

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
Barbara Love Lowe
May 31, 1929-March 17, 2025

Welcome	Pastor Blake Bowman
<i>Amazing Grace</i>	Daisy Schoen
Words from Family	Tricia Lowe
	Brandon Lowe
	Teresa Lowe
	Rig Dees
<i>How Great Thou Art</i>	Daisy Schoen
Words From Family	Julia Lowe
	Ken Lowe
<i>Beulah Land</i>	Dale and Gilda Riddle
Message	Dale Riddle
Congregational Song	<i>I'll Fly Away</i>
Closing Scripture and Prayer	Tricia Lowe

Pianist: Addy Knepp

Congregational Song Leader: Alex McGarry

Pallbearers: Phillip Matthews, Jimmy Ray Love, Tim Frye,
Kent Heath, Royce Clodfelter, Jordan Smith

Honorary Pallbearers: Mike Owens, Phil Sutphin,
Mickey Love, Grant Christian, Mark Oakley, Wade Rogers,
Steve Inman, Jim Nehlsen, Rick Brannon, and Jimmy Noble



A memorial tribute from the loving family and friends of

Barbara Ann Love Lowe

(1929 – 2025)



BARBARA'S STORY

95 YEARS OF CARING, GIVING, AND MAKING
THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE

Barbara



At the 133rd running of the Kentucky Derby there was an intersection of two lives that was nearly 80 years in the making.

The year was 2007, and all eyes were on Queen Elizabeth II. The Queen had traveled to Churchill Downs that day to fulfill a lifelong dream to watch the famous Run for the Roses. In other words, the Derby was on Elizabeth's bucket list.

But the Queen wasn't the only strong and accomplished woman there that day. There was another. And while this woman wasn't royalty in the strictest sense, she was much revered and admired by those who knew and loved her.

Her name was Barbara Ann Love Lowe. On that day in May, the woman they called "Barbary" as a young girl growing up in Surry County, North Carolina, was ushered into the Queen's private suite along with the rest of Her Royal Majesty's entourage. Security, it seems, thought Barbara and her husband, Wayne, were part of the royal party.

Now, how a girl named Barbary ended up in the Queen's private suite during the Kentucky Derby is a fascinating story that's full of many twists and turns and ups and downs. Suffice it to say that rubbing

elbows with world-famous people is one of the many perks of having a devoted son who also is a very successful CEO. But for friends and family who knew her best, it makes perfect sense that Barbara was taken for royalty that special day at Churchill Downs.

Because you see, in Barbara's realm – Westfield, Mount Airy, Pilot Mountain, Shelton town, Flat Rock – she's known for a lifetime of giving and caring for others. She's known for her compassion. She's known for her strong and abiding faith and her devotion to family. She's known for her many accomplishments in the local business community, first as a country doctor's irreplaceable assistant, bookkeeper and office manager, and then as a successful local banker.

It turns out, Barbara is royalty indeed – North Carolina style.



Barbara's story begins on May 31, 1929. She was born on a Friday, when spring was in full bloom, just on the cusp of summertime. In faraway London, Elizabeth was just three years old. While the princess grew up riding thoroughbred ponies in the English countryside and being educated by private tutors at her family's Piccadilly estate, Barbara was swimming in Rutledge Creek

on washdays and learning her three "Rs" at the three-room school at Shelton town, just a mile or two from her home.

From the perspective of those early years, the intersection of "Barbary's" life with Elizabeth's some fourscore years hence seemed improbable at best.

Barbara was raised on the Haymore family's ancestral farm just west of Mount Airy. Her maternal grandfather built the two-story farmhouse where she grew up. She was the youngest of seven children and just one of two girls. Twenty years separated Barbara and her sister, Bessie, who was the oldest of the Love children.

When Barbara was no more than a toddler – about 16 months old – her father, Lawrence, fell ill and passed away. Six months later, Bessie married and moved to a home nearby to start her own family. That left Barbara's mother Jettie and Barbara's five older brothers – Lester, Howard, Charlie, Ellis, and Kolmer – to manage and work the 300-acre farm.

