

## **Papa's Memorial Service**

Laurie Bartlett

**Good morning and welcome.** Our extended family thanks each of you for being here today to celebrate the life of our father, Edmund Grover Bartlett Jr., whom we loved so much. I'm Laurie. My husband Mark, my twin sister Debi, my brother Mike and his wife Julie, my sister Barb and her husband Brian, our children including Nicole who travelled from Melbourne, as well as Mindy's, Alexa's, Kera's and Craig's spouses, and 3 of our collective grandchildren (each of whom was held by their great grandfather before he passed away) are all here with me at the front of the church. Our father left this Earth in January about 8 weeks before his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday. Your relationships and friendships with our father were a tremendous source of happiness throughout his life. We thank you especially for the love and support you extended during the past two years after our mother Ann passed away and as our father's health declined. The kindness you have shown our family since January 17 is something we will never forget and please know how much it was appreciated.

**Today** we are focused on our Dad's very full and happy life. He was born on Apr 6, 1928 in Berkeley to Edmund Bartlett, a self-taught electrical engineer, who worked for Westinghouse for decades including on the Hoover dam, and Elizabeth Regan Bartlett, his devoted mother. His older sister Dorothea settled in Seattle and lived to be 90. She passed away last year.

**This is a remarkable congregation.** Some of you met our father in junior high school, some when he was a student and football player at Berkeley High, some when he was a student, a football player and a Fiji at CAL, and some in the years after our parents met in Hawaii.

**That our parents met at all was a fluke** during the time our father was honored to be playing in the Hula Bowl and our mother was working in Honolulu on her way around the world with other adventurous nurses from Seattle, but her plans changed dramatically when she met Ed. Our parents fell in love during the first week they knew each other. They danced under the stars at the Royal Hawaiian to the Hawaiian Wedding song and each said that they knew with certainty at that moment they had found their life partner.

**In a rare display of fiscal abandon**, or one could say a charming display of impulse, our father cashed in his return plane ticket to spend another week with our mother before taking his final exams at Cal. The free military flight promised by his buddy never materialized creating quite a scramble, BUT Papa made it back and graduated from CAL. To make amends, that same buddy arranged to sneak our mother, registered as Private Johnson, onto a military flight. Unfortunately the military put two and two together during the flight and realized no one named Johnson was supposed to be on that plane. Our father received an urgent telephone call that he needed to intercept our Mom and get her off the plane during a refueling stop at a nearby airfield. With the help of enlisted men who were in on this escapade, Dad was directed through the darkness to the correct plane where he found Mom hiding in the bathroom— in time to make a great escape!!!! I tell this story because it was one of our favorite growing up. Our mother was a stickler for honesty and propriety – none of us ever heard her swear, or knew her to tell even a little white lie - not once – so the image of her as a stowaway flying across the Pacific Ocean and our father racing through the night to rescue her seemed like a scene plucked from an exciting Hollywood film or an episode from the MASH television series. I also tell this story because it captures the gusto, the adventure and the powerful love that were hallmarks of our parents' lives.

**After their marriage at St. Clements church in Berkeley, Mom and Dad moved with Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing** - better known as 3M - to St. Paul, where Debi was born and 8 minutes later I was born as an unexpected twin. Our generation finds it amusing that after introducing our father to his newborn daughters and assuring Ann was OK, the obstetrician took my father out for a beer!! That's decidedly different from how obstetrics is practiced today!!! Mom and Dad moved again with 3M to Philadelphia in 1954 where Mike was born a year later, then back to St. Paul where Barb was born. In 1964 they made the decision to leave 3M and become partners with one of Dad's oldest friends Bob Bell in Golden Bear Ford in Dad's hometown Berkeley. The Bells became close family friends – we spent many Sunday evenings around their pool and Christmas Eve at their house was a ritual. With four children our parents scoured the Bay Area for the right community and chose Piedmont where they lived until just a few months ago when Dad sold 40 Wildwood Gardens. Returning to the Bay Area meant that our father could regularly see his Fiji fraternity brothers, and his teammates from CAL Rose Bowl teams - who formed the Pappy's Boys in honor of their coach. It also meant we could spend a week of virtually every summer on Whidby Island, on Puget Sound, where our mother's closest friend from birth, Mitzi Hagan had a family summer home. It means a lot to all of us that Nan and Tim Hagan and Nan's husband Ken are here today. Mitzi and her husband Bernie and Ed and Ann were a wonderful foursome with a friendship that endured for life.

**What are some of the things my siblings and I cherish about our father?** His unwavering **devotion** to our mother in every phase of their life, and his devotion to his parents and sister, and to the four of us and our spouses, our children, and also to our cousins in Seattle, including Sandy and Barb who are here today. His **loyalty and gregariousness**

with friends and neighbors. Wherever our family moved, our Dad loved getting to know new people, hearing their stories and perspectives on the world. We remember the friendships how he nurtured friendships that endured over the decades. Even in the last years of his life our Dad was still engaged with activities and groups that expanded his world, and an already wide circle of friends!!! Friends he knew through CAL, Golden Bear Ford and Sun Valley Ford, the Boys and Girls Club, whose mission he so strongly supported, the Rotary Club and friends he knew socially through the Family, St. Francis Yacht Club and Claremont.

**Finally we remember our Dad as a role model** who combined a strong work ethic and interest in business with an expressive, encouraging, warm personality. He made each of his children and grandchildren feel important and loved, excited about possibilities, and secure in the world. His enthusiasm for life was contagious. We remember him as the generous patriarch of our family, and we admire him for his honesty, kindness and the gratitude he had for his life, his family, his prosperity and longevity. Even as his health declined he played the patriarch role well, rallying to draw us all together, to go places and do things – he was always up for a CAL football game or basketball game, a dinner at the club or a spirited game of dominoes. In 2016 after his successful valve replacement surgery, he flew to Boston and spent two weeks with my family in Maine, taking frequent boat rides across Penobscot Bay for lunch in Camden or another quaint harbor. He was upbeat and a pleasure to be with. Our family has countless fond memories of holidays and celebrations together, including Thanksgiving and Christmas this past year and many college graduations – something our parents prized greatly.

**We are deeply saddened** that our Dad is no longer on this Earth - yet we feel incredibly blessed by his life and his love and are grateful he never became bedridden which he would have detested.

**We know in our hearts that he would be gladdened to know we are all here together this morning.**

**And we believe in our hearts that he is reunited with our mother which gives us more solace than words could ever express. Thank you again for being with us to celebrate our father's life.**