



James "Terry" Mashburn

August 1, 1949 - December 4, 2016

IN LOVING MEMORY: JAMES TERRY MASHBURN

AUGUST 1, 1949 – DECEMBER 4, 2016

If I should go before the rest of you
Break not a flower nor inscribe a stone
Nor when I'm gone speak in a Sunday voice
But be the usual selves that I have known
Weep if you must
Parting is hell
But life goes on
So sing as well.

When family and friends think of Terry Mashburn, their thoughts go first to his kind and generous nature, his willingness to be of help to his family and his fellow man, and his versatility of life skills.

Terry was born in the mountains of Georgia. While he was still in diapers, his Mother took on the role of single mother to two boys and two girls. Money was tight but it was Terry's nature to look out for his Mom and siblings. In school, he had a way of getting things worked out, by hook or by crook, so that the main resources could go to his siblings. It was a priority to see that his brother, Ferris, who was blind, had the best clothing, since he attended a special school. The girls, he noticed, also had more clothing needs than he allowed for himself. So he would beg, borrow and cajole supplies to meet his own needs without help from home. He wore the same clothes, and boots were the

functional footwear of both childhood and of military life. He was fortunate to have counselors and teachers who helped look out for him, and the kindness he found in others became part of the sparkle in his bright blue eyes.

So from an early age, Terry always enjoyed his independence. His goal in life was to make the best of everything that came his way. And to make life better for those around him. Where he found lemons, he quickly made lemonade.

Studies at the University of Southern Georgia brought his first opportunity to get out on his own, looking out for himself. The world was a diverse place and there were new things to learn everywhere. Along the way, he began to enjoy the dapper clothing style he could then afford. And it blossomed later as he entered a Real Estate practice. He wore a suit to work every day, though his shirts bore ink stains from so many leaking pens!

He had enlisted in the Navy, and even after his marriage to his beloved wife, Jan, there were frequent tours of duty that took him to sea for long periods. Technology was less advanced then, and being out to sea meant long periods without even a phone call. The separations were painful and hard. Terry was known as the "ship's lawyer" because so many sought his advice on personal and professional matters.

He trained in electrical engineering, and those skills had critical value on a submarine. His desire to help others meshed perfectly with his ingenuity. He could repair anything broken, whether in the military or at home, restoring a tearful child's toy.

Terry had great love for the world and enjoyed a spirit of adventure. The military brought many transfers and Jan and Terry made the best of each one. In 1979, an opportunity for a posting in Iceland appeared. It would allow the chance to be home at night rather than out at sea, and Jan and Terry grew their family there. Life had brought tragedy in the loss of their first son, and it took time to mend that wound. After Josh was born, Iceland opened a path to a new start and a chance for more children. Joshua was born in Delaware, Jonathan in Iceland. The stark environment there brought many chances for adventure, including chasing the trash around in the heavy Icelandic winds.

They missed their families, but deepened their own loving bond as a couple and a family unit.

Back in the states, after his military retirement, Terry returned to college to study real estate and quickly became a regular member of the Millionaire Producers Club. Terry topped sales lists both in South Carolina and nationally. Few knew how many times he cut his commission to allow first time buyers to get into a home, or how much help he offered in the complex document process with babies seated happily in his lap. Only his family knew how many times he left the dinner table when a phone call demanded his presence elsewhere. His efforts were tireless, in his dedication to providing for his family.

He and Jan soon decided to build their own dream home and Terry took an active part in redesigning the plans to suit their needs. The pool house was reconfigured to allow a multi angled view—handy for keeping watch over the kids.

He loved flowers, and developed a keen interest in landscaping. Their first house boasted a sea of flowers and their garden is even now filled with diverse plantings in a unique, layered design. Small gardenia plants have now grown into trees which will always remind his family of his persistence and dedication to beauty.

Terry was the consummate “family man,” and they were his greatest joy. Jan remembers the special way Terry had with words -- never scolding, always tolerant, never judgmental. She recalls times of crisis when his gentle words would reframe events to help find her way out of confusion and loss.

