

Dennis, thank you for all these great years of friendship. I miss you already. I savor the memories of all of our good times... and even some of the tough times too. You were taken away from us way to early and for that... I am angry.

I counted on you. You were always there for me. When I needed you... you never... not once... said no.

You shared your secrets with me and I shared mine with you. We both knew that these were safe with each other.

Thank you for being my running buddy. You always had my back. Whether we were working, playing golf, running the streets, or whatever we were doing... I always knew you wouldn't let me down.

Thank you for caring about my family. You always showed concern for my parents, my kids, and my wife. I knew if anything ever happened to me... you would be there for them.

Thank you for sharing your family with me. Debbie is one of our dearest friends and Ashley has become a joy to us as well.

For these things Dennis, you will always be close to me and in my heart. Now, you were a man of action and I know if you were here today, you would be thinking... that's pretty big talk from an old, half blind fat man... so I am going to make some specific commitments to you:

- We will not let the work you started go undone. You gave a great part of your life excelling in your job... you had great pride in finishing the job... and before you left us you had started some pretty big efforts. We will finish those for you and we will not drop one ball.

- I will support your beloved Georgia Bulldogs... no matter how bad their team just like you would have. I will even continue your tradition of questioning the heritage of the officiating crew when they make a bad call against Georgia.
- We will grieve for you and you will always be close to our hearts... but we will get on with our lives like you would have wanted us to and we will encourage those around us to do the same.
- I will dance every time I hear the song "I am a man of constant sorrow" by the soggy bottom boys knowing this was one of your favorite songs from one of your favorite movies... Oh Brother Where Art Thou".
- You and I were planning our annual golf trip with the guys for November. We will continue that tradition but from here forward, this 4 day event will be known as the Dennis Southern Memorial Golf weekend.
- And every time I play the 14th hole at Polo, that little par 3, I will take out a new golf ball, announce to the world that this shot is for Dennis... I will tee the ball up and will proceed to hitting it directly in the water.
- We will not let you down as it concerns Debbie. She will be our close friend for life... and we will always be there for her... for whatever she may need.
- We will treat Ashley like she was a member of our family... we will help guide her in her career and will be there when she needs us.
- Alexis will only suffer the loss of her Papa... we will make sure she has the same opportunities she would have had... had you still been with us. We are setting up a Dennis Southern Memorial scholarship fund that initially will be used to help with Alexis college. When I told him about this last night, your good friend John Hamon made the first contribution to this fund. ITE will

initially fund this account but then your golfing buddies will take the monies we would have gambled away and will instead contribute this money to this fund. Once a year, we will sponsor the Dennis Southern Memorial Golf Classic at your course (Polo) and the proceeds from this event will go to the Dennis Southern Memorial Scholarship fund. Every chance we get, we will raise money for this fund.

- Lastly, I make this commitment to you Dennis... we will not let the lessons you taught us be forgotten. We will continue your legacy of caring for others... of making the best of everything we do... of being generous with our money, our time, and ourselves. And we won't forget to laugh and enjoy each other.

Dennis, thank you from the bottom of my heart for being my friend, my partner, and my brother.

I loved you in life... I still love you and I am damn sure going to miss you.

Sadly,

Your friend John Hutto