



Phillip Wayne Birch, Jr.

December 17, 1958 - February 15, 2021

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

FL

“ I was trying to lookup the Hunt Valley symbol his father drew and I came across this. I'm devastated. Beau and I were friends for years. Close friends. Really close friends. We even fist fought over a girl (you were faster than I'd like to admit.) Even after I left for college (both times) we stayed in touch. Then life intervened. I finally called him after a long time. He had been coming up in conversation and I felt the urge to find out what he was up to. I told him I'd be coming up for lunch. He was going to show me the new business digs. I asked him if I was required to bow. Then CoVID hit. Beau, if I could find a bottle of Boone's Farm, I'd drink the whole thing in your honor. Dude, the flight to Atlantic City was stoic. Scared you-know-what-less and thrilled to the core, especially after we had left the ashtrays open...oh, wait...that's when we were doing those touch-and-gos and you decided we should be weightless. The night your Dad drove the Z up the driveway in 2 feet of snow and we're hanging out the hatch to give the car weight. Did you ever tell your sister I had a thing for her? When I came back from NY (you were fascinated by the red cigarettes...gave up smoking BTW) the party you and Kip threw (well, it didn't start as a party, I was just the excuse, but I think Kip went and got a bushel of crabs, someone else brought beer, that brunette and her friends showed up, and then it was a party.) It was at the same house you had the lizard (I still have pictures of the lizard.) Or that night on the roof of your brownstone...talk about strange. I remember the grey market Porsche. You were right, that was fast. And your mom had the only Trans-Am without the factory decals. She thought they were a little over the top. Imagine if we had that car now? Even the Mach I with your modified \"cabin\". We drove well in those days. Polk Audio Model 10s. I bought them because of you. Still have them. I know you drilled yours all full of holes to hang them up at the house in Glen Burnie. Geez, that reminds me of the \"clothes optional\" evening that once (that's a laugh) occurred in that pool when my contact lenses washed out. You were laughing your a** off when I had to drive home the next day and I couldn't see anything. 11 o'clock in the AM and you're handing me a shot, telling me the squint will help me see better. Or that night because you drove, the

rest of us froze in a house with no heat while you had someone to keep you warm. I think that was the last time I let you drive to Hammerjack's and, wouldn't you know it, the next time you had to take the LTD home. Beau, I haven't though these thoughts in years. I never imagined having to remember them like this. So sad to see you go. Was hoping for some later-in-life shenanigans of a more refined nature. More than a person should be entitled to, I had good times hanging out with you (yes, of course there are parts I wish we could've skipped...) -Flash

Flash - August 05, 2021 at 04:53 PM