



Jacob Nathaniel Brown

December 6, 1981 - March 17, 2020

Jacob N. Brown, 38, of Arden passed away on Tuesday, March 17, 2020 at the John F. Keever, Jr. Solace Center.

Obituary and service information will be updated upon availability.

Tribute Wall



“ *Jacob Nathaniel Brown*

October 09, 2023 at 01:52 AM



“ *Jacob Nathaniel Brown*

October 08, 2023 at 10:49 PM



“ *Jacob Nathaniel Brown*

October 24, 2022 at 11:11 PM

SK

“*Jacob and I worked together at the Warren Wilson College farm for a time. It always brightened my day to work shifts with this man. He had many stories of his various blunders and victories.*

He told me of one such victory one day, after I had come into work with the edges of my mustache curled like a Frenchman, a story about his younger days involving an unruly fellow with such an appearance...

As we made our way up to the Riverbend pasture to check on the cattle, he told me casually that a decade or so ago around the time of Valentine's day he and his friends had been out enjoying the night at a local venue, a bar with music, I believe it was. In typical Irish fashion, he and his fellows were uproarious and life-celebrating, likely smack-talking or daring each other to do, say, or mime this, or that.

Of course, there are the types that exist always, who must stand totally upright, with stern complexions and orderly arrogance—Jacob was not one of these types, though a respectable man regardless. At this bar was a particularly upset form of this type of person, hair slicked back with too much grease (likely), mouth cracked in slight indignation or disgust, eyeing the group of celebrators. Like a lone wolf, the man came to them (a dressed up coyote), and told them to curb their various enthusiasms.

One might imagine the spasm Jacob Brown's excellent B.S. meter caused the edges of his mouth to perform, a smile of great intensity and sarcasm, when he saw this square's heavily waxed, curled-up mustache. The 'stache did not match the man's rigid jive. The irony was too much for Jacob to bear. The employee reinforced his position and walked away, feeling judicious and self-righteous. Soon after, and with intensified purpose, Jacob and his friends escalated things by partying harder, by enjoying cutting through the din, even louder. This went on for some time.

I imagined the indignant fellow's mustache began twitching, the sweat down his brow streamed, the steam coming out of his ears and head rolled around his crown until the grease slopped off his noggin and undid his do, hair in the eyes, retribution in his achey heart. The type-A egotist fears the fearless men like Jacob Brown.

He approached the group again, this time with a bouncer; looking frail, he delivered his remarks again, in a pitiful nasaly anger, "Leave this bar, or you will be removed from it". Jacob and his confidants finished their drinks, and began moving towards the door, not wanting a bar fight on their hands. As most of them left the door, still in good spirits, Jacob would have sweet revenge.

*As he was walking away from the end of the bar, he noticed, as was the season, a large bowl full of candy hearts. He plunged his hand into the bowl and grabbed hold of a very large abundance of candy hearts, the ones with messages inscribed on them. As he neared the door, at the tail end of his posse, he turned around, with a face expressing jovial satisfaction with the absurdity of life, beaming with intensity, pitching the fistful of multi-colored candy hearts at the rager's face, while simultaneously yelling the battle cry of, "F*ck you, Rollie Fingers!" He turned heel, and they, the life-lovers, ran into the night, reveling in their youth and health.*

That was perhaps one of the most hilarious stories told to me by the man; there are a few more.

Rest in Peace, or Valhalla, or elsewhere,

S. D. Kiggins

S.D. Kiggins - March 26, 2020 at 12:58 PM