

For

Mom

SCHAFFER BROS

LUMBER, SHINGLES & LOGGING CO.
MONTESANO AND ABERDEEN, W.N.



Baseball Team of Schaffer Bros. Logging
Hadleigh's great grandfather's company, Aberdeen, WA, 1927

*Enclosed with the letter was a 1933 Goudey
Gum Babe Ruth baseball card. It is my most
precious possession.*

*Every time I look at it I think of my Mother
and what an amazing person she was.*



Buddy - you have been
great with the first woman in
your life - me - and
you will always be great
with us. I love
you, Mommy.

My Mom

WRITTEN BY HADLEIGH
FOR AN 8TH GRADE
ENGLISH ASSIGNMENT

The person that I remember, and always will is my mom. Although she died a month ago I miss her. There are many fond things that I remember about her. One of her favorite pastimes was watching the 49ers every Sunday. She would always get emotional and start yelling at the T.V. I collect football cards, and she would always say, "Hey Had, what college did Joe Montana go to," and I would flip through my stack and reply, "He went to Notre Dame."

She would always teach me what was right, and what was wrong. Although I yelled and got mad at her for being protective, I knew it was always for the best. She would always make me be home before 4:30 and wear my bike helmet. I would get mad and say, "What about my social life... my hair will get messed up," but a couple of times I took bad falls, and I knew it was worth it.

Something she really loved doing was coming to my sports events. Whether it was soccer, football, baseball, or basketball, she would always be there if she could. As I streaked down the sideline she would scream, "Way to go Buddy." Whenever she was proud of me she would always yell, "Way to go Buddy."

One of the ways I ~~remember~~ remember her best was when we lived with a farm in New York. She would always be feeding the animals or planting corn, or playing football with me. One of her favorite things to do was to fix up our house. She turned it from a not so great place into a palace. Although my Mom is gone now, I know she will always be with me in my mind, heart, and memories.

A
Son's
Love

T This is the voice of 30 year old Hadleigh Reid, beloved son of Barbara. As those of you who received the Children's Issue will recall, Barbara was a very dear friend of mine, who died of ovarian cancer seventeen years ago, after a valiant seven year struggle. Much of Hadleigh's childhood (from the age of 6 to 13) paralleled his mother's illness. But as his tribute to her attests, Barbara never made it about her.

Her undying focus was her children. When Hadleigh was 11, she summoned her strength to give him the memory of a lifetime. And as death neared, she arranged to have me carry out her love in perpetuity for both Had and his sister Ada as their mother's emissary—remembering birthdays and Christmases to come.

For those of you who face the tragic possibility of having to leave your beloved children behind, take heart from Barbara's story who left her son with indelible memories of her love—and a conduit to continue to express it far into the future.

K.S.

Note: The handwritten enclosed essay was written by 13 year old Hadleigh one month after his mother's death.

For
Mom
With
Love

I In the summer of 1988
I was as sports crazy as an
11 year old could be. I lived in
what at the time seemed like the epicenter of
the sports world, the Bay Area. The Oakland
A's were in the middle of a 3 season stretch
that would see them reach the World Series
each year. The Giants always fielded a com-
petitive ball club. The 49ers made the playoffs
every season and perennially challenged for
the Super Bowl title. Heck, my little league
team even won the city title.

Football had been my first love when
I was younger, but I was now completely ob-
sessed with all things baseball. All the books
I read were about baseball. Every

I have so many images, like stop action shots. Your body all twisted making an incredible kick in soccer this year –your Mr. Hustle style, stealing the ball in basketball – your scratching and spitting in baseball. I loved going to the 49er games with you, I loved going to the world series, I loved going to the Knicks vs. Bullets game and season after football season shouting in front of the TV. My buddy, you let me be your friend and made me smile. You hugged me so I knew that I was special. So – here is the Babe – one of the greats and special ones – no greater or more valuable than you have seemed to me watching your body move to the rhythm of other 12 year olds.

