

William Rideout¹

Remarks Honoring Wm. Barlow Ware '47 "Bardy Boy"

1) Grateful to return to St. John's today

- a) >50-year parishioners together, Rideout family & Barlow
- b) Last time I spoke here was 1993 @ grandfather Blanchard's memorial service
- c) Respects to Rev. Philip Synder & Rev. Richard Strauss, presiding
- d) Gratitude for being a part of Rideout family for 4 generations (show picture of girls with WBW)

2) "Ware speaking..."

- a) Who was this Ithaca & Cornell icon?
- b) A well-traveled, cultured man from Manhattan?
- c) A gentleman farmer or face of Cornell (albeit a Bear's face @ Schoellkopf!)?
- d) A bachelor who easily became big brother figure to my father, uncle and me?
- e) A Rideout family icon who effortlessly adopted my daughters as grandfather figure?

3) Southern Gentility

- a) Many know of his Upper East Side Manhattan upbringing, but only half true
- b) The other half came from Staunton – a proper Virginia Gentleman of the Old Commonwealth
- c) Probably the only personally-signed charcoal portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee NORTH of the Mason-Dixon Line; it hung proudly over fireplace in his living room
- d) Always referring to "Mr. Jefferson's University," Woodberry Forest & Staunton roots with pride
- e) Growing up in North Carolina, we shared a mutual love for The South, Ithaca & Cornell

4) Adopting the Rideout's upon return to Ithaca

- a) Regular, shared evenings were the norm at his home or the Rideout's
- b) Blanchard & Louise often set a place at the dinner table for Barlow, knowing he'd show up at least 2-3 nights per week
- c) Barlow had penchant for staying late and keeping everyone up in conversation; Louise would have to announce, "Barlow, we're going to bed. Please lock the door on your way out."
- d) Barlow & Blanchard were force of nature and good cheer together, often finishing each other's sentences; they knew when to be serious and when to pull a prank

5) Shared family events through the decades

- a) He hosted my parent's engagement party @ Wyckoff in '67; drove down to NYC to buy cases of a new, test-marketed soft drink to serve – "Tab" from the Coca-Cola Company
- b) Drove Blanchard, Louise & the boys to NYC in his white '55 Pontiac wagon for Queen Mary Trans-Atlantic voyages; my dad & uncle marveled at his cool cars through the years
- c) He loved the Glee Club, Cornell Athletics and St. John's, all shared with Blanchard & Louise
- d) Barlow was so gracious after Blanchard's passing; he cared for Louise, visiting daily, providing her with love, companionship, logistics and support until her last days 9 years later

¹ Wm. Blanchard Rideout '94; Grandson of Blanchard Rideout PhD '36 & Louise Rideout '35; Son of Richard Rideout '66 & Nan (Wendt) Rideout '66; 05 Feb. 12, St. John's Episcopal Church, Ithaca, NY

6) A 2nd grandfather, or was it “cool uncle?”

- a) Summer trips to Picton Island in The Thousand Islands; he loved to fish
- b) Barlow’s cabin retreat was a boy’s dream: fishing, hiking, a small motorboat of my own
- c) He would ferry Blanchard, Louise and me around in his Penn Yan yacht
- d) During my challenging teenage & college years, Barlow was my confidant, a perfect foil
- e) You could say or ask anything with Barlow and expect 2 things: complete discretion & a witty response that kept you laughing & thinking

7) Cocktails fireside with Blanchard & Barlow

- a) Growing up, seeing these 2 ensconced in easy chairs, cocktails in hand @ 110 Midway Rd.
- b) It was like a front row seat to audio/visual version of Morris Bishop’s “A History of Cornell”
- c) Many St. John’s activities and local politics were also debated
- d) They loved the community of Ithaca and they loved the institution of Cornell

8) Encyclopedic knowledge of Cornell Alumni & History – his passion

- a) I could not stump him, inquiring about a named place on campus or mutual acquaintances
- b) He knew their family origins, undergraduate activities, charitable giving, foreign travels, etc.
- c) I contend Cornell’s 1st true AA&D “database” was Barlow’s brain, details unmatched even today

