A Service of Memory
for
MARK JAMES NICKLAS

Born
November 10, 1959 - Carmel, California

Passed away
February 8, 1993 - San Francisco, California

Service held
February 17, 1993 - 2:30 p.m.
at the
Little Church of the Flowers

Officiating
Minister Anne Cohen
Northridge United Church of Christ

Interpreter - Carolyn Preston
Soloist - Anne Cohen
Organist - Dr. R. Donald Curry

Service conducted by - Forest Lawn Mortuary, Glendale

Interment
Forest Lawn - Glendale
Glendale, California
"The Resurrection"

"I am the resurrection and the life: He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." — John 11:25, 26

All the beauty and wonder of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ are inherent in the new painting which portrays this most sacred hour. Its message of love brings close to our hearts the meaning of Christ's mission upon this earth, giving us comfort and renewed faith in His Promise of eternal life.

© Forest Lawn Mortuary 1983

"The Resurrection"

Forest Lawn Memorial-Park
Glendale, California
JOHN DARCY SMITH

"Up to only you to choose your own life.
Enjoy your destiny with respect, responsibility, and love."

John was born to a Deaf family on August 10, 1948 in East Los Angeles. John was named in honor of his grandfather. His mother found the name Darcy in a book of names. John went to the Mary Bennett oral school in Los Angeles. When he was nine years old, he transferred to the Riverside School for the Deaf. He graduated from there in 1967.

John went to Gallaudet University for two years and then transferred to California State University at Northridge, where he received a BA degree in 1975. He then moved to San Francisco and attended San Francisco State University. In order to fulfill the university’s foreign language requirement John travelled to Taiwan to study Chinese. In 1979 John received a master’s degree in fine arts from San Francisco State and accepted a position as an American Sign Language instructor there.

John was an independent and extremely creative man. He truly was an artist. He explored many different philosophies in his life. He lived his life in the manner that he wanted to and didn’t worry about what other people thought of him. John was very involved in the Deaf community and a strong supporter of ASL. He believed ASL should be left alone to its own development and not controlled by English.

In April of 1989, John was diagnosed as having progressive multifocal leukoencephalopathy (PML). True to his nature, John chose the way in which he would live the little time he had and remained strong spirited as the illness rapidly progressed. John left his body on May 19, 1989 at 3:05 AM. He was in his home as he had wanted to be. His friends were close by. John had a great and rich life. Our lives will be fuller and brighter for having known him. John will continue to live on in our hearts.

On Saturday, August 12 at 12:00 John’s friends will gather to sew a Names quilt in his honor. Please join us at 2362 Market St. (across from Castro). You may bring materials for the quilt or share what we collectively have. We are planning to go out to a local restaurant after we finish. We hope to see you there. If you cannot make it, please join us with your spirit.

Contributions may be made in John’s name to the Rainbow Deaf Society. Please detach the bottom part of this form and use the enclosed envelope. Please make checks payable to Rainbow Deaf Society for CAP, and note that the contribution is made in John’s honor.

In loving memory of
JOHN DARCY SMITH

I am making this contribution of $_________ to the Rainbow Deaf Society for CAP.
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<th>SESSION &amp; TIME</th>
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<tr>
<td>Opening Ceremony</td>
<td>Welcome!</td>
<td>Merrill Hall</td>
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<td>Sunday, 1/21 7:00-9:00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Monday, 1/22</td>
<td>General Session Deaf Culture &amp; Sexuality</td>
<td>Merrill Hall</td>
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<tr>
<td>Workshop #1 10:30-11:45</td>
<td>Service Delivery for Deaf &amp; Hearing Impaired Persons in HIV Related Settings (#1)</td>
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<td>HIV-An Introduction</td>
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<td>Self-Empowerment for the Deaf Community</td>
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<td>Workshop #2 3:00-4:15</td>
<td>Medical &amp; Alternative Treatments</td>
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<td>Negotiating Sexual Behavior</td>
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<td>Workshop #3 4:30-5:45</td>
<td>HIV Interpreting (Session #1)</td>
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<td>You &amp; the National AIDS TTY Hotline: Working Together</td>
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<td>Surviving the System</td>
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<td>Panel Discussion</td>
<td>Religion &amp; Spirituality</td>
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<td>Tuesday, 1/23</td>
<td>General Session Assessing Coping Skills Responses of PWA's, lovers, friends, families, etc.</td>
<td>Merrill Hall</td>
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<tr>
<td>Workshop #4 10:30-11:45</td>
<td>Service Delivery for Deaf &amp; Hearing Impaired Persons in HIV Related Settings (#2)</td>
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<td>The Addictive Personality</td>
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<td>The Experience Called Loss</td>
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<td>Workshop #5 3:00-4:15</td>
<td>Self-Empowerment for the Deaf Community</td>
<td>Viewpoint E</td>
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<td>Tuesday, 1/23</td>
<td><strong>Workshop #5, cont.</strong></td>
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<td>An International Perspective on AIDS Organizations in the Deaf Community</td>
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<td>Negotiating Sexual Behavior</td>
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<td>HIV Interpreting (Session 2)</td>
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<td>Educational Materials Development for the Deaf Community</td>
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<td>The Impact of HIV on the Deaf Community</td>
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<td>Wednesday, 1/24</td>
<td>Tying it all together...</td>
<td>Merrill Hall</td>
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One of my first clients was a 78 year old deaf white woman from the Midwest. She was visiting his ailing son with a lung infection in a hospital. It occurred when the son requested an interpreter for his mother through St. Benedict Interpreting Service in San Francisco. At that time I was sharing an office with this interpreting service and I became a volunteer in a newly formed Deaf Services Network AIDS Task Force in 1988. I was recommended by an assistant to have a visit with his mother. I went over to the hospital to meet this woman and her son. I then have become her buddy. We agreed to meet once a week. I helped her with food shopping and kept her company. Also I took her to a senior citizen organization for the deaf. She returned home in early January but I received a TDD message from her saying that her son was back to the hospital in late February. Several times a week in the morning on my way to my office I offered this woman rides to the hospital where she could be with her son. This way she could communicate with me about the condition of her son and how she could cope with it. I had given her my listening support. A few days before he died, I visited him in the hospital and he was in a semi-coma. He heard and recognized my voice. He then fingerspelled my first name clear and loud. He seemed to want to tell me that he wanted me to take care of his mother. The day before I left for the South for a wedding this son passed away on March 15, 1989 and I spent the next morning to be with her and comforted her.

When I first met the lady and her 49 year old son, I opened their doors to have them talk openly and frankly to each other about the fact that he was gay. In fact, he confessed that his father and the ex husband of his mother tried to molest him when he was thirteen years old but he told him to get out. Also, this mother wanted to have more knowledge about AIDS so we both attended a seminar on AIDS in October in Sunnyvale. She learned quite a bit about "everything" in a short time and at her age!

I received one of her touching letters as follows:

"One deaf lady lives near me had not come to see me like she always did but not now. I met her at Mall did not hug or love me like she did before...just stood and talked not close to me. I know she is afraid of AIDS because I stayed in San Francisco".

"Well, I want you to take care of yourself and don't feel lonely as I'm. I miss Ray so much. I love you. Write to me when you can".

This is an example of what she needs...support and love from friends. I wrote to her. We have kept in touch with each other from time to time until now.

Another friend named JR. was a 34 year old deaf gay fellow who was my client at the Deaf Self Help Job Placement Service where I worked as a personal counselor about ten years ago. We had met
occasionally from time to time. The last time I saw JR was at the Names Project Quilt Showing in 1987. There he confessed to me that he had AIDS. He said he felt fine so he had been eating proper nutrition and getting some rest.

Sometime in January, 1989 Father Ken wanted to speak to me in private, prior to the AIDS Task Force meeting. He gave me a message from JR who would like to see me. I called JR the next morning and went over to visit him. He told me that he had been trying to reach me for a long time and that one of the interpreters told him about my interest and volunteer work with AIDS. Then, on a weekly basis, my visit and support with JR was about two hours, including my delivery of food from the Food Bank to him. Because of my previous volunteer work in the Food Bank, I was allowed to collect food items from shelves without waiting in line in the building room. A couple of times I drove JR for his medical appointments. Also he had to be hospitalized and I always paid him visits and supported him as well. As time went, his health deteriorated slowly and he lived at his home with his hearing lover. When his health worsened, having a visiting nurse from a hospice was arranged.

