



Terry McCormack

July 28, 2023

The Prince of Dickson Street has left us. The passing of Terry McCormack has deeply affected all who knew and loved him. Terry was born about 74 years ago and departed this life on Friday, July 28, 2023.

Terry was a man of many talents. He was possessed of a great intelligence, a magnificent sense of humor, and a devastatingly quick wit. He was a teller of tales, a writer of songs, a player (sort of) of the guitar, and the creator of various Ozark fauna including the Arkansas White Snake and the Boston Mountains Dripping Possum. Decorum prevents us from making a complete description of these unique creatures.

During Terry's life, he was at times a clothing store owner, a retail employee, a carpenter (basing his work on daily instructions from how-to books), an imaginative contributing employee of a facility for developmentally delayed adults, and many other pursuits. But his favorite occupation was that of the creation of clever "laugh out loud" tee-shirt designs that he used to help make a viable eBay business which he pursued in his later years, allowing him to live life on his own terms.

The ladies of Dickson Street will remember him as the owner of an absolutely delightful smile and as the grantor of the world's best hugs. The gentlemen (and that's quite an exaggeration) of Dickson Street will remember him as a

"hail fellow, well met" friend always ready for just one more beer.

Terry was preceded in death by his parents, Charles and Isabell McCormack. His siblings included a brother Charles, and three sisters, Peggy, Edith, and LaVern. Having succumbed to polio at a young age, Peggy lived much of her life in an iron lung with almost no ability to move her extremities. But she became a locally acclaimed landscape and still-life artist utilizing only her lips and mouth to direct her brush and perform her artistic magic. Incredible creativity was apparently a family trait.

In addition, Terry had three wonderful wives and myriad lovers (some of whom were actually sober at the time).

To revisit Terry's sense of humor - he was a fan and purveyor of the off-center and hilarious (and often entirely inappropriate) quip. It should come as no surprise to anyone that he revered the work of Monty Python's Flying Circus. And so, to paraphrase John Cleese, we offer this final assessment of Terry's current condition.

Terry McCormack has passed on. This man is no more! He has ceased to be! He's expired and gone to meet his maker. He's a stiff. Bereft of life, he rests in peace. His metabolic processes are now history. He's off the twig! He's kicked the bucket, he's shuffled off his mortal coil, run down the curtain, and joined the choir invisible. He is an Ex-Terry McCormack.

A memorial will be held Saturday, August 19, 3:00 at Infusion on Dickson Street. Attendees are encouraged to bring stories, photos, and thirst.

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

AUG **19**. 3:00 PM.

Infusion Bar