

**GRAVESIDE SERVICE FOR HARLEY REDIN  
SILVERTON CEMETERY...AUG. 4, 2020**

As we begin today, Dr. Bobby Hall, president of Wayland Baptist University, will lead us in prayer.

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I want to thank all of you for coming today and recognize Dr. Hall, Athletic Director Rick Cooper and Flying Queens Coach Alesha Ellis for representing the university.

Maybe we should have started with some taped music today – possibly “In the Mood” by Glenn Miller since Harley was such a fan of Big Band music, or maybe “You Call it Country (I Call it Bad Rock ‘n Roll)” by the Geezinslaws.

By the way, it’s OK to laugh today.

Harley loaned me a CD of the Geezinslaws, and I think I lost it. He probably never forgave me for that.

Well, you know, most of us have seen people who are considered legends in their field.....some of us have even had the opportunity to meet them.

But all of us here have had the privilege of personally knowing and being influenced by a legend named Harley Redin.

As we begin, let’s bow and give thanks for that.

Heavenly Father, we do want to give you thanks and praise for the long and good life of Harley J. Redin who was born not far from this plot of Briscoe County ground almost 101 years ago. That in itself is amazing.

Now, as we come to say our earthly goodbye, we thank you for the great privilege of our lives being closely entwined with his...by blood, by association and, most of all, by friendship.

Each of us have stories we could tell about how Harley has impacted our lives in some way.

\*I thank you on behalf of those many young women – most of them now members of the Hutcherson Flying Queen Foundation – he gave the opportunity to play basketball in a small West Texas community’s Baptist college when a college education seemed improbable, if not downright impossible otherwise.

\*Drawing on the core principles of basketball’s creator, Dr. James Naismith, Harley embodied and taught self-sacrifice, leadership, teamwork, initiative, determination, cooperation, perseverance and courage in study and work and play.

\*An ability to chide or admonish without being harsh or overly critical but in a way that the message was unmistakable... all to make us think and do better.

\*A job to help pay for education or for a start in the business world.

\*A friendship for most of us over many decades. A great pride in our accomplishments large and small, especially those many men and women who went on to great careers after Wayland. A phone call from time to time just to see how things were going. Or a scribbled note in unmistakable scrawl on a piece of lined yellow paper.

\*A mind that until recently was clear and still thinking of ideas and promotions.....some serious and maybe some not so much.

As the old hymn says, "Precious memories...how they linger...how they ever flood my soul." Lord, we thank you for each memory precious to us for our own reasons...and we pray in Jesus name. Amen.

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I know Harley wouldn't want us to spend a long time here today and I know much more will be said about him at the memorial service whenever that can be held.

But will you indulge me a few minutes to tell you why I was proud to know Harley Redin and to call him my friend for more than 50 years?

As athletic director when I started Wayland in 1967, I know Harley had something to do with me earning work-study money as sports information director, frequently reminding me to get stories to the Lubbock and Amarillo papers about upcoming games.

I covered his Flying Queens games for The Herald from 1967 until he retired after the 1972-73 season and was lucky enough to referee one of his games when he got back into coaching for a couple of years in Hale Center. He never yelled at me – though I'm sure he had probable cause – because that wasn't Harley's style.

About the only time he got excited, he leaned over and pulled up his socks.

I laugh when I remember him doing the color with me on radio broadcasts of the AIAW Tournament in Harrisonburg, Virginia 45 years ago. I told him, "Now, when you get ready to talk, don't hang up the phone." So, the first thing he did was hang up the phone.

When he retired, I did a five-part series on his career for The Herald and Harley gave me a nice gift certificate to Gabriel's. I know Harley said later he wished he hadn't retired quite so early as women's college basketball was just taking off.

It always makes me happy when I hear former Flying Queens and Pioneers brag on what a great coach and role model he was for them and how they have appreciated that even more through the years. I've seen some touching comments by them on Facebook and by others who appreciated Harley's friendship and example. Van said his dad was his best friend. What a great tribute!

A couple of other things I have great respect for is the fact that Harley helped start the kids' baseball program in Plainview back in 1947, probably even before we got involved with Little League. I was one of thousands of beneficiaries of that program.

Of course, we're all proud of his distinguished military service of flying 38 missions as a bomber pilot in World War II and how he kept up with his fellow Marines through the years. Semper Fi.

As Rick Cooper, our athletic director at Wayland, remarked: "Harley is one of the Greatest Generation who helped save the world." He was a hero even before he came to Wayland.

