

Pete just passed at 11:00. Frank Kelly said some final words as we held hands and watched Pete take his last breath.

Jon Peterson '86

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Dave: Thanks for sharing....

I first met Pete at the 1978 North/South game. He was the manager for the South squad and I was a young coach trying to soak up all the lacrosse experiences that I could. Pete would also work various clinics/camps, world team tryouts knocking on doors in the morning...A favorite of mine was "Good morning. Time to get up. Time to make the world team!"...Hearing Pete's voice in the morning was a wonderful way to greet the day....

I was not fortunate enough to be at Midd when he was there... However Pete was also a fixture at the Cornell lax camp....Back then camps were for the week, Sunday thru Friday....Pete was simply the best: talking to the kids, shaggin balls, finding feathers to put in his hat, taking pictures....On Wednesday night, Richie would treat the everyone to pizza/beers at the Elk's Club in town.....Of course, singing was involved and Pete and I always had to do a rendition of Cheer, Boys, Cheer.....Later everyone would get together to sing Park School, senior verse as well....Pete would always give me the biggest hug once we were done....He considered me a friend.....I was and forever will be touched by that...

I do not handle death very well and Pete's death has been no different....Just recalling those moments spent in his company causes me to shed a tear...I hope I can keep it together tomorrow....

Sam Carpenter '77

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Friends and old teammates, Went over to the field to the bleachers this noon hour and paid respects for us in front of the plaque to Peter and his mother. Always, Gary

Gary Margolis '67

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We are so sorry to receive this news. It just seems to be the year for homecomings. My heart goes out to his family and friends. We are very glad to have spent the time that we did with him. I know that our family will miss him greatly. Please let me know where we can send our condolences.

M. Julius & Family

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Just boarding a plane here in Baltimore, bound for SF. I am sure there will be more eloquent and comprehensive updates forthcoming, but for now I just wanted to do a quick shout-out. The service was perfect: nicely choreographed, good timing, great speakers (Jim Grube, Richie Moran, Bob Scott among others), well attended (250+ people?). Auditorium-style setting, with Pete's casket on stage and a large photograph of him. Total program was about 75mins (?), followed by lunch. There were many lacrosse legends there, serious freakin' legends, both players and coaches -- I was in awe. The majority of the crowd then broke up, and a smaller contingent went onto the actual burial. Two other personal highlights for me: 1) strong showing in terms of attendance and 2) Brad Corrigan singing "Amazing Grace" to his solo acoustic guitar -- strong! BoBo et al to push out more details, but that's the quick summary. Viva La Kohn....

J-Bra '93

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Thanks for the links! I showed the pictures that Jon A shared in his flicker collection to a colleague and he was wondering why everyone was smiling and appearing to be having a great time at a funeral service. I tried to explain who Peter was and the impact that he had on the whole athletic experience at Middlebury. Needless to say, I failed to put it into words just right. How do you explain a picture of me with two Middlebury defensemen: Sam Carpenter, who graduated before me yet run into once a year, at least, and recruited a niece (second or third cousin?) from California to go to Duke? Or, who the big guy I was next to? I guarantee that Kemper was not smiling that during games. After he had just knocked my helmet off during practice, maybe, but that was more like a shark licking his lips as he came upon a trapped fish (anyone see Finding Nemo?). Or the picture of everyone with their Myron pose - like my cousin DT, Brad, Will or Rit, Charlie W, Cullen. and Brad? It doesn't translate easily. But people who knew Peter - and there are many - can appreciate how well he could get people to smile, just smile, when he got up to sing a song because he did it with all of his heart. When Rit and Brad got up there to sing, there was as much anticipation in the room for it to start as there was before most, if not all, lacrosse games that I have been a part of. I was glad I was there to have talked with some friends that I have not seen in a long time, met a few people that I had never met and, unfortunately, did not get to see some that I really wanted to see. But it was great to be in a room with so many Panthers - many I have never met, but only heard about or read about via Jim's, Erin's, and Dave's write-ups- and honorary Panthers, and all those who have come to know Middlebury because of Peter Kohn and the song he used to sing. The song that we all recite, some under their breath or some out loud, when we hear that a person is from the Park School. The song that Brad and Rit sang at the end of the service. The song that brings a smile to every Panther's face. I can't wait to watch "Keeper" with my family again. And to show my daughter the pictures of my teammates, past, present, and always.