Later in March, he wanted to see his deaf parents who live in Minnesota. Happily, funds were found for their flight transportation. I met the parents at the airport in San Francisco and drove them to the home of their son. Then I had to drive to the hospital where JR had a blood transfusion and I picked up JR and his lover and brought them back to their home. I will never forget the shock on the faces of his parents when they saw JR because JR lost a lot of weight in such a short time...about 50 pounds. JR was so happy to see his parents and they stayed with him for two weeks. I continued visiting them on a weekly basis. His parents really appreciated my visits and support.

JR was concerned about his financial situation and thought about establishing an AIDS Emergency Fund for himself. He was hoping for the large amount of money which could be turned over to other deaf AIDS patients for their needs after his death. Two women from a deaf organization and I arranged for a post office box for this purpose, along with a published article about JR in the DCARA newspaper (April 1989). It was with hope that the Deaf AIDS Emergency Fund in honor of JR would have been established, but it did not work out due to the lack of interest and to the insufficient money.

Prior to JR’s death, he told me that he felt it was time for him to go. I replied "Do you want to go?". He answered, "Yeah, I am tired of this... all medicine and pills". Then I said, "I will miss you" and he said "me, too". We hugged each other. A week later he mentioned that he had a dream "I must go on and fight". Very shortly after this, he died and his lover and parents were with him on his deathbed. They all shared their experience with me about how JR left and it was a beautiful way for him to go out of their lives. I was touched with the words of his mother to his son: "You can go now. We still love you".

She wept and left the room. A minute later JR at last went
Another gay good friend, John was also white and 40 years old. One day about ten years ago this fellow brought his Taiwan friend to the Deaf Self Help Job Placement Service where I worked as a personal counselor. Since that time, John and I became friends...it was because we both often attended same meetings and events for the Deaf.

On February 21, 1989 John left a message on my answering machine saying that he was in a hospital. He knew about my volunteer work. It was not a weekly basis for me to see him. I supported and helped him as much as I could from February 21 to his death on May 19, 1989.

John had been a sign language instructor at San Francisco State University. One of his students Lorraine was from Germany. She and I were in the same class taking independent living skills for deaf adults at that university. Lorraine has deaf parents who visited her and stayed at my home and also at John's pad. At that time John's mother passed away from cancer while Lorraine's parents were guests at the home of his parents in Los Angeles. I had to handle this matter by looking for a place for them somewhere at the home of my other friend in Los Angeles. I drove John to the airport in San Francisco and he flew down for the funeral of his mother. I will never forget this occasion.

John was ordered not to work for six weeks. I did some favors for John by taking him for his medical appointments and lunch dates. That was when he started feeling a numb sensation in his right arm and could not lift it well. Fortunately, he was able to sign with his left hand as he was right handed. Later he developed dizziness and was hospitalized again. On April 7th, he was then diagnosed with PML (Progressive Multifocal Leukoencephalopathy). He was told that he had one or two months to live. A good woman friend who took John's temporary teaching position and I went to visit John in the hospital. Right away he announced to us "I have bad news for you. I have only one or two months to live". He refused to take any advanced medications. Because of seeing his mother suffering from cancer, he wanted to die naturally. His health fell daily for a month but his disposition was excellent. He had a wonderful supportive teamwork of friends who paid him visits or called to see how he was doing.

One of John's close friends from Los Angeles resigned from her job in order to take care of John as he asked her to stay with him.

For some reasons, John had a distant relationship with his father and sister, but they flew up to visit him. They made peace with each other at my request. It was ironic that it was I who drove John to the airport for his mother's funeral and also it was I who met his father at the airport twice and brought him to see his son prior to and after his death.
John's faithful friends continued supporting him from time to time. When time was closer, he had a wonderful understanding visiting nurse from a hospice. Every Thursday since February, John and I had "dates" with each other. One day he took me to a Mexican restaurant near his apartment and insisted on paying for my lunch to show me his appreciation for my support with him. I never failed to be with him on Thursdays. On our last Thursday, May 18 I was with him from 2 PM to 10:30 PM. and comforted him as much as I could and held one of his hands.

We had discussed hand signals and we both knew that John would be in a condition where he was unable to see nor open his eyes. I suggested that I would squeeze his hand three times to let him know it was me. That was our special code. I did this only once and he responded to me. A couple of days later he traveled on his spiritual trip on May 19, 1989 at 3:05 AM.

John had a beautiful collection of Texan bolos which he made. He asked me to take one so that I would remember him. I have worn his bolo a few times and I am proud of it!
MEMORIAL SERVICE

“A REMEMBERANCE OF DEAF FRIENDS”

June 29, 1991
1 p.m. – 3 p.m.

HEARING SOCIETY
20 Tenth Street
(2nd floor conference room)

Hosted By
the
Deaf Community A.I.D.S. Project &
Deaf A.I.D.S. Information Center
PROGRAM

OPENING PRAYER .......... KEVIN CALIGARI

SPEAKERS ............... JAMES LEDFORD
(DEAF C.A.P.)

                                  DAROL NANCE
                                  (D.A.C.)

REMEMBERANCES ............ OPEN TO PUBLIC

CLOSING PRAYER .......... KEVIN CALIGARI

REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED
In Memory

In Memory Of
C. A. “Buddy” Davis, Jr.

Born
September 30, 1948
Kansas City, Missouri

Passed Away
October 27, 1989
Tucson, Arizona

Memorial Service
1:00 P.M.
Saturday

December 2, 1989
at
Hearing Society for the Bay Area

Natures Harmony...
Love
Hope
and a sense of Tranquility

Refreshments will be served after the memorial service.
In loving memory

Julio Nuñez Genao
July 15, 1955 - July 14, 1989

A potluck

Memorial / Celebration of Julio’s Life

is tentatively scheduled for

Tuesday, August 15, 6:30 p.m.

at St. Benedict’s Gym, 2891 Bush St., San Francisco

Call for confirmation: 567-0438 (tty), 567-9855 (voice)

Instead of flowers, please send donations to:

AIDS Emergency Fund for the Deaf
40 Catholic Charities Hearing Impaired Program
2891 Bush St.
San Francisco, CA 94115

Rainbow Deaf Society
Deaf Community AIDS Project
P.O. Box 1606
San Francisco, CA 94101

Visiting Nurses and Hospice of S.F.*
P.O. Box 7999
San Francisco, CA 94120

S.F. AIDS Foundation*
25 Van Ness Ave., Suite 660
San Francisco, CA 94102

ATTN: Development

*Include note that money is to be used for services to Deaf people
IN MEMORIAM

ROY WASHINGTON MORRISON, JR.

The Chapel
San Francisco General Hospital
The Rev. Connie Hartquist, Officiant
March 21, 1989
Roy Washington Morrison
April 4, 1939 - Mar. 15, 1989

Roy Morrison departed our company Mar. 15 on Ward 5A at SFGH at 6:57 p.m. He was attended by his mother, Ava, of Marion, Indiana, friends Jerry, Richard and George and co-workers who had become like family from the UCSF Dean's Office at SFGH, Beth, Carole, Donna and Doris, and from UCSF Dean's Office, John.

Roy will be missed by his many friends at the Watering Hole, where he often stopped to visit. He loved the outdoors and attended many motorcycle runs. His favorite pasttime was traveling, and he had been to Europe several times in the past years, always remembering his friends while away and upon his return with cards and gifts.

Roy spent many long hours preparing City/UCSF budgets and was the backbone of the Dean's Office at SFGH, avail- ing himself to all who needed his expertise. His many friends will miss his warm wit and laughter, but we will always hold his love deep in our hearts. A memorial service was held Mar. 21 at SFGH. His ashes will be scattered at sea.

Contributions to UCSF Foundation to benefit AIDS research may be mailed to Gifts and Endowments, UCSF Development Office, Box 0248, S.F., CA 94143.▼
Memorial services will be held in New York City and California for Edward Cruickshank, who died of AIDS July 1 in Laguna Hills, Calif.

The New York service will take place October 23 at 11 a.m. at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Winkelman, 22 East 11th Street.

The California service is tentatively planned for the last week of September in Laguna Beach. Those interested in attending may call Mr. Cruickshank’s brother, William, for more information at (617) 235-8282 (Voice only).

Born June 4, 1929 in Kingston, N.Y., Mr. Cruickshank attended Margaretville Central School (class of ’41) and Rochester School for the Deaf (1942-1950). He received an A.A.S. from Rochester Institute of Technology in 1952. He worked for many years as a textile designer for the Rexon designing firm in New York City.