9) Always there... Cornell 150’s Football & Crew

- a) Whether FRI. night Schoellkopf games or SAT morning Cayuga Inlet races
- b) Barlow always there for me, cheering away
- c) I never had to tell him when my games/races were scheduled; he always showed up
- d) Afterwards, he’d often recollect some long-ago game/race where the athlete went on to become CEO of this or President of that (full Cornell AA&D participation history accompanied)

10) “Barlow Baby!”

- a) WBW’s signature, both verbal & written
- b) I’d see area code 607 on caller ID, pick up and hear “It’s Barlow Baby! How is young William?”
- c) My wife Catherine got such a kick out of his jovial nature and confidence in life

11) Dolls @ Wyckoff for Rideout girls

- a) Visiting Barlow’s house was like entering a museum
- b) Fine antiques from Old Virginia plus rare treasures from worldwide travel
- c) Summer ’07, Catherine & I had 2 young daughters in tow
- d) How can we maintain order and avoid breaking any artifacts?
- e) Barlow had anticipated our needs and had vintages dolls & a crib from his youth laid out for play
- f) Our girls played contentedly for >1 hour while we visited; such hospitality and thoughtfulness

12) “2nd down”

- a) Fondly recall attending home football game with Blanchard, circa late ‘70’s
- b) I was just a boy and enjoyed a certain PA Announcer’s color commentary throughout the game
- c) One particular Big Red offensive running play was busted behind the line of scrimmage
- d) The running back lay flat on the ground, stopped for loss
- e) A 5-10 second silence on the loudspeaker broke with WBW’s unmistakable wit & sarcasm
- f) “2nd down...” was all the commentary needed

13) “Bardy Boy” namesake

- a) Barlow had a namesake! Many of you may not know...
(hold up picture)
- b) “Barlow Rideout” was a proper Welsh Corgi from McLain’s Royal Mark Kennel in Cayuga Heights
- c) My wife Catherine’s idea, Barlow was so proud of his “offspring,” their dispositions identical
- d) Both “boys” were full of mischief, both endearing and maddening all at once
- e) I called Barlow to ask his permission for his name; he promptly corrected me, “It’s ‘Bardy Boy!’”
- f) WBW instructed that his childhood nickname was Bardy Boy, so the moniker must continue
- g) WBW met Bardy Boy @ 55 Brown Road & The Plantations for fun jaunts running about



14) Visits @ The Bridges

- a) Special thanks to Bridges staff for remarkable compassion and care
- b) Always @ head of dining table, or holding court in library
- c) By late '09 to mid '10 visits, Barlow addressed me as “Rich” (my father) or “Rob” (my uncle)
- d) This made me appreciate the span of our family’s relationship and place we had in his life
- e) He introduced me as “Blanchard’s son,” which made me quite proud
- f) He loved seeing pictures of his Corgi namesake, as well as pictures of our 3 daughters
- g) He was conduit for all conversation @ Bridges mealtime

15) “Why didn’t you just reveal yourselves?”

- a) Another Thanksgiving dinner @ 110 Midway Road, circa 1999
- b) Louise hosted some family acquaintances, who in Barlow’s estimation were unknowns
- c) Barlow was somewhat disengaged, enjoying his cocktails, reserving me as chauffeur home
- d) Once conversation turned to influential friends, trips abroad & local politics, Barlow re-engaged
- e) It quickly became evident our guests were now held in high regard by Barlow
- f) With flare, Barlow enthusiastically addressed these now “well-connected” guests, “Why didn’t you just reveal yourselves?”
- g) Knowing Barlow, everyone erupted in laughter and the jokes flowed freely

16) Gratitude from 4 generations of Rideout family

- a) Thank you Barlow for being a part of our family for >60 years
- b) We were blessed to know you & better people because of you

17) “Ware speaking...”