He was also an avid reader, and was rarely seen at evening without a book. Ludlum and Balducci were among his favorite authors. His thirst for learning spanned his whole life. He showed great skill in drawing and painting, and was one of the rare few who could finish NY Times Sunday crossword puzzles in ink.

Terry was healthy for most of his life. Being married to an ICU nurse, he

naturally resisted medical care. So until some health problems slowed down his real estate practice, he was active in the community. At home, everywhere you look, you can see evidence of his handiwork.

He built and changed and repaired and improved, continually.

During his recent hospitalization, friends appeared for support. Terry did not brag about how many people he helped with so many problems and projects. But they did not forget and many made hospital visits and are here with us today. Terry's life was dedicated to service in large and small ways. He was a testament to the adage describing "a good man."

Terry showed enormous courage and optimism in the face of recent grim health news. He allowed himself one evening of fear and worry, but got up the next morning, and set out on the course to find a new liver. This task alone was no mean feat, as there are literally dozens of tests required, to qualify. He and his family were so hopeful when he was added to the national transplant list.

That optimism lasted to the end. Jan was glued to his side, day and night. He encouraged her to care for her brand new knee, but she was dogged in her commitment. In the middle of the night, it was Terry who reassured Jan that all would be well.

Just before his final sleep, he called dear ones he wanted to thank for their help in his life. And he shared and spoke his great love for Jan over and over again that night.

The poet John O Donahue speaks of the fondness one has for his home and wonders if the home itself also misses you when you are away. This seems true in the house that Terry built. There are marks of his handiwork everywhere.

He loved to be busy. He loved his family. He loved to make things better. For them. For everyone. For the earth.

Terry will be missed by many people, but most of all by his precious and beloved family. Jan, their children and grandchildren will miss his presence more than words can say. Terry loved life and loved living it. By his example,

he has passed on to them a great passion for learning, and an enthusiasm for every day. He had small sayings to help the children learn good habits. To encourage sleep, he told the grandchildren nearly every day that they should “hoot with the owls, to soar with the eagles in the morning”.

It is always these small things that reveal the character of a man. Terry was a fine man, a caring, loving and creative husband, father, grandfather and friend. He defined himself as a ‘Good Old Southern Boy’, and he embodied all of its best qualities. He will be greatly missed and will never be forgotten. Rest in peace, our beloved Terry. It was our great privilege to know you and we are comforted to know you are at peace now.

Do not stand at my grave and weep

I am not there. I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow.

I am the diamond glints on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush

I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circled flight.

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry;

I am not there. I did not die. – M. E. Frye

ARRANGEMENTS BY JAMES A. DYAL FUNERAL HOME, 303 SOUTH MAIN STREET, SUMMERVILLE, SC 29483 (843)873-4040.

Previous Events

Visitation

DEC 9. 6:00 PM - 8:00 PM (ET)

James A. Dyal Funeral Home
303 S. Main Street
Summerville, SC 29483
(843) 873-4040
<https://www.jamesadyal.com>

Service

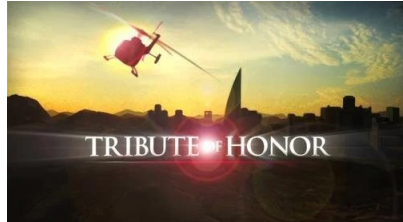
DEC 10. 2:00 PM (ET)

James A. Dyal Funeral Home Chapel
303 S. Main Street
Summerville, SC 29483

Tribute Wall



“ James A Dyal Funeral Home created a Tribute Video in memory of James "Terry" Mashburn



James A Dyal Funeral Home - December 08, 2016 at 02:10 PM



“ James "Terry" Mashburn

September 29, 2022 at 10:11 AM



“ Jan so sorry for your loss my thoughts and prayers are with you and your family. Tessie V.

Tessie Villanueva - December 07, 2016 at 11:36 AM



“ Jeffrey Hanna purchased the Sentiments of Serenity Spray for the family of James "Terry" Mashburn.



Jeffrey Hanna - December 06, 2016 at 02:42 PM

JH

“ So sorry for your loss Aunt Janice. God bless his heart forever. God bless your family.

Jeffrey

Jeffrey Hanna - December 06, 2016 at 01:38 PM