



Jeffrey Lee Phinney

NOV 21, 1957 - MAY 2, 2015



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Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
Tribute Wall	Page 4



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Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free I'm following the path God has laid for me. I took His hand when I heard him call I turned my back and left it all. I could not stay another day To laugh, to love, to work, or play. Tasks left undone must stay that way I found that peace at the close of day. If my parting has left a void Then fill it with remembered joy. A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss Ah yes, these things I too will miss. Be not burdened with times of sorrow I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow. My life's been full, I savored much Good friends, good times, a loved one's touch. Perhaps my time seemed all too brief Don't lengthen it now with undue grief. Lift up your heart and share with me; God wanted me now; He set me free.



Tribute Wall

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Jaime posted:

Dear Patty and Jerrett, I met Jeff as well as you, on various They Might Be Giants tours. Jeff, along with Curt, are my They Might Be Giants buddies. They were there right next to me keeping me company at all the shows. We spent hours together waiting in line for our favorite band. Jeff was a great friend that I appreciated and valued. He was always there for me through the years of ups and downs and They Might Be Giants. We got to share a passion for a band that many don't understand but it was always great comfort that my friend Jeff was always there to talk to about them. So many great memories, so many great shows, and so many great conversations. I miss him terribly and I know like this recent tour, he will always be with us in spirit. Thank you for sharing him with his They Might Be Giants family. Jerrett- I know he loved you very much and I know how proud he was of what a wonderful man you have grown into. My heart goes out to you and your family during this time and if you need anything ever, please let me know. Please keep in touch. I'm adding a video of They Might Be Giants at UCLA's Royce Hall Theater November 15, 2009. I was always fond of this video, during the song they let off their confetti cannons and as I got the view of the confetti. I was also able to get Jeff and Curt. "At the end of the tour when the road disappears if there's any more people around When the tour runs aground and if you're still around then we'll meet at the end of the tour. The engagements are booked through the end of the world so we'll meet at the end of the tour And we're never gonna tour again. No, we're never gonna tour again." My deepest sympathies, Jaime Polopolus

May 21 at 9:59 AM



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JB

Jeff Bradford posted:

I am deeply saddened by the loss of my old friend Jeff. I have always admired Jeff's unique and sometimes sideways view of the world which allowed him special insight into subtle truths that could be hidden in plain sight, stuff that often eluded others, stuff that made you do a confused scooby-doo-head-tilt and say "Huh?", then "Oh, I get it?" followed by "Hum, never thought of it that way before." I also loved his dry off beat humor which makes writing this remembrance so darn difficult, because as I reflect on the times we spent together, I can only smile and laugh. He gave me an abundance of humor and joy. Jeff and I first met forty-four years ago and could be best described as "those two dorky, pimple faced, long haired, thirteen year old dweebs that lived one house away from each other". We quickly became close friends. Jeff enjoyed crashing and rebuilding model airplanes. One late night while mending one such bashed-up-mess-of-a-plane he said to me "I hate the word "landing", airplanes don't land they have controlled crashes! It's just that some crashes are more skillfully done than others...takes practice". His message has resonated with me throughout my life. During our adolescence we experienced many of life's crashes. Just like his smashed up planes, we mended our own lives, helping each other glue bits and pieces of our own fragile egos back together while tending to the immediate task at hand of replacing a rudder, polishing a telescope mirror, talking about girls, or simply "shooting the crap" until the wee hours of the morning in the beloved garage on Irwin Avenue. At each others side, we managed to grow and experience the hard landings and stuff we never should-a done. Like: We never should-a Flicked that match at our homemade Roman Candle consisting of hundreds of match heads painstakingly jammed into an extra large One-a-Day vitamin bottle...especially while on the bottom bunk bed. We bashed our heads senseless on the steel framing of the bed above dodging its fiery bullets and learned that laughing hysterically at each other, while bouncing around like a couple of monkeys, doesn't lessen the pain nor stem the flow of blood from small head wounds. We never should-a Simultaneously taken a big swig of warm RC cola while trying to impress girls at the mall. Copious amounts of Cola mixed with God knows what sinus juices foamed-forth out of our nostrils, again we laughed hysterically at each other, yet it did not lessen the pain nor did it stem the flow?the foam just got thicker. We never should-a-Assumed the trajectory of our bottle rocket with his Dad's car in close range. Although, we pointed our rocket to the stars, the law of teenage physics somehow guided it through the one inch window gap, and it exploded on the driver's seat. After many errors and course corrections, our life skills improved, and the crash landings became smoother and softer. Finally, when Jeff could talk to a girl without cola foaming out of his nose, he asks out the one he had been endlessly talking about. He surprised me as he landed a beautiful winner on the first pass. Patty. Well done my friend. A few years later he surprised me again by building the ultimate plane? A "Jet" and so it was that Jerrett was born. Jeff loved Patty and Jerrett above anything else in this world and, of course, loved his dogs Rocket and Booster. A short while back, I was fortunate to spend quality time with Jeff. We revisited the old hood and checked out his childhood home on Irwin Ave. He was pleased to see that little had changed, and the garage still looked like that junky hobby hangout we cherished so much as kids. Buddy, I could tell stories about the two of us all day long, but it's time to go. I don't want to. I was looking forward to getting old with you and doing more "grounded" activities. Something that didn't involve crashing and rebuilding. Perhaps lawn bowling? Going to miss ya dearly old friend,