Even the picture of the guy who used to beat the \*\*\*\* out of me every day in practice.  
Tozzie, '83

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It definitely will not be the same without him. Pete touched so many lives he will be truly missed. Thanks also to Bobo and David Gaynes for doing such an amazing job of capturing his spirit in “The Keeper” to share with people who didn’t get the pleasure of meeting Pete in person.

Sad day for the Panthers.

David B. Hennessy ‘85

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### Give It Your All

As our bus pulled into the parking lot adjacent to Gettysburg’s stadium, Coach Quinn stood at the front and calmly made an announcement, “Pete Kohn will be joining us today and will be returning with us to Middlebury for the remainder of the season.” The team erupted with unprecedented energy: cheers, foot stomping, and a “Kohn” chant. Not knowing exactly what was causing all of the excitement, us freshman must have looked quite bewildered. “Keeper of the Kohn” was released later that year, so we had only heard the legends of Peter. Over the next five years I would learn a great deal about Pete, but it was already apparent that Peter had the unique gift of bringing people together with energy, openness, and enthusiasm.

The next day we played Gettysburg in a brutally cold, torrential downpour. Out with an injury from the previous game and in the press box filming, I watched Pete down on the sideline. Water dripped from the flat brim of his wool, circa-1980, Middlebury Lacrosse hat, an oversized sideline jacket drooped off his lean, slightly hunched frame, soaked khakis clung to his legs, and waterlogged loafers splashed in the puddles. He slowly worked his way up and down the line offering water and dry towels to every player on the Middlebury bench. His canvas tote bag -- likely holding nine variations of gum, loose cash, crumpled receipts, a half-eaten Hershey Bar, three marbled lacrosse balls, a game program, and a spare hat – sat, soaking, at the end of the bench. Full of passion, he would intermittently call, “Go Big Blue! Go Big Blue!” and “Give it your all, men!”

Peter led by example – he always gave it his all. He gave his heart wholly and fully to those around him. This deep-rooted love for the people in his life was the foundation of his sincerity and selflessness. This was the inspiration for his ceaseless effort that enveloped all of the tasks in his life.

Before a game, Peter would rehearse his pregame speech in the solitude of his house or hotel room.

During practice, he had once crawled through the juniper bushes that surround Alumni Stadium, unearthing dozens of lacrosse balls that had not seen daylight in a decade.

On occasion, Peter joined the captains to lead our team stretch. While far from fluent, he would count off in all sorts of “languages”: “Chinese”, “German”, “Spanish”, and the always popular “Alien” and “Caveman”. In doing so, he would lift spirits, relax tension, and prepare the team to play Middlebury Lacrosse: loose but amped

Pete treasured the seniors and captains, respected their role in guiding the team, and delighted in treating them to Senior Night which featured dinner at the restaurant of our choosing.

His eyes would tear up and he would struggle to find words when telling stories about his late-mother or his childhood.

He took thousands of pictures (thumbs included), meticulously placing them in hundreds of photo albums, documenting generations of teams, events, games, spring break trips, team functions, and reunions; he has thereby become one of Middlebury’s finest archivists.

My freshman year, upon his return to Middlebury from Cape May, he asked if I had time in my schedule to “stop for a few groceries”. The next thing I knew, I was following Peter around the aisles of Shaw’s, balancing a stack of eight Swanson Hungry Boy Frozen Dinners, four boxes of frozen cream of spinach, three boxes of frozen Mac N Cheese, a pint of vanilla ice cream, a bottle of Palmolive, and a box of Q-Tips. From then on, I always had the time and always brought a cart.

When taking a group out to dinner, Peter would clink a glass and announce to the table, “It has always been my policy that when we go to dinner you order anything you want and all that you want.” With that he would give a smile and a nod and sit down, satisfied that he was allowing everyone to fully enjoy the meal he was providing.

Every time Pete sang he was striving for his best performance to date. He would place his hat backwards, grab a “microphone”, stomp, clap, and improvise. When singing “Dinah” he would always hit the high note on the last “Old Banjo”.