The Loves grew corn, tobacco, hay, and wheat. There were big barns to maintain, mule teams to lead, threshing machines to operate, meal to grind, big gardens to tend, and chicken, hogs, and cattle to raise and feed. The boys were in their early to mid-teens. They were strong and well able to stand the rigors of farm work.

As Barbara grew older, she was expected to pitch in. In fact, like so many children who grew up on the farm, she learned to drive at an early age behind the wheel of the family's old Ford stake truck, gear jamming through the fields as her brothers baled and loaded hay.

In Lawrence's absence, Barbara's brothers served as stolid male role models. They were loving and protective surrogate fathers and they helped shape who Barbara would become. Even as they started fam-

ilies of their own, Barbara's brothers lived nearby, continued to work the family farm, and were major influences in her life. The Loves would remain close, and in Surry County, their entire lives.

But times weren't always easy. Barbara was born into the midst of the Great Depression. Jettie and the family were fortunate to have inherited the Haymore farm, where they could grow or raise most of what they needed. Still, some extra income was needed to make ends meet.

Jettie decided to take in boarders, but not just any boarders. The itinerant teachers from nearby Sheltontown School shared the Love's two-story, six-room house, along with little Barbary, her five brothers, and her Aunt Maude, who had been invited to live in the home as well. It was a full and happy home.

Barbary proved to be a precocious and inquisitive child. She would spend her afternoons and evenings asking the teachers intelligent questions and then absorbing the answers. By the time she was five, the teachers told Jettie that Barbara was ready to start school. She was enrolled at Sheltontown School and was an excellent student, just as her teachers had predicted. After finishing her early schooling at Sheltontown, which went through the eighth grade, Barbara attended high school up the road several miles at Flat Rock. One of her brothers drove the bus she rode to school.

Barbara began high school just as America was entering the Second World War. Two of her brothers were fighting overseas, Charlie in Europe and Ellis in the Pacific Theater. It was an anxious four years. But in 1945 the war ended, Barbara graduated from Flat Rock and Charlie and Ellis returned home to a much relieved and thankful family. She turned 16 just a day or two after graduation, much younger than most

in her class, thanks to the keen instincts of the Sheltontown teachers.

What happened next would set the stage for the rest of Barbara's life. Barbara was about to meet Ansley Wayne Lowe, a tall, attractive young man from nearby Westfield. Barbara and Wayne would fall in love, get married, and raise two boys who would go on to be very successful and accomplished men. They were husband and wife for a remarkable 73 years, before Wayne passed away in 2018. They were soul mates and fast friends.



How Barbara and Wayne met is a Lowe family legend. The occasion was a visit to a cousin's home that, unbeknownst to Barbara, was an arranged blind date. When she arrived, she learned that her cousin had invited two young men – Wayne and another fellow – to join them. The expectation was that the cousin would pair up with Wayne, who she was sweet on, and Barbara would be matched with the other young man. But Wayne had a different idea. Clearly liking what he saw from the get-go, he paired up with Barbara that day and a whirlwind romance ensued.

Nine months later, Barbara and Wayne eloped to York, South Carolina. It was the first time either of them had been out of North Carolina.

Both 17-years-old, Barbara and Wayne were too young to get a marriage license, so they fibbed about their age. Their marriage license would always make them a year older than they actually were.

On their return to Westfield, the couple honeymooned one night in Charlotte, but Wayne wasn't too careful about where he parked his blue 39 Ford Coupe. He left it overnight in a no-parking zone and in the morning when they went to retrieve the car, they found a parking ticket on the windshield. They told their romantic tale to the city clerk, who took pity on the young newlyweds and waived the fine. It was an act of simple kindness that Barbara would never forget.

Barbara and Wayne made Westfield their home. They moved in with Wayne's grandparents, who had raised him as their own from a very early age. After six months they moved into a house of their own on the Lowe farm and began working the land to support themselves.

In 1950, their son, Ken was born, and in 1955 their youngest son, Bruce, came along. Interestingly, Ken and Bruce were both born on April 7, Easter weekends five years apart. The way the calendar fell, they were both born on a Friday – Good Friday, in fact. Barbara says that's why they were always such "good boys."

