

(courtesy Georgia State College)

Soft, he is home now,
word-warrior, battle done,
brother, be at peace.

—gh 4/27/09

Acknowledgments

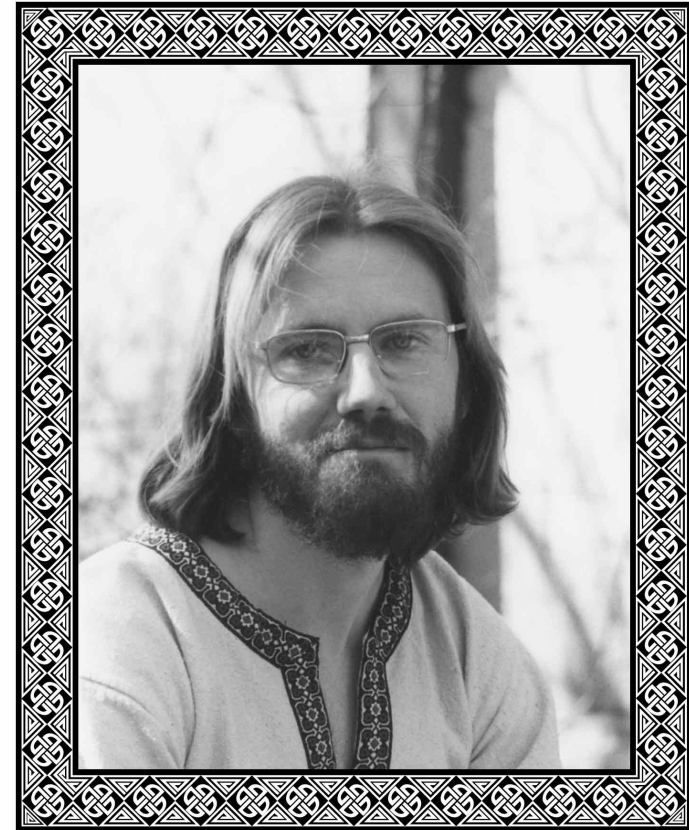
Tom's friends and family, including his sister Wilda and her husband Bob Quarantino, Paul Matthews, Brad Strickland, Dana Nichols, Rob Gittens, John Amoss, and Gilbert Head and Margaret Dowdle Head, would like to thank the following people:

Our Hosts, the good folks at GSU, including Carol Howard and Sheree Gravenhorst, for the event site and logistical help; Deena McKinney for construction of the *Memory Book*; Buck Marchinton for event photography; Christy Johnson for the floral arrangements; the good folk of Tom's beloved Barony of Bryn Madoc, past and present, for their generous support; and all of you, Tom's family of the heart, who have set aside your daily lives to remember and celebrate this man.....

.....and finally, to Tom, for being everywhere with us on this day, and in each of our hearts as we travel safely there, and back again.....

TOM DEITZ

January 17, 1952 – April 27, 2009



Biltmore House, February, 1977

Celebration of a Life

Gainesville State College Memorial Garden
Sunday, May 3, 2009, 2:00 pm

To everything, turn, turn, turn,
 There is a season, turn, turn, turn,
 And a time to every purpose under Heaven.
 A time to be born, a time to die.
 A time to plant, a time to reap.....
 A time to laugh, a time to weep.....
 A time to dance, a time to mourn.....
 A time to gain, a time to lose.....
 A time for peace, I swear it's not too late.

— From “Turn, Turn, Turn” by Pete Seeger, adapted from Ecclesiastes 3:1-9

“I’ve always been interested in other times than my own.... People need Myths to link them to the past. They’re an anchor to history, time, and space.”

— Tom Deitz (1986)

“I am a lucky son-of-a-gun.”

— Tom Deitz (2006)



Then Tom he started up his tale, about the many-splendoured Sidhe
 He mentioned every one by name, and flattered them to high degree.
 Nuada and the Morrigan, and Lugh the Many-Skilled of course,
 And while the folk of Danu beamed, he leaped upon a waiting horse.