Mr. Cruickshank was a member of the board of directors of the Alexander Graham Bell Association for the Deaf.

“Edward will always be remembered for his continuous loyal support and caring for many different aspects of the deaf communities,” said his sister-in-law, Dorinda Cruickshank.

Memorial contributions may be made to OHIS-AGBAD and mailed to Mark Stern, 19035 Pendergast Ave., Cupertino, CA 95014.

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The Family of
Edward James Cruickshank

wish to inform you of a service
in celebration of his life
Saturday, the twenty-third of October
eleven o’clock at the residence of
Mark and Dorinda Winkelman

22 East 11th Street
New York, New York

R.s.v.p. 212-677-0672
AIDS Claims Lives of Two Deaf Men

Jovan Ryg, who appeared in the April issue of the DCARA News and John Smith, a sign language instructor at San Francisco State University both died of AIDS in May. Ryg, 34, asked the deaf community for help with financial donations in a touching letter to the DCARA News. He died at home on May 2. His parents flew in from Minnesota and were by his side when he died, along with his devoted friend, John Lopez. The letter resulted in donations of about $300, which he greatly appreciated.

Smith's illness lasted only three weeks. He died on May 19. A popular instructor, Smith was 41 years old.

The deaf community's loss of two young men in one month is tragic proof that AIDS is attacking the deaf community as well as the rest of our population. Their deaths serve to remind us that AIDS education and victim support is urgently needed for the deaf.

Ryg and Smith will be greatly missed by their families, friends, and their community.
SERENITY PRAYER

God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change... courage to change the things I can and wisdom to know the difference.

May God protect you all the day long till the shadows lengthen and the evening comes and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over and your work done. Then, in His mercy, may He Grant you a safe lodging and a holy rest and peace at long last.

- Amen -

In Memory of

TOMMY T. SAAVEDRA

BORN
April 5, 1961
San Jose, California

DEPARTED THIS LIFE
June 23, 1990
San Jose, California

MEMORIAL SERVICES
Sunday
July 15, 1990 at 7:00 P.M.
California School for the Deaf
Little Theater
39350 Gallaudet Drive
Fremont, CA 94538
A beautiful memorial service for Ed Cruickshank, who died on July 1, 1993, after a long illness, was held on Sunday the 26th of September, 1993 at Laguna Shanti, Laguna Beach, CA. Eighteen of us were present to pay our homage to Ed.

Ed was born on June 4, 1929 in New York State and became hearing impaired at the age of nine months. He attended Margaretville Central School, Rochester School for the Deaf, and received his AA degree from Rochester Institute of Technology in 1952. He became a weaving designer, and later married Mildred Oberkotter. He lived in New York City and Connecticut, moving to Alisio Viego, CA a few years ago.

Ed Cruickshank became involved in many organizations serving the hearing impaired. Several main groups were OHIS (ODAS), the Lions Club, the NYCCOSD, Vibration, the Theatre for the Deaf, and the American Dance Theatre for the Deaf. He served on the boards of directors for most of the above organizations. This shows that he was determined to help elevate the community of the deaf. A good example of this dedication is that he went ahead and served as a magnificent Master-of-Ceremonies at our banquet during the 25th anniversary weekend at Deer Valley, UT, four years ago.

The following excerpts from some of the speakers at the memorial service should give an idea of how we felt about Ed Cruickshank. Also included are some of the notes sent for us to read by those who were unable to attend.

Bill Bernstein: Ed Cruickshank and I have been friends for more than twenty five years. So it is with sadness that this friendship has been cut short. However, this friendship was a real good experience for me--starting with both of us working to make the fledgling ODAS succeed. Right from the start, we, with our different personalities, somehow hit it off very well--in our work with ODAS as well as other organizations. When Ed became afflicted with his illness, it was a privilege to be able to cater to most of his wishes. Before I left on my two-month trip, I visited him and upon leaving, Ed hugged me and said, "Thanks for all you have done for me. I love you." Right there I cried, and this scene remains with me forever. I loved him too!

Penny Atlee also spoke briefly on how she was happy to have Ed as a valued friend for many years.

Jim Marsters made an invocation and also said a few words on his friendship with Ed. He mentioned that he was with Ed a month before his death, and Ed was still smiling and enjoying life.

Note from Ted Lord: We had a lunch outing under the sun at Laguna Beach about one month before his death. I have always enjoyed our friendship. May our memories be a source of comfort as we give our love to Ed.

Note from Karen Moody-Karpf: I met Ed through Ann Adams at a party meant for "Oral Deaf Adults"--being 18 in Georgia back in '74 was legal age--so I felt intimidated at first. I remember Ed taking the time to make me feel comfortable and one of the crowd. Throughout my "growing pains" of college and thereafter in the Bell Association, Ed was a rock that I could count on. I'll always remember Ed for including me in his life as a friend, and I'll miss him as the years go by. Bless you, Ed for being my positive and warm friend. I love you.

Note from Allene Goforth: I met Ed in 1968. Although we only saw each other occasionally, there was a special bond that existed among so many of the early ODAS people. One of my fondest memories is of spring 1991. I was at a library convention in San Diego and he came down from Laguna Beach to see me, along with Bill Bernstein and Bill Rogers. We were sitting in the back seat of Bill's car and as we drove along, he suddenly burst into song. This is the way I want to remember Ed--singing in spite of the terrible and devastating illness he fought so bravely.

Note from Mildie Oberkotter: I am happy to be here with you in spirit. Today would have been Ed's and my 29th anniversary. I cherish my memories of many of the adventures we shared. There were also some dark roads. In the years of our separation, we almost lost each other. It was just this past winter that we communicated honestly with each other. We finally found peace with each other and within ourselves. Ed, thank you for sharing many of your adventures with me.

Darol Nance: Let me tell you about my last time with Ed. At the end of April 1993, I drove him, and a friend from Germany, to the top of the mountains in Palm Springs. Before that trip I promised Ed that I would accomplish his last goal by taking him up the mountains via tram. When we reached the top, Ed was elated to be there. It was the last time I saw him. Ed, I sure miss you, but I know you are at peace.
The Quilt comes home.

As you walk among these panels today, honoring the precious lives we have lost, you join more than one and a half million people around the world who have already seen the NAMES Project AIDS Memorial Quilt.

Assembled from nearly 12,000 panels, representing every state in the U.S. and 21 other countries, the Quilt has taken on an international role in the struggle against AIDS. Yet, the Quilt continues to have a special significance for the people of San Francisco.

It was here, in the heart of the Castro District, that the Quilt was born. At a time when nobody would listen, gay men, lesbians, and their friends came together and created something that was impossible to ignore.

Already, the Quilt has grown too large to be displayed in its entirety. What you see here today is 2,800 of its panels, many remembering fellow San Franciscans and other Californians. Some of you will know the people behind the panels, others will not, but the loss is all of ours. Since the Quilt was last displayed here a year and a half ago, AIDS has claimed the lives of thousands more of our neighbors, co-workers, family, friends, and lovers. And as thousands gather this week for the VIth International Conference on AIDS and the Lesbian & Gay Freedom Day Celebration, we are keenly aware of those who are absent.

From the beginning, San Francisco has provided the world with a model of compassionate response — and we continue to do so — but the crisis is far from over. As we enter the second decade of the epidemic, people with AIDS, ARC, and HIV infection are finding ways to lead longer and healthier lives, but they are in desperate need of volunteers, services, and affordable medical treatment.

The Quilt is more than a memorial. It comes home not only to help us heal, but to infuse our battle against AIDS with new energy. As you walk among these panels today, remember those who have died — and remember the living.
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LIFE & DEATH

Life begins in the journing of dust.
As life live it's fortunate in this world.
There nothing to fear in the universal
of nothing.
Struggle for life, God desided it time.
The fear of death is the fear of letting
go---
As it is in life, so it is in death.
Once the fear has been over come,
Death becomes a new adventure,
We all be there, together, forever on ----

MATTHEW HARRIS 1990
After his Oct. 24, 1942-Nov. 10, 1990, Donald R. Silvers died peacefully, surrounded by his family and friends at Com- ing Home Hospice. Don attended Mary E. Bennett School for the Deaf, Riverside School for the Deaf and Gallau- det College for the Deaf in Washington, D.C.