Barbara and Wayne worked hard to provide for Ken and Bruce. Their home was fertile ground for two active, growing, and impressionable boys. No matter how busy she was, Barbara always made sure there were snacks waiting for Ken and Bruce and their friends after school. Everyone knew they were welcome at Barbara's table. The boys' friends always felt at home. It was a place where they wanted to be.

Always active and involved in her boys' lives, Barbara routinely vol-



unteered to drive Ken and his teammates to their football and basketball games, both home and away. She made sure Ken and Bruce made it to their music lessons. And when Ken became a teen disc jockey on radio station WKTE over in nearby King, North Carolina, the radio in the kitchen was tuned in, with Barbara listening faithfully while he was on the air.

Her encouragement and support provided the foundation for Ken's distinguished career in broadcasting. He would grow up to become the founder of HGTV and Chief Executive Officer of HGTV's parent company, Scripps Networks Interactive. Bruce was successful as well, rising through the ranks at 3M as one of the company's top-performing sales executives.

Sadly, Bruce passed away at the age of 48, the victim of a sudden heart attack. His death, in the prime of his life, was heartbreaking for the entire family. As had often been the case, Barbara's strength of charac-



ter and deep abiding faith sustained the family during that difficult time.

As Ken advanced in grade school and not long after Bruce was born, it became apparent to Barbara and Wayne that the farm couldn't provide enough of a living to sustain the family.

It was the late 1950s and the winds of change were blowing

in post-war America. The cost of living was on the rise and more and more women were entering the workforce to help support their families. Women also were entering the workforce in growing numbers to fulfill their own professional ambitions. The seeds of the women's movement – the fight for equality in the workplace – were being sewn and soon stereotypical expectations for women's roles in society would begin to topple.

Barbara probably didn't know it at the time, but she was part of that early movement. She decided to work outside the home.

Barbara's first job was at a doctor's office. She was hired as office manager and bookkeeper for a doctor who had moved from New York to practice medicine in Stokes County. His name was Dr. Gerald Brown, and being from up north, he needed a little extra help assimilating to life in rural North Carolina. Barbara was the right person for the job. At first, Dr. Brown spoke a mile a minute and for a time needed an interpreter. But, with Barbara's help, Dr. Brown became a beloved

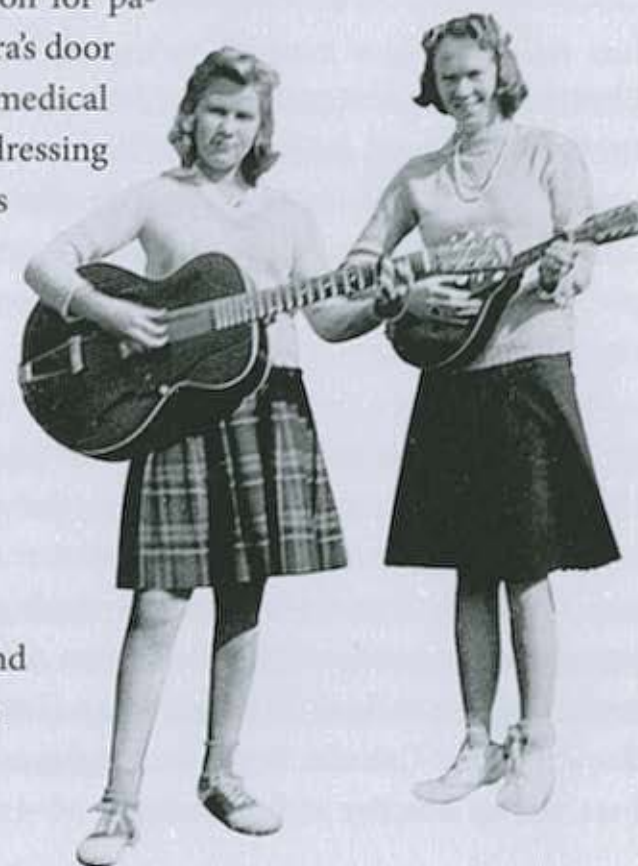
member of the community and a fine country doctor who was much relied upon and respected by his patients.

Barbara didn't have far to go to get to work. Dr. Brown established his practice in a house directly across the street from the Lowe's. He was well acquainted with Barbara and her family, and he knew firsthand the quality person that she was. That's why he offered her the job in the first place.

