



Franklin Scott Blair

August 16, 1972 - March 2, 2016

Franklin Scott Blair, 43, of Geneva Twp., passed away March 2, 2016 at St. Vincent Charity Hospital in Cleveland after a long and courageous fight. He was born August 16, 1972.

Scott was a loving and caring son, brother, nephew, uncle and friend to many. He will be deeply missed by all who knew and loved him.

Surviving Scott are his parents, Frank and Treva Blair; brother, Jason (Shelby) Blair; niece, Cambden; nephew, Gideon; aunts, Eva Stewart, Betty Boren and Iva Boren and Shari Morgan; paternal grandfather Joseph Therriault; his beloved dog, Hannah; and many loving cousins, other family members and friends.

He was preceded in death by his paternal grandmother, Marie Therriault; maternal grandparents, Albert and Zella Taylor, and his uncle Don Taylor.

A visitation to honor Scott's life will be held from 2-6 p.m. Saturday March 19, 2016 at the Brunner Sanden Deitrick Funeral Home & Cremation Center 8466 Mentor Ave., Mentor.

In memory of Scott memorial contributions may be made in his name to the American Heart Association P.O. Box 15120, Chicago, IL 60693 or to the

American Kidney Fund 6110 Executive Boulevard, Suite 1010 Rockville, MD
20852-9813.

Send flowers and offer condolences at www.brunners.com.

Previous Events

Visitation

MAR 19. 2:00 PM - 6:00 PM (ET)

Brunner Sanden Deitrick Funeral Home & Cremation Center

8466 Mentor Avenue

Mentor, OH 44060

(440) 255-3401

ajs@brunners.com

<https://www.brunners.com/>

Tribute Wall



“ *Be missin' ya, Scott. Glad we got to talk again before you went.* ”

Viktor Gorchev - April 05, 2016 at 07:52 PM



“ *The world's a lot fucking poorer without you in it, Scott. Rest easy, man.* ”

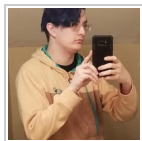
Vincent DeAngelis - April 02, 2016 at 06:03 AM



“ *Michelle Reynolds Dofflemyer lit a candle in memory of Franklin Scott Blair* ”



Michelle Reynolds Dofflemyer - March 18, 2016 at 06:11 PM



“ *1 file added to the album New Album Name* ”



Matthew Kennedy - March 18, 2016 at 02:29 PM



“ *Country Basket Blooms was purchased for the family of Franklin Scott Blair.*



March 17, 2016 at 07:37 PM



“ *Florist Choice Bouquet was purchased for the family of Franklin Scott Blair.*



March 16, 2016 at 01:30 PM



“ *There are many things that I could say, but perhaps the single and most important one is that I was lucky enough to know Scott.*

I cannot count the number of times he was there to talk something through or just listen to me talk.

I am truly sorry to see you go my friend. I wish I was there for you as you were there for me all those times.

J. Sager - March 16, 2016 at 12:26 PM



“ *Peaceful White Lilies Basket was purchased for the family of Franklin Scott Blair.*



March 15, 2016 at 03:20 PM



“ *There are so many words to say that I just can't.*

Adam Weber - March 15, 2016 at 02:41 PM



“ *Scott we had a lot of fun times when we where kids. I will see you again .. Joe Squatrito .*

Joseph Squatrito - March 14, 2016 at 12:59 PM



“ *Enchanted Cottage was purchased for the family of Franklin Scott Blair.*



March 13, 2016 at 09:14 PM



“ *Scott, you will be greatly missed. My deepest heartfelt condolences to his family and friends. See you on the other side my friend, light the way. <3*

-Vincent



Vincent - March 13, 2016 at 06:49 PM

VI

“ Vincent lit a candle in memory of Franklin Scott Blair



Vincent - March 13, 2016 at 06:46 PM

ZA

“ You are greatly missed, my man. There is no one on this earth quite like you. You've left a Mad-sized hole in this world, and no amount of stardust can ever fill it. Wishing you peace out there in the universe. You earned it.

Zaaf - March 12, 2016 at 10:05 PM



“ One night, actually the wee hours of the morning, we found ourselves in a heated debate about...sugar cookies. Specifically, the ratio of fat to flour in a proper dough. I argued earnestly that baking is a science and one should not mess with science. You pushed back, just as earnestly, that I needed to lighten up and break the rules every once in a while. You were right. Looking back, I laugh at how seriously we were arguing about cookies. But with you, every conversation seemed a bit more intense.

I will miss our random, late night chats. The hours-long mind-benders that covered topics both shallow and deep. And the quick fly-by exchanges just to say hello. I think I'll miss those most of all. Those regular reminders that there was still a bit of Madness in my life. "An enigma, you are," I would say. And you would reply, "You misspelled 'ridiculous asshole', my dear."

