

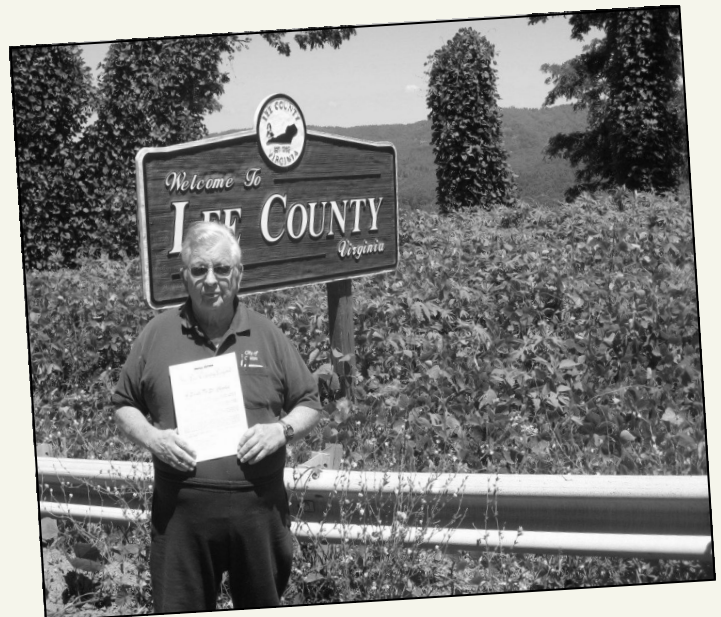
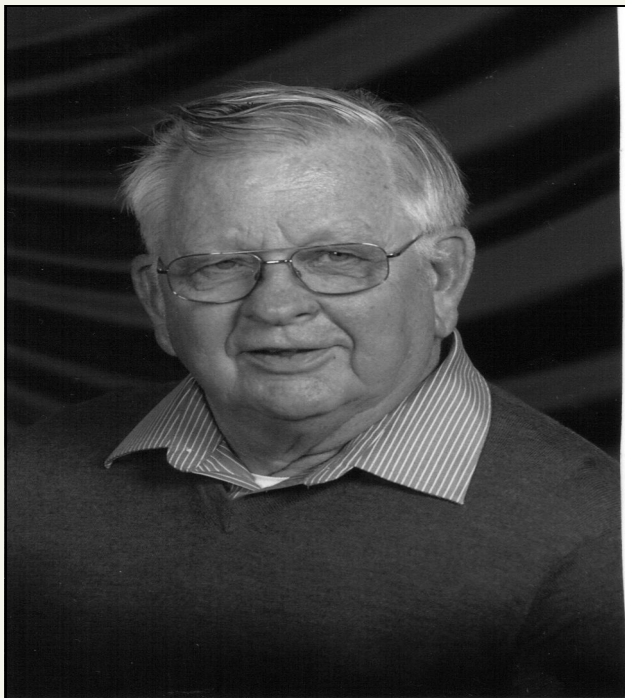
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FALL – 2012

The Lee County Legend

KEEPING THE MEMORIES ALIVE

LOWELL LAWSON



LOWELL LAWSON, co-founder of *The Lee County Legend* died on September 6, 2012 in Marietta. Lowell had been battling a series of health complications after back surgery in February of 2012. Lowell was the motivating force behind the development of The Lee County Legend and its becoming a reality. Too, Lowell liked to think of himself as an Honorary resident of Lee County after his visit during the summer of 2011. This issue of the *Legend* is dedicated to my friend. *Dave*



The Bonding of Brothers

Dave Audia – August 22, 2012

Lowell Lawson agreed to meet me at Family Traditions in November 2010. He never let me forget that I called him. We met to discuss Cherokee County Cemetery preservation, but in the very first minute, we talked baseball. As quickly as a one hundred mile an hour fastball gets to you, our lives changed for the better. A companionship for the ages was born!

Since that instant bonding, as we relived countless stories and as we poured out the content of our lives on each other, Lowell and I came to realize that we had been connected all along. I loved the way he always got involved in sports, regardless of the obstacles throughout his life. He loved my stories, especially, the ones about “me and Louis” (my brother) growing up playing baseball in the mountains of Virginia.

