

Nicole Smith

A lot of you here knew Edmund Grover Bartlett Jr as a fellow community member, church goer, colleague, father, uncle, godfather, domino partner, Bear backer and friend. To us, he was Papa, our grandfather. And as his first grandchild, I have the great honour of paying tribute to him today on behalf of his grandkids.

For me, Papa has always been synonymous with generosity. But it wasn't until recently that I understood how far that generosity extended. Upon hearing the news of his passing, high school friends I haven't spoken to in years reached out with their condolences and memories of Cal games, Fenton's ice cream dates and pool parties at 40 Wildwood Gardens. My cousins fondly recall our family holidays in Hawaii, Tinsley Island, Aptos and St Helena and frequent outings to football games, Trader Vics and Claremont Country Club. So many of my early memories were quietly facilitated by him.

Papa was a hard worker and savvy businessman, but possessed none of the ego, greed or entitlement that often accompanies success. If anything, with his wealth and success came a deepened sense of empathy and responsibility to those less fortunate than him. He was a model citizen and hands-on philanthropist. He was a member of the Berkeley Rotary Club and served on board of the Boys and Girls Club of Oakland for as long as I can remember, often leading disadvantaged youths on excursions to Cal football games and University Open days. He embraced his community and adopted extended family as if they were his own.

Papa believed that knowledge was power and that everyone deserved a good education. He worked hard to ensure that was available to his children and us grandchildren (most of whom are the beneficiaries of degrees sponsored by the Bartlett Family Partnership).

Papa also saw the value in education beyond the institution. He was a world traveller, he had the best travel stories. I don't know many children who spent their 13th birthday in Paris away from their parents, but I did. Papa and Nina were heading to France on one of their many Ford trips and were offered the option to upgrade to First Class or bring a 'minor' along on the trip. Well I know what my choice would have been. But excess was never something Papa felt entitled to or comfortable with. If a small sacrifice on his part could afford someone an opportunity or perspective they wouldn't otherwise have, he would do it, every time. That's the kind of man he was.

He led by example and when I think about the legacy he leaves behind, it's not hard to see his best qualities mirrored in the people around him. I see his warmth and outgoing nature in my mother Debi; his patience and wisdom in my aunt Laurie; his entrepreneurial business sense in my uncle Mike, his selfless sense of duty in my Aunt Barb. I see his singing, athleticism, humour and charisma, his generous spirit and appetite for knowledge and adventure in my cousins and siblings.

And of course, I can't talk about Papa without acknowledging Nina. Because behind every good man is a better woman, and Nina was as good as they come. She was the love of his life with whom he raised four children, traveled the world with and cared

for tirelessly to the very end.

Nina and Papa were a model of loyalty, true love and good partnership. They loved each other deeply and uninhibitedly. I have an image in my mind of when I was 7 or 8: Papa was singing, as he often did, squeezing Nina's hand, glancing at her dotingly. I didn't realise then what a rare and beautiful thing that small gesture was. That was them, big love in small gestures.

I miss them both dearly and I can only hope that they are reunited now in the stars, looking down on us, sipping Man Tais, singing the Hawaiian Wedding Song.