- a) He will continue to do just that, through us all, for years to come
- b) His wit, humor, devotion & wisdom is a gift to everyone
- c) A life well-done, Barlow Baby!
- d) With love & admiration, the Rideout family

John C. Nicolls²

Barlow Ware and the Cornell University Glee Club

I will start out by saying that, in so far as I know, Barlow Ware was the only member of the Cornell University Glee Club who was *never* allowed to sing a note! – More on that shortly As with so many of Barlow's activities and enthusiasms, that didn't stop him from playing an extremely important role in the ongoing success of the Glee Club, Cornell's oldest and, I would argue, most successful student organization.

Fall 1968

I remember first meeting Barlow in the Development offices, which were then on the second floor of Day Hall. At Tom Sokol's suggestion, Glee Club President Jim Bulman had struck up a relationship with Barlow and the two of them were thinking through how and where the Glee Club might be able to tour internationally again. This is how Jim recently described his first meeting with Barlow:

“Barlow had a remarkable gift for putting people at ease and making them feel as though they mattered. It was symptomatic of his generosity that nothing was too trivial to merit his attention. I recall that in the fall of 1968 (the beginning of perhaps the most turbulent year in Cornell's history), when Tom Sokol urged me to contact Barlow to inquire about possible sources of funding for a future Glee Club tour, I called him with trepidation, assuming I'd have a short, stiff, awkward meeting with some functionary in the Development Office. Instead, Barlow invited me to his house that evening for drinks. For two hours we talked about the Glee Club's history, its goals, and the joy of making music both on campus and on tour. We talked about the changes Cornell had undergone since he was a student in the '40s, and the radical changes it was undergoing in 1968. Barlow was at his witty best when we traded stories about the perils of growing up Episcopalian; and when our visit was over, I realized that I'd taken far too much of his time – this warm, charming man who would never have dreamed of telling me that I'd stayed too long. I knew, though, that in Barlow, the Glee Club had made a friend. And so had I.”

At that time the Club was in severe financial distress. The Centennial California Tour had been a financial disaster and had resulted in a deficit for the 1967–68 year of more than \$10,000 (\$62,000 in today's dollars!) – red ink that remained on the Club's University accounts well into my tenure as Manager starting in the spring of 1970.

Amazingly, in retrospect, in spite of our deficit (and maybe because of Barlow's influence) the University allowed us to proceed with planning a tour of Germany in January of 1970. What really made the trip possible was Barlow identifying members of the Class of 1916 who were interested in partially funding the trip. Barlow found allies within the Class, in particular Rev. William Weigle, who put their backs into raising the funds.

Once the funds were assured and the trip pretty well firmed up, Papa Weigle (as he was by then known) expressed an interest in joining the tour at his own expense. Barlow happily signed up to help escort him around, and they were quickly joined by Blanchard and Louise Rideout and Nickie Miller, who covered the trip for the *Ithaca Journal*. They became known as the “hangers-on” partly because, with the limited capacity of our bus, we chartered a minivan to haul them around behind us. As you can imagine, they immediately became our dependable “captive audience” — which in some cities was a good thing, as our audiences varied from several dozen people to well over a thousand at two memorable stops.

2 John Caner Nicolls, B. Arch '72, MPS Hotel '01: Remarks at Barlow Ware's Memorial Service, February 5, 2012.

One of the most important events of the tour was a recording session at the magnificent studios of the Hessischer Rundfunk in Frankfurt – then the largest radio network in Germany. The music director of the network was the composer Franz Biebl. After the recording session an impressed Herr Biebl gave Professor Sokol a copy of a piece he had recently composed — an 8-part *Ave Maria* for men’s voices — with the request that we try to popularize it in the United States. The Glee Club was the first organization in America to perform a piece that has become one of the most wildly popular settings of the *Ave Maria* in history. You will see why when the Glee Club sings it for you shortly. *This wouldn’t have happened if Barlow hadn’t figured out a way to fund the tour.*