After his first bout with Pneumocystis in 1987, he was unable to continue his career as a typographer, but he continued to be an active volunteer in the deaf community, helping others to cope with AIDS. He is survived by his loving family in Southern California: his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A.E. Wilkey, and his sisters, Donna Hamil and Barbara Robinson. All of us who knew Don will never forget his dedication to taking care of our friend Lou Jemas. We will all miss his sense of humor and his treasured friendship. We love you, Don.

I want to thank you for all you have done for me. I know that I value my friendship to all of you. Please let it be.

Don't want to thank you for all you have a career for.

A very special "Thank you." That's as warm as it can be. As this world will ever see!

For as nice a group of people as we are, this world will ever see!

Don Silvers

Barbara Robinson

Don Silvers

A very special "Thank you." That's as warm as it can be. As this world will ever see!

For as nice a group of people as we are, this world will ever see!

Don Silvers

Barbara Robinson
The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul and he leadeth me in the path of righteousness for his name's sake:

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Amen

—23rd Psalm

In Memory of
ANGELO ROSADO-MARQUEZ
April 3, 1954
November 17, 1990

Vigil Service
7:00pm, Monday
November 19, 1990
Duggan's Funeral Service
San Francisco

Commital private

Arrangements by
BYRGAN
441-4699

Angelo Rosardo-Marquez died from complications of AIDS at Davies Medical Center on Nov. 17, age 36.

He was born in Brooklyn, NY, but his family moved to Puerto Rico when he was very young, and he attended a private Catholic school run by nuns.

Moving to San Francisco in 1975, he briefly worked as a draftsman. He had odd jobs and his last job was with the state of California.

Angelo was very active in the gay deaf community. At various times he served as president, vice president and board member of the Rainbow Deaf Society. He was very active in helping deaf gays with AIDS and was director of Deaf Community AIDS Project, which he helped establish.

Angelo's favorite star was Elizabeth Taylor; he never missed an episode of *Dynasty*; he loved to chat with deaf friends at Castro Station bar; he had a wonderful sense of humor.

Angelo is survived by his mother, Maria; his sister, Sonia; and many friends in the Bay Area. We miss you, Angelo. We miss your smiles and laughs.

Angelo Rosardo-Marquez
April 3, 1954 – Nov. 17, 1990
# "A Rememberance of Deaf Friends"

- June 23, 1990 -

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<tr>
<th>Michael Bridges</th>
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Hearing persons who served with the Deaf community:

- Rev. Carl Bivens
- David Glassberg
- Don Hester
- George McLendon
- Walt Montgomery
- Greg Smith
Phillip Hildreth
May 1, 1958–Aug. 2, 1991
Phillip was a beautiful deaf man who traveled a long road to share his last smiles with us.
Born in Jackson, Miss., and raised by foster mother Bessie Hildreth, Phillip attended the Arkansas School for the Deaf in Little Rock, Ark.
He lived in Atlanta for 15 years before coming to San Francisco for a better life and for services for deaf people with AIDS (nonexistent in Georgia).
He was a fun-loving "girlfriend" and could give a "snap" that would make anyone smile. He loved sports (Go Giants), gossip (The Enquirer) and, of course, shopping.
We will miss him but know he is at peace. Born again in the spirit, he's finally going home.
Donations in his name may be made to the St. Benedict's Deaf AIDS Information Center.

Handwritten note:
Dad,
Remember of me. Be Faith with you. I alway love you as special mom.
Love,
Phillip Hildreth

8/1/91
TO STEVEN

LOVE FROM DAROL
Obituaries

Billy “B.J.” Petrie
November 9, 1946-March 10, 1991

Known to his friends as B.J., Billy Petrie died quietly in San Francisco on March 10 from complications due to AIDS. He was 44 years old.

Born in Saginaw, Mich., Billy later attended St. Rita’s School for the Deaf in Cincinnati, Ohio, graduating in 1966. After moving to San Francisco 11 years ago, Billy found favor in leather. His leathermen friends, both old and new, will miss Billy, his sense of fun and adventure.

Billy is survived by his son, Jay, his parents, William and Jean, and seven deaf brothers and sisters. Thanks so much to Darol, James, Jay and John for their help during and after Billy’s illness. Their support was invaluable.

Contributions in Billy’s memory may be made to the Deaf AIDS Center and Shanti Project for their help during and after Billy’s illness. A memorial service will be held at St. Benedict’s Church, 2869 Bush St., on April 4, at 7 p.m.

The toll

Among those who died of HIV-related conditions: Stephen “Shaw” Crenshaw, 44, retired Army Reserve major, bartender in Oakland and San Francisco... Donald K. Miller, 41, owner of S&M Construction Co... Craig Horrell, 37, screenwriter for 18 feature movies... Warren D. Wyrsy, retired employee of Coming Home Hospice and, as Adrianne St. Claire, a member of several imperial and ducal courts... Joseph Mastro, 29... Billy Petrie, 44, graduate of St. Rita’s School for the Deaf, Cincinnati... Eddie Uwanawich, 42, soup chef at the restaurant in the S.F. Saks Fifth Avenue... William Batten, 36, UC-San Francisco medical transcriber, S.F. Symphony usher and member of Greenpeace... Ronald Bentley, 45, travel agent... Greg Stout, 35... Rudolph Garcia, 40, a combat sergeant in Vietnam, partner in Star Realty since 1981... Michael Knowles, 36, theater organist... Dennis Kaster, Navy veteran of the carrier Coral Sea... Karl Pettis, computer engineer at Hewlett Packard Co... Karl E. Hill, 37, real estate dealer and a supernumerary in many S.F. Opera productions.
This month, our landlord talked with us about the house going for sale and they will move somewhere in Florida. That means we have to move after living here for 12 years. Time for change...So we found an apartment the next day. Almost same size as this old apartment, except no fireplace. New place has a big sun deck and is in the area where it is always sunny - always foggy at my old home. We went shopping and decided to buy patio furniture for our new place for our Christmas gift. Moving on December 7th and many thanks many thanks to friends who offer us help. We decided to hire mover's company, less head ache for us.
I will fly to Fresno on December 21st to be with my family for Christmas.
See what I’ve been doing last past year - I can travel, live and take advantage, worth all the travels - grab them.
Lee’s health is good, still work as an accountant for the state of California, loves his job - no stress. He has been a real support for me while I have lots of pain, good care of me, I can’t do anything resting alot.
Thank you giving me support, care for me, visit me - Friends and Families. Bless you.
Greetings!!! Merry Christmas, Happy Hanukkah and Happy New year

**Notice changes - address and phone numbers:**

NEW
Paul Isaac and Leo Gallant
1864 15th STREET, Apt 103
San Francisco, CA 94103
TDD 1-415-552-5998
voice 1-415-552-5880

Good health, keep good health, enjoy your high holidays, be careful during holiday, would love to hear from you.

Bye with Love

Paul

Lee
For me - it feels like all year round vacation!

August - Lee’s sister from Rhode Island came to California staying with us for almost one week. It was her first trip out here. So we went down to Carmel for the week end at a beautiful place, almost like a suite. Seems I always must have nice room! Weather there was great.

Don, Larry and I drove up to Seattle for two week vacation. They never were there before, and it was my first time going North by drive on road - always fly fly before. The ride along the roads - really beautiful - trees, mountains, can’t explain. I never thought about driving before. Stayed there in Seattle for a few days then went to Stayton, a small town near Salem in Oregon. They had Tenth Anniversary Timberfest for the Deaf. Stayed there for four days at a bed and breakfast inn, best place for us. Great, relax, had everything there especially with cook’s great fancy breakfast with beautiful decorated flowers from the shop in the same place. Worth the cheap price. Anyway, during the Timberfest, it was very interesting for me, my first time there. They had many events like motor hand saw making sculpture out of wood logs. 4000 people were there. My health was still good.

In September - Boston AIDS Foundation office called me asking me to talk on panel for workshops about AIDS and Interpreting Services. Great idea, I accepted. They offered to pay my way for four days. I asked to add few extra days for vacation. Before I left, ache started around my stomach and then the pain moved to the right side where the liver is. Pain continued to increase, went to see doctor and had lots of testing but all showed negative even with pain. I was planning to go to Boston on Oct 10th and back on the 28th but the doctor believe I would be fine and have no problem, bring enough medicine for 3 weeks. So Don and I went anyway. We went with friends to Provincetown in Cape Cod and stayed for four days. Pain got worst and worst, I didn’t go out much, lied down alot for whole four days. Spoke with Don that I felt I should go back home to SF. Felt worst, dropped going to the workshop, made it home on Oct 15th. Right away I went to see the doctor and he sent me to hospital because of shingles. No wonder I had all the pain before Boston. Shingles all over on my back, on the right side of my back and some on the front lower left part. Stayed in hospital for one week for IV Acylover to kill shingles then I went home. Lee was wonderful taking care of me and cooking food, while I was in great awful pain.

