



## Terry Lee Provost

October 25, 1965 - June 10, 2026

Some people pass through life quietly. Terry Lee Provost wasn't one of them. Born on October 25, 1965, in Detroit, Michigan, Terry lived a colorful life, one with passion, personality, and never a dull moment. He passed away, too young, at his home in Fife Lake, Michigan.

For Terry, happiness wasn't complicated; it was sunshine, fresh air, good company, and laughter that carried on long after the day was done. He loved to fish, hunt, snowmobile, float down the river, or take a ride in the Can-m. More than anything though, he was a dedicated disc golfer who loved the game as much as the people he played with.

Terry had a unique ability to turn casual conversation into a friendship. Whether you agreed with him or not, you remembered him. His energy, humor, and larger-than-life presence left an impression everywhere he went. He was deeply passionate about helping people living with chronic pain and openly shared his personal experience and his knowledge of medicinal marijuana. Terry loved intelligent conversation and brought enthusiasm, conviction, and curiosity to every discussion. His animated storytelling and unmistakable personality made him unforgettable.

A gifted builder with a creative mind, Terry spent many of his later years working toward his dream home. While the project remained unfinished, it represented something that mattered deeply to him: always having a vision, always creating, and always push forward.

Terry lived boldly, fiercely, and made sure there was always a story worth

telling. The world feels a little quieter without him in it, but his stories will continue to be told, his jokes will continue to be repeated, and his memory will continue to bring smiles to those who knew and loved him.

Terry is survived by his parents, Rosemary and Larry Provost, his daughters, Margaret, Laura, and Theresa; and his grandchildren, Jordan, Jacob, and Zoey, who will carry forward his stories and adventurous spirit.

In true Terry fashion, there will be no formal service. He was never one for ceremony and would much rather have those who loved him celebrate with connection, swapping stories, laughter, and reminiscing about “the good times”.