



## Theresa (Terry) Erickson

May 20, 2018

Theresa (Terry) Erickson, age 92, of Venice, FL passed away peacefully at Pinebrook Center on May 20, 2018. She was born in Westchester County, N.Y. and resided in New York and Connecticut most of her life. After raising her family in the Northeast, a career with Marriot Food Services, she retired to Venice, FL for twenty-five years. She was a long-time member of the Women's International Bowling Congress, and enjoyed league bowling through her retirement. A passionate animal lover, she was among the first residents instrumental in getting the Brohard Paw Park approved by the City Council, tirelessly collecting petition signatures throughout the Island of Venice. A lover of nature, she always made time to provide special treats for her canine friends and backyard birds, and to chat with friends in the neighborhood.

Terry is predeceased by her eight siblings, her husband, Ralph Evert Erickson, and son Bernard. She is survived by her two daughters: Mary Erickson of Venice, FL; Kate McKeough of Cedar Crest, NM; her grandson Art Straniti, his wife, Kelly, and great grandson Emerson Straniti of Norwalk, CT; nephew Ron Guiliano and his wife, Bron, of Englewood, FL; nephew Donald Gaulin of OH; Frank Zeccola of West Palm Beach, FL and many nieces, nephews and caring friends.

A private celebration of life will be held.

Terry's love of nature and passion for helping birds and animals will be carried on by the people and organizations she loved. In lieu of flowers, memorial

contributions may be made to the foundation for the bird sanctuary established by her daughter, Mary: High Ridge Gardens, PO Box 246, Marshville, NC 28103.

From KAHLIL GIBRAN - On death and life

Life and death are one, even as the river and sea are one. In the depth of your hopes and desires lies your silent knowledge of the beyond; And like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your heart dreams of spring. Trust the dreams, for in them is hidden the gate to eternity... For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and melt it into the sun? And what is it to cease breathing but to free the breath from its restless tides, that it may rise and expand and seek God unencumbered? Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you indeed sing. And when you have reached the mountain top, then you shall begin to climb, And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then shall you truly dance.