Scott, you have a piece of my heart with you always. Thank you for allowing me to be a part of your world, for even a brief time. Thank you for teaching me the importance of keeping copious amounts of exotic salts in my pantry and challenging me to approach life and love with fearlessness and a sense of adventure.

My love and most sincere condolences are with your family and friends.

Rest well, my friend.

Christa

Christa C - March 12, 2016 at 09:44 PM

NI

“*Mad, you will be forever in my heart and have my love with you always. There are no words to explain how large a hole you will leave in those left behind. Goodnight, princess <3*

Nic - March 12, 2016 at 11:51 AM

 Leeann Ulrich

“*I struggle with where to begin to describe a life that so profoundly touched mine. Scott was the friend you called when you needed a dry smoky laugh that held no reverence but much sarcasm. The 1 who was willing to have no plans but fill the hours with mischief & delight. The brother who you never doubted had your back. No questions just because. The god damn devil who reminded you that life without some discussion of everything from RPGs to the depths of the universe was boring. So many hours & yet not enough. Thank you for being part of our family! For showing us what loyalty was. For reminding me that there aren't enough words to encompass what a blessing it was to share moments with you. Until we meet again. Xoxo*

Leeann Ulrich - March 11, 2016 at 11:51 PM

 Melanie Miller

“*You were my grand protector. Even when we both knew you were in no condition to travel anywhere, you were always ready to come defend my honor against whatever nutter I was involved with. You were so many things to me - You always will be. Your print has been left upon my life, Scott, and I will always remember you with a smile and a full heart. I love you Madly. Always. <3*



Melanie Miller - March 11, 2016 at 03:51 PM



“ *May your memories of the wonderful times you shared with your loved one comfort you and your family, today and always.*

American Heart Association - March 11, 2016 at 02:51 PM



“ *I was fortunate enough to have Scott as a friend in my life for several years. He had a Mad wit and taught me much about music he loved. He was so vividly alive, it seemed impossible when I heard the news of his passing. Taken from his family and friends far too soon. You will be missed, Mad.*

Roxanne Ellis - March 11, 2016 at 01:47 PM

AR

“ Online relationships, even with someone like Scott who was so open about his life (at his insistence, he very quickly was "Scott"), are often like looking into a keyhole, with glimpses of what is shown and what shows through. But with Scott, in peering in, one was dazzled by the burst of light on the other side. Often white hot, it changed from mood to mood, at times abuzz with a latest passion and then swamped in ennui. But the constants were as captivating as the change: A bedrock sympathy for others' pain, an enormous heart that took on so much, a razor-sharp wit and masterly command of language that elevated even profane and banal complaints, and an awareness of his own failings and the cost to himself and those closest to him.



I wish there weren't such a price. I wish his talents could have found the wider audience they deserved, his great heart could go on beating in a healthy body, and the protectiveness he sheltered others with had shielded him as well and helped him find a less turbulent path.

My condolences to his family and all who loved him. He spoke often of his family. Those late-night conversations happened many years ago, but I especially remember his love and admiration for his mother's strength and his brother's talents. Even at those times in which he seemed to be maniacally weaving his own reality, full of rage and destruction, a tenderness for those who loved him shone through. I hope that was true on the other side of the keyhole as well.

Ari - March 11, 2016 at 01:07 PM

CH

“ You had sharp wit and always something funny to say. You will be missed.

Christine - March 11, 2016 at 10:41 AM

WM

“ Seems a small thing to write of the conversations we had when so many others knew you far better than I did. But you would tell me not to worry about feeling small.

You touched so many friends of mine in so many different ways. You were and will always be, the perfect person that we were with at that moment.

Always in the moment.

Give Mabbsy my love.

Wills.

Willow Matthews - March 11, 2016 at 02:00 AM

ES

“ Scooter, miss you more and more every day. I'll be lost without you, but knowing that you will be watching over all of us will be a big comfort. Will miss our talks , laughing at something stupid on tv . I know your cracking jokes where you are . You were taken way to soon from all of us. My heart is broken , I love you so very much and always will. You will always be in my heart . I love you Scooter Love Your Aunt Beeba



Eva Stewart - March 10, 2016 at 08:34 PM



“ 1 file added to the album *New Album Name*



T Kurtheru McKenzie - March 10, 2016 at 08:25 PM

AD

“ You messaged me one day. Out of no where. You were backing me in some online shit storm that I don't recall why I cared about. You unleashed a stream of vile names and insults on my forgotten enemy. You lacked tact but your wit catapulted out of your words and I liked you instantly. But didn't want you to know that because another groupie would surely be frowned upon. We talked about nothing with so much detail. After hours of banter I couldn't recall what had started any given conversation. You introduced me to so many people. People so unlike myself or even you. Your circle of friends was deep and wide. I felt like I learned so much just following you around. But when I really learned something was when I was about to go to sleep, just about done saying my good nights and you would message me or text. "Le frog, I've been thinking..." And before I knew it it was 5am and you would suddenly snuff out a cigarette and announce "you're tired, go to bed". You had a way with warping time. I knew it was passing but I was willing to give up more of it just to hear you talk. Rambling along in spurts of various languages that you knew I couldn't understand, laughing at yourself. Taking time to "dumb something down" or explain something that, I being barely more than ten years your junior was obviously too naive or young to have experienced.

