

# A TRIBUTE TO JERRY

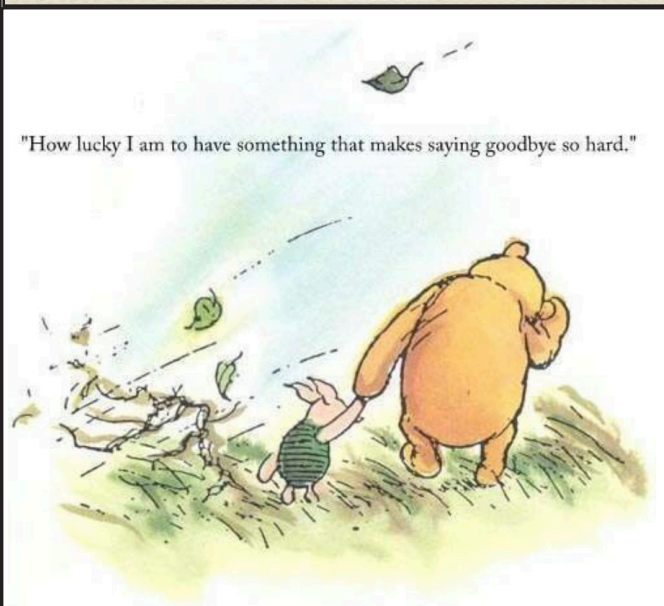
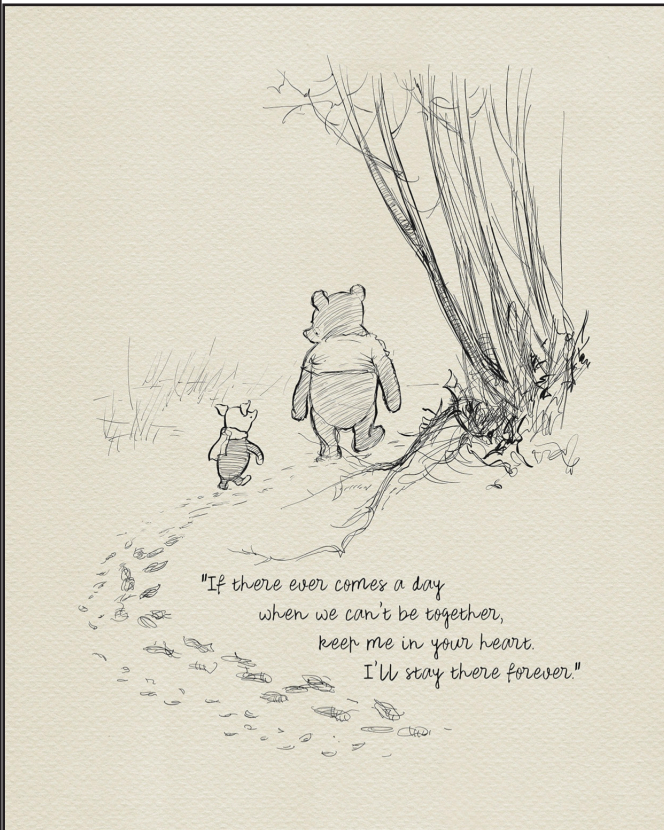
*"Life is not a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well-preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside, bourbon, and cigar in one hand and chocolate in the other thoroughly used up, totally worn out, loudly proclaiming WOOHOO---What A Ride!!!!!!"*

I don't know about the cigar and bourbon, but I thought of Jerry when I read this quote someone sent me today. It probably should read: "beer and pizza in one hand and a gentle punch in the shoulder with the other..." But the rest seems to fit Jerry quite well. He did wear himself out but certainly did

not want to give up or give in. Though he was serious about all his endeavors, I never saw him without a smile or a good word.

*"I want to be all used up when I die"  
- George Bernard Shaw*

That seems to sum things up. But when I think of Jerry, I won't remember how frail he was in the end. I will remember him playing tennis on the courts of South Bend. I'll remember him taking his kids out for a ride on his frozen lake -- in a car! I'll remember him playing pool with Lee in the Barnett basement, laughing and having a good time.

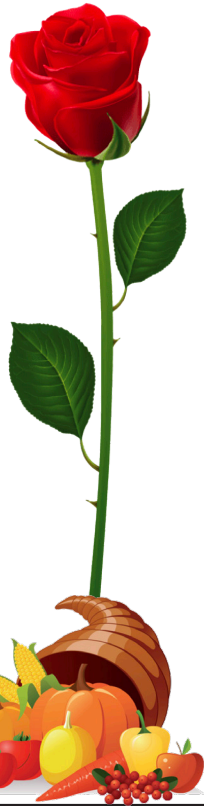




## A POEM

With slightly modified  
attribution to  
Edgar A. Guest

by Le Roy Barnett



His life was probing and his mind, the little splendors seemed to find  
And while all sides of life he saw, from the perfect to the flaw  
He strove, as if he understood, that all of us should work for good.

Whether fate brought peace or strife, he embraced the gift of life  
He was a man close to the earth, suffered sorrow, relished mirth  
To the fullest lived and found, friendships all the world around.

As one who loved the garden he, sought out nature's charms to see  
By the sun-drenched corn he stayed, so too the beans in leafy shade  
On his devotion could depend, a harvest fine at season's end.

And as the gardener seems to give, more care to plants which fight to live  
So he, with charitable regard, befriended those whose tasks were hard  
Thus dealing gently he became, one who brought credit to his name.

He did his best to aid and share, burdens others had to bear  
Rarely stopped to count the cost, lest the chance to help be lost  
Through such good deeds while he was here, afterlife he need not fear.

This was his wealth, that good or bad, of him some happy recall had  
This was his fame, that high or low, their love for him were proud to show  
This his success, that at the end, all grieved the passing of a friend.

We who mourn and stay behind, upon our deaths will surely find  
As we reach that distant shore, Jerry in our midst once more  
Until that day we all should see, he's cherished here in memory.

"The two hardest  
things to say in  
life are hello for  
the first time  
and goodbye for  
the last."

Maira Rogers



goodbye..?  
oh no, please. Can't  
we go back to page one  
and do it all over  
again?

-Winnie The Pooh

- Via (The Minds Journal)