During past two months, still in pain, but still have great support help - beautiful - almost everyday I have visitors, never been lonesome. I thank for all who give me Loving Sharing Caring (LSC). And also for nurse care coming to my home twice a week, I love those nurses who watch me, check how is my health, check pain to see if it is improving or getting worse. I have been patient, in good spirit, and think positive while I have awful lots pain. Now, so far, shingles are gone, but still left some pain. I know it is no fun.

For Thanksgiving, ten of us were at Don and Larry’s place - with same people for many years. Turkey dinner was so delicious, Great Thanksgiving.
Dear Ones,

I would like to share with you that I have not been working since Dec 6th, 1990 because of my disability - sad news - I have AIDS. I have lots of medical complications - one biggest problem is losing lots of weight.

For the past year, I feel great comfortable. I get monthly financial assistance and can enjoy my life. I did many things over the year. For example:
In January I took Amtrak along beautiful snow parts up to Portland, Oregon. I stayed there for two weeks staying at Allen’s place. Did nothing special but great relax, just relax.
February, I volunteered serving meals for National Deaf AIDS Task Force meeting members for three days. It really gave me pleasure to be involved with these great people with great experience from different states.
During March - I had a big garage sale, it was great - no matter it was raining hard - surprise lots people came buying our things we didn’t need anymore.
In April, my friends, Lee, Larry, Donald and I flew to Hawaii and stayed for two weeks, visiting three islands Kauai, Big Island and Oahu. It was first time for me and Lee to Hawaii, fifth time for Larry and Donald. They were wonderful guides. Beautiful weather, not crowded because April is the best time to go there, relaxing, and my health was good there.
Flew up to Seattle for almost one week for NWRAD club for the Deaf’s Tenth Anniversary. I surprised many people when I appeared, they didn’t know I was coming. Enjoyed my vacation.
In May Don and I went to Reno for a week long big 50th Anniversary Bowling Tournament for the Deaf. About 6000 people from all different states were there and I greatly enjoyed there, met lots lots of old friends. I did not play bowling, just being a fan, and it was worth going there, thousands of people.
During June, Seattle AIDS office called and asked me to be part of Deaf panel and lecture about my HIV and AIDS experiences. I told them I appreciate to be invited - they pay for everything, plane fare, meals and hotel. I did only one day of workshop but stayed whole week to see other friends. At the workshop, people learned a lot about Deaf and AIDS, different from hearing perspective and different from hearing people with AIDS. And also talked about my own feelings, myself, and having AIDS for example I have beautiful interpreting services for my doctors and lots of different support here, many support.
During July - Don and I flew to Dallas for one week for RAD Convention for the Deaf. Met many people, about 400 were there, went to different workshops, had fun there. I had hard time with front desk, all mess up with reservations, but didn’t get what I wanted, argued, argued, still stood for what I wanted. Finally, the manager came out and gave me a real big suite for the same price. Far out, the suite had a large living room, dining area, wet bar, and a large restroom for whole week - with lots of comfort. Many others were jealous of me. It was worth it argue with manager - I have right to do that!
Julio Nuiez Genao
July 15, 1955 - July 14, 1989
Julio Genao died Friday, July 14, at 2:15 a.m. of AIDS at Coming Home Hospice. He was deaf, short, and very cute.
He was born in the Dominican Republic and had many friends. We didn’t all know each other, but we all knew Julio. He had some amazing qualities. Committed and tolerant beyond most human thresholds, he was tenacious, feisty, and sustained an independence that was remarkable. Always underlying this captivating being was a loving, tender man. We all knew and felt it, and it’s what attracted us all.
Everyone who had the privilege of knowing this little man, this big sweet presence, knew this. We all were blessed with something extra: a bit of magic, perhaps a special form of light. For a time we had this precious moment called Julio—the little gestures, his own style of sign—and then he left us as quickly as he came. When the dancer disappears, only the dance remains.
Thank you for sharing your dance with us, beautiful boy. Thank you for the sweetness you brought to our hearts.

Julio Genao
July 15, 1955 - July 14, 1989
Julio Genao was Deaf, short, and very cute. He was born in the Dominican Republic and lived in parts of New York and Arizona before settling down in San Francisco. He had some amazing qualities and was a member of the American Association of the Deaf-Blind.
Everyone who had the privilege of knowing this little man, remembers his big sweet presence. For a time we had this precious moment called Julio-the-little-gestures, his own style of sign and then he left as quickly as he came. Julio died of AIDS one day before his 34th birthday. We miss you Julio. (Submitted by Frank Lester)
Paul Donald Isaac
May 27, 1948 - November 17, 1992
A Celebration of Life

Paul Donald Isaac
May 27, 1948 - Nov. 17, 1992
Paul died peacefully in his home on November 17 of AIDS. With Paul when he passed were his partner of 17 years, Leo Gallant and close friends Don LeClair and Don Sorensen.

Paul was very involved in organizations in the Deaf Community and was loved by many. Paul’s beautiful smile and sly wit will be sorely missed. Originally from Kansas, raised in Reedley, CA, and a resident of San Francisco for the last 14 years, Paul was employed by Wells Fargo Bank. Paul was a graduate of The California School for the Deaf, Berkeley, Class of 1967.

Paul is survived by his parents, Jake and Ann; brothers Wes and Leon; sister Joanne; and nine nieces and nephews all of Reedley, CA. Paul will be missed by them and a host of friends throughout San Francisco and the world.

One of Paul’s last wishes was that he could die peacefully with dignity in his home. With the love and support of his many friends and the care of his physician, Steve Becker and his staff, Homedco Infusion Company and the Visiting Nurses Hospice his last wishes were carried out.

Paul asked that in lieu of flowers donations be made to Bay Area Communications Access, Deaf AIDS Center, University of California Center on Deafness, or the AIDS organization of your choice.

A Celebration of Paul’s life will be held on December 12, 1992 at 1 p.m. at the Dolores Street Church, 208 Dolores Street at 15th Street, San Francisco, CA.
On September 9th, Garet Stark died from complications related to AIDS. Garet served for many years as the administrative assistant of the Interpreting Service, and he has been a wonderful friend to the St. Benedict Community. The Memorial Service for Garet will be celebrated here at St. Benedict's next Saturday, October 10th, at 2:00 P.M. This service will be an opportunity for us to express our thanks for Garet's love and support for this parish and its work. In place of flowers, Garet had asked that donations be made to following organizations: Deaf Services Network (DSN), BACA (Bay Area Communication Access), or Northern California Registry of Interpreters for the Deaf (NCRID).
The doctor, Richard DiGioia, examining patients:
At left, as he leaves Tom Kane at George Washington University Hospital, Kane lifts his arms, DiGioia bends down toward him and they embrace; for that moment, there are no words. Below, DiGioia gives Craig Anderson, who is HIV-positive, his monthly checkup. “I see AIDS as a natural disaster,” says DiGioia. “It’s like the plagues of the 14th century, like volcanoes and earthquakes.”
Mark Nicklas
Memorial Service for Mark Nicklas
November 10, 1959 - February 8, 1993
Forest Lawn, Little Church of the Flowers
Glendale, California
February 17, 1993

Prelude  -  Organist

Welcome
Friends, we are here this afternoon to remember and to celebrate the life of Mark Nicklas. We gather to acknowledge and to grieve our human loss, to prepare for life without the physical presence of our son, step-son, brother, and friend. We also come to share our memories with one another and to recognize in Mark our common ancestor in spirit and in faith.

A poem by Nikki Giovanni describes this occasion in this way:

we judge a man by his dreams
not alone his deeds
we judge a man by his intent
not alone his shortcomings
we judge a man because it is not unusual
to know him through those who love him

[we] gather strangers
to each other because
[we] have loved a man

it is not unusual to sift
through ashes
and find an unburnt picture

May we find comfort in the memories of Mark that we share with one another today. Let us be together in prayer.

Prayer

Creator God, Sustaining Breath of Life,
we come into your presence with our pain and vulnerability,
needing the comfort of one another
and the reassurance of your continued grace in our lives.

We are thankful for the blessing of ease
that death has given to Mark, so quickly and peacefully.

