

One of my favorite memories of Mike and Heath Coffield is traveling with them to Terry Bentley's memorial service in Steamboat Springs in April of 1989.

Terry was a '62, a great swimmer and skier, a Marine aviator, and a good friend of many of us. Terry and his wife, Meg, and their two kids lived in Steamboat Springs, Colorado where he ran a flying service. In early May 1989 we received word that Terry's plane was lost in a snow storm in the Colorado Rockies flying from Steamboat to Fort Collins. A memorial service was held in Steamboat on May 7. My wife, Sara, and I joined up with Wouter Goedkoop to attend the service. We were joined in Denver by Mike and Heath Coffield for the final leg to Steamboat.

The day of the memorial service a helicopter search, funded by Mike Jackson and other Betas, was launched to find Terry or his body, but to no avail. At the service, Mike gave a eulogy on behalf of his Dartmouth friends. I don't remember the words, but he likened Terry to a butterfly. It was beautiful.

The next day we flew to Denver to catch our return flights to Chicago (Mike and Heath) and to New York (Wouter, Sara and me). We all had a several hour wait in Denver (Stapleton airport) for our connections. So Mike led us outside, said wait for me and then disappeared. A few minutes later he pulled up in a big black Lincoln rental and said get in. He drove downtown to the Brown Palace Hotel, and led us into their big dining room for a "cattleman's breakfast", all on him and Heath.

That was Mike, gregarious, big-hearted and a great friend. I remember thinking that I'd like Mike to give the eulogy at my funeral. But it's not to be.

That's why I wanted to be there for him. Mike was not only a good friend to those of us who were blessed enough to be close to him, but to our families as well. He made it a point to stay close to Terry's widow and her kids for many years after Terry's death. I hope we do the same for Heath.

A shot of us before the service is attached.

Fred Cook

