

Thank you so much for coming.

When we were with Mom at the hospital, the Seattle Mariners started their new season. As a big fan, Iris asked the nurses to turn her bed so she could see the games.

Iris became a lifelong baseball fan as a child, because her Mother Emma, loved baseball. Emma would take Iris, and her brother Joe, to Seattle Indians games of the old Pacific Coast League during the spring.

Once school was out in June, they took an Alaska Steamship passenger liner North to join her Dad, Eric.

When Iris and my dad Walter, were living in New York, they would go out to Yankee Stadium to admire "Joltin' Joe DiMaggio." Iris was already a fan, having seen him play as a skinny kid with the San Francisco Seals of the P.C.L. Mom and Dad joined our Mariner's season ticket group of the 1990's.

Mom made sure to pass on to us her memories of The Great Depression in her Seattle neighborhood. One such story was when Iris was a student at Magnolia Elementary School. The Principal called my Grandma Emma and asked if she could pack an extra lunch each day for Iris to give to a classmate, who otherwise would go without. Iris gladly brought that little girl her lunch every day of that school year. Seeing her family and close neighbors coordinate their efforts to help struggling neighbors and friends, made a lasting impact on Iris. I believe it was this community experience, followed by the War years, where my Mom developed a deep sense of compassion and saw the true value of volunteerism and cooperation.

When we were kids in Menlo Park, California Mom was very active in our school PTA. She was also a Girl Scout and later a Cub Scout leader. Mom sang in our church choir, sometimes as a soloist, and made sure that all four of us were in the various choirs at church.

Just 3 weeks ago some of us were at The Redmond Family Pancake House with Mom (if you haven't, you should really try their Swedish Pancakes). Eric and Bruce shared how the pianist at a restaurant where they had dined played his version of "White Rabbit" by the 1960's San Francisco rock band, Jefferson Airplane. Mom chimed in about the lead singer "Oh, Grace Slick! She was classically trained." She turned to granddaughter Amy with a grin and said, "Not too bad for an old lady." Iris then reminded us how as a member of The Peninsula Volunteers in Menlo Park, she had helped produce a benefit concert for "The Little House" Senior Activity Center featuring "Jefferson Airplane."

A decade later in the 1970's when we lived in Pittsburgh, Mom was the chair of a benefit concert for the Pittsburgh Symphony Auxiliary, featuring Tenor Luciano Pavarotti. My mom, was a down to earth woman, comfortable in almost any setting.

Sitting between my parents in church was quite a stereophonic experience. As we sang hymns, one ear would be filled with the beautiful voice of my Mother, while my Father Walter, was totally tone deaf and couldn't hit a note.

My Father spent his early years in Shanghai with his family, where his Father worked. In the British tradition, he started boarding school in his native Scotland when he was 8 years old. Growing up in an institution with strict rules really did not prepare him for family life with 4 young children. My Mom was a natural and she helped guide my Dad into parenthood. We

were all very well behaved children, but I remember one warm summer evening in Menlo Park when we were about ages 4, 6, 8 & 10, and it was bed time, but the four of us were just not interested. Little Eric was running around and laughing, and then we all were. Deciding to go with the flow, Mom joined in and turned it into a gentle pillow fight. We were all squealing laughing and even jumping on the beds! Mom encouraged Walter to join in but he just couldn't go with the chaos, so he announced to us all that he was going for a walk. I can still remember Mom's reply, "Oh Walter!"

We loved our road trips and family vacations. Car breakdowns and flat tires were just added to the family lore. No matter what city we lived in there was much sharing and laughter around the dining table.

Iris and Walter made sure our home was always full of love and respect. They were both so easy to love!