

In Memoriam - Greg Jollimore

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This is a summary of contributions from some of Greg Jollimore's friends and co-workers at Dalhousie University.

Greg started as a full-time research technician with the Faculty of Engineering on January 1, 1986. He was later given a joint appointment with Agricultural/Mechanical Engineering on January 16, 1989, which he held until passing away on May 22, 2008. Greg shared his time between these two departments in an arrangement that initially seemed unorthodox and destined to fail since he had to divide his attention between two groups of very demanding professors. He was, however, able to manage his assignments with competence and a high degree of professionalism. He thoroughly enjoyed his work and relished the opportunity to work on myriad research projects with faculty members and graduate students. In recent years he also enjoyed working with undergraduate students in their senior year engineering design projects.

Greg will be remembered for his professional competence, warmth and dry wit. He will also be remembered as an extraordinary human being. He was very considerate and a true gentleman, in that he treated others as he himself would want to be treated and never spoke negatively of others. As a result, he was extremely well thought of by all who worked and interacted with him. Foremost he was a trusted friend.

Greg had an insatiable curiosity. He was not the type to just go with the flow. He definitely marched to his own drummer. Socrates would have been proud of him. He had a child-like wonder about life and was a relentless student and lover of life. He always had some wacky experiment going on, like melting glass or making plasma in a microwave oven, adopting a gigantic pet slug he named "Slipper" and collecting and nurturing all kinds of living things. If someone talked about something he did not know well, he would go to the library or on the web to educate himself so that he could talk intelligently about the topic. A colleague recalled that about a month ago Greg had given him an acorn that he had found on the ground and had nurtured to the point where it had started to grow roots and could be planted. Greg gave it to him to take home and plant - which he did. He was very eco friendly and would turn off the lights in the office or the lab when they were left on unnecessarily, not use the AC in his office, and only heat the rooms in his home he was using. At work he loved to recycle items that were going to the trash.

Some of us enjoyed having discussions with him on all sorts of unusual topics such as the stock market, economics, physics, politics, and human rights. He was fond of Objectivism, a movement founded by Ayn Rand that promotes rational individualism and laissez-faire capitalism, categorically rejecting socialism, altruism, and religion. This probably summarizes Greg's life philosophy as well.

Greg loved to bike until the last few years when his knees bothered him and he switched to

walking. He loved learning new words from the dictionary. He loved to read, and especially enjoyed anything about history. Greg loved spending hours with his mother in the garden in their back yard and each year transforming it into something "magical". He loved listening to music, especially the rock groups from the 70's and 80's. Greg had a deep love for anything chocolate. He liked to bake his own bread. He always had a dog in his home and he appreciated all animals, even the smallest insects. He loved nature and the outdoors. Walking with Greg was always like a new "adventure" as he noticed and knew things about plants, animals and buildings in the city everywhere we went. He and his mother spent many hours in the Public Gardens just enjoying the outdoors and the animals. He took his mother on lots of trips in their car around the city. Roberta was a real estate agent and enjoyed seeing the changes made to homes and buildings she knew well.

We are all very sad with his departure; the void he left behind will not be filled. He will be missed and remembered fondly. The Faculty has lost a resource which we will never be able to replace. We all wish he had given us the opportunity to tell him how much he would be missed and how much we loved him.