Yet we remain hesitant and protective of life,
mystified by death's unknowns,
fearing what we cannot see.

Help us to believe, as Christ believed,
that death brings us into your presence transformed and whole, without fear and without blindness.

Bring us to the knowledge that love,
even in separation, lasts forever.
Undergird our trust that we will one day be reunited
with Mark and all our loved ones
when we are brought into the truth and light
of your glorious presence.

Hold us in the strength and warmth of your arms,
touch us with your healing hands,
keep us upright as we stumble in our sorrow.

Mend our broken spirits that we might embrace life
with gentleness, dignity and a love for all of creation
out of which our love for Mark and for one another
has grown.

We pray in the name of one who both lived and died for us,
one who even now must be deep in conversation with Mark,
as they journey side by side
to a destination unknown as yet to us,
one whom we call Jesus Christ, brother, teacher, redeemer...

The one who taught us to pray...

Our Father who art in heaven
Hallowed by thy name
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
On earth as it is in heaven
Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from evil
For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

SCRIPTURE

At times like these we find comfort in scripture. One of the most familiar
passages is Psalm 23, offering strength and renewal to those of us who grieve.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want;
he makes me lie down in green pastures.
He leads me beside still waters;
he restores my soul.
Even though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death, I fear no evil;
for thou art with me;
thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of my enemies;
thou anointest my head with oil, my cup overflows.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life;
and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord
forever.

MUSIC - "Thanksgiving Eve" by Bob Franke

READING

Mark had a plaque on his wall with a story that was deeply meaningful to him
- a story that touched his family and bound all of you together in his last days
with you.
EULOGY

Mark Nicklas was born November 10, 1959, to Georgianna and Jim Nicklas. He had an older half-brother, Neil, and was soon to have a brother, Jeff, sister, Shelley, and later, a half-brother, Judd.

Born deaf and gay, Mark was not the child most of us imagine or picture being born to us. He had obstacles to overcome from the very beginning. And, in spite of those obstacles, he was a joyful, a special person, meeting life on its own terms. His mother pictures him vividly at age 14 or so - perched on a horse that had run away with him. She stood by horrified and terrified - as Mark laughed in the face of his own danger - delighted by his peril.

As a child - first in Modesto, then in a number of places in Southern California - Mark loved two things - animals and cars. In fact, his first toy was a car and his first word was "car." Those passions stayed with him throughout his 33 years. He adored horses and cats, and raised several cats that his sister, Shelley, bred and gave him. At his death he left behind a beloved black cat who, I am sure, misses him very much.

Mark was very close to his Grandmother - who always drove cadillacs. Perhaps this was the source of his sometimes overwhelming passion for that brand of car. His Grandmother was hard of hearing, sharing with him that isolation from the world of sound - forming a bond that seems to have lasted beyond her death and now his.

As a boy, Mark loved school, delving into learning and reading. In his deafness, he found security in staying close to his mother, holding her hand in the midst of a confusing physical world. It was, as it is with all teenagers, a shock and surprise when he decided to seek his independence from his closely knit family - to break loose from that love and security - to face the dangers and risks of life on the street.

At age twelve he was also realizing his different sexual orientation which separated him further from the majority of the world. Acting out, drinking and drugs were all youthful and dangerous experiments in becoming his own person, experiments young people all over the world try before they come to realize they are mortal and have so much to lose. Somewhere in the tension between loving his family and needing his independence, wanting to fit in with the world and knowing the isolation of his deafness and gayness - somewhere in that tension, Mark continued to live out of his playful, adventurous self, never dwelling on his problems. And somewhere in the tension of his life, he contracted the HIV virus - separating him even further from his intimate relationships, isolating him once again from society.

We grieve today not only the loss of Mark Nicklas to AIDS, but the fact of such a disease that takes away life so unfairly and with such finality. The young no longer have second chances. They must be born wise and be absolutely accurate in their decision making, or they risk what Mark unknowingly risked.
Mark spent most of his adult life in San Francisco with friends and a life that is mostly unknown to his family. We know he had a support network and housemates, a minister and people who cared about him and loved him. He was a member of a church and had a faith chosen out of his growing maturity and love of life. But, just when he seemed to disappear entirely, he would send his mother and his step-father, Gil, his sister and brothers, birthday cards - just saying "don't worry - I'm okay - and I remember and love you."

He was sick and in the hospital only a few months. His family joined him there and spent some fine hours playing and laughing together, having water fights and reconnecting in very important ways. His last days were scary as AIDS affected his brain. But even in his disorientation he lived out of his playful child, asking his mother for candy and smiling innocently at her. His sister, Shelley, stayed with him in the last hours - watching as he focused on the light and became very peaceful and calm. At one moment he laid his head back and spoke of flowers and a cross, his grandmother and his savior. Shelley left the room for a moment - sensed Mark's presence and returned quickly to find that his hand had slid from the St. Christopher at his neck to his chest.

It is never right when children die before their parents. The world has become a sorrowful place these days as AIDS and other dangerous and youthful experiments take more of our children before their time. But in the face of such darkness and death, we must remember the peace and light that came to Mark in his final moments. And we must remember that you are the legacy of Mark Nicklas. He lives on in your feelings for him, your memories of him, the family you are for each other now and in the times to come. And when all of you are gone, Mark and all those he touched and loved will live on in the memory of God, the one who never forgets us and never stops loving us.

Let us pray.

CLOSING PRAYER

Everlasting arms that hold us in the midst of pain, we thank you for the life of Mark Nicklas. We thank you for all the goodness and courage which have passed from the life of Mark into the lives of others and have left the world richer for his presence - for a life's task faithfully and honorably discharged; for good humor and gracious affection and kindly generosity; for sadness met without surrender, and weakness endured without defeat. His pain is ended, our grief will soften with time. We pray for understanding and long memory, and for the light of your presence to fill the emptiness within. We pray in gratitude for the life of one who also suffered, one who gave us hope of new life even in death, Jesus Christ our redeemer and sustainer. Amen.

POSTLUDE - Organist
Thanksgiving Eve
Bob Franke

It's so easy to dream of the days gone by
It's so hard to think of times to come
And the grace to accept every moment as a gift
Is a gift that is given by the One

(Chorus)
What can you do with your days
but work and hope
Let your dreams bind your work
to your play
What can you do with each moment
of your life
But love 'til you've loved it away
Love 'til you've loved it away

There are sorrows enough for the whole world's end
There are no guarantees but the grave
And the lives that we live and the times that we have spent
Are a treasure too precious to save

(Chorus)
GRAVESIDE COMMITTAL SERVICE

Jesus said: So you have sorrow now, but I will see you again and your hearts will rejoice, and no one will take your joy from you. Behold, I am coming soon. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end. Amen.

PRAYER
Let us pray: Our loving heavenly Creator, who hears us while we are yet calling to you, whose ear is ever open to the cry of your children, and who has been and is a very present help in time of trouble, we turn to you in this hour of sorrow. Trusting in your perfect wisdom and steadfast mercy, we seek your comforting presence; through Jesus Christ, your beloved child. Amen.

READING
Madeleine L'Engle has written a sonnet for moments like this. I read from A RING OF ENDLESS LIGHT:
The earth will never be the same again.
Rock, water, tree, iron, share this grief
As distant stars participate in pain.
A candle snuffed, a falling star or leaf,
A [human] death, O this particular loss
Is Heaven-mourned; for if no angel cried,
If this [dear] one was tossed away as dross,
The very galaxies then would have lied.
How shall we sing our love's song now
In this strange land where all are born to die?
Each tree and leaf and star show how
The universe is part of this one cry,
That every life is noted and is cherished,
And nothing loved is ever lost or perished.

COMMITTAL
Almighty God, in whose eternal care are all your people, we commit these ashes of Mark Nicklas to the earth believing that, as you raised Jesus Christ from death, you will breathe life into us again so that we may live with you forever.

Let us pray: The Lord's Prayer

BENEDICTION
Now may the grace of God,
deeper than our imagination;
and the strength of Christ,
stronger than our need;
and the communion of the Holy Spirit,
richer than our togetherness;
guide and sustain us today
and in all our tomorrows. Amen.
Mark Nicklas was born to Georgianna and Jim Nicklas. He had an older half-brother, Neil, a brother, Jeff, sister, Shelley, and later a half-brother, Judd.

Born deaf and gay. He had obstacles to overcome from the very beginning. And, in spite of those obstacles, he was a joyful, a special person, meeting life on its own terms.

