

## Letter from Linda Gail *Hannah*

Our first cousin, Jimmy Stoutt, died this morning at 3:30 a.m. He was 81. Below is his obituary. Jimmy was the son of our Uncle Newton and grew up in the white two story house on Morganton Road right in front of where you turned to go to the old home place and where I grew up on Ratledge Road. He was one of six children that Uncle Newton and Aunt Mae had. Newton, Junior being the oldest [often called J.R.], Paul Kenneth, George, Jimmy, Mary Catherine, and Bobby. Bobby was the baby but the first to die of Lou Gehrig's disease. Mary Catherine, a nurse, died next, then George, J.R. and now Jimmy. The only remaining living first cousin of that family is Paul Kenneth and he is in a nursing home and not doing well at all.

Jimmy is well described in the message below, written by his daughters. He was truly a loving and kind man and I will miss him greatly. FYI,  
Gail

### Jimmy Stoutt's Obituary

Jimmy Lee "Pokey" Stoutt  
1933-2015

We've been saying goodbye to daddy in bits and pieces for 11 years. Now it's time for a final farewell as he has gone to be with the Lord at the age of 81, leaving the curses of Alzheimer's Disease and osteoarthritis behind for good. Daddy was a beloved husband, father, grandfather, brother, uncle, cousin, and friend. He was loved by children, and respected by the many young adults he mentored.

There are many things our father will be remembered for, from his trademark hat wiggling trick, to the nickname he earned at ALCOA, to his fondness for the phrase, "Weeee, doggies!" His words of wisdom in his latter years included phrases like, "He who does not adjust to change cannot survive," and "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone." While he was never one to preach out of turn or force his beliefs on others, Pokey was a devoted Christian who served in a variety of areas in his church. We found two handwritten verses in the front of his Bible, expressing his humility, and his strong belief in God's grace:

Verily, every man at his best state is altogether vanity. – Psalm 39:5b  
And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? – 1 Peter 4:18

Pokey was a fair, just, and generous man who gave second chances and offered mercy. We'll never know till we get to heaven just how many people he quietly and even secretly helped, but we do know there were plenty. Having grown up with very little, he believed in sharing his blessings. Having been saved by God's grace, he believed in extending grace to others.

He loved to listen to Flatt and Scruggs, Hank Williams, and Rod Stewart. He enjoyed Whoppers from Burger King, baloney sandwiches, pinto beans with fried taters and cornbread, lots of coffee, and ketchup on eggs. He told us girls we could do anything we wanted to if we wanted to do it badly enough, and said if the whole world turned against us, we should remember that our daddy would still love us, no matter what.

Pokey was a graduate of Everett High School, and served in Korea in the United States Army. The plight of the Korean children touched his heart, and those memories followed him even into his old age. Children had a special place in his heart throughout his life, and few things brought him greater joy than his five grandchildren.

Pokey leaves behind his wife of 60 years, who administered amazing care and devotion to him through the course of his disease and death. He had a love story that would be worthy of a Nicholas Sparks novel, and a love for his bride that lasted till Pokey closed his eyes for the last time.

Asked at the age of 80 what his best advice would be for a long and happy life, he responded with, "Keep your big mouth shut." He went on to explain that most of us would be a lot better off if we would take the time to listen to what other people have to say.

While many things faded from his memory as Alzheimer's ran its course, one thing that remained with him was his faith. As the lyrics of the song, "Jesus Loves Me," began to slip from his mind, he chose to make up his own.

"I love Jesus, this I know...he's a good feller, and we're gonna keep him." Today, we rest secure in the knowledge that Jesus can say the same thing about our dad.

"Jimmy Stoutt? He's a good feller, and I'm gonna keep him."