We were being prepared to form this friendship and to share the camaraderie that would carry each of us through this period of our lives. All along, in separate careers, in separate families and in separate locations; our lives had been drawn to the same sports, especially to baseball, and in particular, to the history of baseball. Lowell has replicas of the 1880’s uniforms, gloves, bats and a mountain of research material and uncanny amount of knowledge about the early days of baseball. I have gloves, baseballs and memories of baseball from my playing and coaching days. These two backgrounds meshed in a most enjoyable manner for us both. Baseball runs through our lives, our veins, our being.

The first time I went to his house, Lowell had the old uniform on and talked while pretending to be Cy Williams, an old time player. Then and throughout our friendship, I played along as a present day player/coach trying to tell him that the game had changed. He (Cy), could never understand what good a metal bat would do if you had a good wooden one to use. Cy could not believe that a good player would “swing for the fences”, nor that sissy players would invade the game by using full gloves with padding, webbing and leather strings to help catch a ball. We argued over the best players ever in the game. He thought no one could surpass King Kelly, Al Spalding and Cy Young as I tried to explain how really good people of his future were. He stated that the likes of Honus Wagner, Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Mickey, Willie and The Duke could never have been as great as his heroes.

Continued next column.....

We carried this type banter throughout our friendship as he told me that God had always used him to help people. Many times, he told me that when he took me on, he did not realize what a challenge God had given him this time. He told me that it was a good thing that he was so intelligent, so gifted, so energetic and so humble because he was being tested to the fullest in working with someone as hopeless and helpless as me. My standard answer to him was that though I lacked confidence in writing and needed his friendship, I was probably the most talented athlete and coach that he had ever been blessed to meet. He would only smile.

This closeness helped me through the clouds of grief that remained with me from the death of my wife over 4 years ago, until May of this year. In a large part because of Lowell, I prayed, wrote, worked and lived through the grief. On this side, because of Lowell’s constant encouragement, I now have even found a new love, Patricia, in my life. While I struggled through the grief depression, not really concerned about living or dying, Lowell Lawson helped me realize that mine was a life worth living. He saw me through.

Lowell and I had goals and dreams which were always followed with action. I wanted to write. He taught me, then, we together started and continue to publish the Lee County Legend. We talked of a sports hall of fame in my home county. He traveled with me there and, on one trip; he set the groundwork for that hall of fame which will come into being soon.

We talked, laughed and worked together with this special understanding that usually comes only with years of friendship. He was nice to me, but at times, was harsh in his criticism of my writing. He expected more and when he told me that, I got better. I know he was proud to make me produce better and I respected his teaching and his knowledge.

I pray that our closeness gave Lowell pleasure and that these 21 months we have been associated have been a meaningful to him. Many times, he told me that my friendship had been a Godsend to him. Health problems have been constant for Lowell. Any friendship or assistance I have given him, have been genuine and surely pale when compared to the value he has brought to my life.

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As we stand at this crossroad, knowing that our paths will cross again on the other side, I consider Lowell Lawson to be the best friend that a man can have. Lowell and I have talked about meeting on the other side, too, and we look forward to the joy that will come when all pain, suffering and sorrow will be no more. Here is what I would say to Lowell on this side to sum up our relationship. "Lowell, I do not understand it all, but I believe that you succeeded in doing what God wanted you to do with me. You have been my mentor in many times, my partner in many ways, my father in some ways, and my brother always. Lowell, you are the best and I love you".

Lowell's response when I read this to him:

"Beautiful".

THE CHEROKEE LEDGER NEWS

September 12, 2012

OBITUARY

Lowell Lawson, a longtime community chaplain, sports enthusiast/organizer and author, died September 6, 2012. He was 78.

Lawson, a Hickory Flat resident, organized the Cherokee Senior Softball Association in 1994, then due to the popularity of that program, instigated and introduced several other sports to organize the Cherokee Senior Sports Program. Mr. Lawson, in 2002, became a founding member of the Cherokee County Sports Hall of Fame and was chaplain of the Cherokee County Police Department for several years.

