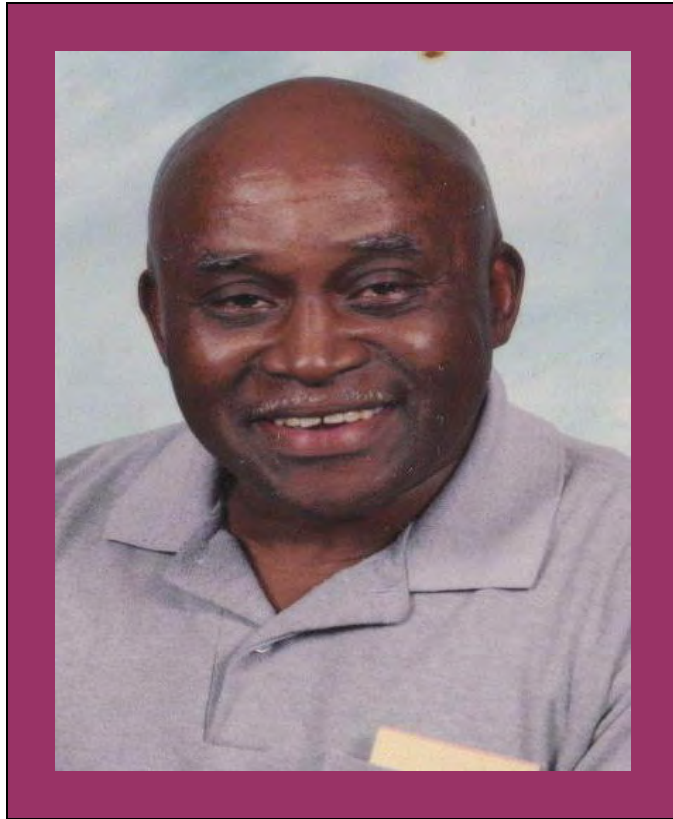


A Celebration of Life



Earl Hicks

Sunrise: March 2, 1934

Sunset: October 13, 2009

Friday, October 30, 2009

Two O'clock P. M.

Elliott Sons Funeral Home

4255 Columbia Road

Martinez, Georgia 30907

I Needed The Quiet

*I needed the quiet, so he drew me aside – into
the shadows where we could confide,*

*Away from the bustle where all the day long, I
hurried and worried when active and strong.*

*I needed the quiet, tho' at first I rebelled, but
gently, so gently, my cross He upheld.*

*And whispered so sweetly of spiritual things –
tho' weakened in body, my spirit took wings...*

