

# In Memory Of Our Good Friend, Horace Pope

**H**orace, 66, of Dunn, North Carolina, transitioned from this life into the next on July 14, 2006, at his home surrounded by his loving family. His daily presence will be conspicuously absent in the lives of his high sweetheart, children, grandchildren, family and friends.

Horace fought a courageous battle with cancer. He loved being with his family and classmates and sharing in their lives. He loved the holiday seasons and was very loving and caring to all.

Horace was born January 17, 1940 in Cumberland County to the late Mack Orace and Agnes Pope and was preceded in death by his sister, Frances Strickland, and brother, Mack.

Horace graduated from Dunn High School in 1958.



Willie Horace Pope

January 17, 1940 ~ July 14, 2006

At Dunn High School, he was a star athlete, excelling in all sports especially football and baseball and is the only known person to hit the “cycle” in one game while playing for the American Legion.

Through the years, Horace and Becky were vigilant in promoting the Class of 1958 and made their home the defacto headquarters for all who had moved away.

Horace will always be remembered for his dedicated and friendly service at the Dunn Post Office.

He is survived by his loving wife of 48 years, Becky Bryant Pope; his son and daughter-in-law, Will and Jeané Pope; his daughter and son-in-law, Rebecca and Jay Stroud; his sister, Terry Carroll of Dunn; and sister-in-law, Vera Hope Pope of Dunn.

## What a Wonderful Life With Family



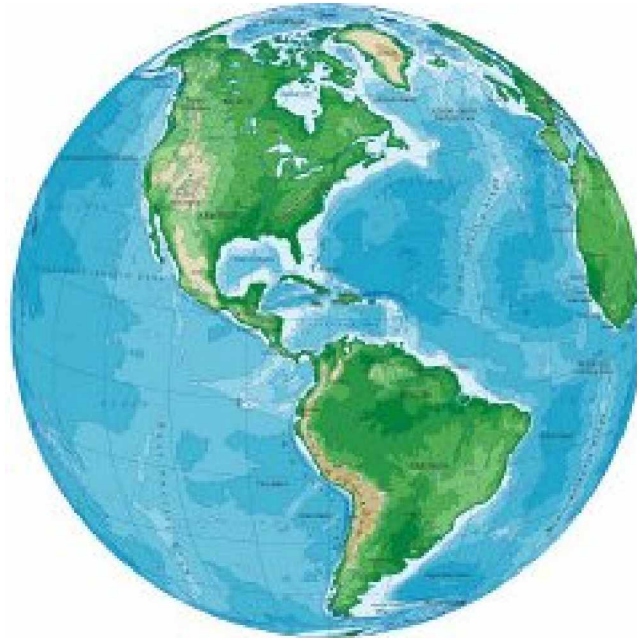
*No Man can tell he is rich or poor according to his ledger.*



*It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich according to what he is, not what he has.  
HP or HWB*

Next Pageà

# *And I Think To Myself .....*



## *What a Wonderful World*

I see trees of green..... red roses too  
I watch 'em bloom..... for me and for you  
And I think to myself... what a wonderful world.

I see skies of blue..... clouds of white  
Bright blessed days....warm sacred nights  
And I think to myself .....what a wonderful world.

The colors of a rainbow.....so pretty ..in the sky  
Are there on the faces.....of people ..going by  
I see friends shaking hands.....sayin'.. “How do you do?”  
They're really sayin'..... “I love you”

I hear babies cry..... I watch them grow  
They'll learn much more.....than I'll never know  
And I think to myself .....what a wonderful world  
Yes, I think to myself ..... what a wonderful world  
Oh yeah.....

(Lyrics by George Weiss / Bob Thiele; Horace's favorite song; favorite rendition by Louis Armstrong)

[<--Back](#)

[Next Pageâ](#)

# July 14, 2006 – A Tribute To Horace Pope

A few weeks ago when I was home for the General Lee celebration, I spent lots of time with Horace talking about a variety of subjects: life, heaven, politics; it was great.



Horace has been one of my very best friends from the time we were youngsters running around town on our bicycles. During my visit, we laughed and laughed and it was like we were those same boys of long ago. I was able to tell Horace something that I've always wanted to say to him: "Horace, you are my hero." He laughed and discounted it, but it's true.

When Horace and I were little, I can remember life happening and he always had the capacity to take lemons and make lemonade out of them: that fact has never changed for him. **Over the years, Horace became, for those of us who moved away, a kind of Rock of Gibraltar, always here for us, always ready to be the anchor.**

Our Dunn High School class of 1958 is probably the closest class of any. Over the years, we have had reunions, spent time together, stayed in touch, and there has been a reason: Horace. And, by way of extension, Becky, of course. They have organized, contacted, and maintained a place for us when we came to town.

Their home was our headquarters. What we always knew is that Horace was there and we could count on him. I will never forget talking once to our former coach, Troy Godwin, and hearing him say, "Horace Pope is one of the best overall athletes I've ever known." He was. I can still see Horace running an end sweep during a Friday night football game. Fast, fast. What most people might not know is that Horace was also a fantastic baseball player. He batted left-handed. To my knowledge, when he played on the Dunn American Legion team, he was the only person ever to hit a homer, triple, double, and single in one game.

I don't want to make Horace a saint; and he, of all people, would be uncomfortable with us attempting too. However, **what made Horace different was that he was steadfast, unmoved, a paragon of convictions.** And, I guess this is one of the reasons that this is so hard for many of us. We expected that he would always be here. **But, we know that life and death are so much intertwined that what Horace has done is transition, which we will all do one day.**

**What I honestly envision Horace has done now in his absence is walk with God where they come to a point and God says to Horace, "We are closer to my house than yours, come on over."** I want to say just a word about Becky and Will and Rebecca and their families. Over the last several months as many of us have called and been involved as we could, we've discovered that they are the poster family for how to deal with serious illness: to say they have been an inspiration would be an understatement and I am constantly moved by the thoughts of their example. **Horace, we will miss you. Your spirit will always be a part of my life.** Thanks. JDA

[<--Back](#)

[Next Pageà](#)

# Celebrating Horace...



*Horace is presented a commemorative football from his high school coach*

We celebrated Horace's life, and all the many ways he contributed to and blessed our lives...J.W. did a grand job and understandably so. He talked about so many of our memories from our days together growing up, especially our high school years.

*(JW was one of Horace's valued friends and a member of the class of 1958 who gave a super tribute during the service.)*

... I have never seen such an outpouring of love from a town—they just kept coming Monday night at the funeral home, for hours. It was such a tribute and honor, both for our dear friend, and for his whole family. They were standing around the walls of the church also, and the service was perfect - just what Horace and Becky wanted.

We went to the lunch at their home afterwards, and so enjoyed seeing so many friends and classmates.

All of our class that was there agreed that **we definitely want to have our 50th reunion in 2008, in honor of Horace, if for no other reason.** We will all have to help in the planning and preparation for the reunion - it will take a lot of people to fill Horace's shoes! bbc

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God Bless you- Becky; Will and Jeane; Rebecca and Jay; Jacob, Logan, Heather, and Bryant. Your friends, extended family, and the Dunn High School Class of 1958 love and support you.

[<--Back](#)

[Back to Airborne Press webzineà](#)