

My Obit

If you are reading this, it means I have died, passed on, departed, expired...gone to the Bahamas always sounded the best to me. No matter what happened in my last moments, I definitely died from fibrosing, non-specific interstitial pneumonitis, an auto-immune condition which caused progressive lung scarring such that my lungs finally failed. In layman's terms, I have been steadily running out of breath over the last several years. And while I can't say I actually enjoyed the slow fade, I truly did appreciate the opportunity to reflect and prepare...and it sure was great having people being extra nice to me! I am eternally (yes this adverb finally applies) grateful to my family and friends...you made my life such a pleasure.

Those who knew Eileen and me at St Rose High School know best how lucky I was to somehow convince such a kind and beautiful woman to marry me. Eileen and I were in turn blessed with three kind and beautiful daughters, Mary, Clare and Shannon who, in turn, are blessed to be a part of two wonderful families featuring 36 first cousins and a couple dozen aunts and uncles, all of whom are exceptionally nice. (To be perfectly candid, the Heine side is actually a group of ridiculously nice people and while the Bolan side is really nice too, sometimes the genetically embedded Bolan sarcasm makes the Bolan niceness a little harder to perceive.) And if being part of the Bolan and Heine families isn't more than anyone could ask for, I was lucky enough to be part of a third "family" known as Bolan Jahnsen Dacey. My "partner" (very funny Ireland story there) Dan Jahnsen and I somehow managed to stay in business long enough to create a "legal" family which occasionally managed to do some good and always managed to have more fun than any lawyers ever had in the history of fun lawyers (a short history for sure).

Along the way, I was also lucky to make and keep a lot of friends, some from St Rose, some from Wake Forest, some from the Allenhurst, some from lawyering, some from playing sports and running and many more from stopping and having a beer. In the latter regard, I insist that there be no wake and instead, I ask that those so inclined to simply meet somewhere and raise a glass in my name. If it were up to me, it would involve nothing more than putting a cooler in the sand at the ABC so friends could come have a beer without having to dress up or even wear shoes. I hope some of you will tell amusing anecdotes about me...no need to be kind...or actually truthful; embellishment should be encouraged...and likely necessary! I will start; "I can't recall Terry ever lighting up the room with his presence, but there were plenty of times where his 'special brand of humor' cleared the room". "Terry often laughed loudly at jokes, especially his own."

I will do my best to be there in spirit...and to laugh along with you.

As for funeral arrangements I would prefer that anyone so inclined simply go to church some day and say a prayer for Eileen and the girls. The last thing I want is my passing to make anyone go to church on an off day or wear dark clothes and cry, unless the crying is because you are laughing too hard. I had way too much fun while I was here and I ask only that the fun continue.

All my love and thanks to all.

P.S. If anyone feels compelled to do something kind in reaction to my passing that would be great. If you are looking for an idea, may I suggest that you go give blood or better yet, become a regular blood or platelet donor. I did the platelet thing a whole bunch of times. After getting over the needle thing...and so long as you don't have to scratch an itch...it is easy...and you get to watch movies while you donate.