

Amy's Memorial for Uncle Terry:

I had the great pleasure of being my Uncle Terry's niece for all of my 41 years.

Growing up, Uncle Terry was more like a big brother to me than an Uncle because we were only 10 years apart in age. As often happens, life, marriage, children and distance prevented us from being as close in my 20s and early 30s as we had been when I was younger. In the past 5 or 6 years, however, we had been back in touch and had many memorable times together. Unlike when we were young, our time as adults (in person or via telephone conversations) was spent talking about things that mattered....our successes, failures, disappointments, hopes and dreams.

One of my fondest memories is of Uncle Terry calling from Hawaii, not that long ago, and having a long conversation about things that were happening in each of our lives. He was standing on a terrace somewhere watching a Hawaiian sunset of sunrise; I can't remember which is was now, but I remember him describing it to me.

I know how much he loved me and that he was proud of me...and I take that with me in my heart wherever I go. The body of Uncle Terry that we bury was just a shell; it is not his spirit, which is what will live on in each of us throughout the remained of our lives. I happen to have a thing called 'faith' and without hesitation, I believe in the afterlife. I know that my Uncle will be one of my guardian angels and that when I need to speak with him, all I have to do is talk and he will hear me. That is MY solace.

Of all the people who have touched my life, Terry is one of the few who taught me about passion and to not be afraid to 'go for it'.

My older brother, Brent, (who was only 7 years younger than Uncle Terry) and I, grew up with a sense of "hero worship" for our Uncle.

My earliest memories are those of him doing tricks on his mini-bike, which soon graduated to motorcycles. He is, in fact, the one who taught me to ride his mini-bike when I couldn't have been more than 5 or 6 years old. He's the first person who put on the back of a quad, and the first person to let me ride one alone. He was also the person who taught me to water ski, swing off a rope (and not be afraid to let go when I was over the body of water), among many, many other things.

Along with my father, Rob, and Grandpa Rether, the finest man who ever walked this earth, my Uncle Terry is the one who taught me about laughter and how to tell a good joke...the clean and dirty kind. The image I will ALWAYS have of Uncle Terry is one of him smiling. He was wickedly witty and was always so pleased with himself when he got one over on someone.

I just want to say that I have recently learned through this, and another unexpected death that was very close to me, that life is not to be taken for granted.

While I do not mourn for Uncle Terry at all (because I KNOW that he is in a place that only knows happiness and love and that he no longer feels any emotional or physical pain), I do mourn for all of us that are left behind and who will never see his beautiful face again.

I want to take this opportunity to thank my Uncle Terry. Early on, you taught me about living life passionately, which I've always thought I do. Because of this loss, I have a renewed sense of just how fragile life is and how vitally important it is to live each day to the fullest....without regret, without fear, and without resentment.

I also want to thank you for bringing Filomena into our lives AND for providing me such valuable time with my cousin, Tommy, both of whom I am HONORED to know, love, and to call my family.

I will forever be grateful to Filomena Rodriguez who, in my opinion, gave Uncle Terry the greatest of unconditional love at a time when he needed it the most.

I will love and miss you until I come to join you, and you better believe I FULLY expect you, Grandpa Rether, and my baby boy, Sal, to be there to greet me when it's my time. In the meantime, you rest in peace, my sweet Uncle, and know that I, along with other special loved ones, will take good care of your beloved mom...MY mentor, Grandma Colleene.

With that said, the first thing that I can do to honor the commitment I just made, is to read 2 quotes that my grandmother has asked me to (on her behalf) that were among Terry's favorites. (Read 2 quotes.)

By Anna Rodriguez

4/30/2008

I'm going to be honest, Terry and I got off to a rough start when my mom first brought him around. But we obviously took care of that and I learned to love him. I guess after seeing what my mom had to deal with in her past relationships, I was a bit overprotective. Terry was a nice guy...maybe a little too nice. I had my suspicions thinking he was just trying to get on my good side and make a lasting impression. It didn't take me too long to realize that that's who Terry is - a very genuine, caring person who was always willing to help at the drop of a dime. So I decided to let him stick around.

