



FARRAR FAMILY NEWSLETTER

Official publication of the Farrar Family Reunion, Inc.

www.farrarinc.com

OCTOBER 2006 ISSUE



A Message from the Editor

This has been the most difficult Newsletter I've had to put together during my relatively brief tenure as Editor. Since the April edition, we said goodbye to a couple of our closest kin — Bill Farrar, Sr., and Craig Dunbar. Balancing the pain of that loss against the upcoming season of celebration and thanksgiving has been a trying task. Thus, I've decided to do what Bill and Craig would have wanted us to do — celebrate their lives and the times we shared together, welcome some new cousins to our extended family, and ensure that we continue to value each other and the heritage we all share.

I have to pass along thanks to JV Farrar and Jackie Coppage, both of whom contributed a quantity of material for this edition. But the **Grand Contributor Award** for this issue goes to Carol Rogers, for her stirring description of Craig's memorial service (p. 6), and for the pictures of her trip to Alaska (in the Photo Gallery). Of course, the Grand Contributor Award doesn't come with a plaque or trophy ... and certainly not with any type of cash prize whatsoever. As you'll see in the Photo Gallery, it doesn't even guar-

antee immunity from lampooning!

Some folks who promised to send me material for this issue lived up to their promises, as you'll see in the following pages. Some did not (um ... Barb and Aspen, didn't you two conspire to take a picture of a certain someone's rear-end that was supposed to be published in retaliation for another certain someone's rear-end that somehow showed up in the last issue?). As always, I beg you to send your news, stories, pictures, and other items so I can publish a Newsletter that truly is all-inclusive and enjoyable.

One last bit of front-page news: our plans for a Rendezvous at Farrar Island in 2007 have been cancelled, but our plans for the blow-out 30th Annual Farrar Family Reunion in Arkansas are still going ahead full-bore (p. 10). Plan now to be there then!

Best wishes to kith and kin,

Your occasionally witty (okay, half-witted) humble (even if I do say so myself) and loyal (depending on your definition of the word) Editor
October 26, 2006

Eight of the O-10 at the funeral of their brother, William H. Farrar, Sr.

From left to right:

Marlene (Farrar) Bayes

Jean (Farrar) Hite

Gerry (Farrar) Weaver

Tom Farrar, Sr.

Dick Farrar, Sr.

Bob Farrar

Barb (Farrar) Williams

Carol (Farrar) Rogers

Betty Farrar, Bill's wife, sits in front of the memorial picture displayed by Tom and Bob (May 2006).



Family News & Notes (2)

Remembering Bill (3, 4)

Tribute to Craig (5, 6)

Photo Gallery (7 - 9)

The Exciting Back Page (10)

Sincere apologies to those who failed to get one or both of the past couple of Newsletters. We learned that stapled or tab-taped copies don't work well. Some of the address pages were returned (sans contents) and I mailed replacements to those people, but I'm sure some were still missed. From now on we're sticking to envelopes!

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Family news and notes from home and abroad...

Greetings to “new” cousins...

Gayla Brookman of Virginia has let herself be known to the Farrar clan. Can you find her lineage on the family tree? Hint: her 10th-Great-Grandmother is Pocahontas! Make her and her family feel welcome - you can e-mail her at: gaylabrookman@adelphia.net or write to her at 107 West Duck Street, Front Royal, VA 22630.

And another warm welcome to Carolyn “Kay” (Hughes) Williams who wedded our cousin Bart Williams, son of Barbara (Farrar) Williams on September 16, 2006. Regular attendees of our annual Reunion will know that Kay’s son, Keith, has been a constant companion of his grandmother Barb (and a very welcome addition) at recent Reunions.

We are proud to learn that Lt.Col. Mike Farrar and family have returned state-side after an overseas tour. They are now living in Springfield, VA while the colonel attends school.

If you know of any other family members who are serving their country overseas, please send us their information (or bring it to the Reunion). It would be nice to send them letters from loved ones to express our appreciation for their sacrifices and to remind them just who they are protecting here at home.

