



Gregory Terry Dorsett

Died Age 27

Crack Cocaine, Morphine, Alcohol

The unthinkable has happened. The loss of our precious Greg has shattered our hearts and our lives. For us, the survivors, who were all so bonded to Greg, there is soul-gnawing, shrieking pain – pain beyond measure.

The value of a life cannot be measured in years. Greg was only with us for an all too brief 27 years. But what an impact he had on all our lives! Greg was charismatic, gentle, funny, compassionate, friendly, sensitive and courageous. Despite his demons he never gave up. That struggle was, for him, insurmountable. He loved life and never opted for “the nice walk” but always chose “the adventure”. He loved Bergit, Scooby and Tippy – and all the cats. He loved the beach and being tan. He loved hiking and biking in the Red Rocks of Arizona, diving off Key West, biking up and down

the Delaware River and oh how he loved Costa Rica and his trip there with his Mom, Uncle Phil and Eileen. He loved Maverick Beach. He loved to look good. He loved his guitar and his music and he loved to read everything from Shakespeare to Hemingway and The Four Agreements. Greg’s faith was deep. His wonderful, beautiful, playful, joyful spirit are just some of the gifts he left us.

We will forever miss his great smile and that great sense of humor. We have buried a part of ourselves with him. But we are all so grateful he and his beautiful soul will be alive forever in our hearts and memories.

Thank you, dear Greg.

We are so proud of you and we will miss and love you forever.

~ Carolyn Terry Dorsett, Greg’s Mom



Remembering Lost Promise