At one point you thought I must be in love with you. I was adamant I was not and we argued. I said I loved you like a brother and you said siblings simply squelch out of the same womb. That it means nothing without sustenance. I said "no, you are the brother I never wanted. You make me wish I had one" you laughed. You said you never wanted a sister and were not in the market for one, flat out refused me. I didn't care. You were my Madaline and I was your le frog.

That's how I knew you were in trouble. You called me and told me that if you didn't make it through the night you wanted me to know you considered me a sister. I don't know if that really meant anything to you or not. But you knew it meant something to me. And you went out of your way, on what you thought might be your last night, to tell me something so kind and comforting.

I wanted to be angry with you. But damnit you fought like hell for

months on end. Your "meat suit" as you so morbidly referred to your body, was taken far beyond what should have been its limits. I imagined you laying there fighting in your own mind telling God to stop fucking around. You wouldn't just go quietly. There was a battle, that is for sure.

The last time I spoke to you I was telling you about some medical stuff I was going through. Making light of the situation you simply stated "well you are too fuxking old for that" I called you an asshat and you laughed. God I miss your laugh.

When you were at your worst you left me gut wrenching voicemails. I'd get them at work and sob in the bathroom. You were in pain, confused and disoriented. And I wanted to take that from you. But when it was better and you were on the mend you acted so nonchalant. "Yeah it happened, I lived through it, just another adventure" now that you are gone I wonder if you are sitting on the other side laughing and shouting at us like an old man watching wheel of fortune. "Just enjoy it! It's another story to tell! Another adventure! Go for it you shits!" I can hear your zippo flick, a deep inhale and a half laugh half exhale while you laugh at us.

You were better than love, you were Mad. And the universe has a void in it now. A spot where dry wit, loyal love, unwavering kindness, and one hell of a vocabulary flowed and ebbed with the whims of an awesome enigma that was not ashamed but proud to call himself Mad.

Amy Duke - March 10, 2016 at 04:13 PM



Wow! Thank you for sharing! You made me laugh, cry & curse all the time lost never to be found again.

Leeann Ulrich - March 11, 2016 at 11:42 PM



“ I'm going to miss our late night chats about food, our fuzzy babies, video games, and life in general. No matter what was going on in your life you were always so concerned about me and my health. I want you to know that I'm going to be fine, I promise. I'll never forget you.



Matthew Kennedy - March 10, 2016 at 03:53 PM

B.

“ Thank you for always having been there. I hope whatever part of you lives on knows just how much you'll be missed and how much you were cherished by your friends. I love and will dearly miss you, Mad. <3

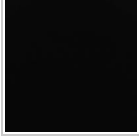


B. - March 10, 2016 at 03:44 PM

 John Marshall

“ From one Rev to the other. Hope you find good things in the next place.

John Marshall - March 10, 2016 at 03:26 PM



“ Mad...

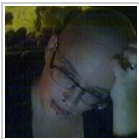
Some people in this world leave a mark upon those they meet - and they do so without the pretense of formality most of us judge each other by. When I think of this, you come to mind. Though I did not know you as well as a lot of others, I did have the chance to get to know and that was something I will treasure. I'll miss the sense of humor and I will miss our foodie chats. Thank you for your friendship and for the love you gave to the people I love. May your friends, family, and those closest to you find peace during this time.

Oriana Ann - March 10, 2016 at 03:03 PM



“ *I always wanted a brother, and in our friendship I found one. I will miss you Mad, I say goodbye with a heavy heart*

Sami Score - March 10, 2016 at 02:58 PM



“ *I will never forget you. You were such a huge part of my life for over a decade. My love to your family and friends. You touched so many lives, Mad. A part of me goes with you, now. I love you. I miss you.*



Shannon Grei - March 10, 2016 at 02:15 PM



“ *Tina lit a candle in memory of Franklin Scott Blair*



Tina - March 10, 2016 at 01:51 PM

BW

“ *I will miss your smiling face, your quirky sense of humor, the love and friendship we shared. You will always be in my heart. God speed, Scott. Love you always. Your cousin Becky.*

Becky Winters - March 10, 2016 at 12:31 PM