The Farrar Family Newsletter is a bi-annual publication of The Farrar Family Reunion, Inc., a non-profit organization founded by the descendants of Joseph Vernon Farrar, Sr. for the benefit of the Farrar family line descending from William and Cecily Farrar who immigrated from England to Jamestown, VA. In the early 1600s.

Publication of the Newsletter occurs in April and October. Deadline for submissions is the 15th day of the month prior to publication. Please send all submissions to the Newsletter Editor:

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Alvahn Holmes, covers the history of our line back to Jamestown and further. Learn about the deeding of 2,000 acres of land, including the 800 acre island known as Farrar Island, to our ancestor William by the government of Jamestown. Read about Pocahontas and The Starving Time.

Vol I: The Farrar’s Island Family (\$48.00)
Vol II: Some Farrar’s Island Descendants (\$68.00)

Both volumes as a matching set, bound in red cloth (\$108.00).

All of these items are available for purchase by anyone, and all prices include shipping and handling. Please send your order, along with payment (check or money order, payable to Farrar Family Reunion Fund) to the Reunion Treasurer:

Joseph V. Farrar, Jr.
P.O. Box 402
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jvfarrar@earthlink.net

The Farrar Family Tree

This Tree will function alone or as a great companion to the Farrar’s Island books. A 3’x5’ scroll, on white paper, in black ink, non-fading, easily readable, it begins three generations into England, over the ocean to Jamestown and our immigrant grandparents William and Cecily, and then follows our particular line through each generation to the present. The Farrar Family Tree is \$25.00 per copy.

The Farrar’s Island Books

This two-volume set of well-researched Farrar history by author Miss

Reunion Dues

A reminder: Reunion dues are needed to help us prepare for the big 30th Annual Farrar Family Reunion next June. O-10 dues are \$100, 2nd Gen (40+) are \$50, 2nd Gen (<40) are \$25.

Any amounts are appreciated, as are contributions from anyone who cares to donate. Please send your dues to our Treasurer (see address above). Your timeliness in doing so is greatly appreciated.

Farrar Family Reunion, Inc.’s COMMITTEE CHAIRPERSONS

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William H. Farrar, Sr.

A family comes together to remember.





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Thoughts and Remembrances

Memories of Bill...

I remember most his smile – it was so warm and genuine. Since he was almost 20 years older than me, I remember him best not so much as a brother but as a wonderful father to his own children and husband to Betty. When he and Betty lived in Baldwin next to Dick and Val, I used to spend part of my summers with them. There were always lots of outdoor games including badminton which was played in the yard between the two homes. In recent years as I, all too infrequently, visited with Bill and Betty, it was so wonderful to see the love the whole family shared. The St. Louis Cardinals never had a more devoted fan. He made some beautiful items out of wood. I loved him dearly and will miss him.

— Carol (Farrar) Rogers

Thanks for your time...

It had been some time since Jack had seen the old man. College, career, and life itself had gotten in the way. In fact, Jack moved clear across the country in pursuit of his dreams. There, in the rush of his busy life, Jack had little time to think about the past and often no time to spend with his wife and son. He was working on his future, and nothing could stop him.

Over the phone, his mother told him, "Mr. Belser died last night. The funeral is Wednesday." Memories flashed through his mind like an old newsreel as he sat quietly remembering his childhood days.

"Jack, did you hear me?"

"Oh, sorry, Mom. Yes, I heard you. It's been so long since I thought of him. I'm sorry, but I honestly thought he died years ago," Jack said.

"Well, he didn't forget you. Every time I saw him he'd ask how you were doing. He'd reminisce about the many days you spent over 'his side of the fence' as he put it," Mom told him.

"I loved that old house he lived in," Jack said.

"You know, Jack, after your father died, Mr. Belser stepped in to make sure you had a man's influence in your life," she reminded him.

"He's the one who taught me carpentry," he said. "I wouldn't be in this business if it weren't for him. He spent a lot of time teaching me things he thought were important. Mom, I'll be there for the funeral," Jack finished.

As busy as he was, Jack kept his word. He caught the next flight

to his hometown. Mr. Belser's funeral was small and uneventful. He had no children of his own, and most of his relatives had passed away.