As a child in Southern California, Mark loved two things – animals and cars. At his death he left behind two beloved black cats who misses him very much. Mark was very close to his grandmother who always drove Cadillacs. Perhaps this was the source of his sometimes overwhelming passion for that brand of car. His grandmother was hard of hearing, sharing with him that isolation from the world of sound.

Mark always lived out of his playful, adventurous self, never dwelling on his problems.

We grieve today not only the loss of Mark to AIDS, but the fact of such a disease that takes away life so unfairly and with such finality. The young no longer have second chances. They must be born wise and be absolutely accurate in their decision making, or they risk what Mark unknowingly risked.
The Rev. Kenneth C. Bland, 46, a former staff minister at the Golden Gate Metropolitan Community Church, died in late October in Iowa of complications from AIDS. Following a service October 30 at the Church of New Hope MCC, he was buried at the Waterloo Cemetery. Born September 2, 1947, in Waterloo, he was the son of Carold and Irma Asgaard Bland. He is survived by his three brothers, Roger, Andy, and Greg; his sister, Connie; and his father. He was preceded in death by his mother, Irma Mangrich, and his own spouse, Bill Mertes, who died in November 1992.

Ken attended several colleges in Iowa and was employed as a social worker. In the 1970s while living in Hartford, Connecticut, he was a prominent gay activist who helped found the MCC church in that city. In 1982 he received a Master of Divinity degree from the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley. Licensed as a minister in 1989, he was ordained in July of this year at the MCC General Conference in Phoenix, Arizona. While in seminary in the Bay Area, he was active in the Rainbow Deaf Society and the Gay/Bisexual Alliance at the Graduate Theological Union. Ken was skilled in American sign language and was coordinator of the Deaf Gay/Lesbian Ministry while a clergy intern at Golden Gate MCC.

Following graduation in 1990, Ken served as pastor at Delta Harvest MCC in Stockton, providing a courageous role model as a hearing-impaired senior pastor in a town where one of his predecessors had been brutally and anonymously murdered.

Ken was a tireless champion of hearing-impaired people and a very kindhearted and caring minister who was loved by everyone who knew him.

A memorial service will be signed for him on Sunday, December 5, at 4 p.m. at Golden Gate MCC, 1600 Clay Street, SF. For information, call (415) 567-9080.
Rick Cuevas

Rick Cuevas died recently from AIDS complications and is probably shrieking from the other side now that his true age has been published.

A well-known figure in the San Francisco gay deaf community, Rick was a former president of the SF Club for the Deaf and a member of the Rainbow Deaf Society. Fiercely independent, he had a long career as an upholsterer before his declining health forced him to retire.

His nickname, "Tempest Storm," was a metaphor for both his love of burlesque and his fiery Latin temperament. Meeting the real "Tempest" was one of the high points of his life.

One of 15 children, Rick is survived by his "sister-niece," Chris; his sisters, Sherry, Peg, Rita, Cecelia, Mary, Marge, Grace and Delores; his brothers, Victor, Paul and Robert; close friends, Sam, Jim and Dick; former lover, Bruce; and by a host of others whose Sunday afternoons just won't be the same.

A memorial potluck in celebration of his life will be held on Saturday, November 19, at the SF Club for the Deaf, 530 Valencia (between 15th and 17th) at 1 p.m. Please join us.
Patrick "Bad Puppy" Saatzer

At four in the morning, his family watched him lovingly to his last breath at home in Beaumont, Texas. Patrick's free spirit was now truly free from his body in time to join us at the Dore'-Alley Pair on August 7, 1994. Oh, how he loved leather events as much as he loved traveling, wild roller coasters and sports. His family even dressed him in a brand-new Astro jersey shirt for the funeral. Patrick's heaven is filled with deaf and leather folks whom he loved very much.

Patrick was well-known for his work as a barback at the Edge. He also co-founded the Northern California Leather Association of the Deaf and helped raised several thousand dollars for AIDS service agencies, especially for the Deaf AIDS Center. It is now not the same without his wonderful spirit and enthusiasm. He will be missed by his family, relatives, and friends.

In order to enable his friends from all over the world to participate in Patrick's memorial service, it will be held during Leather Pride week (September 18-25) in San Francisco. Please watch for an announcement. Please make donations out to the Deaf AIDS Center, c/o University of California Center on Deafness, 3333 California Street, Suite 10, San Francisco, CA 94143-1208.

We love you and will miss you very much! — Philip C. Rubin (Mr. Deaf International Leather) and Sam Feliciano ▼
IN MEMORIUM

JAY MORGAN JACKSON
October 21, 1952 - October 25, 1993

Family and friends honored Jay's life recently with a sunset gathering on a mountain overlooking Sonoma's coast and redwood groves. We shared bread and wine as we told "Jay stories." We laughed at his human foibles, his quickness to judge, and his rolling eyes expression reflecting any disapproval.

He inherited a Texan drawl and the Jackson temperament, including the courage of conviction and a certain stubbornness. His younger brother told of Jay's protectiveness, defending small children from tough kids but also giving an occasional pinch or kick behind mom's back. He was known as "the good son." His dad recalled Jay's struggle to come out to him and their mutual discovery of unconditional love. Friends remembered Jay in his garden of sunflowers, herbs, and vegetables. Many photos showed Jay smiling over a chopping board or pot in the kitchen.

He was a Francophile and a connoisseur whose passions were Provencal cooking and Bordeaux wine. His professional achievements included 15 years as a sign language interpreter for the Deaf Community, most recently with Bay Area Communication Access. He also assisted Simi Winery's public relations for five years, and was distinguished by his ability to translate technical information into layman's terms. Jay composed the wine description on many Simi labels.

Your donations in Jay Jackson's memory may be sent to your favorite AIDS-related charity or to Bay Area Communication Access, 870 Market Street, Suite 330, San Francisco, CA 94102.
FAREWELL TRIBUTE
FOR
OUR LOVING FRIEND
SAMUEL FELICIANO

BORN ON APRIL 17, 1957
DEPARTED ON FEBRUARY 14, 1995

PLEASE JOIN US
AS WE SAY GOODBYE
TO OUR FRIEND SAM

ST. BENEDICT’S
1801 OCTAVIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
CROSS STREET IS PINE STREET

SATURDAY, APRIL 8 1995
1:00 P.M. - 4:00 P.M.

GUEST SPEAKERS
QUILT DISPLAY
REFRESHMENTS PROVIDED
SAMUEL FELICIANO
Quilt Project in San Francisco.
After taking a training course in working with AIDS patients, he participated in the AIDS Buddy Program.
Mr. Feliciano is survived by his parents, Francisco and Betty; his brother, Frank; his grandmothers, Dorothy White and Maria Cristina Perez; two nieces, an aunt and an uncle and numerous cousins.
A memorial service will be held at 4 p.m. April 1, at the Church of the Covenant, 67 Newbury St., Boston.
Arrangements were by Commonwealth Funeral Service, Boston.
Allen L. Forbes


Mr. Forbes graduated from Washington School for the Deaf in 1976 and received an Associates Degree in Early Childhood Development from Seattle Community College in 1978. He was the president of Northwest Rainbow Alliance for the Deaf for four years, president of Fort Vancouver Association of the Deaf, and an advisory board member of the Department of Social and Health Services. He was also the vice president of DEAFGLOW Organization, a founder of Southwest Washington Center of the Deaf, and he served on the HIV/AIDS Advisory Board.

Born Nov. 5, 1955, in Bellingham, Wash., he had been a resident of Clark County for 35 years and was a lead processor and auditor at Tektronix for 16 years.

Mr. Forbes is survived by his mother, Bette Lillian Forbes of Bellingham; his brother, William of Seattle; and his special companion and partner of 10 years, Rick Spencer.

A memorial service will begin at 2 p.m. Sunday at the Washington School for the Deaf. The casket will be open from 1 to 5 p.m. Saturday at Hamilton-Mylan Funeral Home.

Memorial contributions may be made to NWRAD/Forbes Foundation, 1910 E. 33rd St., Vancouver, WA 98663.

In Memoriam

(Paid Notices)

Allen Lee Forbes

A memorial service will be at 2 p.m. Sunday, March 19, 1995, in the auditorium of the Washington School for the Deaf in Vancouver, Wash.

Mr. Forbes died of causes related to AIDS March 16 in his Vancouver home at age 39.

He was born Nov. 5, 1955, in Bellingham, Wash.

Mr. Forbes graduated from Washington School for the Deaf and received an associate degree from Seattle Community College.