It wasn't long before Barbara was serving as Dr. Brown's lab and x-ray technician, managing his apothecary, keeping his appointment schedule, and tending to the doctor's books. She was the backbone of Dr. Brown's practice.

It wasn't at all uncommon for patients to knock on Barbara's door after hours if they had medical concerns or needed a dressing changed. She was always there for them with a little black bag of her own, willing and able to help. If she could help, she never turned anyone away.

Barbara worked for Dr. Brown for 11 years and made the move with him when he relocated and expanded his practice to





Stanleyville just outside Winston-Salem. Barbara didn't relish the 45-minute commute, but Dr. Brown implored her to stay. He couldn't conceive of managing his practice without her. She soldiered on with a smile and with good cheer.

Eventually, Dr. Brown left North Carolina for Florida, and it looked like Barbara would be out of a job. But one of the doctor's patients was president of the Bank of Pilot Mountain, and the bank president

knew two things. First, he knew that Dr. Brown was leaving town. And second, he knew that Barbara was an exceptional office manager, smart and hard working. He offered her a job, and Barbara's 39-year career in banking began. Being a small county, the same people who were Doctor Brown's patients became Barbara's customers at the bank. The year was 1968.

Barbara started as an associate teller, and quickly moved up through the ranks, serving as branch manager for a time, and finishing her career as the branch's manager of customer service relations. Barbara was a conscientious and committed employee, staying with the bank through a series of mergers, first when the Bank of Pilot Mountain became Centura Bank and then when Centura was acquired by the Royal Bank of Canada. Regardless of the name on the marquis, Barbara was an effective and enthusiastic advocate.

Barbara was always on the lookout for opportunities to promote the bank in the community. One of her most successful campaigns was overseeing the bank's Esteem Club, a promotion designed to reward the bank's most valued customers. Barbara organized popular bus tours and cruises for Esteem Club members. Friends and family were welcome and encouraged to join in the fun, provided they opened new accounts at the bank. It was genius.

Barbara officially retired from RBC in 2007, but she was so revered that a desk was reserved for her for several years after just in case she wanted to drop by.

Barbara's story wouldn't be complete without acknowledging, and honoring, her deep abiding faith and church life.

For as long as anyone can remember, Barbara was a member and leading figure at Westfield Baptist Church. She served as the church's treasurer, sang in the choir, was active in women's groups, and volunteered over the years for Sunday school and vacation bible schools. She was nearly always present and visible at social gatherings, worship, and other special church events.

Barbara, Wayne, and their boys attended church every Sunday. They were regulars at Wednesday evening services, with Barbara staying the extra hour Wednesday nights for choir practice.

As it became known that Barbara was a whiz at banking, she was invited to join the finance committee. And it wasn't long before the committee elected her as treasurer. She was blessedly frugal, a good steward of the church's resources.



For Barbara, good stewardship of the church's resources was a matter of faith. The money the church raised enabled its mission to do the Lord's work. She was such a good steward that when she decided to retire as church treasurer, the finance committee wouldn't let her. It was six years before they would accept her letter of resignation.

Barbara's faith made her strong and a person her entire family, and extended community, were able to depend on over the years. She cared for "Granny Lowe" when her family was young. She cared for her brothers in their declining years. She was a rock and stabilizing force when Bruce passed away. And, of course, she cared for Wayne right up to the very end. Giving of herself – her time, her compassion, her healing spirit – came naturally for Barbara Lowe. She was created to serve.

In her retirement years, Barbara had more time to garden and cook for family and friends, activities she most loved and enjoyed. She and

Wayne also traveled the country. For several years, they wintered at Ken's home in Scottsdale, Arizona. And, they attended a multitude of industry awards banquets and dinners honoring Ken, of whom Barbara and Wayne, were always exceedingly proud.

Thanks to Ken's many connections, Barbara and Wayne also had the privilege of attending many high-profile events, like the Kentucky Derby back in 2007, when Barbara's life journey intersected with the Queen's. She wasn't royalty like Elizabeth, but she made her mark in Westfield and on all who knew her from a lifetime of giving, caring, and making a difference in her world.