The night before he had to return home, Jack and his mom stopped by to see the old house next door one more time.

Standing in the doorway, Jack paused for a moment. It was like crossing over into another dimension, a leap through space and time. The house was exactly as he remembered. Every step held memories. Every picture, every piece of furniture ... Jack stopped suddenly.

"What's wrong, Jack?" his Mom asked.

"The box is gone," he answered.

"What box?"

"There was a small gold box that he kept locked on the top of his desk. I must have asked him a thousand times what was inside, and all he'd ever tell me was 'the thing I value most,'" Jack said.

It was gone. Everything about the house was exactly how Jack remembered it, except for the box. He figured someone from the Belser family had taken it.

"Now I'll never know what was so valuable to him," Jack said. "I'd better get some sleep. I have an early flight home, Mom."

It had been about two weeks since Mr. Belser died. Returning home from work one day, Jack discovered a note in his mailbox telling him he needed to sign for a package at the post office.

Early the next day, Jack retrieved the package. The small box was old and looked like it had been mailed a hundred years ago. The handwriting was difficult to read, but the return address caught his attention. It was from Mr. Harold Belser. Jack took the box out to his car and ripped open the package. There inside was the gold box and an envelope. Jack's hands shook as he read the note inside.

"Upon my death, please forward this box and its contents to Jack Bennett. It's the one thing I valued most in my life." A small key was taped to the letter. His heart racing as tears filled his eyes, Jack carefully unlocked the box. There inside he found a beautiful gold pocket watch. Running his fingers slowly over the finely-etched casing, he unlatched the cover. Inside he found these words engraved: "Jack, thanks for your time! - Harold Belser."

Food for thought sent by Stephanie (Jones) Fortune



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Craig Dunbar (Feb. 12, 1965 - Aug. 17, 2006)

See the tribute created by his daughter, Candice Dunbar, at www.myspace.com/craigdunbar



Humble
Long path to a small house
The smell of cellar
Flooded with water untapped
Reminisce of old times
Lost in years
Proud to say
I have your name
One day it won't be the same
The legend lives on
I hope you acknowledge
The sweat and the pain
So much of you lives in me
I could never thank you enough
For the knowledge and the style
I have gained
In such an unconventional up-bringing
I would never have it any other way
Dishes go in the creek
Cards by lanterns
If I never let you know
Now you know
Your eyes are mine
The smell will never die
By Candice Dunbar



Father Craig and daughter Candi — each of which is the other one's pride and joy.





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The Essence of Craig (from an e-mail sent by his aunt, Carol Rogers)

I just wanted to relate to you what I witnessed at Craig's services. It was a very moving experience and made me wish I had known Craig much better than I did. I only saw him once a year at Reunions, and that wasn't enough to really know him.

August 25th, Friday evening from 6:00 to 8:00 at Heath Oak Hill Chapel. The family gathered at Marleen's home and drove to the funeral home in caravan. We arrived an hour early to allow some private time before Craig's friends got there. Craig had been cremated but there were many, many pictures representing his life. Pictures from when he was very small (that is how I knew him best) to very current pictures. There were many pictures from his years in the Coast Guard and, of course, many with his beautiful daughter, Candi, and with his mom and his sister, Nikki, and brother, Tod, and so many more. There were also many floral arrangements - several were red, white and blue, others contained sunflowers (his favorite flower and the name of a song that Candi wrote and Craig recorded), there was a floral arrangement in the shape of a guitar, and so many other beautiful arrangements. Craig's custom Harley motorcycle was also on display. There was also a video on a large screen that showed him performing with his band, still photos and other family movie videos.

Around 6:00 his friends started arriving and most stayed until 8:00. I can't begin to tell you how many people came but it could only be counted in the hundreds. He had so many friends from every walk of life and it was obvious that they all loved him very much. He had a way of making each person feel very special. There were lots of tears but also lots of laughs as people gathered in small groups and remembered some prank that Craig pulled or some mischief that he got into. Marleen and Chuck, Jim Dunbar, Candi and her mother Becky, and Nikki all greeted the many friends who came. Tod, was also able to be there.