Fall 1969

I was at home one morning when the phone – the land line (remember those?) – rang. It was Barlow and the question he posed without any introduction was “What kind of car do you have?” I replied that it was a Volkswagen Beetle: “Why do you ask?” Not answering, he said “that won’t do, you’ll have to borrow my car.” “Barlow...” I said. Ignoring me once again, he asked “can you skip classes Friday?” Frustrated I finally asked “Barlow, what’s going on?” He said that a prominent and aging alumnus was coming back to campus for Trustee Council weekend and wanted to visit his old home town “for the last time” – a town which was due south of Rochester and due west of Ithaca. Barlow needed someone to drive him there, have lunch with his remaining friends, and drive him back in time for dinner. I told him that I would do it and that being back was important to me since (as was usual in those days) I was part of a pick-up group of Glee Clubbers scheduled to sing at the Cornell Council dinner in the Statler Ballroom (in those days, the Trustees and Council fit in the Statler Ballroom!)

Friday morning Barlow picked me up on his way to campus in his Mercedes, we drove to the Statler where I picked up my passenger – Flood Newman (as in Helen Newman Hall, Newman Lab, Newman Arboretum in the Plantations, etc). Flood was tall and gangly with snow white hair and eyebrows the size of the wings of a bald eagle! And he was a PERSONALITY! For the 1-1/2 hours or so it took to drive there and the 1-1/2 hours back he talked, asked a few questions, but mostly he talked. Some tidbits: He walked to Cornell from his home town his Freshman year. He skated the length of Cayuga Lake one especially cold winter while he was in school (before the NYSEG generating station was built!).

He credited all of his success (which was in the Oil business) to his education at Cornell, and was proud that he had maintained many of his college friendships throughout his life (as have we Glee Clubbers’, I might add). He was remarkably sympathetic to the turmoil on campus and to the societal pressures feeding it. It was one of the most inspiring days of my life at Cornell, and I owe it to Barlow.

Barlow loved his association with the Glee Club, and the Glee Club loved him back — mostly. During the German Tour, with its many rowdy evenings in various Bier Halle, and at well lubricated receptions, it became clear that Herr Ware couldn’t carry a tune – in a Bier Stein, in a bucket, or even on a stretcher! That he was encouraged NOT to sing became, for him, a badge of honor as a fellow Glee Clubber!

I acknowledge that I am completely biased, but my personal observation is that the Glee Club is the most efficient generator of future Cornell Alumni leaders of all the undergraduate organizations at Cornell — and I believe that is one of the reasons that Barlow cherished his relationship with it. Whenever Cornell Alumni leaders gather, as they did this past weekend in Washington DC, and there is a call for Glee Club and, increasingly, Chorus Alumni to come forward to sing the Alma Mater, a lot of people – Glee Club and Chorus Alumni — come forward from among those leaders. Barlow would have been proud of their turnout in Washington. And when they lifted their voices to sing proudly of their school *Far Above Cayuga’s Waters*, Barlow’s voice — at last, and in spirit, and for once, IN TUNE! – could be heard among them.

Susan H. Murphy³

Remembering Barlow Ware

“Good Evening, Hockey Fans!” With those four words, Barlow Ware brought smiles to thousands of Cornellians and Ithacans, week in and week out. I remember so vividly hearing them on a weekend in October upon my return to Ithaca in 1978. I had joined the staff in September, but had spent much of my first two months travelling for admissions. Upon entering Lynah Rink for an early season hockey game, and hearing those words, I knew I was back home.

Barlow had the ability to make people feel at home, whether he was meeting them for the first time or seeing them day in and day out, year after year. At Schoellkopf Stadium, in Lynah Rink, greeting members and guests at Rotary, hosting friends at the Country Club, walking through the development office or holding forth at the dining table at Bridges, he had a big smile for everyone. It might be “Hello there Beautiful” or “Hi Sweetums” or “Good Morning, so glad that you are here to help me” or some other welcome, but whatever it was, you felt special (and never offended, despite his choice of words).

