



Bobby Terry Sr.

August 15, 1974 - August 31, 2025

Bobby Jonathan Terry Sr., age 51, took his final ride on August 31, 2025, doing exactly what he loved—riding his motorcycle like the world couldn't catch him. And honestly, it never could.

Born on August 15, 1974, Bobby came into this world loud and never turned the volume down. He had a laugh that could startle wildlife and a talent for picking on people that was practically Olympic-level. If Bobby roasted you, congratulations—you were officially loved.

He answered to many names—Bubba, Big Head Bobby Terry, Casper, Asshole, Dad, and Son—each one earned through a lifetime of antics, loyalty, and unforgettable moments. If he called you something outrageous, it meant he loved you. And if you called him something back, he probably laughed louder.

Growing up, Bobby was part of the infamous BFAFO Crew—Franky, Shane, Todd, and Bobby himself—a band of brothers who specialized in mischief, mayhem, and memories that probably violated local ordinances. If there was trouble, they found it. If there was a cop nearby, they waved. Jail was just another stop on their chaotic tour.

But then came Christy—his soulmate, his stabilizer, and the only person who could get him to behave without using handcuffs. She saw the heart beneath the madness, and Bobby never looked back. His love for her was loud, proud, and constant. His signature declaration: "I LOVE YOU, WOMAN" wasn't just a phrase—it was gospel.

He had a heart the size of Georgia and a personality that could knock you flat. Bobby loved hard, laughed harder, and lived like every day was a race—preferably on a dirt track with the throttle wide open. His motorcycle wasn't just a machine; it was his spirit animal. If you ever saw him ride, you knew: that man was free.

He was fierce, loyal, and would absolutely kick your ass if you messed with someone he loved. He didn't do fake. He didn't do quiet. And he sure as hell didn't do boring.

Bobby had a deep faith in God and loved the Lord with all his heart. He wasn't perfect, but he was real—and he knew where he was headed.

His favorite sayings were gospel in his world:

“Yep, if the dirt ain't flying, you ain't trying.”

“Check yo self before you wreck yo self.”

To his boys, he left this final piece of wisdom:

“I'm so proud of you boys. Just keep your head on straight and learn from my mistakes.”

He was preceded in death by his grandparents Mae and Roston Terry, father Ray Floyd, and cousin Shannon Terry—each of whom probably greeted him at the gates with a raised eyebrow and a “What did you do now, Bobby?”

He is survived by his wife Christy Stewart, mother Deborah Floyd, stepfather Dale Stokes, aunt and uncle Renee and James Terry, Children: Bobby Jonathan Terry Jr. and Allison Michaelle Lynn Terry, Adam Scott Terry, James Royston Paul Terry and Lauren Elizabeth Terry, Chad Day and Jamie Lorien, Cassidi McMasters and Cody Hinson. Grand Child Jonathon (JJ) Day and 12 amazing more. He also leaves behind his brothers and partners in crime Franky Bradford and Billy Floyd, and his little sissy Tina Bradford.

Bobby's laugh may be gone, but the echoes of his wild, beautiful life will be heard for generations. Heaven just got a little louder—and Bobby's already giving it some hell.

Don't lose your wings before we get there, brother.

So here's to Bobby: the outlaw with a golden heart, the racer with no brakes,

the proud Asshole we all loved, the Dad who showed up with heart and humor, the Son who never stopped loving, and the brother who made life one hell of a ride.

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

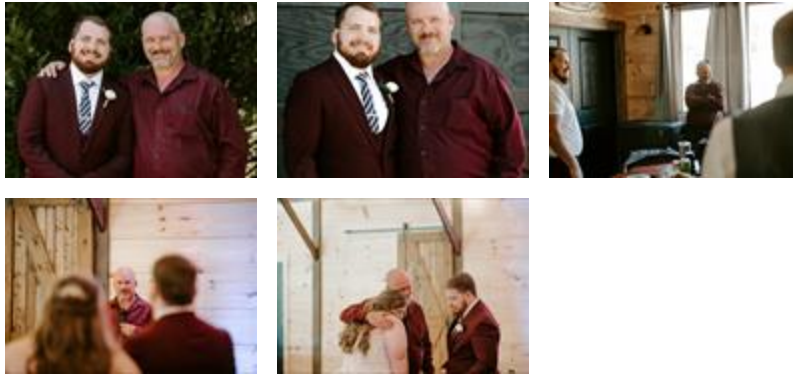
SEP 6. 12:00 PM - 2:00 PM (ET)

Flanigan Funeral Home
4400 South Lee Street
Buford, GA 30518

Tribute Wall

JT

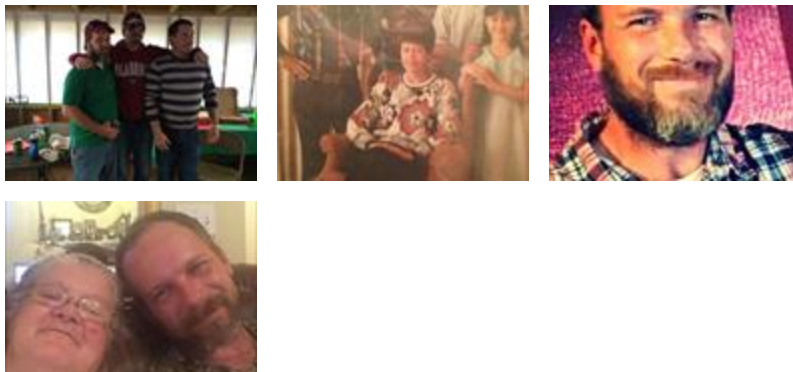
“ Having you at my wedding made me more proud than you know. It was a sign you had turned it all around and hadn't looked back. I can't explain the hurt right now but I know if I could have one of your hugs it wouldn't matter. I miss you and what I wouldn't give to see you one last time.



James Terry - September 08, 2025 at 10:54 AM

DM

“ My baby boy you were mom first born you were so little you were so handsome and you were strong to be so little you took a part of mom with you I can't believe you are gone i know in my heart that I will see you again I love you and I always. Will



Deborah floyd mother - September 03, 2025 at 11:12 AM