The next morning, the family gathered at the Hardy Beach so that we could travel in caravan to the park where the memorial service was to be held from 10:00 to 12:00. The services were held at Loberg Park just next to the bridge that spans the Spring River at Hardy. There is a large pavilion there where Craig's motorcycle and the floral arrangements and pictures were displayed. Craig's band, Throttle, was to perform later so their instruments and equipment were set up in the pavilion. There was a very large tent with seating for family and friends. It was a good thing because it rained during most of the ceremony. Joey Sample who was Craig's coach in school and a very good friend, officiated. He told stories about Craig from his school days but also more current stories that showed the profound impact Craig had on so many people. The song, *Like a Rock* by Bob Seger, was played and the words seemed so appropriate for

Craig's life. Friends and family were invited to come to the mic and share their thoughts about Craig and many did. Candi was first. She told us earlier that she was afraid to get up and speak but she knew that if she didn't, she would always wish that she had. She prepared a statement and did a beautiful job by starting with a funny story about her dad and then telling everyone what her dad meant to her. It was moving. Two of Craig's good friends walked her up to the podium and stood with her to give her their support. There were many others who then followed Candi to tell us how Craig had impacted their lives. Many of them referred to Craig's intellect. The songs that he wrote attest to that intellect. The band then performed *Turn the Page* and other songs. This band is very good – as good as any I have seen. Recordings of Craig singing songs that he wrote were also played – *One More Midnight Ride* was particularly poignant.

Following the ceremony, there was a procession through the hilly and winding roads of Sharp and Fulton counties. These were roads that Craig liked to travel on his Harley. The procession was lead by many friends on Harleys with Craig's in the lead driven by a friend with Candi as passenger. Nikki and Peyton both rode as passengers on other bikes. Law enforcement personnel were so helpful and it had to be pretty difficult for them since it required the coordination of several jurisdictions and the procession was very long, but they were able to block the roads where necessary to allow the entire procession to pass. Family members were then invited to the Ozark Acres Club House for a bite to eat.

We stopped at Craig's cabin. He built this cabin himself out of landscape timbers. It is picture perfect. I did not go inside but earlier other family members did get to go there with Nikki and told us how unique it is. They said it is a traditional one-room cabin with a bedroom loft and that it was very neat and tidy. When he first built it, it had no running water or electricity but those were all added later. He even had satellite TV. However, even though he had a bathroom with a shower and sink, he never installed a toilet. Instead there was a path to an outhouse. Several people referred to that feature in their remembrances of Craig earlier at the memorial service.

I know Craig was very proud of his daughter Candi, and for good reason. She is a very poised and beautiful person. She is 22 and attends Arkansas State studying Exercise Science with plans to be a Physical Therapist. Two years ago she wrote a poem about her dad [Editor's note: the poem, *Humble*, is on the preceding page.]

For those of you who could not attend, I just wanted to give you an idea of what occurred.



FARRAR FAMILY PHOTO GALLERY

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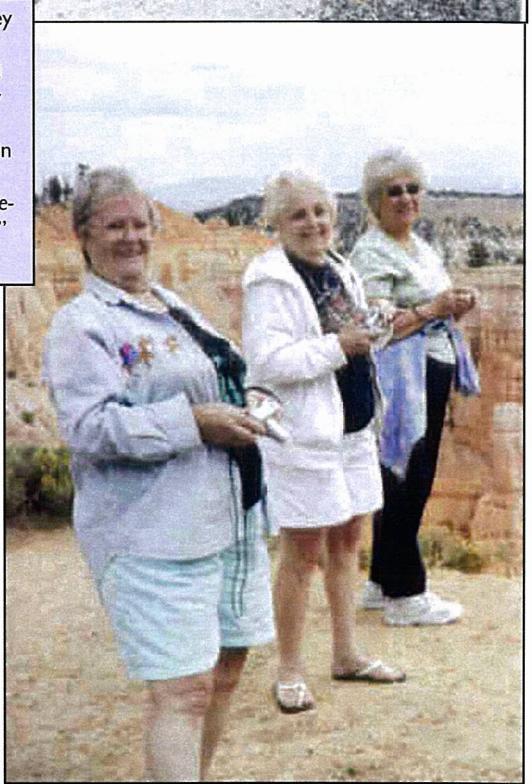


Above: Denny and Carol pose for a picture in Chicken, Alaska. Where are the locals? Why, they all ran away, of course! Did ya think they called it "chicken" for nothing?