He worked 16 years as a lead processor and auditor for Tektronix Inc. He was a TTY distributor in Washington and had been a houseparent at the Washington School for the Deaf.

Mr. Forbes was president of the Northwest Rainbow Alliance for the Deaf and on the advisory board of Department of Social Health Services.

He was president of the Fort Vancouver Association of the Deaf, vice president of DEAFGLOW and a founder of Southwest Washington Center of the Deaf. He also served on the HIV/AIDS advisory board.

Survivors include his mother, Bette Lillian of Bellingham; brother, William of Seattle; and companion, Rick Spencer of Vancouver.

Disposition by cremation.

Remembrances: Northwest Rainbow Alliance for the Deaf Forbes Foundation, 1910 E. 33rd St., Vancouver, WA 98663.

Arrangements: Hamilton-Mylan Funeral Home in Vancouver.
In Memorium of Allen Lee Forbes
November 5, 1955 - March 16, 1995

Named "Outstanding Young Man of America" in 1989, Allen Lee Forbes, 39, died of AIDS Thursday, March 16, 1995, at home. Memorial services were held Sunday, March 19 at the Washington School for the Deaf in Vancouver, Washington with Rev. Theresa Nunn officiating, two interpreters, Jim McKnight and Johann Paoletti-Schelp, musical selections presented by Allen's relatives, David & Patty Forbes (cousins), Bud Forbes (uncle) and Trudy Forbes (aunt & accompanist). Musical selections were Somewhere Over the Rainbow (Allen's favorite song), The Rose and The Lord's Prayer.

Allen graduated from Washington School for the Deaf in 1976 and received an Associate Degree in Early Childhood Development from Seattle Community College in 1978. Allen was the president of Northwest Rainbow Alliance of the Deaf for four years, president of Fort Vancouver Association of the Deaf, and an advisory board member of the Department of Social and Health Services. He was also the vice president of Deaf GLOW, a founder of Southwest Washington Center of the Deaf, and he served on the HIV/AIDS Advisory Board.

Born November 5, 1955, in Bellingham, Washington, Allen lived in Vancouver and had been a resident of Clark County for 35 years. He was a lead processor and auditor at Tektronix for 16 years.

Allen was preceded in death by his father, L. Rex Forbes in 1981. He is survived by his mother, Bette Lillian Forbes of Bellingham, Washington; his brother and sister-in-law, William and Barbara of Seattle, Washington; one nephew, two nieces, two grandnieces, numerous aunts, uncles cousins, friends, a beloved pet, Samantha and his special companion and partner of 10 years, Rick Spencer.

Rick Spencer shared with us at the memorial service of Allen's struggle against AIDS that led to his death at home where he most wanted to be after a month in the hospital. Allen was happy to be home with Rick, his beloved pet, Sam and his family.

Allen was known and loved by many for his tireless and loving sense of humor and spirit, community activism and participations in the Deaf and Deaf gay communities. With the many roles and positions he had held with NWRAD and Deaf GLOW, Allen was instrumental in hosting the Deaf GLOW bi-annual conference in Seattle, NWRAD will host it on July 10 - 13, 1996. It will be dedicated to Allen Lee Forbes, honorary member of NWRAD, in honor of his services to the culture, education and preservation of the Deaf and Deaf gay communities.

On April 29th, a party will be held to celebrate Allen's life. Affectionately known as "Alexis" as in the night soap opera, 'Dynasty', this will be the theme for the evening. Donations will proceed toward the Deaf GLOW Conference. Please look for flyer inside this newsletter.

Allen Forbes will be greatly missed by all of us. Memorials may be made to the "Northwest Rainbow Alliance of the Deaf - Forbes Foundation" in care of Rick Spencer. 1910 East 33rd Street of Vancouver, Washington 98663.
In Loving Memory of
ALLEN WILLIAMS

Sunrise: September 13, 1955

Sunset: March 20, 1995

Funeral Services
Wednesday, March 29, 1995
1:00 p.m.
At GLADYS BAKER MEMORIAL CHAPEL
of the BAKER MORTUARY INC.
980 8th Street at Filbert
Oakland, California

Order of Service

PROCESIONAL

SCRIPTURE READING Minister

PRAYER Minister

MUSICAL SELECTION

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

REMARKS (Limit two minutes please)

THE OBITUARY (Read Silently)

MUSICAL SELECTION

EULOGY Minister

PARTING VIEW

RECESSIONAL

Interment
Rose Lawn Cemetery
Livermore, California

Obituary

ALLEN WILLIAMS was born September 13, 1955.
Allen was a member of HOLY SPIRIT EPISCOPAL CHURCH
OF THE DEAF.

Allen graduated from the Talladaga School for the Deaf in
Alabama and attended classes at Ohlone College in Fremont.

Allen was a native of Mobile, Alabama and came to San
Francisco around 1978.

Allen departed this life on March 20, 1995. He leaves to
cherish his memory: his mother Mrs. Evelyn Williams Eaton of
Mobile, Alabama; eight brothers, Shedd Graggs, Los Angeles,
CA, Rev. McHenry (Lucy) Williams, James (Conquelo) Williams,
San Diego, CA, Herbert (Arcola) Williams, Thomasville,
Alabama, McKensley Williams, Seattle, Washington, Boyza Williams,
Curtis (Natasha) Williams and Timothy Williams, two sisters,
Deborah (Bobby) Pentin, Dianne Williams, Mobile, Alabama;
cousins, Mrs. Nora (Booker T) Cunningham, Chicago, IL and
Bertha Anderson of Oakland, CA; uncles, eleven nieces, eleven
nephews; three great nieces; a host of cousins; five God
children; many devoted relatives; numerous
friends and a very special friend, Jerry Lindsburg.
In Memory of
John Stubbins

(July 4, 1949 - June 21, 1994)
You are invited to a gathering of his friends
and family on July 3 at 2:00pm at the home of
Allen Williams
30 Chenery Street
San Francisco 94131
RSVP (415) 550-8981 TTY Only

If you have no TTY, you may reach Allen through
California Relay Service (800) 735-2922
BRUCE HLIBOK
1960-1995
Playwright, director, actor, teacher, writer
The family would like to thank all the people who contributed to this memorial service by coming in from near and far, sharing their stories and helping to organize this service.

Special thanks to the following people:

Adele Agin, Alice Brody, Pam Clohessey, Laura Cruz, Lisa Dennett, Tavoria Kellam, Cathy Markland, Bill Moody, Laura Murphy, Beth Prevor, Rick Rubin, Claude Shirts, and Debbie Swamback.

Thanks must also be given to the following people who contributed in unique ways:


A heart felt thanks from Donna Leshne to all the friends who placed gentle hands on her back to keep her moving forward and gratitude for the love and confidence of Mrs. Marilyn Conway and Renee Mezzure.

Donations can be made in Rich Chenault’s name to the following organizations:

The Bowery mission, City Harvest, Housing Works, The Pineapple Alliance, and The Momentum Project.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Sunday, April 23, 1995

"...and remember my sentimental friend a heart is not judged by how much you love but by how much you are loved by others...". Oz

RICH CHENAULT

September 26, 1957 - March 17, 1995
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<td>&quot;I'll make it anywhere&quot;</td>
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Interpreters: Tavoria Kellam
             Rick Rubin
             Claude Shirts

Rich was born 9/26/57 and graduated from Downers Grove North H.S., IL 6/75. He moved to San Francisco 10/75 and then to Boston 9/76 and studied theatre at U. Mass. Dorchester 1977-78. Rich interned for the Urban Arts Project in Deafness 1978-79, thus realizing that he could be an interpreter instead of a waiter while he tried his hand at a Broadway acting career. He studied interpreting at Northeastern University in 1979. He moved back to San Francisco in 1/80 to study at the Center for Experimental and Interdisciplinary Arts at San Francisco State University 1981-83. It was here he received his Bachelor of Arts, majoring in Theatre, Sign Language and Education with a minor in Computers, Video and Business Management. He moved New York City 10/83 and appeared as a Sign Language Interpreter on Broadway in Rumors and Black and Blue in 1989. In 1991 he appeared again on Broadway in City of Angels. He appeared on the “Today” show (1988) and “Geraldo” (1990) as a sign language interpreter. He was a student in the original graduating class of “Signing for the Theatre” at the Juilliard school (1991-92). He again appeared on Broadway in Kiss of the Spider Woman (1993), and Angels in America: The Millenium Approaches and Peristroika (1994).