Sometimes it would move me and
I would tear up – he is my boy and
I am so proud of him.

book report was about Jackie Robinson or Willie Mays or some other legend from days gone by. I collected baseball cards with zeal and passion that seemed insatiable. I would lie in my bed reading and memorizing the backs of the cards as if they contained the key to the next day's math quiz. I thought they were the most valuable source of knowledge in the world. I devoured the information and statistics on the back and could recite the numbers verbatim. My mother was constantly barraged with questions, like, "Do you know who led the league in triples last year?" or "What is Will Clark's middle name?" She would look at me lovingly, yet somewhat irked, and reply, "No, but I bet you do."

At the same time that I was busy bugging her about batting averages and

hometowns of obscure third basemen, she was continuing her brave battle against cancer. She had been diagnosed with ovarian cancer five years previously, but had so far managed to overcome the prognosis of twelve months with her relentless fighting spirit. She battled her disease harder than any ballplayer facing a strikeout could.

Her health had been stable for a while and she decided to take me on a trip. Being that I was enthralled with sports, that was to be the theme of our journey. I didn't know that at the time, I just thought we were heading east to see some of her friends in Washington DC. I was not thrilled. It was the summer and I wanted to be hanging out with my friends and playing catch, not traveling across the country to accompany my mom on some sightseeing expedition.

touches when I most needed them.

I would have been a lot smarter about men if I had known you in my teens. You taught me so much about competition and the testing arena that boys, later to become men, have to go through – like young rams banging heads to determine the pecking order of the herd. I remember when you made me read a book on the superbowl when you were in 2nd grade and the Niners were playing Miami. Then you tested me to see if I really had read it. A whole new world opened up to me – sports on the playing fields of Palo Alto and on TV. You were so patient with me – “Which ones are in the red suits” asked for the third time in the first 10 minutes of the game. But I learned – because you wanted me there, with you, to enjoy our lives together. And then I began to love it.

From
Mom
With
Love

*The following is a letter
that I received shortly after
my Mother passed away.*

Had, my boy, I am sitting
here smiling, laughing, feeling proud.
You have taken good care of me. You
started the rule of “Mom Never Staying
Alone”. I could have – but because
I never had to I always felt so secure
– never lonely. You took that big athletic
body of yours – full of energy with a mind of
its own in need of large, strong movements
and willed it down to gentle

We arrived at the Park Hyatt in DC, slept in late and then ordered a room service breakfast of strawberries and cream. Nothing gets an 11-year-old more excited than room service, especially if it consists of breakfast in bed. I am not sure what they used to make the cream, but I am pretty sure it was straight sugar and eggs. To this day, it is one of the best taste recall sensations that I have.

After we ate she said that she had a surprise for me and we jumped in a taxi and headed off. We pulled up in front of the Smithsonian and I let out an audible grunt. A museum? This was not my idea of a fun way to spend a Saturday. I cursed her under my breath for dragging me on this trip. She was always trying to have me experience what she called “culture.” I called it boring.

We walked up the large steps to the huge pillared building, my feet seeming to weigh 30 lbs. each as I lamented the hours of mental enriching that I was destined to endure. An old man wearing a brown tweed sport coat with leather patches on the elbows walked up to us and said, "You must be Hadleigh." Awesome, a fossil giving me a tour of the museum, how appropriate. "You are in for a special treat, your mom has arranged a special behind the scenes tour of our most popular exhibit," he followed.

I looked up at my mom and gave her my best expression of utter disdain. She looked at me, smiled, and grabbed my hand as she said, "Come on, you might learn something." Not very likely, I thought.



No matter how sick she was she would always find time to make everyone around her feel special. No matter what physical pain she was experiencing she would put that aside to watch the 49ers with me, or come to one of my baseball games, or just simply give me a hug.