Above Right: Denny proves that you can, in fact, be in two places at one time — the Yukon and British Columbia. Mike, alas, is only able to be in one place at a time, demonstrating yet again why men are the superior animals.

Below: Jean and Carol discover, to their obvious amusement, that if you fart into Bryce Canyon in Utah, the echoes just keep thundering! (I'm not saying who did it, but it's obvious someone did.)

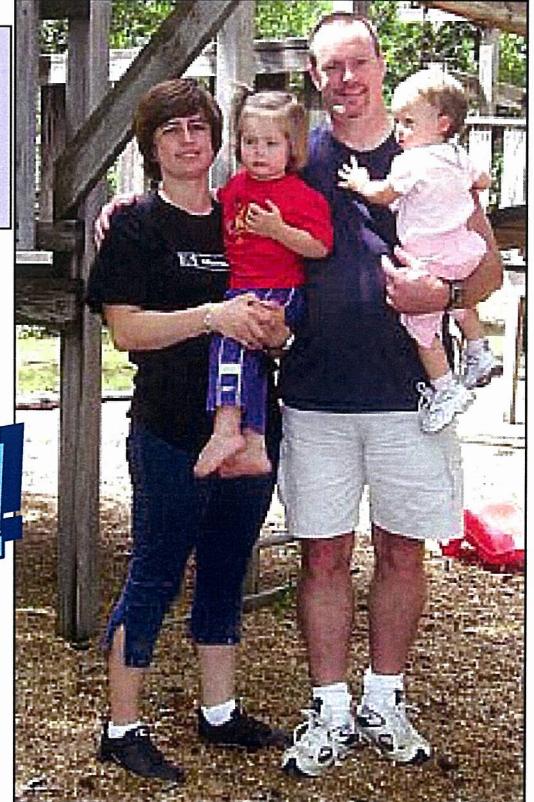
Below Right: Uh-oh. Here's Jean again. In front of a canyon again. Everyone seems to find something pretty amusing again. But Carol's not in this picture!! Maybe we've identified our "someone" after all... (ALL) (All) (all) (all) (all) (all)





FARRAR FAMILY PHOTO GALLERY

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Above: Kerri sits next to cousin Scott while her grandpa Bob watches over her sleeping daughter, Kayla (Reunion '06)

Above Right: Jean Hite displays some of her homemade quilts during Reunion '06

Middle Right: Athalia Hite gets herself fitted for some cement shoes during Work Day

Right: The Hite family - Reid, Thali, Kevin, Keita (Reunion '06)