Lowell Lawson was an ordained minister, a graduate of Gannon University and Tulane University, and served 39 years of active and reserve military service, retiring at the rank of colonel a few years ago.

Lowell and his wife Ann, also completed 37 years of service as Southern Baptist missionaries in 1997.

Lawson is survived by his wife Ann, 3 sons, one daughter, one brother and 3 grandchildren.

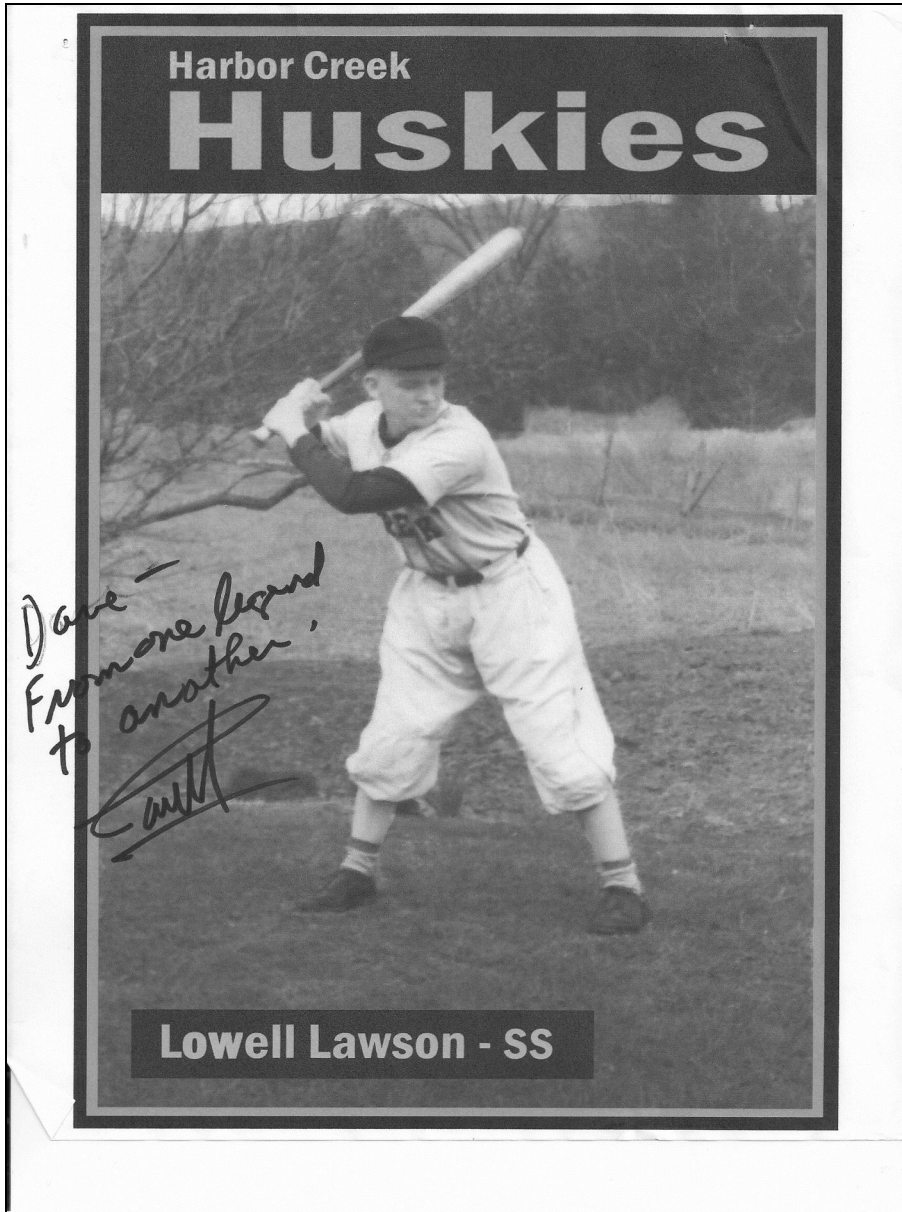
Funeral services were held September 10, at Antioch Christian Church, with Reverend Ken May officiating. Burial, with military honors, followed in Georgia National Cemetery.



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Lowell as a young baseball player.



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TO:

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