She passed away over 15 years ago, but the memories that she gave me are as vivid as if they happened yesterday. The experiences and love that we shared continues to live on, and even though she is no longer here with me I have them to cherish and hold onto. I would later find out that while we were in Baltimore she had ensured that I would have a more tangible memory of her love and affection. No one could make me feel like she did...

We walked through the main entrance into a huge room that had the largest American Flag I had ever seen. It must have been 100 feet tall. I plodded along, scuffing my feet slowly as we went past several other exhibits, each less interesting than the previous. This was going to be a very long day.

I resigned myself to this fact, but my outlook was soon to be changed. As we continued down the dimly lit corridors past who knows what, we headed to the wing off to the left. My mom slowed down a bit and let me wander ahead as I maintained my dead kid walking routine. As I rounded the corner I looked up at what was coming up next and my jaw hit the floor. Not figuratively, literally. I had unknowingly begun running towards what was ahead and tripped and fell on my face. That didn't stop me.

I picked myself up off the floor and raced to the display case that was up ahead till I had my hands pressed up against the glass and was fogging it up with my heavy breathing and covering it with my fingerprints.

In the case, just beyond reach were baseball bats, uniforms, gloves, and even cards! My senses were overcome. My eyes darted from item to item, visually consuming everything that lay out before me. My mom walked up behind me and put her hand on my shoulder. I looked at her, looked at the memorabilia, looked back at her, back at the litany of baseball history, and gave her the biggest, most heartfelt hug I was capable of.

Here I thought that she was just bringing me along to accompany her on this

hadn't come out yet, but I am now reminded of the line "Is this Heaven?" asked by the ghostly ballplayer before he disappears into the cornfield, and the response, "No, it's Iowa." I have never been to Iowa or Heaven, but I am pretty sure this is as close as it gets to the latter. Later on when we were back at the hotel and I was curled up next to my mother, completely drained and watching the Baltimore Orioles game on TV, I thanked her for such a wonderful day. She replied, "You have been so good to me and I wanted to do something special for you."

That's the thing about my mom. It was never about her. It was always about others. Her friends, her kids, her students.

I looked around and my jaw dropped again.
This time only figuratively.

The room was filled with boxes upon boxes with baseball cards. Some in protective sleeves, some just loose. There were rows of bats and balls lined up against the wall. He explained to me that this was the prep room where they prepared everything to be put on display. With a nudge, the old man prodded me and pushed me forward. “Well, what are you waiting for?” he asked me. Not sure what that meant, I just stood there as if he had been speaking some foreign language. My mom knelt down and said, “Go ahead, it’s ok, you can touch them.”

As I walked around touching the wood of the bats once used by Mickey Mantle and smelling the leather of Pee Wee Reese’s glove I thought ++I must be dreaming.
The movie *Field of Dreams*

tedious trip to see her friends and get me cultured, but she had a secret plan the whole time. I dragged her behind me, running from case to case and expounding to her on everything that I could recognize. “Slow down,” she said, telling me that these things weren’t going anywhere and I had all day. But I didn’t let up, showering her with names and stats and dates. She had no idea what I was talking about, but that didn’t stop her from listening to me intently, trying to understand what I was talking about.

After a few hours she was exhausted, her energy sapped from chemotherapy and radiation treatments, but I sure wasn’t. I could have stayed there all day, just taking it all in. When the old man in the brown coat came and found us my heart sank.

I was sure it was time to go. I still hadn't seen it all! I had more exploring to do!
Nooooo!

I reluctantly accepted the fact that our wonderful day was coming to an end, but I was mistaken. We followed him through a nondescript door into the catacombs of the inner Smithsonian. We walked past people in white coats looking through magnifying glasses at manuscripts, relics, and other artifacts. It was a seemingly never ending treasure trove of things that must have been important to someone, but certainly not me.

We walked through another door and Mr. Elbow Pads flipped on a light switch. The fluorescent bulbs flickered as they struggled to warm up and power on. It was like a strobe light and I was temporarily blinded as my eyes fought to adjust. When they regained their focus



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