

practiced primarily in the areas of real estate closings, suits to quiet title, foreclosures, and other such matters related to real property issues, as well as a general civil practice.

At one point early in his legal career, Bob worked for Attorneys Title Insurance Company for a period of time. In addition, at one time or another over the years, and for varying periods of time, Bob was associated in the practice of law with Bill Porter, Leon Reuben, Fred Ford, Roy Miles, Bob Dozier, Jim Midgett, Buford Bates, David Rutherford, Robert Rutherford, Paul Rutherford, Ralph DeMarco, and Paul White, some of them for fifteen or sixteen years.

If you spent much time around Bob Spann, you did not have to wonder what he thought, because he would tell you. He clearly loved and appreciated his family, and it did not take any prodding to get him to give you a tour through his family albums, showing you his wife and children and grandchildren and friends. He also loved his church, and the choir, and Vanderbilt. He was an avid Vanderbilt football and basketball fan, attending many home games, and a number of away games, when he could.

Bob was a mentally and physically tough person, and he survived many surgeries during his lifetime. If he was disappointed by something, he would often say, "Well, I have been a life-long Republican and a Vandy fan, so disappointment and I are old acquaintances". Also, from time to time, when the name of a former client would come up in conversation, Bob would say, "Oh yeah, I remember him (or her), I once represented him,... or misrepresented him, as the case may be."

Bob always had a round glass paper weight prominently displayed on his office desk that contained a notice and fair warning to all who sat in the seats across from him. It said, "When I works, I works hard; when I plays, I plays hard; when I thinks, I falls asleep!"

For many years, Bob and his brother Bill, whom he referred to as "Brother Bill", tried to eat lunch together once a week. They always ate at the Shoney's on Thompson Lane, because a lady they grew up with was a server there. All of the employees knew them, and automatically seated them at one of her tables, where they enjoyed reliving their childhood days, growing up in Dogtown, which they pronounced "Dawgtown". They reminisced about how their father would sometimes pronounce bacon as "baten", and they debated their solutions for all of the world's ills. Periodically, they would each take turns explaining, emphatically and in great detail, to anyone who would listen, why their particular gambling strategy was the superior approach.

Bob was a very patient and conscientious type of lawyer, very thorough and a true peacemaker. It was always his intention to make everyone happy, if at all possible. Those who worked around him every day for years recall that he seldom, if ever, lost his temper. He was the kind of lawyer that another lawyer could consult on how to diffuse a difficult situation, and you always knew that those conversations would be kept confidential. He was a fun loving person, always appreciating a good story or joke. He was seldom, if ever in a bad mood over the years. Many attorneys sought his counsel and advice on difficult land title problems through the years.

Bob enjoyed being a kid, even after he became an adult. He loved throwing a baseball, or football, or shooting baskets until his "wheels" gave out. He also liked history, and especially preserving family history. He was the family photographer, and he always had his camera nearby and loved to capture the moment.

He was proud to be from Donelson, with a history there that began in high school, and continued throughout his entire life, he being a product and an ardent supporter of the greater Donelson/Hermitage/Dupont area.

Bob was the ultimate Vanderbilt sidewalk alumni fan. He had "Vandy 1" on his license plate, and a number of years ago, the *Tennessean* ran an article, complete with a photograph, which he kept framed on his office wall, proudly displaying for all to see how much he loved his Commodores.

Probably the last football game he attended was when his beloved Vandy beat Boston College in the Music City Bowl. In Bob's world, there was no color uglier than orange, and no weekend was better than when Vandy won and UT lost.

To Bob's way of thinking, there was only one liquor worth drinking, and that was Wild Turkey; and it had to be the "101 Turkey", with some ice and just a splash of water, preferably in a Black and Gold cup, if properly served.

The way he saw things, there was only one reason for him to go to a casino, and that was to "roll the bones". He possessed the stamina and enthusiasm for his chosen game of chance to spend all day and night at the "craps table", with very few breaks. His strategy in "craps" was to play the "dark side", meaning that he played against the other players, on the same side as the house, because, he calculated, the odds tend to favor the house.

Bob loved it when a shooter "crapped out", and the fact that this tended to upset people trying to beat the house did not seem to bother Bob the Gambler one bit. He would simply say, "I didn't come here to make friends, I came here to make money!"

On one occasion, Bob stopped by the Spann Insurance office to see his nephew Jack, and he inquired as to whether Jack would be interested in driving Bob and Brother Bill to the river boat casino in Metropolis Illinois.

Jack considered that invitation to be quite an honor, and said that he would be delighted to serve as the "wheel man" for the rambling, gambling brothers Spann. It was at some point

approximately half-way through the state of Kentucky that Jack learned that there was actually a very pragmatic reason concerning why they needed a driver on that particular occasion. It seems that, on their previous gambling junket bus trip, they had refused to just abandon a "hot craps table", even at the risk of being abandoned themselves by their ride home. Consequently, the scheduled departure of the bus was delayed by about an hour from the appointed time, until the Spann boys were able, in good conscience, to join them and commence the journey home.

Thereafter, the gambling junket bus operators had apparently blackballed the brothers Spann from inclusion on the manifest of souls on board the next time the bus departed for the casino. It has long been suspected that, in addition to the legendary ardor of Bob and Brother Bill for their favorite games of chance, their decision on that particular occasion regarding the impromptu revision of the junket bus departure schedule was influenced, to a significant extent, by the old "101 Turkey". Following his passing, Bob's nephew Jack says he made sure that, today and forever, Bob is holding on to his lucky pair of dice.

Bob's good humor, his patience and his laughter will be sorely missed by those who knew him, and by those who worked with him.

WHEREAS, it is fitting and appropriate that we should memorialize the life of Robert F. "Daddy Bob" Spann, and

WHEREAS, the committee of Paul R. White, Ralph DeMarco, Jack Spann, and James C. Midgett, Jr. now respectfully moves that this memorial resolution be approved and permanently entered in the *In Memoriam* book of the Chancery Court in Nashville, Davidson County, Tennessee,

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED by the Nashville Bar Association, that we honor the life, work, and legacy of Robert F. "Daddy Bob" Spann, and mourn his passing,

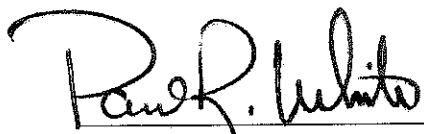
BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that this memorial resolution be placed in the permanent records of the association, and entered into the *In Memoriam* Minute Book of the Chancery Court in Nashville, Davidson County, Tennessee, and that copies thereof be furnished to his family.

ENTERED, this, the 21st day of May, 2015



Chancellor


APPROVED FOR ENTRY:



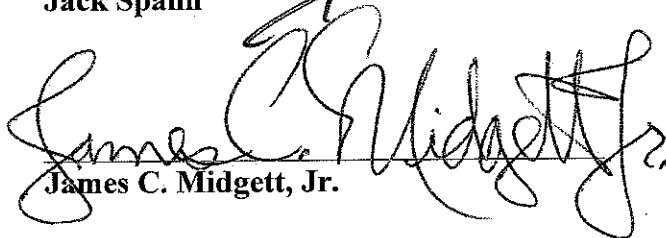
Paul R. White



Ralph DeMarco



Jack Spann



James C. Midgett, Jr.