



Andrew D. Marcus Passed on April 28, 2011. This was sent to us by Bonnie Bosworth, Andy's soulmate.

Subject: Andy Marcus Eulogy

Written by one of Andy's colleagues and friends.

Andy Marcus has left the building, and the building will never be the same. Like all the people who've worked here for some time, Andy was an irreplaceable thread in the tapestry of our lives. Those of us who knew him will probably tell Andy Marcus stories till the end of our days. He has entered the realm of legend and he'll stay there until the last of his students has gone.

There was always something Quixotic about Andy. Like the Man of La Mancha, Andy was born several centuries too late. He should have been a mountain man, trapping beaver in the high country and shooting whiskey bottles off people's heads blindfolded at the annual rendez-vous.

He could have been an American paladin, riding the frontier righting wrongs, slaying dragons and settling scores. It would be easy to see him rescuing damsels in distress, or riding furiously to

the aid of embattled settlers. He would have stepped between cattlemen and sodbusters and might even have protected shepherders for the ranchers' wrath. Certainly he would have carried his ideas of fair play and decency wherever he went. But Andy also had a touch of The Gambler about him...old, wise, unbowed and willing to confront victory and defeat with equal stoicism. He knew that winning and losing were just words. What mattered was playing the game right. So he said what he meant and meant what he said. There was no favor he wouldn't grant, no promise he wouldn't keep, no bounty he wouldn't share and no challenge he wouldn't face if you asked him to. Like the song says, ...every hand's a winner and every hand's a loser, and the best you can hope for is to die in your sleep.

We were very fortunate to have his wisdom and his character at our disposal for so long. Maybe we didn't always appreciate him, but that would not have bothered Andy one bit. What mattered to him was that when the chips were down and you needed him, he was always there.

It seems unfair that Andy had to cash out so soon. But perhaps the power that rules us all decided that old age and infirmity were not fitting rewards for a warrior. In any case, Andy played his cards as they were dealt and never complained. He had the opportunity to do many of the things he really loved in life. He also had the chance to display the dignity and grace with which he handled adversity. Then, several nights ago, somewhere in the darkness Andy broke even. A gambler can't ask for much more than that.

Vaya con dios, Andy.

Bonnie Bosworth