*To heights never dreamed of when active and
gay,*

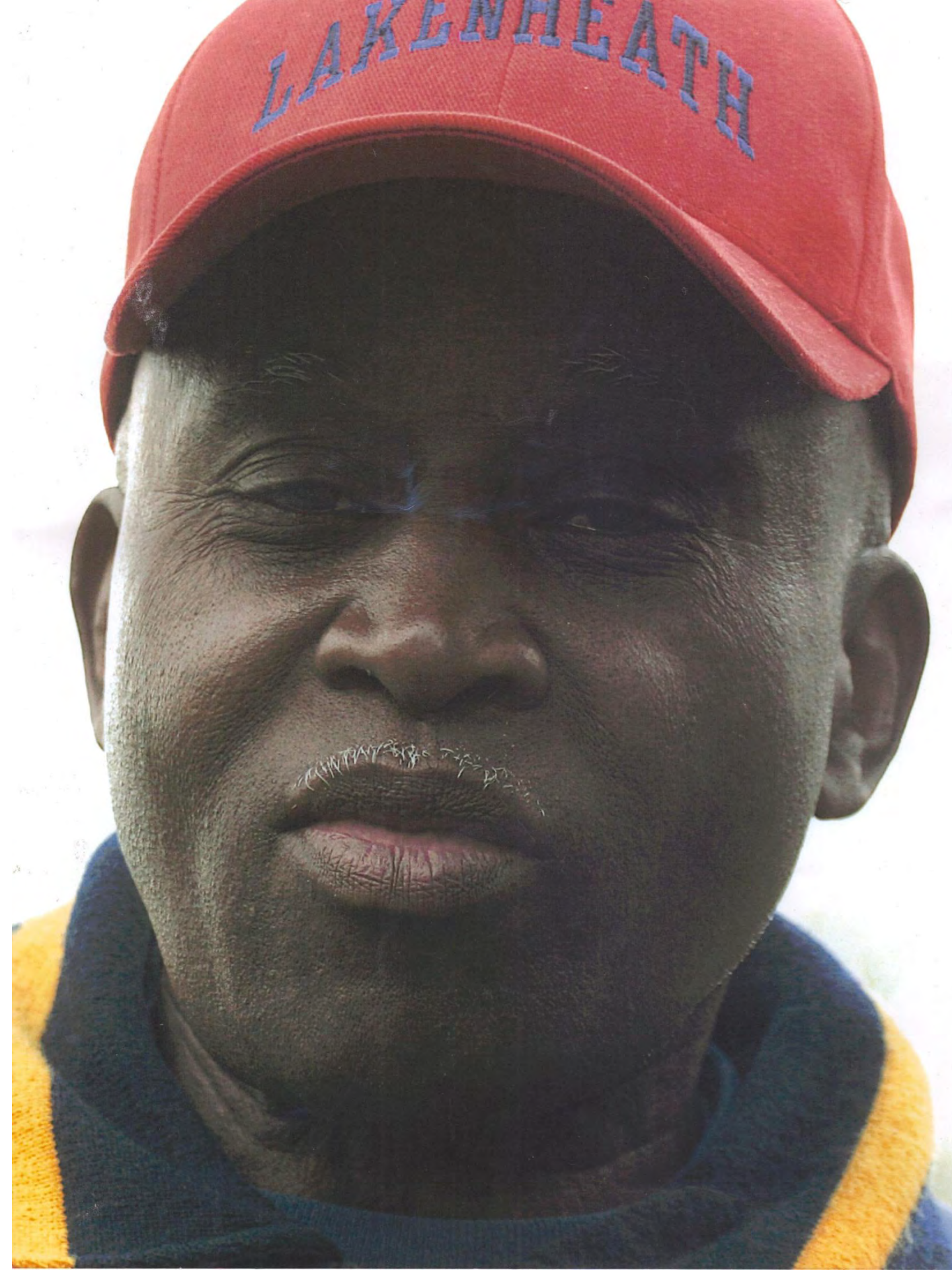
He loved me so greatly, He drew me away.

I needed the quiet, no prison my bed,

But a beautiful valley of blessings instead.

*A place to grow richer, in Jesus to hide, I
needed the quiet, So He drew me aside.*

LAKENHEATH



Obituary

The Lord called his son, Earl Hicks, Master Sergeant, USAF(ret.), to rest Tuesday, October 13, 2009 in Ipswich, England. Earl was born the third child of the late Eddie and Florrie Hicks, March 2, 1934 in Savannah, Georgia. He was preceded in death by his brother, Bobbie Hicks.

Earl married Kathleen “Kay” Barwick February 18, 1956 and from this union three sons and one daughter was born. Earl served 23 years in the United States Air Force and 35 years as a Supply Technician for the Dept. of Defense Dependent School at Lakenheath Elementary School, RAF Lakenheath, UK. Earl was also an active member of the fastpitch softball community, where he served as pitcher and coach for over 23 years. Earl became known as “Mr. Fastpitch” in the softball community and the “unofficial mayor” of Bentwaters. He was loved and will be remembered by many.

He is survived by his wife of 55 years, Kathleen Hicks; sons, Maurice (Eileen) Hicks of San Antonio, TX, Clyde (Chelle) Hicks of Ipswich, UK, and Malcolm (Melissa) Hicks of London, UK; daughter, Kathleen (Willie) Jackson of Chicago, IL; brothers, Ernest (Bernice) Hicks of Martinez, GA, Elbert Hicks of Palm Coast, FL; grandchildren, Keeia, Joshua, Dionne, Evan, Phoebe, Maddie, and Eamon; one great grandson, Max; and several nieces and nephews.

Order of Service

Presiding..... *Rev. George T. McCord*

Processional

Scripture

Old Testament..... *(Psalm 24)*..... *Carla Hicks*

New Testament.....*(I Corinthian 13)*..... *Deirdre Hicks*

Prayer.....*Min. Marie Bennett*

Selection..... *Amazing Grace*

Reflections

Maddie Hicks - Granddaughter

Eamon Hicks - Grandson

Dionne Jackson - Granddaughter

Maurice Hicks - Son

Open Remarks (3 minutes please)