As well as I thought I knew him, he was still a mystery to me. Every so often I would learn something very interesting about him. From working with Search & Rescue to having one of George Lucas' special effects guys for Star Wars be his mentor, only to find out he was a huge Trekkie who also enjoyed the Twilight Zone. From finding out that he liked South Park just as much as I did to being a witness to his Karaoke rendition of Wild Cherry's "Play that Funky Music." This man had no shame.

His passion for photography, film, and media communications amazed me. He was a wealth of knowledge on the subject and wasn't shy about sharing what he knew with others. He always wanted to learn more. Whenever I was home from school, it would be no surprise to find him immersed in a project or just playing around on his beloved Mac in the back office. And we all knew better than to even attempt to touch his equipment back there without his permission. Or we'd see him put that black

belt to use. Being able to see his enthusiasm for all this, made me realize that I want to be that lucky and find what I was passionate about in life. And I think I'm on my way.

Terry introduced us to new things. The most predominant being the world of boating. Now I don't mean this in a bad way, but I don't know how many Filipinos you see out on the lake, but from my experiences, it's not too many. But Terry opened up this whole new world to us when we went houseboating. And I loved it. We all did. Nothing beats hanging out on the lake with family and friends on a hot summer day, sipping a cold one. He even got my brother, David, who doesn't go in water past 5 feet, to get on the tube behind the boat and allow himself to be towed knowing that Terry had every intention of making him fly off. If you can get my brother to do that, then that's saying something. Without him, I don't think I'd have ever gotten the chance to try wakeboarding. I fell in love with that too from the first moment I got up. I only wish we had more chances to get out on the water more.

Over the years, Terry grew to become a 2nd father to me. He was always more than happy to sample whatever I was cooking or baking. We were both addicted to coffee and always a fan of the beachy Hawaiian décor. He never failed to remind me that if I ever got tired of my shells and coral rock or my tiki mugs, he'd be more than happy to take them off my hands. These commonalities were only a base for our relationship. He was very supportive of me in my decisions and with school, and he let me know it too. He'd tell me to keep doing what I was doing and that I was making my mom and him very proud. Hearing him say that I was like a daughter to him meant a lot as well. I was already a daughter to my own dad, so being one to another wouldn't hurt. We could have discussions about God knows what and he was just there to listen. He helped me make my big move to Texas. He made that long drive in the U-Haul

truck with my mom hauling all my belongings across Interstate 10. He made sure that everything was in working order and got everything set up around the house before him and my mom headed back to California. For that, I am forever grateful. Even after I was moved in, he was always a phone call away when something broke or a wasp's nest was right by my front door and I didn't know what to do. Being around him, you just felt safe – comfortable knowing that things would be okay.

The relationship between my mom and him – words cannot describe. They were like a tag-team, always working together, and always learning from each other. I'm pretty sure that he taught my mom so much about the company Ferrari and the cars, if you asked her something about it, she'd know the answer. They always looked so cute when going to the 49ers games, all decked out in their Niners gear ready to cheer on their team. The love shared between them was real – no one can deny that. He wanted to spoil her whenever he could because he knew how hard my mom worked and he felt she deserved nice things. He adored her quirkiness and her occasional mispronunciations. Just the way he looked at her, you knew. I don't think I have to explain it, because many of us have seen it with our own eyes. She had his heart, and he had hers. Even though their marriage may have not yet been official, they were married in spirit from the beginning.

We knew Terry for his really corny jokes, so in the fashion of Terry, I leave you with one that he told us:

Q: How do you catch a polar bear?

A: Cut a hole in the ice and put a ring of peas around it. When the bear comes to take a pea, kick him in the ice hole!!

Get it? Ice hole?

By David Rodriguez

4/30/2008

A few months ago my car was broken into. The burglars smashed my windows and made off with various things in my car like my camera and photo portfolio. To add insult to injury they stole one shoe from each pair of shoes in my car. I'm telling you this because that's how I saw the relationship between my mom and Terry, they were like a pair of shoes. When one wasn't with the other it just didn't make sense. Seeing them together was like seeing what happens after the end of those romantic movies with the happy endings. The two of them gave off a type of energy when they were together that always made me believe that everything was going to be alright. They were always so content and at peace together, no matter where we were I always felt at home with them. Since meeting Terry I don't think my mom has had to open a door for herself in 3 ½ years. It didn't take long for someone to know that the two of them were in love.

