

REFLECTIONS ON TERRY BARNICH
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On behalf of Terry's family -- his mother Genni, his sister Rochelle and her family, his brother Bruce and his family and, of course, Sheila Grace, -- I thank you all for being here to remember and honor our friend, Terry Barnich.

We thank Secretary Clinton for her graciousness in hosting this service today. However, I want to especially thank her for the telephone call she made to Terry's mother and sister in the days immediately following his death that helped them to bear this great burden.

Ambassador Kennedy and Director Powell, thank you for your kind words. We also deeply appreciate the presence of Ambassador Hill here today. Ambassador, I know that you have a very busy schedule during your short time here in Washington and we are grateful that you have come here today. And Father Moretti, we appreciate your presence here today.

Knowing Terry as I did I can say that nothing would please him more than that the Marine Corps is providing the beautiful musical backdrop for this service. Thank you.

I had the pleasure of having Terry Barnich as my closest friend for 25 years. I also had the honor of serving with him for a year in Baghdad. My wife has suggested on more than one occasion that I went to Iraq in order to maintain a two-decade long tradition of Sunday night dinner with Terry. I'll take the 5th on that.

Terry served his country for nearly two and a half years in Iraq. It was as if he had been born to do what he was doing there. He'd had a lifetime of preparation for the mission. Terry's formative years were spent in the shadow of the steel mills in the Chicago

neighborhood known as Hegwisch. Hegwisch is in the far southeast corner of Chicago, diagonally opposite the Village of Park Ridge which is just across the city's far northwest corner. While on the surface quite different from one another, Park Ridge leafy and quiet, Hegwisch a bit rough around the edges, these two communities seem to share an ability to turn out smart, resilient people committed to service. Terry Barnich and Secretary Clinton are evidence enough of that.

The embassy office that Terry and I shared in Baghdad was festooned with large City of Chicago and State of Illinois flags -- a less than subtle statement that Iraq was no mystery to him. Tribal politics was like mother's milk.

Terry knew from the tips of his toes that, just like in Chicago, getting things done in Iraq would be rooted in strong personal relationships -- both with the Iraqis and inside the Green Zone. His talent for friendship was never better put to use than in the bonds he forged as a true confidant of Iraq's Minister of Electricity. He became a trusted friend of numerous other Iraqi officials. Terry was even inducted as an honorary member of the Al-Jubouri tribe by the Minister of Antiquities and Tourism. They have felt his loss as deeply as we.

Long before deciding to go to Iraq, Terry had made a mark in this world. He was legal counsel to Governor Jim Thompson during a time of non-stop change and progress in our state. He was also Illinois' chief utility regulator. Once having had the job myself, I succeeded only on the second try to persuade him to have the Governor appoint him Chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission.

As ICC Chairman he affected the daily lives of everyone in this room. At a critical point he was the national leader in opening up local telephone exchanges to competition. Next time you use your mobile phone to call across town, think of Terry.

Later, Terry built a thriving telecommunications consulting firm. His business partner, Craig Clausen is here today.

Terry was focused and determined from his earliest days. For example, when he was five years old and a baby sister came along, Terry thought that as the big brother he owned the naming rights. When his parents disagreed and named the baby Rochelle, Terry announced that her real name was Peanut. I think I had known Rochelle for five years before I found out she had not officially been christened "Peanut."

Terry's focus and determination produced results in Iraq. He was the one, for example, who drove to conclusion the desperately needed, record-breaking, multi-billion dollar electric turbine deal between Iraq and General Electric.

And Terry could be persuasive, smoothly but relentlessly so. He built on his early successes in persuasion such as convincing Peanut when she was little that she would soon grow a mustache.

But he used his super-powers for good as well. For example, he persuaded both the Iraqi Ministries of Electricity and of Water Resources and the State Department that the key to Iraq's commercial re-engagement with the rest of the world was to retain high quality international lawyers for big transactions. Before Terry's efforts, the pattern had been that of poorly drafted contracts followed by delays and litigation. Terry's goal was to prepare our Iraqi friends to attract overseas private investment in a climate of enforceable contracts. And it's starting to work out as he had hoped.

Amidst all this he always managed to set aside an hour for the gym and time to read at night. Both showed. He always looked great and was the most well read man I knew.

But, in the end, what characterized his life as well as the circumstances of his leaving us, was that he had a good heart.

He would return from R+R with i-Pods and Italian soccer jerseys for the young Iraqis on the crew that cleaned our embassy office. Also for "the guys," as we called them, he would haul huge bags of broken radios and lamps as well as great quantities of

toiletries, outside the embassy gates. All of this stuff had been given to the cleaning crews by people in the embassy so the guys could sell it and make a few extra dinars for their families. Terry was always a big supporter of free enterprise.

On the day he died he was doing good for others. He was part of a team inspecting a significant wastewater treatment project in Fallujah. On this past Memorial Day Terry and his colleagues were continuing the mission of helping the Iraqi people to have the basics of a decent life -- clean water and reliable electricity, things we pretty much take for granted in this wonderful country of ours, but which are essential elements of a successful counterinsurgency – whether in Iraq or Afghanistan.

Terry had allowed our embassy office to serve as a kind of bullpen for Iraqi interpreters while they nervously awaited their turn for interviews that qualified them to apply for special immigration visas. Well over sixty of the people who would come to the office have now arrived in America. They tell me that they remember Terry in their prayers for what he did for them.

I called many of them to break the news of Terry's death. One of the "terps" as they are unceremoniously called, said to me, "Dr Phil, Terry is a martyr." Terry is indeed a martyr in the most honored sense of that word.

Terry Barnich died for his beliefs – beliefs for which he was willing to face great danger. He was convinced that freedom is either advancing or it is in retreat. There is no in-between. The human condition is not static and liberty will always be at risk for those of us who enjoy it if we fail to help extend it to those **not** yet blessed with it.

At the very moment that Terry, Dr. Maged Hussein and Navy Commander Duane Wolfe died alongside one another, they were living out the commandment that we love our neighbors as ourselves. For scripture tells us that there is no greater love than for one to lay down his life for his friends. As the sharp pain of our grief is mercifully dulled with time we are blessed by our memory of Terry and inspired by his sacrifice.