Lord of the Dreamstone, gather to you all the wits at your command,
 The Faerie King is bound to keep you locked away in faerieland.

The gryphon, she was flying high, the koon anoon were running low,
 The hunters were a-gaining, but then Tom he saw the path aglow.
 “Just leave me be, my noble sirs,” they heard his call ring through the air,
 “This bard can weave a satire that is sharper than the blades you bear!”

Lord of the Dreamstone, gather to you all the wits at your command,
 The Faerie King is bound to keep you locked away in faerieland.

Tom rode along the glowing path until he saw his native land.
 The Morrigan drew back her bow but with a smile she stayed her hand.
 “You’re mighty clever for a mortal,” said the faerie on the Track,
 “We’ll let you go but just remember, one of these days we’ll take you back.”

Lord of the Dreamstone gather to you all the wits at your command,
 The Faerie King is bound to take you home to dwell in faerieland.

— From “Tom Deitz on the Faerie Road” by F.B. Marchinton

Celebration Program • 2:00 PM

- Welcome and Greetings Gilbert Head
 A Few Remarks Carol Howard, Interim Chair,
 GSC Humanities and Fine Arts
 Reminisce and Reading Brad Strickland
 Reminisce and Reading Dana Nichols
Chestatee Review Dedication
 Announcement Dottie Blais
 Tom Deitz and His Works Samuel Prestridge
 “Tom Deitz on the Faerie Road” by F.B. Marchinton,
 performed by Arthur Hinds
 Reminisce and Reading Christy Johnson
 Reminisce and Reading Deena McKinney
 Reminisce and Reading Margaret Dowdle Head
 Tom on the Toli Trail Dee Fraker/Greg Keyes
 I Remember Tom Ashley Goodin
 Invitation to Remember
 A Memory and a Benediction Emil L. Decker

Following the Benediction, you are invited to participate in a release of balloons in the open quad and a singing of “I’ll Fly Away” (see enclosed lyric sheet).

You are also invited to stay and socialize. Live musicians Tracie Brown, Jeff Marker, Arthur Hinds, and the group Short Road Home will be playing some of the music Tom loved so well.

Food and drink (but alas, not of the potent potable kind.....) is available in the Student Center just to the east; please be our guests.

We encourage you to visit the pavilion area, where there is a slide presentation and display of Tom’s life and work. We will have a *Memory Book* at the pavilions as well, and hope that you will share a story or memory of Tom with us.



Self portrait by Tom Deitz

I'll Fly Away

Some glad morning when this life is o'er,
I'll fly away;
To a home on God's celestial shore,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

[Chorus]
I'll fly away, Oh Glory
I'll fly away; (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

When the shadows of this life have gone,
I'll fly away;
Like a bird from prison bars has flown,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away)

[Chorus]
I'll fly away, Oh Glory
I'll fly away; (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away).

Just a few more weary days and then,
I'll fly away;
To a land where joy shall never end,
I'll fly away (I'll fly away)

[Chorus]
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Albert E. Brumley, 1929

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Bob Dylan's Dream

While riding on a train goin' west
I feel asleep for take my a rest
I dreamed a dream that make me sad
Concerning myself and the first few friends I had.

With half-damp eyes I stared to the room
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon
Where we together weathered many a storm
Laughin' and singing 'till the early hours of the morn'.

By the old wooden stove where our hats was hung
Our words were told, our songs were songs
Where we longed for nothin' and were satisfied
Joking and talking about the world outside.

With haunted hearts through the heat and cold
We never thought we could ever get very old
We thought we could sit forever in fun
Our chances really was a million to one.

As easy it was to tell black from white
It was all that easy to tell wrong from right
And our choices they were few and the thought never hit
That the one road we traveled would ever shatter and split.

How many a year has passed and gone
Many a gamble has been lost and won
And many a road taken by many a first friend
And each one I've never seen again.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
That we could sit simply in that room again
Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat
I'd give it all gladly if our lives could be like that.

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