Not only did Peter have a generous heart, he had a grateful heart. With great humility, he never missed an opportunity to thank God, his family, and his friends for all that he received and all of the good in his life. That was Peter’s gift – to give and receive with the equal sincerity and grace.

We should all strive to embrace Peter’s advice, “to give it our all”. We should give our whole hearts to the people we meet and the endeavors we undertake. We should have gratitude for all the good in our lives. Only then will we begin to experience, for ourselves, the special world in which Peter Kohn lived and thrived.

In his own words, from a speech in Vail (2008), I now repeat to Peter: "it's an honor and a privilege for me to be here and share with you. You have given me so much love and care through the many years. I can never repay you all for that – there is just no way you can do that."

Thank you, Peter. May you rest in peace.

Dave Campbell '09

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Gents,

As you've learned earlier, our dear friend, Myron Gutman "Peter" Kohn, passed away this morning at 11am in a quiet hospital room in Philadelphia surrounded by friends and loved ones.

Peter outlived all of his immediate family and is survived by the rest of us, his extended family.

Nobody deserved his merciful passing more than Peter. He was fishing this past weekend with Joe Crilli (Betty's son) and his two sons when he was stricken by a massive heart attack. Joe worked furiously to revive Peter who ultimately sustained far too extensive oxygen deprivation to the brain to ever stand a chance of any recovery. The mercy in this is that from then thru today he could feel no pain. And you'd all be amazed - he was looking more dapper than any of us have seen him look in years! Clean shaven, tight haircut. Ears even. It's almost as if he knew he'd be having visitors!

People often ask what made Middlebury so special, my reply is typically "the guys" - you guys. Well, Peter is certainly one of you guys to me. On the sidelines with us, always. At every practice; and even helping close down "Delta". The best behaved of any of us, btw, even Dubba. Even casting a disparting eye if the fun was about to cross any line. In many ways he had a hand in shaping us guys, arriving to Midd as boys on the journey to becoming men. A group of men that I could not imagine being more proud of. In speaking for myself, he sure helped teach a young kid from South Florida a thing or two.

There is the obvious: sportsmanship, comraderie, dedication to a cause. Then there are the deeper qualities that Peter possessed that I believe really endeared him to so many. He taught us tolerance and generosity. Empathy and respect. People are defined by their character, not their image. Never to judge or be judged. To play or train hard, but respect the game - whatever the game is, lacrosse, football or life. As you probably recall he could NEVER say anything negative about an opponent and, for that matter, another individual. Myron, the one who seemed to need the most help ended up helping us the most of all.

I was fortunate enough to spend the past ten summers in Vail with Peter for a week each June at the Lax Shootout. All the great Midd Lax guys from over the decades -

both the "classics" and the "newer models" - and of course, Kohn! You'd all be pleased to know he hadn't change one bit! This past summer, at the spry age of 77, he was shagging errant balls, handing out water bottles and well used, "aromatic" wet towels! There were the pep talks during huddles, quips from the sidelines, and only as Peter could, the words of encouragement after a loss nobody else had the fortitude the utter. And then he'd race from field to field which could involve some distance to fulfill his duties to another legion of Panthers about to challenge another worthy opponent. There is no doubt in my mind that the determining factor in the outcome of many contests, especially those that were decided by just the tiniest of factors - resulting in slim margin of victory - that last second one goal or one point victory - MUST have been Kohn. Those victories should be attributed to Peter.

I set out with this note to fill you all in on the details, for the curious and concerned among us. I apologize it just became a more lengthy read and tribute. I sure will miss that guy. I'm grateful that my wife and daughter got to meet, and experience Peter. An Amen, three claps and a Cheer Boys Cheer goes out to Jim Grube who brought him to us.. and for allowing all of us to enjoy everyting that was so classically and nforgettably Peter Kohn. He lives on in many of us. He is resting in Peace.

Details of both a service in Baltimore next week AND (hopefully) a memorial service at Midd Homecoming (Oct 17). I'll pass along info as I receive it.

Regards,  
Chad McClennan '88

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Thanks for all he updates Bobo and everyone else who was able to visit Peter.

Lax games and reunions will simply not be the same without him. I can't stop thinking about him today. I hope we can do something at Midd this year to remember him together. Perhaps at Homecoming?

I could use a rousing rendition of "She'll be Comin Round the Mountain" right now or a somber Park School w/ Senior verse.

