



## John William Narramore

July 15, 1943 - June 15, 2021

NARRAMORE, John William, 77, resident of Prattville, AL, passed away on Tuesday, June 15, 2021. Memorial service will be held on Sunday, June 20, 2021, at 2:00 p.m. at the Chapel of Prattville Memorial with Buddy Hucks officiating. Visitation will be held on Sunday at Prattville Memorial from 1:00 until 2:00 p.m. Mr. Narramore was preceded in death by his parents, Joe and Eula Narramore; three sisters, Betty Sams, Jean Yeargan and Shirley Oakley and granddaughter, Charity Hucks. He is survived by one daughter, Terri Hucks (Buddy); one son, Scott Narramore (Renee); four grandchildren, Rebecca Hucks, Bethany Hucks, Shelby Narramore and Logan Narramore and brother-in-law, Jim Oakley; and extended family and friends. John was born July 15, 1943, in Prattville, Alabama. He proudly served his country in the United States Air Force and was a Vietnam veteran. He worked many years for the state of Alabama and eventually retired from the Alabama Department of Environmental Management. John was a very talented musician, and over the years played in several bluegrass bands. Nothing brought him more joy than spending time with his family. He especially enjoyed supporting his grandchildren in their many activities. He was greatly loved and will greatly missed.

# Previous Events

## Visitation

JUN **20**. 1:00 PM - 2:00 PM (CT)

Prattville Memorial Chapel  
841 Fairview Avenue  
Prattville, AL 36066  
(334) 365-7147  
prattvillememorial@live.com

## Service

JUN **20**. 2:00 PM (CT)

Prattville Memorial Chapel  
841 Fairview Avenue  
Prattville, AL 36066  
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# Tribute Wall

HM

“ I was a high school friend of John. It saddens me to know that he has passed. In our high school years John was taking guitar lessons and loving it. Another friend and I encouraged him to start singing too. We never knew if he did.

One special memory was going with John and another friend to a Johnny Horton concert in the late 1950s. The small venue was an armory on the west side of Birmingham where seating was metal folding chairs. It was a fun time.

Harrell Moyers

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Harrell Moyers - January 13, 2024 at 08:04 PM



“ 125 files added to the album LifeTributes



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Prattville Memorial Chapel and Memory Gardens - June 19, 2021 at 12:03 PM

TH

“ My name is Tom Hutcheson And I was stationed with John at Pleiku Vietnam in 1966-67. John was my bunk mate. We took our R and R in Tokyo together. John played his guitar with a bunch of guys at the beer garden at the Air Bade. John was a fine man and a good friend.

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**Thomas Hutcheson** - June 18, 2021 at 08:31 PM

TH

“ 1 file added to the album Poppa



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**Terri Hucks** - June 18, 2021 at 09:11 AM

DD

*Terri...I am so sorry I missed the funeral, but I did not know of John's passing until a lady mentioned it in Sunday School at noon today. I worked with John at ADEM Land Division for many years. We were very serious about our job responsibilities, but otherwise, we were always just silly and laughing all the time. I am glad our paths crossed and could call him my friend.*

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**Dave Davis** - June 20, 2021 at 10:04 PM

MO

“ He was the first "cool" person we knew. He was a musician and was my mom's younger brother. He was 14 when I was born and for as long as I can remember he was a major influence on us. I know he was on my brother Bill and cousins Reid Yeargan and John Sams as well as untold others in towns from Prattville to Gadsden to Birmingham and Montgomery.

He also always had guitars and musical instruments and equipment. In fact, he was a lifelong musician playing in various bands and various genres of music from the Beatles to Chet Atkins to Bluegrass and gospel. Every time we visited our grandparents, when he lived with them, my brother and I would run to his room and grab a guitar, mandolin or a banjo, while he would chase after us trying to make sure we didn't break anything. Anyway, my brother and I both learned to play the guitar because of him and have collected them and played them for years.

He went to Vietnam in 1966, which was traumatic for us. He was in the Air Force in the medical corps and in the middle of a war, working to treat injured personnel and civilians he managed to find a guitar and joined a band. About two months ago we laughed at photos of him and fellow Airmen in uniform, performing at various places in the jungles of Southeast Asia. In 1979, I joined the U.S. Army then the Alabama Army National Guard. In 2013, I was overseas and ran into another soldier at a USO. I told him about my uncle who had played while serving in Vietnam. In our conversation we discovered a mutual love of music and guitars. Out of that conversation we found other music lovers and in the middle of the deserts of the Middle East, we formed a band. When we weren't on missions, we helped lift the moral of Americans who were deployed all over the Persian Gulf while having fun during turmoil. A three-star general tried to get us to extend our service to travel and entertain the troops like Bob Hope. Sometimes I wish I had done it. History repeated itself. Uncle Johnny was proud of that and I was proud of following in his footsteps.

Through the years I would stop to see him in Prattville and became closer to him and especially cousin, Scott and his family. Johnny worked for years at ADEM and retired several years ago after a long

*run overseeing mines and working with environmental issues. He loved his co-workers.*

*Johnny had open heart surgery and valve replacement a month ago and it was successful. What they didn't know was that he had a bleeding ulcer that weakened him and he was a diabetic which led to other issues. His problems were fixed but his body gave out before the healing happened.*

*We are all devastated and so, so sad. I can't imagine not calling him to ask about a guitar lick or chord or a certain guitar, dobro or mandolin model or to send him, my brother or cousin Reid Yeargan, a guitar I found on sale or a cool video I ran across it to talk about our children and grands. I will continue sending them but will miss his acerbic wit and smart a-- comments that always followed one of my posts. And we will never, ever tell stories about the time he lived with my brother and I in Tuscaloosa while working on the toxic waste dump in Epes..! 😎*

*Cousins Terri, her husband Buddy Huck, daughters Rebecca and Bethany and Scott and his wife, Renee and their children, Shelby and Logan, have a hole in their lives today. We all do. Uncle Johnny cut a wide path and had a huge influence on so many people. Life goes on but will never be the same for any of us.*

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**Mike Oakley** - June 16, 2021 at 10:10 PM