



IN MEMORY OF **TERJE ANDERSON**

1958-2026

TO: All Staff
FROM: Steve Wright
DATE: March 17th, 2026

This past Sunday we experienced something here that's difficult to put into words. A member of our team, a colleague and a friend, lost his life. My heart is with all of you who knew Terje, worked alongside him and felt his presence here.

What makes Jay Peak special has always been its people—each of you bringing something unique and solely your own. That individuality is our strength. It's what people like Terje added to, whether they were with us for a season or for decades. And it's that same shared spirit—built from those distinct parts—that binds us together, especially in moments that feel impossible to carry.

The words you're about to read do more than honor Terje—they reflect something essential about who we are. They speak to the depth of connection that forms here at Jay Peak, often quietly, over time, through shared work and care. And they remind us that it is those very connections—the ones we build without always naming—that ultimately hold us, steady us and carry us through.

I want to say this clearly: we are grieving, and we will get through this together. Please take care of yourselves and each other. We will support each other in the days ahead.

I had asked Nicole Provost to share a few thoughts about Terje with the intention of incorporating them into my own. But what she wrote was so honest, so true and so reflective of who Terje was that I didn't want to change it. I want you to experience her words in full, below.

Steve,

You asked me to jot some words down about Terje. As I was flipping through some Robert Frost poems this morning, I read *Nothing Gold Can Stay* and I'd like to dedicate it to our Golden friend, Terje, today.

We learned the hard way that nothing gold can stay. We are heartbroken by the passing of our colleague and dear friend, Terje.

Terje joined the Front Desk team in November of 2022, and from the moment he arrived, his light, empathy, and kindness were unmistakable. It didn't take long for him to become not only an all-star member of our team, but a trusted confidant and cherished friend to so many of us. His presence made our workplace warmer, more thoughtful, and more human.

Terje believed deeply in a better world. His never-ending commitment to equality and peace was not just something he spoke about—it was something he lived every day. His dedication to public service reflected a sincere desire to help others and to stand up for what was right. Conversations with Terje often left you feeling more hopeful, more curious, and more determined to be kinder.

He also had a deep love of art and culture, and a true devotion to books. Terje appreciated beauty in all its forms and shared that appreciation generously with those around him. Whether it was recommending a novel, discussing an artist, or simply noticing the small details that make life richer, he reminded us to slow down and take in the world.

And of course, there were the chocolates. Terje would often surprise the Front Desk with the most stunning and decadent handmade chocolates—each one different, imaginative, and crafted with care. The flavors and designs were always a delight, but there was something extra special about the Earl Grey chocolates. If you've never tried one, you're truly missing out. From now on, whenever we come across that delicate Earl Grey flavor, we'll think of Terje.

Terje gave so much of himself to others—his time, his creativity, his compassion, and his unwavering belief that people deserve dignity and care. His absence leaves a space that cannot be filled, but his kindness and spirit will remain with all of us who had the privilege of knowing him.

In Robert Frost's poem "Nothing Gold Can Stay," we are reminded how fleeting the most beautiful things can be. Terje was truly golden—bright, rare, and deeply cherished. Though moments like these feel far too brief, the warmth of his golden presence will stay with us always.

Nicole Provost
Front Office Manager



*Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.*

-Robert Frost