My relationship with Terry wasn't the father son type relationship. Although, just like my real father, Terry did have an uncanny talent for embarrassing me in public and just like a son I did a good job of making Terry feel old. Besides that though, he never tried to force that kind of relationship on me, and I wasn't trying to take the place of what he already had. So what ended up developing was a true friendship that I will greatly miss. When we talked he didn't treat me like a kid, he listened and always helped me when I was in a rut. Whenever he supported me in something I felt 10 times more confident in what I was doing than before. Because to me, Terry knew everything about everything. If there was something he didn't know about than it wasn't important. I invented this game of asking Terry the most random questions about stuff, and 9 times

out of 10 he always had an answer. Whenever I asked my mom something she always had an answer too, "Ask Terry." Our hugs were always awkward because I never wanted him to know just how much I loved him. I'm sure he did, he knew everything!

Terry's favorite hobbies were always behind the lens of a camera, whether it was taking pictures or shooting a video. If you've been to our house, you've probably seen his equipment set up in the office that closely resembles something from NASA. He loved to make people happy with his pictures and videos. He wasn't devoting countless weeks of editing film to make himself look good, he was doing it to show people how he saw them; interesting, beautiful. He was always behind the scenes putting the focus on someone else, the only time I've seen a video with just Terry in it was when my mom gave me his video camera after he died. He was trying out a new contraption for his camera and checking to see how it worked. Undoubtedly honing his camera skills in an attempt to make the next family vacation video better than the last. Terry helped our family see that we were interesting and beautiful and for the most part he did it without a camera. Terry had a bad back, a big beard, and a bigger heart. He was the best father I never had, and the best childhood friend I never grew up with. Bye Terry, I'll miss you buddy.

One of Terry's Favorite Quotes, by Dr. Eric Riss; dedicated to him by his loving mother, Colleene Shields:

Most people live their life as if it were a trial run for a second chance.

We don't get a second chance at life so there's little time for trial runs.

Whatever is important in life should be firmly grasped.

Whatever is to be done should receive our best.

Whatever dreams we harbor should be pursued.

Whatever joy and beauty we find should be shared and savored, and if misfortune finds us, it should be conquered quickly, lest precious days for living be lost forever.

Life is a frail gift that deserves our best, so make each day count.

Pursue your dreams.

Savor life's precious moments, for with the sunset, they will be gone.

The more grateful we are for what we have, for the simple, wonderful fact of life itself, the less we will yearn for what we do not have.

What Is Class?

Class never runs scared. It is sure-footed and confident in the knowledge that you can meet life head on and handle whatever comes along.

Jacob had it. Esau didn't. Symbolically, we can look to Jacob's wrestling match with the angel. Those who have class have wrestled with their own personal angel and won a victory that marks them thereafter.

Class never makes excuses. It takes its lumps and learns from past mistakes.

Class is considerate of others. It knows that good manners are nothing more than a series of small sacrifices.

Class bespeaks an aristocracy that has nothing to do with ancestors or money. The most affluent blueblood can be totally without class while the descendant of a Welsh miner may ooze class from every pore.

Class never tries to build itself up by tearing others down. Class is already up and need not strive to look better by making others look worse.

Class can "walk with kings and keep its virtue and talk with crowds and keep the common touch." Everyone is comfortable with the person who has class because he is comfortable with himself.

If you have class you don't need much of anything else. If you don't have it, no matter what else you have, it doesn't make much difference.

Terry L. Shields Memorial Fund Charitable Organizations

1) Nevada County Sheriff's Office Explorer Program (Youth Education , Sports)

The Explorer Post is primarily a program for youth who are interested in a future career in law enforcement.

Services to Citizens

- The members perform fingerprint projects, parking details, bicycle safety programs at schools, drug education presentations, and assist the department in clerical functions.
- The Post also assists assorted community service groups in the their projects.