*Wanna see your pictures here?
Send them to the Editor!*

**It's Fast! It's Free!
It's (mostly) Friendly!**



FARRAR FAMILY PHOTO GALLERY

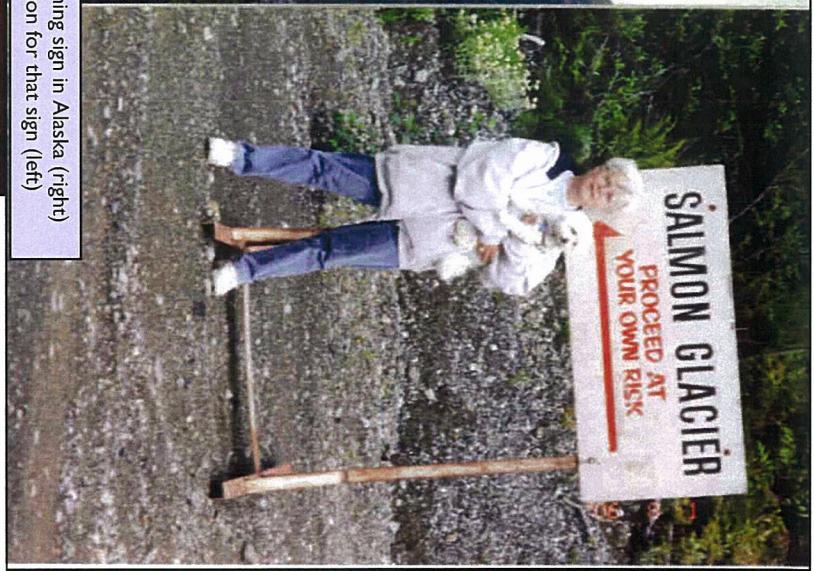
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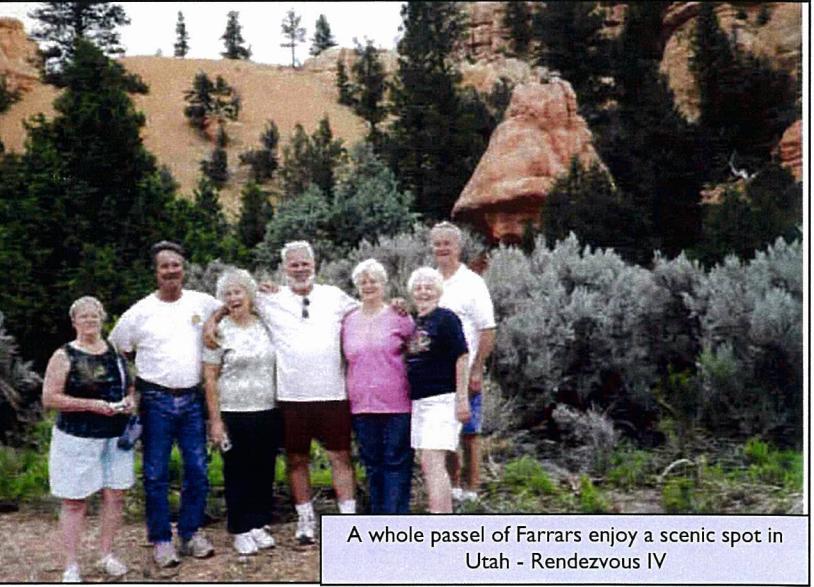
'Big Gary' and Betty - Reunion '06



Carol stands by a warning sign in Alaska (right) and shows the reason for that sign (left)



JV Farrar and Jackie Coppage share a funny story - Reunion '06



A whole passel of Farrars enjoy a scenic spot in Utah - Rendezvous IV



Coming in the April 2007 issue (maybe)

Reunion news updates, map, menu, activities, nearby hotels and accommodations, etc.

An article discovered by Hontas Hines regarding our fore-mother Cecily Reynolds Bailey Jones Jordan Farrar Montague Parker. Who knew?

“Words to the Wise” (you’ll just have to wait and see)

Interesting photos and history of Junius Farrar sent by Floyd Farrar

Update on our new website — there is a placeholder published at www.farrarfamilyreunion.org and we hope to have the site fully functional by the time of our next Newsletter!! Despite the “tease” on the website, don’t try to sign the Guestbook — there isn’t one. And don’t send an e-mail to the addresses listed — there isn’t a mailbox. Other than that, it’s all working though. Well, except for the Newsletter Archives — there aren’t any!

Oh quit complaining. It says it’s under construction!

30th Annual Farrar Family Reunion

Starts on Father’s Day weekend in June 2007!!

Committees are already hard at work planning the activities. Contact any of the individuals below if you’d like to participate, or send a note to the Editor if you’d like to volunteer.

Children’s Entertainment: Barb Williams, Doug Williams, Patty Williams

Big-Kid’s (a/k/a Adult) Games: ** Volunteers still needed! **

Fireworks: Nick Linebaugh and Marita Stumpf (possibly)

Volleyball Tournament: ** Volunteers still needed! **

Horseshoe Tournament: ** Volunteers still needed! **