

William Edward McMurry, 80, passed away on June 29th, 2020, at home surrounded by his loving family.

Bill purchased his first Inman Park home in 1971. The quintessential Inman Park neighbor, he helped expand the neighborhood boundaries to their current footprint and served as president of the neighborhood association and chairman of the Inman Park Spring Festival and Tour of Homes, while also providing leadership on many committees for the neighborhood and the BOND Credit Union. He started an unofficial gourmet club in Inman Park that endures to this day. Bill and Marnie fought to prevent the destruction of the intown community when the Georgia Department of Transportation planned to build expressways directly through the historic neighborhood the McMurrys cared so much about.

Bill was born on August 18th, 1939, in Jackson, Mississippi. He received a B.A. in Political Science and a Master of Public Administration from Georgia State University. After graduating, he worked for the Georgia Municipal Association, the Public Service Department within the School of Urban Life at GSU, and the State of Georgia Office of Housing, and he served as the first director of Neighborhood Housing Services in Grant Park. While working at GSU, he met and married Margaret "Marnie" Crandall. In 1977 Bill obtained his real estate license, and in 1981 he began his long, illustrious career in real estate. In 1985 he and Marnie began a sales partnership at 14 West, which they continued at Remax Intown, Dwellings, and Harry Norman, becoming the premier husband-and-wife team selling intown properties. Travel in Central America led them to buy a vacation home above the beaches of Nicaragua and a partnership in El Peten, a 250-acre organic coffee farm in northern Nicaragua.

In addition to Marnie, Bill is survived by his sister Patricia (McMurry) Ward, sons Austin W. McMurry and Chad H. McMurry, daughters-in-law Claudia (Artola) McMurry and Susanne (Carlson) McMurry, granddaughter Amaya M. McMurry, and many cherished nieces, nephews, cousins and dear friends.

The family will gather to celebrate his life at a later time. In lieu of flowers, please donate to <https://www.lifelineanimal.org/> or Friends of Inman Park (207 Hurt St NE, Atlanta GA 30307).

Bill's complete obituary is available at: Memorials on the IPNA website <https://ipna.memberclicks.net/assets/Memorials/BillMcMurry/Obit.pdf>

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Bill was loved by so many Inman Parkers, we are publishing a few of the comments provided by Bill's neighbors and friends.

Bob Bodimer:

I had lunch with Bill a few days before he went into the hospital. He told me, "I am surrounded by many good friends and loving family. I'm ready." After 45 years of friendship and many discussions about what it meant to get and to be ready, he summed it up this way "I've done most everything I wanted to do and I did most of it on my own terms. I've had a 'great' life."

Bill loved Inman Park and, more importantly, he loved the idea of Inman Park: the friendship, fellowship, camaraderie, and more than a few kerfuffles. He loved it all. His fingerprints are on everything that has come to pass on this great urban adventure. IP owes Bill a huge debt of gratitude for his tireless efforts on behalf of building a successful community.

He may have been ready, but I am not. I miss him.

I came to Inman Park because of Bill McMurry. On the 1976 house tour, Bill and Marnie had their house on Alta on tour. Front room beautifully done. Peek through a pocket door to a parlor without a floor! I thought, if these people can do this, so can I. A few months later I bought my first house—didn't even own a skill saw! With Bill's instruction, encouragement, advice, and counsel, I made the transition from Suburbanite to Inman Parker. Thank you!

Bill and I started a long and storied friendship. We renovated houses and encouraged each other through IRS audits, child problems, passing of parents, career upheavals, health issues, divorces, birth of grandchildren, and many other life changes. We celebrated birthdays, business successes, international travel, fine dining, and countless laughs.

This could only happen to Bill: he brought his brand-new car directly from the dealer over to my house to show off. We went for a new car spin. Going down Page Ave. in Candler Park, we hit a small bump and saw a tire rolling down the street in front of us. A front wheel literally fell off. Someone at the dealer had failed to tighten lug nuts! Only one of us was laughing that day.

I don't know where Bill is now; I'm sure he has organized a committee and started generating enthusiasm for some changes that need to be made.

Bill had a "great" life. I was privileged to be part of it.

Karen Heim:

Twenty-five years ago, my dog, Stella Blue, and I used to walk around the neighborhood before daylight while no one else was out. One morning while we were on Hurt Street, Bill, still sleepy, opened his front door and picked up his newspaper off his front porch. A full "moon" was seen at dawn—Bill was buck naked! I didn't say a word and just kept walking. . . .

In the mid-1990s, when I was organizing Butterfly Ball, committee-member Bill wanted to shake things up. His idea was the Moth Ball. (Sorry, Candler Park, Bill thought of it first.) In those days we did most of the work ourselves. I put a call out to borrow a pick-up truck for the trip to Tower Liquor Store. Bill offered his blue Ford F150. In fact, he offered to sell it to me for \$1,000—well worth it, but I was short on funds and passed. I will never forget the last hour of Festival, when I was picking up trash at the corner of Elizabeth and Euclid. Bill pulled up in front of me in a golf cart and said, "I talked to Marnie. We're gonna give you the truck." I burst into tears, overcome with gratitude at this kindness!

Bill knew how much I envied him that he got to pull a trailer with a Bo Bradshaw tractor in the Parades. About 15 years ago, I was in front of Variety Playhouse, watching the L5P Halloween Parade. As Bill came by, he waved at me and motioned, "C'mon!" I jumped up on that tractor

and drove it down Euclid to Moreland. Bill even suggested I turn onto Moreland, but don't worry, Bo, I didn't!

