

Eulogy for Todd Marsh

By Jim Smolinski

My name is Jim Smolinski; I was a dear friend of Todd's. I met Todd about 16 years ago. Our friendship started because of our wives. I remember long ago going to their apartment in Westboro for gourmet dinners prepared by Todd and followed by some intense games of volleyball in their side yard. At that time Todd was finishing school as well as waiting on tables. We attended each other's weddings and got together whenever we could to hang out.

About 5 years ago we went on a cruise with Todd and Michelle and 4 or 5 other couples. We had so much fun and were so compatible that we decided to continue vacationing together. I will hold dearly the quality time that we had together on these trips. Todd and I would sit out on veranda and enjoy a fine Cuban cigar and discuss our plans, goals, and dreams. It was during one of these talks when Todd asked me to come and work for him once he started the Brookfield project. He sent me over the plans from the engineer with a letter wondering why I hadn't sold any of the unbuilt homes. For this endeavor he offered me a very generous salary and planned on lots more vacations while under his employ. He had big dreams

for me and he wanted to make me RICH, he succeeded, not by ever paying me a dime, but by being my friend.

I consider myself to be abundantly wealthy to be able to call him a most dear friend. I have numerous pictures and memories of us together, I know that I can reflect upon them and plan to often, however I fear the void in my heart always remain. Over the past few days I have been thinking about who Todd was and what he meant to me.

Todd was driven he wanted to succeed in everything he did. Todd was competitive whether it was playing him in tennis, volleyball or whatever; he wanted to win...that carried over into his coaching of soccer as well.

Todd was dedicated, from his family life to his intense workout regimen he gave everything 100%.

Todd was spontaneous, while on vacation in Maine Todd did not want to have to wait to use a neighbors jet ski...so Todd grabbed myself and Tim drove to the marina and bought 2 brand new identical jet skis.

Todd was a provider, he worked extremely hard to give his family everything and he made sure that Michelle and the kids never went without.

Todd was a reader, he always had books and magazines around, he didn't waste time with fiction or junk, he would read self help books and business journals.

Todd was an entrepreneur; he had his fingers in all sorts of ventures from construction and excavation to the recently opened day care all of which were tremendous successes.

Todd was generous, I remember one of the first times my wife and I went out to dinner with Todd and Michelle. We went to the 111 Chop House in Worcester, a fairly upscale restaurant. Todd ordered one of each of all 7 appetizers, a couple of bottles of very expensive wine, 5 or 6 main courses, and 6 or 7 desserts, this food was all just for the 4 of us. Todd wanted just one bite of each of the items. When the bill came it came to me and I nearly fainted, my wife and I were going to have to skip the mortgage payment to cover our half of the bill. But in true Todd fashion he refused to even let me contribute.

All of these adjectives help to describe Todd, but they did not define him. The things that defined him were he was a Father, he loved his children and was so proud of them they were the absolute joy of his life. He was a Husband, he loved Michelle with all his heart and soul and did everything in his power to provide a perfect life for her. And he was a friend. A best friend who is now gone.

*You can shed tears that he is gone,
or you can smile because he lived,
You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back,
Or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left.*

*Your heart can be empty because you can't see him
or you can be full of the love that you shared,
you can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday,
or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.*

*You can remember him and only that he is gone
Or you can cherish his memory and let it live on,
You can cry and close your mind be empty and turn your
back,
Or you can do what he would want: smile, open your eyes,
love and go on.*

I will miss you!!