What time is it?

Time to remember Peter.

B. Doyle '98 (Keeper '95)

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I want to thank all those who made the pilgrimage to the Park School on Tuesday for Pete's funeral. Finding a way to get there, for many of you, was a wonderful expression of all that Pete has meant to our team. For those of you who could not finagle all the details (and for those who were able to come) please mark your calendars and make arrangements to be at Middlebury's Homecoming this fall (October 16-18). I hope that

this will be one of those dates that is immutable - make it happen, be there.

Erin, Bobo, Missy, Dave and I have begun to make plans for a special Peter Kohn Memorial Celebration and if you have some ideas on this, please step up.

I would like to pass along a few thoughts. Pete's impact on my life has been great and the last week, in particular, brought a lot of things in focus.

First, we are faced with a big challenge to keep Pete's spirit alive. As committed as we are today, we all know that time takes its toll and there is truly no way to replace Pete's gift to us. Part of what we are planning for with October's Memorial is to develop real ways to keep Pete's spirit with us. Missy and Dave face a real challenge here, and I know that only Bobo, talented as he is, is scrambling to find some magic to reincarnate the Spirit of Kohn at Vail this summer and the summers that follow.

As in all things in life, though, there are opportunities. Duane Ford, I suppose, is the original 'keeper'; almost 30 years ago almost to the day, Duane outdid Lewis and Clark with his U-Haul mission when he single-handedly moved Pete to Middlebury. Since the early '80's there have been many keepers, but today, I think we all realize that Pete has become our keeper.

Perhaps Pete's greatest gift is his indefatigable commitment to caring for his loved ones and his teammates. As yesterday unfolded, I took inventory. The young men I coached many years ago are not so young anymore. We are all in the middle of our lives, or for Erin's brood, certainly they are embarking on that journey. The challenges for us now deal with our families and our careers.

Pete's greatest legacy to Middlebury, the thing that sets us apart from any other team experience I can think of, is Pete's admonition to us, his belief, that there is more to life than winning. Take this message to heart. Be there for your family, friends and teammates. Importantly, and this can be very difficult, know when to reach out to your teammates for some help.

Lastly, I just read Jeff Thomsen's comments and reflections on yesterday - there is a special joy in celebrating Pete's life and what he means to us. Take advantage, as much as possible, of the opportunities to reunite and celebrate what being part of Middlebury Lacrosse is all about.

See you at Homecoming.

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My first contact w/ Peter was the final game of the Lax team's spring trip in 1981. Coach Grube had lined up a game against a non NESCAC team before returning to Middlebury at Greenwich CT HS. I was sitting on the ground on the edge of the parking lot by the field. I glanced up because I noticed a pair of feet covered only by socks - no shoes or

sneakers. I was startled to see the shoeless person was wearing a Middlebury sweat shirt and wondered that impression this might leave of Middlebury in Greenwich.

Needless to say I have many other wonderful memories of Peter. His putting his dessert on the seat on the team bus as he put one of his bags in the overhead rack and then sitting on the desert, or singing Park School w/ President McCardell in Vail or possibly the most special one being his getting on the stage in Baltimore after the "World Premier of The Keeper of the Kohn" was enjoyed by all of us that were able to attend. Peter had barely gotten on the stage when one of his fans in the audience yelled our "Peter what time is it ?" We all knew what the answer would be but Peter quietly said "It's time for me to try to thank everyone who made this possible !"

I deeply regret not being w/ many of you today but will be on a plane on my way to England, my thoughts and memories will be with you in Baltimore at the service.

Hugh Harlow '57

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Hi Panthers,

Matt Dwyer is the Founder and Owner of the Boston Cannons pro lax team. As you can see below, he has shown Peter beautiful respect by asking his fellow owners to remember Pete at all MLL games this weekend. Class act from a class guy remembering the classiest of them all.

Heff

On 8/5/09 4:08 PM, "Matt Dwyer" wrote:

Guys-

Peter really was a legend. A rare individual whose respect for, and dedication, to the game was unequaled. How about remembering him at all MLL games this weekend? Cannons and Bayhawks will tomorrow night at Harvard. Let's make note of this on websites and MIL Twitter too. See attached.

Thanks,

-Matt

Matthew Dwyer

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