Bill McMurry, you were the epitome of what this neighborhood is about—your kindness, your generosity, and your sense of humor. We will truly miss you. Rest easy, my friend.

Jan Keith:

When you look at one of our yellow Inman Park street markers, think of Bill McMurry. He jumped in, championed the idea, and got it done.

Cathy Bradshaw:

Bill was a rock. Bill was the definition of “good neighbor.” Bill was the role model for volunteer service. If a job needed doing, Bill was usually first on the scene to get it done. Trash on the street, an emergency at someone’s home, a meeting that needed a crowd, a report that needed writing, a meal for a sick friend, a patrol through the neighborhood late at night to curb crime, ice for Festival vendors, a committee chair to resolve a zoning issue, clean-up after Festival. The list is too long to remember everything Bill, usually with Marnie by his side, did for our neighborhood.

Bill had a great sense of humor. Halloween was a favorite holiday for scaring the daylights out of neighborhood kids. Many young adults must still have nightmares about the scary trip up the sidewalk on Hurt Street to collect Halloween candy. One year Bill dressed in coveralls and sat stone still in a rocking chair with a flashlight on his face. Just as the trick-or-treater got close enough to grab a piece of candy, Bill gave out a haunting “Boo.” Some kids probably never returned to that house.

Having children within months of each other, our families shared many good times together, starting with the babysitting co-op. We had little money and less free time, so sharing babysitting duties created lasting friendships for parents and children. As my friend and neighbor, I could always count on Bill to listen, offer advice, and provide support.

Another IP Pioneer is gone. Needless to say, I will miss my friend.

Bo Bradshaw:

Of all my good memories of Bill over the 40 years I knew him, one highlight would have to be the time he helped me tear down the old hot-air furnace in the house that became Java Vino. I wanted the furnace’s innermost casting for its artistic shape, and Bill agreed to help me get it out of there. It turned out to be a huge, nasty, filthy job, that tried us to no end, because all the ductwork, outer furnace shell, plumbing, etc. had to be removed to get to this one cast-iron piece I longed for. We were both completely covered in carbon and soot after four hours of sweat and toil. After the cast-iron piece was on my truck, Bill exclaimed that he must be a true friend to have persevered through such a nasty ordeal—and for a prize few would cherish!

Sally Dorn:

I first met Bill in 1978 when he was the listing agent for the first house we bought in Inman Park. We knew very little about renovating an old house, and Bill was a valuable resource for us. He

quickly became a dear friend whom we could rely on for advice, help, and good times. Bill was the kindest and most generous man I have ever known. In 1991, after I suffered a traumatic brain injury, I was unable to walk alone. I would get lost and often fall. Three times per week for nine months Bill walked with me around the neighborhood. So much of my recovery I attribute to this gift of time, patience, and love. Thank you, Bill, for over 40 years of friendship. You lived a good life.

Pat Westrick:

Bill was smart and funny, and his humorous instincts were always spot on. In the mid-'70s, Bill and Marnie briefly lived on the block of Sinclair between Seminole and Colquitt. It felt a bit like the wild frontier in those days, around the corner from Little 5 Points and the infamous Redwood Lounge. One memorable evening—I believe beer was (as usual) involved—Richard and I, along with fellow Sinclairians Wayne Maddux, Vicki Parsons, and Janet and Carl Sepcich, joined the McMurrays on their porch high above the alley that ran behind the houses on Colquitt from the L5P parking lot to Sinclair. Along came two revelers, stumbling down the alley. One of them decided to relieve himself against the wall directly below the porch. It was Bill who stood up and started applauding—and of course we all joined in.

Bill's was the most disreputable truck at Festival Clean-up every year, and everyone wanted to ride in it; our kids knew they were growing up when they were actually allowed to accompany Bill in the front seat. He was Festival Chair the year Theatre Night was created (and I think it was his idea). In the days before we had an honest-to-God Security Patrol, he insisted on cruising the neighborhood late at night (frequently recruiting Richard to ride along) to make sure nothing nefarious was occurring. And he loved this neighborhood fiercely.

He and Marnie were responsible for bringing some of our favorite neighbors to Inman Park, and my personal debt to him for talking me into getting my real estate license and guiding me through those difficult first years can never be repaid. He emphasized ethics and personal service, and those values characterized everything he did, every day.

Rest in Peace, dear friend. You are sorely missed.

Susan Crawley:

Bill and Marnie are so entangled with Inman Park in my memory that it's impossible to separate them. Bill was wise and funny and generous and caring. And how he loved this neighborhood!

After being my friends for over a decade and my landlords for several years, in 1990, Bill and Marnie sold my fiancé and me my first house here. I doubt I was always the easiest client, but the McMurrays were patient and sympathetic, and I'll always be grateful. Bill gave me some advice that benefited me at his expense. "Don't do what we did," he said. "Don't buy so much house you can't afford to furnish it!" As always, I took his sage advice—and we at least had furniture in every room.

The Monday after the first Festival I co-chaired, Bill said he would come by and pick me up (in his truck, of course) to survey the neighborhood. As we rode around looking for messes, he said,

“I do this every year after Festival to see whether we’ve missed anything that needs cleaning up.” Well, of course he did.

To say Inman Park won’t be the same without him doesn’t begin to express it.