May 6 at 7:49 AM



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TP

Tom Packard posted:

Dear Patti and family: Jeff always did fantastic work for me – high quality and responsive under sometimes short notice – but I will remember him even more vividly for his always pleasant attitude and our delightful conversations. We talked a lot about music, and especially guitars. I enjoyed seeing and playing one of them in his exotically cluttered office. I enjoyed hearing about his music classes and loved a surf music song he composed and produced about our former Chancellor Charles Reed. We both talked with pride about our SDSU sons. I remember him telling me of his work at the observatory, and that the staff there named some celestial body – maybe an asteroid? – for him. I sometimes think of him fondly when I look at the night sky. I'll miss him and remember him with great appreciation and affection. Tom Packard School of Social Work

May 13 at 3:53 AM

JB

Jessica Barlow posted:

I had a great many wonderful conversations about music with Jeff, a passion that we had in common. He is very much missed. -Jessica Barlow

May 10 at 8:32 AM

MG

Mario Garrett posted:

Dear Patti and Family, I wish I was going to be in town to honor Jeff's life with you at the memorial on the 22nd. Jeff was always a friendly face at SDSU, always willing to explore and support new ideas. He would spend hours editing videos for us and helping us with all kinds of activities within the department. I am sorry for your loss and I would like you to realize that this private sadness is shared by many who knew Jeff and were touched by his humility. Mario Garrett

May 8 at 6:06 AM

EC

Eva Cotter posted:

Jeff was funny, smart, gentle, kind and loving. I'll always be grateful that the "idiot" I was dating in high school introduced Jeff into the circle of friends, the idiot went by the wayside, but Patty and Jeff lived on. I'm grateful for all the memories of friendship, the four hour horseback rides in Pine Valley, the late night "after parties" at Quel Fromage, all of us rushing "home" (one one of our houses) to watch Saturday Night Live and laughing till tears rolled down our faces. All of us talking and laughing into the wee hours of the night. I'm grateful I had the chance to call you friend. Love, Eva

May 7 at 7:57 AM



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MR

Mark Reed posted:

Patti and Family, I was saddened to hear of Jeff's passing. Jeff was one of the first people I met when I started in my faculty position at SDSU as his office was across from mine. I have great memories of talking about politics, religion, music, cycling, and astronomy with Jeff. He always brightened my day with his wit and sarcasm. Jeff was a gentle, kind soul. The world is a better place because of him. My thoughts are with you during this difficult time. Mark Reed SDSU School of Social Work

May 7 at 7:47 AM

DD

Donna Maria Daly posted:

Dear Patti, Jerrett and family, Thank you to everyone who has come before to post their sentiments. You have moved my heart and mind to a place of deep reflection and feeling. I have been wondering what to post as I have known Jeff for a long time and having an office space across the hall for a few years, I had the honor of knowing him well. Kindred spirits in our love of music and nature, we had many wonderful conversations. When my family and I adopted a baby in '97 Jeff gave us a lasting gift ? an entrée into the world of his most beloved band, ?They Might Be Giants.? His gift to her son, Nico, was the ?Here Come the ABC?s? DVD, one of TMBG?s forays into children?s music. And, what a gem it was to hear an alternative rock band nail the children?s genre. To this day I still have ?D is for Drums!? reverberating in my brain. As I recall Jeff, words such as gentle, introspective, ingenious, genuine, and kind-hearted come to mind. He will live on in our hearts and we will be thankful that we had his friendship. Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, in *The Little Prince* wrote: ?All men have stars, but they are not the same things for different people. For some, who are travelers, the stars are guides. For others they are no more than little lights in the sky. For others, who are scholars, they are problems... But all these stars are silent. You-You alone will have stars as no one else has them... In one of the stars I shall be living. In one of them I shall be laughing. And so it will be as if all the stars will be laughing when you look at the sky at night. You, only you, will have stars that can laugh! And when your sorrow is comforted (time soothes all sorrows) you will be content that you have known me... You will always be my friend?? At this time, my heart goes out to Patti and Jerrett. We are holding you close in our hearts and we want you to know that we are here for you. Jeff loved you deeply, and, in the brightest star above, he will always be with you. Big hugs and a whole lot of love, Donna

May 6 at 7:49 AM



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LM

Liz Marucheu posted:

Patti and Family, I was sorry to hear of Jeff's passing, I had been wondering how he was doing. We shared our cancer stories and we talked about his treatment often, on the brighter side we also shared stories about our sons. He was always willing to help and make things easier. I know he is in a better place now and can be at peace. Wishing your family comfort as you mourn his loss. Liz Marucheu, School of Social Work

May 7 at 2:55 AM

MH

Mindy Hohman posted:

Dear Patti and family, I was so sad to hear of Jeff's illness and then your loss. He was always a cheerful, kind colleague here at SDSU. I think of him poking his head in my office door most mornings, just to say hello and see how everything was going. Jeff could always be counted on in a emergency with the classroom technology equipment and was happy to help, even when being interrupted. I know he was so proud of your son attending SDSU. I want to send my condolences to you and your family. I will be out of town when you hold the Memorial Service but my thoughts will be with you. Mindy Hohman School of Social Work

May 7 at 2:41 AM

JE

Jessica posted:

Patti and Family, my office was right across from Jeff's in Hepner Hall. He was the first person I would see when I arrived and the last person I would see when I left. Jeff would always greet me with a warm smile and friendly conversation. I remember his dog well, he sure loved that pup! I saw Jeff a days before his last day at SDSU and was introduced to his son. Both looked equally proud of each other. Thank you for sharing Jeff with all of us. You and your family are in my thoughts during this difficult time. All my best, Jessica Robinson School of Social Work

May 6 at 12:21 PM



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CE

Candy Elson posted:

Hi Patti and family. I'm so sorry I won't be able to attend the Memorial Service as I leave on vacation that day. I was saddened to hear of Jeff's passing and he had been in my thoughts often since he retired. As someone else also shared, Jeff was always a kind and gentle spirit and we ended up talking about our sons and dogs when he came to fix a computer or printer problem. He was so proud of his SDSU son, (the same age as one of my sons) and also of being a returning student himself. I remember his golden retriever pup (great photo of them both in the snow) galavanting in Hepner Hall and coming to sniff around my office. Jeff was so funny tossing the ball for the pup in the corridor and retrieving my door stop that the pup had stolen! One very thoughtful gift, was when Jeff gave me some cord ties "for Xmas" to try and sort out my tangled electrical cords at work and home. We will miss him & my thoughts are with you and your family as you grieve his loss. He was brave and stoic regarding his illness. Best wishes Candy Elson School of Social Work

May 6 at 11:00 AM

JS

Jan Stichler posted:

I am so sorry to hear of Jeff's passing. He was always so kind and helpful to me at the school of nursing at SDSU. He was such a pleasure to work with. I hope warm memories will bring you comfort and your faith sustain you through this difficult time. Best, Jan Stichler

May 6 at 8:36 AM

JP

Janet Park posted:

My encounters with Jeff inevitably turned into little gab sessions about our sons, our dogs, our jobs, whatever was on our minds. He was always so easy to talk to and such a nice man. My heart goes out to his wife and son at this terrible time. We have lost a kind, decent man with the passing of Jeff. Rest in peace.

May 6 at 7:49 AM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Jeffrey by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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