



Gregory Silver

May 31, 1971 - September 27, 2025

It is with a heavy heart that we announce the passing of Greg Silver on September 27, 2025.

Greg was an Austin Poetry Society member (since 1988) and award-winner, as well as a music aficionado. In 2012, he started a music blog, called Ear Buzz. <https://recordplaya.blogspot.com/>

He earned two college degrees with honors: an A.D. from Austin Community College, and a B.A from Concordia University. He was active in honors societies at both colleges.

Greg worked at Texas Energy Research Associates, and at the Office of the Secretary of State where he handled corporate filings. He also did an internship with the American Heart Association.

He was an avid reader and library volunteer, who taught himself to read at age 3. Greg also enjoyed exploring restaurants and writing YELP Reviews about his experiences, earning "YELP Elite" status.

Greg started a block "game night" which became a big hit, and brought many neighbors together.

Greg is survived by his Mother (Diane), Sister (Julie), BIL (Dante), Aunt (Lois), Cousins (Kathy) & (Jennifer), and many friends.

He was a considerate & caring man who is greatly missed.

Greg's ashes rest in the columbarium at St. Mark's church on Barton Hills Drive.

In lieu of flowers, Greg requested that any donations be made to The Mr. Holland's Opus Foundation (<https://mhopus.org/>) or the Austin Poetry Society (<https://www.austinpoetrysociety.org/>).

After his diagnosis, Greg wrote this poignant poem:

I CAN'T PLAY WITH YOU ANYMORE

It's been a real blast hanging out
Swapping stories fanciful and true
But I've done all I possibly can
To lighten many loads
Forces greater than myself have announced
That I can't play with you anymore
Hopefully we'll meet up again
Laughing at how our residence down here
Was a mere opening act
In preparation for the amazing show ahead
You needn't be overly sad
I've got faith that the tragedy isn't forever
We're meant for something special
Fear comes from not knowing exactly what
And not being allowed to come back to explain

Don't bother with guarded optimism
How can bright light penetrate
If your blinders are too tightly bound?
Transition starts now
I'm convinced that we'll play again later