Barlow and Cornell University had a love affair that lasted almost 70 years. As you will see by reading your program, he arrived at the University in 1943 in the College of Agriculture and Life Sciences, intending to become a farmer. I think he had the notion of the gentleman farmer of Virginia in mind, because when he took his first hand-on practice course, he took a different path. “I was shocked to find out what farming really meant,” he said.

While a student at Cornell, he played soccer as a freshman and served as manager of the wrestling team for four years. He also served his class as the Big Red Bear mascot for football games. His devotion to athletics continued even as an alumnus. He served as public address announcer for football and hockey for almost 30 years and as a finish line judge for track for almost four decades. Many track officials are now in their role because Barlow recruited them. When the new press box was built in Schoellkopf stadium, Barlow was a generous supporter, and appropriately, the media floor is named in his honor. In 2003 he was inducted into Cornell Athletics Hall of Fame in honor of all that he did for Cornell athletics, including housing generations of coaches as they began their time here in Ithaca.

Barlow graduated from Cornell in 1947 and spent a brief time with the A&P before he returned to his alma mater in 1955 to start his career in alumni relations and development. Again, as you will see in your program, he was on the payroll until 1996 when he officially retired, though he continued to work without pay for 11 years! Through all of the transitions for the Development Office, from Day Hall to University Avenue to Technology Park to Seneca Place, downtown, Barlow had an office, whether he was on the payroll or not!

There are legions of stories about the connections Barlow made with prospective donors and alumni and people across the campus. Here is one of my favorites from Professor Drew Harvell in Neurobiology and Behavior.

“Members of the Ware family of Boston were the main philanthropists in the 1860’s in supporting the Blashka father and son team who produced hundreds of glass models of flowers for Harvard University. Prior to making the flowers, the Blaschkas produced equally fantastic glass models of marine animals, and Cornell has one of the largest collections in the world, over 500 pieces (originally purchased in 1885 with the help of AD White, by the way!).”

Professor Harvell first met Barlow when he went to the original small display, when she was a relatively new Assistant Professor at Cornell. Barlow thought that as a “Cornell Ware”, he should help bring more of Cornell’s collection out of its dusty old boxes. He provided a gift that helped restore over 100 of the pieces and display them in cases in Corson Mudd, where they are directly available to the students who study marine creatures. That collection is called the Ware Blaschka Collection.

“The models themselves are enchanting beyond words,” according to Professor Harvell. “For all the students, it is a wonderful gift to be able to spend time with these rare creatures from the deep. The collection is now one of those not so hidden treasures at the University, thanks to Barlow.

In 2006, Barlow was honored with the Foremost Benefactor Award from Cornell, the University’s greatest recognition of philanthropy and service. In addition to his support of the invertebrate collection and press box, Barlow has supported the Library, the Plantations, the Johnson Art Museum, Agriculture and Life Sciences and student aid. The University is so grateful for his estate gift in support of Cornell Athletics, a gift he made during the Cornell Victorious Campaign! He will forever be connected with the young men and women who wear the Cornellian and White.

Barlow also received the Frank H. T. Rhodes Award for exemplary alumni service, an honor bestowed in 2007. This recognition was so richly deserved given his decades of work, both paid and unpaid, on behalf of the University and his many other university contributions: Quill and Dagger historian for 30 years (for which he was honored with the Clark S. Northup Centenary Award in 1996); the Glee Club Advisory Council (and chaperone extraordinaire); the Plantations Advisory Board; Chi Phi fraternity and active alumnus for forty years; and many, many leadership positions for his class of 1947.

Throughout my 30+-year career at Cornell, I had many opportunities to meet and interact with Barlow, both through the University and in the community. My most special memories, however, come from this past year. Barlow had been living at Bridges Cornell Heights, which my husband joined a little over a year ago. Barlow had his warm welcome and smiling face for Gerry every day, and for me every time I visited.

