## UNCLE BILL'S EULOGY

Judge William Judson Holloway, Jr. We all know what the word "Judge" means in the official capacity. "Your Honor." Respect. Justice. Arbitrator. Magistrate. But what does "Judge" mean in the context of friends and family?

Sure it could mean a couple of those, but in the case of the man we knew as "Uncle Bill," I think it means . . .

Generous. Funny. Opinionated.  
Workaholic. Kind. Mischievous.  
Joyous. Smiling.

. . . or maybe just simply,  
*Amazing.*

This man single-handedly (and by "single-handedly," I mean with his partner-in-crime, Helen Holloway) kept this family together through countless hardships and triumphs. His presence alone would give you the courage to get through whatever craziness your life was going through and leave you with a grin you couldn't get rid of. The guy never quit and wouldn't let you quit either.

While coming up with this attempt to put at least some of his life into words, the memory of what my mother would start to chant when he walked into the room came to mind. She would quote Flip Wilson, saying, "Here comes the Judge, Here comes the Judge . . ." This would always bring a smile to his face. But then again, that wasn't that hard, was it?

I tell you what WAS hard—trying to buy this man dinner. My cousin, Bill Hoehn, and Uncle Bill had a competition in this regard that would rival Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis in *The Great Race*. First, it started out simply by arguing over the check, in a tug-of-war fashion, at the dinner table. Then it escalated to either of them trying to get to the restaurant first, to coach the potential waiter to not give the bill to the

other one. In the end, the victory would finally go to Uncle Bill, who would call the restaurant two hours ahead of arrival to speak to the manager and demand that the check come to him only—possibly by sleight of hand while “going to the men’s room.” Remember me mentioning the word “mischievous” earlier?

I also mentioned the word, “Amazing.” Bill Holloway could meet a *friend* of yours, find out some fact about him or her that he admired, and then continue to ask you about that friend and the specific tidbit he remembered . . . three years later. The man had a mind like a steel trap. You probably hear that phrase thrown around about anyone. In the case of Uncle Bill, the phrase is defined. At his 90th birthday celebration, he was spouting names and locations of his friends in college. I just sat there in awe, watching my Uncle remember information from 70 years ago, all the while trying to remember if I really shut the garage door back home.

When my family would come to the City to see the Holloways, it wouldn’t be unusual to see him with a pile of notepads, folders, and work next to him on the weekend. Of course, you would know it was the weekend because all of this was also next to a modest amount of scotch on ice. I can’t imagine a better way to work on the weekend either. But when the family—ANY family—arrived, it was all put on hold for handshakes and hugs. Through the years of both sides of his family growing, he absolutely loved seeing new additions arrive, heralded accomplishments of graduations and achievements, and even officiated in the family wedding of Betsy and Graham. Family meant everything to this man. And you were his absolute “favorite” when he was speaking to you. Even when you *knew* his *favorites* were his beautiful wife, Helen; his children, Bill, Gentry, Martha; and his wonderful grandchildren, Jack and Josh.

This family has been the biggest blessing to me, next to my incredible wife. And now I am missing the biggest part of that blessing. It is a huge hole that everyone here, I am sure, is also feeling. A man, larger than life, that would always be there for you, whether or not you were family. The lucky part for me is that I didn’t have to get past security to see him. All I had to do was walk through the door and see that smile.

We will miss you, Uncle Bill.

Rest peacefully.

Zach Hornbaker