<http://new.mynevadacounty.com/sheriff/index.cfm?ccs=807&cs=639>

2) Nevada County Sheriff's Office Search & Rescue Operations,

The state of California mandates that the Sheriff of Nevada County shall have the responsibility to search for lost persons and evacuate the injured or ill (California Government Code sections 26614 and 26614.5). The Board of Supervisors has authorized the Sheriff of Nevada County to conduct search and rescue activities within the County of Nevada.

Services to Citizens

- To give appropriate priority to the protection of human life
- To find and provide necessary medical care to subjects in distress
- To evacuate subjects as necessary

<http://new.mynevadacounty.com/sheriff/index.cfm?ccs=807&cs=637>

3) Sonoma State University College of Arts & Humanities

Sonoma State relies on the generous support of alumni and friends to sustain its academic programs and to share in its visions for the future. Your gift will help us provide the resources we need to ensure the finest quality of education for our students and the opportunity to keep the energy alive with new and innovative programs, talented faculty and staff, and state-of-the-art facilities.

Funding priorities include: An endowed chair and professorships, reassigned time for faculty, the development of a lecture series to showcase the School's broad-based curriculum, and expansion of language courses.

<http://www.sonoma.edu/development/opportunities.html>

4) Sonoma Valley Film Society

The Sonoma Valley Film Society also partners with local schools and community-based organizations to put the expressive power of film directly into the hands of hands of our young people. The Society helps fund student filmmaking programs in local schools. The Sonoma Valley Film Society is a registered 501c3 non-profit organization. Membership in the Film Society and patronage of the Film Festival are tax-deductible!

Terry L. Shields Memorial Fund Charitable Organizations

<http://sonomafilmfest.org/pages/filmsociety>

5) Stanford University Research

The Stanford Challenge is seeking solutions for society's most formidable problems. New research initiatives are breaking down traditional academic boundaries and bringing together collaborative teams of experts to address major societal issues, including human health, environmental sustainability, and international peace and security.

<https://pgnet21.stanford.edu/get/layout/tsc/SeekingSolutions>

6) Veterans of Foreign Wars Foundation

The VFW Foundation's mission is simple: support programs to increase awareness of the sacrifices of America's veterans; promote citizenship education, volunteerism and positive youth programs; and facilitate medical, rehabilitative, educational and employment services and needs for veterans and their families.

<http://www.vfw.org/>

7) Colitis and Crohn's Foundation of America

To cure Crohn's disease and ulcerative colitis, and to improve the quality of life of children and adults affected by these diseases.

CCFA sponsors basic and clinical research of the highest quality. The foundation also offers a wide range of educational programs for patients and health-care professionals, and provides supportive services to help people cope with these chronic intestinal diseases. These programs are supported solely by contributions from the public.

<http://ccfa.org/>

8) KVIE Public Television

The mission of KVIE, Inc. is to educate, enrich, enlighten and inspire diverse audiences and individuals through high quality television programming and related services that enhance the quality of life for people in the communities we serve.

<http://www.kvie.org/>

9) The Community College Foundation

Terry L. Shields Memorial Fund Charitable Organizations

Since 1983 The Community College Foundation has been committed to excellence in education and the enhancement of communities. The Foundation is all about helping people. With a staff of more than 800 employees, the Foundation fosters creative relationships between business, education and government to better the lives and well-being of all citizens.

Composed of some of the most successful businessmen and businesswomen in their fields, the distinguished **Board of Directors** reflects the Foundation's commitment to business and education partnerships.

<http://www.communitycollege.org/>

10) Sacramento Child Advocates (SAC)

The mission of Sacramento Child Advocates (SCA) is to advocate for abused and neglected children who have been placed in the foster care system, and to provide for their legal representation. Our goal is to care for the Sacramento community's foster children and provide opportunities to improve their lives.

The organization was founded 15 years ago to address the long-standing concern that children who have been removed from their homes need direct legal representation. We have evolved to become a very highly respected community action agency. Our social workers and attorneys work together to provide legal representation for an average of 160 abused and/or neglected children who enter the court system each month.

<http://www.sacchildadv.org/>