Watching Barlow hold forth at the lunch or dinner table was a special treat. He loved to hear the latest about a Cornell athletic event, details of which I would share if I had just attended one, but about which he kept up by reading the paper every day. He also adored hearing about George Gull’s adventures with Sophia. As he and his dear friend, Shirley Hockett, gave commentary on the day’s events, or evening’s happenings, you couldn’t help but smile or even laugh, especially at their enjoyment of one another.

Many, many times, Barlow would lean over and look right at me and say, “You know, Gerry is fitting in very nicely here. I am keeping a special eye on him, because I want to be sure everything will be OK for him. He’s a very nice man, you know.” What greater gift could he have given me.

I last saw Barlow at Bridges the week before he died, sitting in the TV room with Shirley and smiling broadly as I shared a piece of shortbread and my dog, Caea, came over to lick Barlow’s hand (and try to steal the shortbread.) Even in those last days, he made you smile in his presence.

On the eve of Barlow’s 81st birthday in 2006, several of his friends wrote this prayer for him,

“Dear God, We give thanks for making our lives richer with the friendship of Barlow Ware. When Barlow went to the Cayuga Medical Center a few weeks ago, it scared us. We were afraid you might be trying to call him home to Heaven too soon...You remember when he was a young man, a long standing tradition required the members of his family to attend Mr. Jefferson’s University (the University of Virginia.) He simply refused to go there and chose Cornell University instead. How fortunate that has been for us and for Cornell...We need a good many more years just to help him become less strong minded-so that when his time does come to leave this mortal coil, he will choose to go to the ‘right place’ and not try to break family tradition again and choose ‘the other place.’ “

It took almost six years for Barlow to become less strong-minded. It must have been God's need to call home someone in December, to stand at the gates to welcome all who would follow, with a big smile and warm greeting: "Good morning beautiful" or "Good Evening, Hockey Fans!"

We look forward to seeing you again, Barlow.

George E. Gull⁴

William Barlow Ware, Jr. was born on January 23, 1925 in New York City. I know very little about his father because it was very hard to get Barlow to speak about his father...but do know that he was raised by a very “doting” mother...they were very close. Barlow was born into a very loving family of privilege...”Bar” as he was affectionately called, attended Camp Marienfeld in Chesham, NH, often summered at the Saranac Inn in the Adirondack Park and went on at least one cruise to Europe. He loved fishing and horseback riding. “Bar” attended St. Bernard’s Preparatory School for Young Gentlemen in NYC through the eighth grade and then graduated from Woodberry Forest School in Woodberry Forest, VA in 1943. Barlow and his mother developed a very close bond that lasted his entire lifetime...long after she had passed away in 1959. Barlow’s father died sometime after he graduated from Cornell in 1947...at which point he became “William Barlow Ware”.

There are so many stories that we could all share about Barlow...and I hope that you will all come to the Hall of Fame Room after this service to share those stories with each other. There are tales of “Barlow’s castle, Wildegge, in Switzerland, his camp on the St. Lawrence, his stint after college with “the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, his return to Cornell and what that has meant to all of us for the last 57 years. What was it that made Barlow tick? Why did he dedicate himself so thoroughly to Cornell, St. John’s, the United Way, the Boy Scouts, Cornell hockey, Cornell football, Cornell wrestling and last but not least, Rotary International? His father’s coat of arms states “The only way is to serve the Lord”...and Barlow quipped, “That doesn’t mean you have to become a priest!”

I have had several conversations over the past several months about who Barlow was...what were his dreams, where was he headed, what was in his heart. I spent many hours with Barlow over the past 5 or 6 years and I’m not sure that I can answer those questions. What I can tell you is that Barlow gave himself totally to those people and organizations around him that he loved and believed in...if you were on his “A” list, you had it made.