We can't overlook how Harley also recruited several veterans as well as young men to play for Wayland, giving them a chance to play ball and get a good education.

I was always appreciative of the example of good sportsmanship he set for everyone and was happy to present him with a plaque from The Herald when we were honoring Plainview citizens for various reasons.

Harley was community minded, serving as president of the Chamber of Commerce and, in honor and memory of Nonie, encouraged the residents of Holliday Street to decorate their homes at Christmas with white lights, a wonderful tradition for many years.

And, of course, he was the senior member of the International Downtown Coffee Club that met at the Broadway Brew. He usually bought my coffee when I joined him and his buddies from time to time.

Another fond memory for me was getting to teach the Pastor's Class at Hale County State Bank about 1978 when Carlos McLeod, who formerly had been pastor to Harley's folks at First Baptist Church in Silverton, was pastor and teacher and Harley was sitting right close to the front.

After the lesson, he might have advised me in mock seriousness: "Don't give up your day job." It was an honor for me to nominate him for the Texas Sports Hall of Fame in Waco – especially when he was elected back in 2004 – and get to write his profile for the Panhandle Sports Hall of Fame's 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary book and a feature on him for the Tarleton Alumni Magazine a few months ago.

I also enjoyed writing the script he read for his video acknowledgement when he received the John Bunn Award for lifetime service from the Naismith Memorial Hall of Fame. Unfortunately, they edited out the line that said, "Times were so tough in Silverton back in 1936 that they didn't even have air to put in the basketballs."

We were all glad when the 1948-82 Flying Queen teams were inducted into the Hall of Fame last September, just sorry Harley didn't feel up to making the trip.

Harley was a member of half a dozen halls of fame and received many other honors, but I suspect he was just as proud of his likeness being on the Plainview Walk of Fame in front of the Fair Theater.

I know Harley was proud of his accomplishments, but I never heard him be one bit boastful about them.

I think often of how much our friendship meant to me, especially that he trusted me to do what he asked when he'd call and say, "I need your help with something." I bet others of you had the same phone call.

I always enjoyed hearing his voice on the phone especially since we moved from Plainview three years ago and he would just call to see how we were doing.

In fact, he called me from the Prairie House about 7:30 a.m. three weeks ago Sunday, maybe by accident, but he knew where he was, and his voice was strong.

I mentioned how he was always thinking: He called me and Tom Hall out to his house seven years ago and said he was thinking that Alesha Robertson would make a good coach for the Flying Queens. Boy, was he ever right?

I also get a kick out of remembering that he suggested we ought to promote a romance between Alesha and Tim Tebow. Of course, Andy Ellis eventually had something to say about that.

The only thing I'm still kicking myself about is not DEMANDING that he let me write a book about his life after we sat down for that interview before I left Plainview.

I have the notes right here...on yellow lined paper....but I probably can't read most of them.

Bobby Hall worked for me as sports editor back in 1981 and he can attest my handwriting looks like Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Harley had a great family heritage with Godly parents like Alvin and Winnie Redin, pillars of the Silverton community and First Baptist Church for many years before moving to Plainview.

At almost 101, Harley was the oldest living member of First Baptist Church in Plainview, having joined 74 years ago with Nonie just four months after they married.

Wilda has become a very dear friend over the past 25 years. What a gracious lady you are and always so kind to our family. Getting your delicious peanut brittle was a treat, even when you politely scolded me for getting my stomach on your kitchen counter. I hope you'll make one more batch.

Kenny, Van and Mike, I consider you great friends. You all have always been so nice to me. I have a picture of me and Kenny with the trophy the Queens received on being inducted into the Naismith Hall of Fame and I enjoyed refereeing basketball games with him. I'm sure proud of Van for his many professional accomplishments and associations with big name movie stars. I know for sure that I learned the word "trust" when I flew with Mike to Knoxville when Claude was inducted posthumously into the Women's Hall of Fame and I looked over and Mike was sound asleep. Thank goodness for autopilot.

Of course, Wayland will always be indebted to Claude, Wilda, Mike and Marsha for their many financial contributions to the University, especially the scholarship funds that continue to benefit so many students and will do so until the Lord comes back.

Speaking of the Lord, I'll close with his encouragement to his fearful disciples just before going back to Heaven.

"Let not your hearts be troubled. You believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you and if I go, I will come again and receive you to myself that where I am, there you may be also and where I go you know the way."