

EULOGY BY NANCY SANDERS GIVEN  
AT CEREMONY 9/6/14 ON THE PASSING OF  
HER FATHER F. PRESTON PULLIAM MY BROTHER

On behalf of the entire family, I want to thank you all for coming this evening to celebrate the life of my father, Pres Pulliam. We thought this was the best setting to bid farewell to him. A perfect Virginia evening at the Black Horse Inn. Thank you Lynn Pirrizoli for all your help putting this celebration together on short notice and special thanks too to Randy Minter of Moser Funeral Home for his invaluable support during the past two weeks.

I want to give special thanks to my brother in law, Hank Davis for tirelessly compiling the amazing collection of photos of Dad on this dvd. He did the same thing for our mother, Lois Pulliam who passed away on May 30 and was buried exactly 3 months ago today. So we called him into service twice, and he exceeded our expectations as always. Thank you, Hank.

I'd like to make a few remarks now about our very extraordinary father. What strikes me about him is that, if a man is the sum of his experiences, my father by the age of 15 could have gone a very different route. Allow me to recap some of the milestones in Dad's "formative" years. There was the depression of course, then there was the Woodville tornado of 1929, the burning of his father's store, and to top it all off, perhaps the event that set him most apart from the kids of his era, the bitter divorce of his parents. So Dad had a lot to deal with as a child. In spite of these setbacks or maybe because of them, he moved forward in his life, with great positivity and exuberance. His military career as a Marine in the Pacific theater of WWII of course put him in "the greatest generation", but we feel he had already fought some private wars before he even got to the Pacific.

He embarked on a journey so fun-and sun-filled and energetic that it put a lot of us to shame. I've never seen anyone consume a day like my father. It was like every day was a buying spree...of time. He needed to consume every minute of life, fully. He was a do-er, in insurance and real estate, he claimed he was unemployed unless he was in the presence of a client or potential client. We wondered if he was addicted to dealmaking. It fed him, and it did so until the very end. Even up to his last weeks, we were saying to each other, "he's bought WHAT?" Even at 92, he just exuded positivity. How could you NOT do a deal with Pres Pulliam?

There was rarely an occasion when we visited that he was not already booked solid with phone calls, lunches, appointments, or his favorite occupation, driving to Rappahannock. He was always saying to us, I'm having another "original day", or "tell me the good news"; he assumed or

projected to us that all is actually fine with our worlds and his. He did not sweat the small stuff, because he'd been through the big stuff.

One of the most interesting things about Dad was that he was frugal and extravagant simultaneously. Using a rag or bath towel until it was threadbare and yet at auctions, buying several oriental rugs at once to throw in the trunk of his car... for picnics.

He was famous too for the variety of sandwiches he would throw together and would regularly present them as feasts to his family and friends. There was his "british" phase with the watercress sandwiches, followed by cucumber sandwich phase, the reuben sandwich phase (a really long one), not to mention the olive sandwich phase. I forgot to mention his version of a inviting you for a fish plate -- sardines on saltines.

His middle name was "fun" in our book. At our house on Culpeper Street he would sing out the windows to us as we walked up to the front door. We might have needed to call social services on him too; we drank wine at dinner at a young age because I guess he thought we were Europeans. I remember being a little tipsy trying to do my homework.

Books were terribly precious to him and definitely counted among his vast assortment of friends. He was basically self- educated through his own shrewdly curated book collection of biographies, autobiographies and histories. A man of words, that translated later into his writing reams and reams of essays and poems that were locally published and won accolades. As a matter of fact, I am speaking to you now from his writing desk.

His intellect was vast, his sense of humor even broader, and his love for life unstoppable.

One of his own poems sums him up perfectly: it goes like this..

Oh Yes, Be Bold, Be spontaneous, Be Spectacular, but make it SOUND "routine".

He pretty much did this every day.

Finally, I think one anecdote about him is the most telling; summertimes, he would drag us as children into the pelting waves at Rehobeth or Ocean City, and laughingly, scare us half to death, by saying "no turning back, girls."

Sadly, we cannot turn the clock back now, but we also know he wouldn't want us to.

Let's raise our glasses ....to a fascinating Warrenton resident, Rappahannock native, a wonderful father and grandfather, an effervescent spirit, Pres Pulliam.