Obituary..... *Malcolm Hicks*

Acknowledgements..... *Paul Bradley*

Solo.....*(In the Garden)*..... *Rev. George T. McCord*

Eulogy.....*Rev. Robert L. Ramsey*
Gospel Water Branch Baptist Church

Recessional

Interment

Hillcrest Memorial Park, Augusta, Georgia

Repast

The Hicks Family Home, Augusta, Georgia

“Age is just a number”

*I played fastpitch softball for and with your dad from 1983 to 1991. I'm so sorry to hear of his passing. **Earl** loved to laugh and we had a great time playing together. I'll never forget the time that we spent together. He taught us a lot about fastpitch and a lot about life as well. Everywhere that we would go, someone would always know **Earl**. He will be sadly missed.*

– Baron Schlegel

This very sad news has spread quickly around the Guernsey softball community which is testament to the number of people that had the privilege of meeting **Earl** over the many many years that he visited the island, bringing with him players who have also become friends of the many here. Like you my memories are of a coach who occupied the third based coaches' box with a constant smile. To witness **Earl** lose his temper on the field must have been a rare thing as I don't ever remember it happening in Guernsey. This is even despite the so called "local rules" that every softball community must have....



and I think during the years there must have been some called here. I also remember seeing **Earl** pitch and faced him once or twice. Without wishing to be rude I saw an older player warm up and deliver some easy paced pitches. I then entered the box to see again some easy paced pitches that I couldn't lay a bat on. Yes you're right, I'm no great batter but my point is with **Earl** everything you saw was understated but should never have been seen as second rate. I learned from just watching every thing he did on the field as I am sure every aspiring player has. **Earl** will certainly be missed by all of his friends.

– Paul Vaudin

*I may have crossed paths with **Earl**, the legend, over in USAFE (80's time frame) and it saddens me to hear we've lost another ambassador of the sport. My prayers are with his family and friends*

– Cheryl Trapnell

What a sad day for sure. I was with my youngest son, Jeremy, scouting for our deer last night and we saw the brightest shooting star ever, now I know it was Earl hauling ass to heaven, probably had a game to coach. I cannot begin to tell of all the great memories, coaching both softball and life, friendships made that last forever and all the other ways Earl affected each and everyone that met him.

– Wendell "Toot" Tuten

*I'm emailing from New Zealand to offer my condolences to you and your family. I was only 22 in 1992 when **Earl** picked me up to play for the Mildenhall at various tournaments around Europe. I was over there on my OE and it seems he needed a catcher. He couldn't find one so he*

called me!! Haha. I have fond memories of the Zeist Tournaments with Johnny, Mouton and the boys, even though my kids don't believe me when I tell them I played for the US Air Force Team. Haha the photos prove everything. Kind regard

- Simon

I write on a personal level, but also as the President of the Guernsey Softball Association. Earl was much loved by the softball community here and he will be greatly missed by all who knew him, but never forgotten.

– Curt Taylor

..... *it's about how you feel"*

*I have fond memories of **Earl** and his times in Guernsey, he certainly helped the years of Guernsey fastpitch softball thrive over the past years, I have no doubts. I have been involved with the Guernsey softball for just under 30 years now so I have many fond memories of **Earl**. It was only last week that Guernsey were coming together with stories that John Gilmore could present at his retirement. The news has saddened us all and our thoughts are with you all. Regards*

Sally Le Noury

Guernsey Softball Association Secretary

I was stationed at Bentwaters from 1983 – 1986 and we had a great relationship. There were times when Earl would yell at me, laugh with me and just give me one of those scowls of his, all in the same day. He called me and my boys “the McDonald’s kids”. Anyone that played for Earl will always remember that big smile, that laugh and of course, those arms folded in the third base box with that scowl on his face after a sign was missed. He was an ambassador of the game and someone that I will never forget. I remember asking Earl years ago how old he was, his answer was “age is just a number, it’s about how you feel”

- Kevin “Cadillac” Boyle
(Boston)

*He was my friend, softball mentor and coach. He spoke softly, never hurried and taught me patience, a lesson I still haven't mastered. From the first time I was introduced to **Earl** by my buddy Johnny Caparra, I immediately fell in love with the man. If you ever met him it was easy to see why. Since 1989 I've been visiting Guernsey and **Earl** has been there every single time, but now he's gone. My plan for next summer was to go to the Zeist tournament to which **Earl** always took a team. I was going for one reason' to say goodbye to him. I had heard reports from friends that his health was progressively*

