



# Kathy & Ruth *Talk the Walk*

## Seattle Bound—Finally



Kent and Bradley Monter dined out at Uno's (with Michaela and Kathi, not pictured) the night before the first day of school in order to help us raise money for our cause.

Today is the day! We're headed to Seattle. First we'll do some sightseeing—a trip to Victoria, Canada, a harbor cruise, a lake cruise, the Space Needle, various parks and gardens and Safeco Field.

Then, we'll be walking. Opening ceremonies are on Friday, the 7<sup>th</sup>. That day we'll be walking through Bellevue, to the I-90 trails, across Mercer Island and somehow ending up in Burien to camp for the evening.

On Saturday, we'll walk through SeaTac and Des Moines. We'll lunch at Puget Sound, right on the water. Then, we'll travel through Normandy Park and head back to camp in Burien.

Sunday we'll enjoy a scenic walk on Alki Beach along Puget Sound. We'll make our way across the ship canal, under the West Seattle Bridge, passing Pioneer Square and Pike Place Market and continuing through the heart of downtown. We'll finish at Memorial Stadium. Closing ceremonies will follow.

If you would like to see us over the course of the two days, you can check out the webcam at camp. It may be more exciting to watch paint dry, but if you're bored, check it out. Just go to [www.the3day.com](http://www.the3day.com) and click on "Information." Select "For Supporters" from the menu and then click on "Seattle." There will be a link to the webcam.

## Profile in Courage—Priscilla Green Thayer Brandon

*Contributed by Nora Brandon in memory of her stepmother.*

My Mom and Dad divorced when I was three, and my father remarried by the time I was five. I grew up with Dad and my wonderful stepmother, Priscilla Green Thayer Brandon. Priscilla was an adventurous spirit, choosing to spend her spare moments kayaking Class Five rapids or dog-sledding in Minnesota. I, on the other hand, preferred to harbor indoors with a good book. Despite our differences, Priscilla and I were as close as any mother and daughter could hope to be.

When Priscilla was diagnosed with metastatic breast cancer in early 2004, it was shocking. This couldn't, and shouldn't, have happened to a woman who so appreciated her vitality. She rose early each morning to exercise; she ate supremely well, preparing unorthodox lunches like parsley and grated carrots with a dash of whole grain bran. She preferred to pay out of pocket to receive premium medical care, never caving to contemporary pressures of HMOs, PPOs and managed healthcare. In fact, Priscilla was only eventually diagnosed with cancer after arguing with repeated medical professionals about her pain – she insisted that she knew her body best, and that what she was feeling was not lingering pain from a ski injury sustained three months prior.

Priscilla fought her cancer as bravely and as ardently as she possibly could have. She tried difficult treatment after treatment, enduring more surgeries than I would have been able to. Up until her final weeks, she would not sign a Do Not Resuscitate agreement because she wanted to try everything possible to live.

Priscilla died peacefully on June 13<sup>th</sup> at the HospiceCare of Boulder and Broomfield Counties in Louisville, Colorado. Her three sisters, her son Gichuru, my father and I were with her constantly during her last month. On her deathbed, Priscilla told us her legacies and offered many words of encouragement to guide us so that we might live our lives as fully as she had. We miss her every



Priscilla and Nora preparing for a hot air balloon adventure with family in July of 2006 in Boulder, Colorado.

day, but we are inspired by her spirit. I thank Ruth and Kathy for walking (again) in Priscilla's name, and I promise to continue to give to the community that has supported me and my family throughout the past three years.

On the next page is a poem Priscilla wrote about confronting her disease. For most of her life, she wore her golden hair long. She lost it when she began chemotherapy in 2004, but for Priscilla the significance of losing her hair was more about the life she was losina to cancer.

## Stage I: Hair Loss

By Priscilla Green Thayer Brandon

It took three days to lose the hair that brushed my waist, but it wasn't vanity that made me cry.  
That night, bare bald and holding the fallen strands of silver and gold to my face,  
I understand how my hair entwined me with the world.

My hair charmed the air and the air responded. It caressed, tumbled, jumbled, twisted and sighed and left me night reminders of its origins and passages — and mine:

Salt and cedar spiked Mediterranean breezes;  
Pungent eucalyptus carried by Pacific gusts;  
Sweet aroma of Virginia peonies;  
Sage-brushed winds of the Rocky Mountains.

Sun that backlit unruly tangles into spun gold, making me conspicuous among twittering clusters of raven-haired Lebanese schoolgirls.

Hair blown back and sun bleached as a used race pennant on salty tacks across Sydney Harbor.

Winter mornings in Vermont, shower-wet strands frozen to rigid cords in the dash from college dorm to dining room.

The resinous odor of Yellowstone's pines that infused any tendrils not kept under hat.

## Ruth's Reflections

Many of you will remember last month's profile in courage on Doris Neuschafer. I am sad to report that Doris passed away on August 21.

Great strides have been made in the early detection and treatment of breast cancer; however, the fact remains that people still die from this disease. This is why we walk.

Rest in peace, Doris.



*Doris Jean Neuschafer*

August 11, 1935 – August 21, 2007

Wife, mother, sister  
grandmother, aunt and friend.

## Mo' Money Mo' Money

Our Uno Dough Raiser was quite a success! We raised \$438.10. Thanks again goes to Uno and you for supporting our cause.

Overall we raised more than \$5,800, far surpassing our goal of \$4,400. We'll have a complete breakdown of how that money was raised in next month's final installment of our newsletter.

## Training Training Training

There really isn't much more to say about training. We both feel as prepared as we can be for this event. We didn't walk every mile of training, but we never slacked off either. We've walked and walked and then walked some more.

A big thanks to our friend, Kathi, who has joined us for many of our training miles. Thanks for lacing up your shoes with us. We'll miss you in Seattle!

## Kathy's Cogitations

August was a very good month for me. I hope the same was true for you. Jameson and his girlfriend, Ceyda, arrived in the States in late July. We had a great time relaxing, traveling and catching up. We traveled to Wyoming to see my older brother and his wife. Jameson and Ceyda, the night owls, experienced a fantastic view of the meteor shower early one morning while in Wyoming before they headed to Greeley, Colorado to spend time with friends. I stayed in Wyoming for a few days and enjoyed family, good food and great scenery.

One of the special events was to see a quilt top that my father had made around 1938 on display at the Wyoming State Fair. My father had pieced the quilt by hand. My sister-in-law had a church group quilt it and it was a special 2006 Christmas present to my brother. Priceless.

Oh yes, for the most part I continued my training while I was in Wyoming. My sister-in-law was very good about joining me in a training walk each day. We generally saw deer and wild turkeys on our walks. However, one evening near dusk we encountered a rattlesnake coiled up in the middle of the road. Luckily we heard the rattlers when we were about 8 feet away. Apparently, rattlesnakes have sensory organs in their upper jaws which can actually see infrared images. He apparently saw us and let us know he was there. Short story is that no one (including the snake) was hurt. There is more to the story but I am out of space.

As we head off to Seattle, keep us in your prayers that we will have a safe and successful trip and 3 Day Walk. 60 Miles strong a mile at a time.

*Editor's Note: Due to the fact that Kathy wasn't able to "cogitate" very much in the March through July issues, we've extended the length of her column this month so she can make up for lost time.*

**Ladies, Don't Forget  
Your Monthly Breast  
Self-Exam!!!**