I first met Barlow when I was in the Glee Club in 1970...but I want to share the Rotarian side of Barlow. They are actually connected! Mary Berens, my wife Nancy Potter and I were on the CUGC China tour in 1989...with Barlow as our “chaperone”. Within three months of our return to Ithaca, all three of us were members of the Ithaca Rotary Club. Barlow joined the Ithaca Rotary Club in 1972 and became “Mr. Rotary” in Ithaca, in our local district and at Rotary International. He totally immersed himself in the organization, serving as president of the local club in 1990-91. He was involved with all aspects of the club at all levels. We actually take attendance in Rotary...to make sure that you are a member in good standing...and Barlow’s attendance was typically around 240%. He and his dear friend Bob Kennerson co-sponsored the Ithaca Sunrise Rotary Club. For years Barlow organized the Rotary Foundation Scholars for our district. A Rotary Foundation Scholar is like a Rhodes Scholar...only it pays more and is sponsored by Rotary! Cornell is a magnet for foreign scholars and some years we would have 10-12 scholars in one school year. Barlow made sure that each scholar had not one but three Rotary mentors to make sure that the scholar had a good experience while they were in Ithaca. I can share with you that there are many former Rotary Foundation Scholars around the world whose lives were touched by Barlow. Barlow not only gave of his time...but gave generously to the Rotary Foundation, the arm of Rotary that funds the scholars, thousands of projects around the world and...we are this close, through Rotary’s efforts, to eradicating polio from the face of the earth. Barlow has been recognized as a Major Donor and Benefactor of the Rotary Foundation and received in 2000 the Rotary Distinguished Service Award, Rotary’s highest honor.

Over the years I somehow managed to become very close to Barlow...I guess he became my local "father figure" in many ways. About six years ago Barlow asked if Nancy and I would be his health care proxies, and we agreed. Little did I know what that was to mean! Around 4 1/2 years ago Barlow was showing the signs of dementia/Alzheimer's and we needed to act. Largely through the efforts of Linda and Ed Kabelac we were able to convince Barlow to move into Bridges Cornell Heights...a move that I believe saved Barlow's life and extended it for another 4 1/2 years. Three squares a day, medications taken as prescribed, and a new loving family was just what Barlow needed...and Barlow became the Master of the House...and for all of you who knew Barlow well know exactly what I mean!

I mentioned in the beginning of my sharing that Barlow was raised by a very doting mother...and I believe that she did an incredible job. Barlow was, to the end, a true gentleman in all ways. He was always polite, concerned for those around him and very complimentary and appreciative of anyone who helped him. A week before he died a Hospice Care nurse came to "check him out". When she finished her examination Barlow looked her in the eye and said, "You did an excellent job, you may come back and treat me any time."

Six weeks before Barlow died, I received a call from the Bridges nurse, Kathy, that Barlow was in a lot of pain and needed to go to the emergency room for tests. They were short staffed, it was a Sunday afternoon, and could I go to the emergency room with Barlow. I had other plans but immediately agreed to the request. I met the ambulance at the hospital (Barlow heard my voice and called for me) and then spent the next 8 hours with him while he was poked and prodded. Several times during our stay in the emergency room we had this conversation:

"Where's Nancy"... "Nancy is at a Rotary dinner in Binghamton"... "Why aren't you there?"... "Barlow, I would much rather spend my afternoon with you than go to another Rotary dinner!"... "I think you should go home...you have been here with me long enough."... "Barlow, I couldn't do that...who would help you?"... "Oh, you're right"...and with a kindness that I will never forget Barlow responded..."I'm the luckiest person in the world to have a friend like you!"...and a few minutes later..."Where's Nancy?"

On December 19th, surrounded by his Bridges family and several of his close friends, Barlow left us. Through everything he was a true gentleman, always kind, always giving of himself, always thinking he needed to get back to Ithaca so he could go back to work, always wanting to go to NYC to check on his mother, always very appreciative of his doctors, nurses, the Bridges staff, his special friend Shirley and anyone who stopped by to see him.

Barlow...you were a wonderful friend...I think I'm the luckiest person in the world or rather **WE** are the luckiest people in the world to have had a friend like you! We will miss you always...