*getting worse. But I think of the most ironic things of all for me personally. Just this past Sunday I got of my lazy ass to finally take pictures for the book I have been writing (on and off) for the past 8 years, so I could finally finish it by this Thanksgiving. My plan since the day I began writing it was to dedicate my book to my father and to **Earl**. And now he's no longer with us, but my book dedication will remain steadfast to the man who taught me so much about fastpitch softball and was a dear friend to me. I'll see you in fastpitch heaven **Earl**, you done real good pal. -
Bernie Lopez*

When I left NZ at 21 to travel the world I had never tried drugs or smoked a joint. As I was playing in Holland with Mildenhall I thought it was time I tried some marijuana, as I was



traveling the world to experience things and it wasn't breaking the law in Holland. The guys who I was with were quite a bit older than me and I had not idea what I was doing. So, as I didn't like smoking, I thought I would try some spice cake. Stupid me asked the guys, “how much should I have?”, “3 pieces” came the reply. So me and my buddy Eric (the deaf one) tried 3 pieces of cake each with a Heineken.

Unbeknown to me as I was a greenhorn, you should

only have 1 piece every 24 hours!!! The guys had stitched us up. I was out of it for three days, and that's the only time I have ever tried it. As I was catching for Earl's team, I was hit in the facemask about 15 times in the first innings the next day, as I couldn't see anything!!! He wasn't too happy with this young cocky Kiwi catcher, but after I explained what had happened, a wry smile crept across that immaculate grey moustache and he told me to warm the bench. Haha my kids can't believe it when I tell them that story. My deaf mate Eric reckoned he heard noises for the first time ever!!!!



Love is always patient and kind; it is never jealous; love is never boastful or conceited; it is never rude or selfish; it does not take offense, and is not resentful. Love takes no pleasure in other people's sins but delights in the truth; it is always ready to excuse, to trust, to hope, and to endure whatever comes.

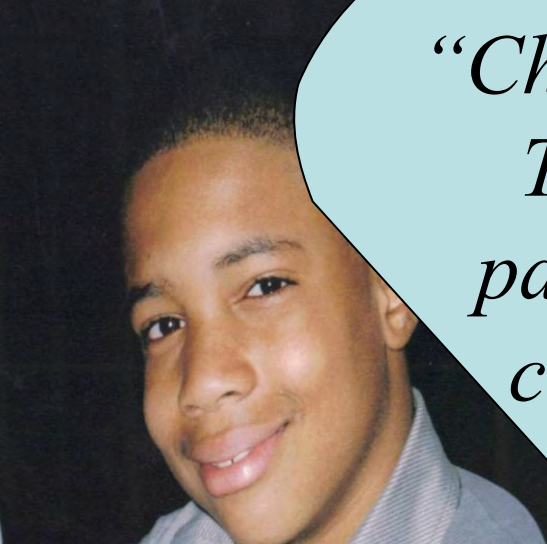
Love does not come to an end.

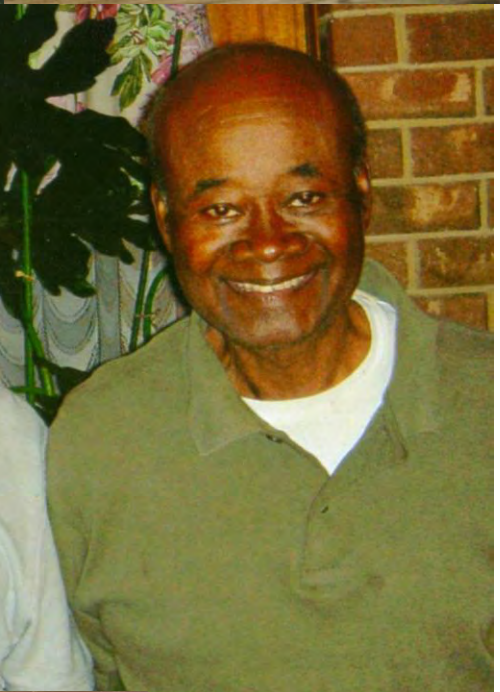
--1 Corinthians 13: 4-8





*“Children are born.
Traditions are
passed. The love
continues on.”*





He's Gone

*You can shed tears that he is gone,
Or you can smile because he lived.*

*You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back,
Or you can open our eyes and see all that he has left.*

*Your heart can be empty because you can't see him,
Or you can be full of the love that you shared.*

*You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,
Or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.*

*You can remember him and only that he is gone,
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on.*

*You can cry and close your mind; be empty and turn your back,
Or you can do what he would want: smile, open your eyes, love
and go on.*

Earl Hicks, Your Legacy Lives On!