

# CHRISTOPHER R. CRAWFORD

11/7/1981 – 7/19/2003

On November 7, 1982, in Detroit, Michigan, my son and Ryan's brother Christopher was born. He was unique right from birth. I remember the look on the doctor's face when he did not make the normal baby sounds at birth, as the nurses carried him down the hall he let out his first cry, and the doctor said "oh, he's gonna be alright." Little did I know he would be alright, for a short twenty years.

He was my little "kissyfur", is what I used to call him. I remember as a toddler, he would extend his arms out in front of him and say "Hold you me Mom", he loved to be held, how I would love to be able to hold him now.

He would sit on the toilet for what seemed like hours, his feet not even touching the floor, he was always deep in thought. I peeked in on him once, I asked Chris are you done yet, and he said "No, I got two more!"

He was forever the perfectionist, when it came to learning to ride a bike, he did not do fall and get back on method of learning, he told us he would ride when he turned five., and on his fifth birthday he got on that bike and took off down the street, as if he had been riding for years. How, I laughed.

He didn't like to loose, on our annual family camping trip to the Adirondacks, we decided to have a talent show for all the nieces and nephews, there was about eleven in all. Chris's talent was to stand on his hands for a long time., he practiced by using a tree for support for an hour before it was his turn to perform, as it turned out we awarded everyone a winner, he didn't like that, he was quite sure his talent was the best.

He was forever taking things apart, garbage day in our neighborhood was his and Ryan's favorite day, they made a trailer for their go-cart, and would go through the neighbors garbage, bringing home VCR's, old speakers, anything he could use for parts to build other things. He was fascinated by engines, especially building them for boats. His first boat was made out of a Dairy Queen banana split dish, he later made a boat out of pepsi cans, it was remote controlled and actually floated and ran much to our surprise. We named it the USS Constipation, bound up in the harbor!

I remember going to a parent-teacher conference when he was in either third or fourth grade, the teacher walked me over to show me his desk, of which he had a basket hanging from. To my surprise it was a basket I had thrown out months prior, he had it rigged up to a pulley, it was full of pencils and erasers. The teacher said she would only let Chris get away with this, not sure why, but I am glad that she was willing to let him be creative.

His favorite cartoon was Inspector Gadget, we later named him the Gadget Man!

He was a good student, always a leader, never a follower. His favorite sport was Lacrosse of which he played from a very young age, in High school his nickname was "Little Man", I am not sure why, but that's what they called him. After he graduated from High School he registered for college, he wanted to be an electrical engineer. One month before the beginning of classes, he noticed a golf size lump on his left calf., after a diagnosis of cancer-Ewing's sarcoma, our lives were forever changed.

He fought long and hard to beat this disease, never complaining once of the pain he was in, he just really hated the multiple trips to the doctors and overnight stays in the hospital. The nurses on the other hand loved him, especially when he would come for five day treatments and never change his clothes or take off his shoes. One night, while he was sleeping they took his shoes off and hid them., he believed in paybacks and they never took his shoes again.

Chris passed away on July 19, 2003, leaving a very large hole in our hearts, we will always cherish our last family camping trip in the Adirondacks, Chris saw his last fourth of July fireworks, and he continued to order parts for his car, we had no idea that the day we returned to Rochester, that we were going to be told there is nothing more we can do, and he was placed in Hospice.

My proudest moment was when in those last very fragile days, he reached into his wallet and pulled out a twenty and begged his brother Ryan to make sure that it was returned to a man who had prepaid him to wash his boat at the Rochester Yacht club, where he was the dockmaster. I remember Chris saying that obviously he was too sick to do it, he was desperate for his brother to return the money to the man.

I will always miss his intelligence, his sense of humor, he once had a four year old believing that if he touched his cheese and crackers, he too would lose his hair! I will miss his optimism as even while in hospice he protected his computer keyboard, not giving up the password, he wasn't even willing to share his gummy worms or skittles at that point.

There is not a day that goes by that I don't cry and long for his presence, I am grateful that he is no longer in pain, he was dearly loved by many, especially his stepfather Steve and his brother Ryan, he made an impact on a lot of lives, and we look forward to the day we see him again.



with Steve

Mom, Steve and Ryan