

A Major

A major part of the allure here is connecting those without resources, with resources. My closest friend in LoDo, Doug, passed with stage 4 Glioblastoma. I was next to him at Venice when his left first tremored eating a Caesar. (So did my lovely ortho at Wynkoop Dental; shot to my mental dome and mouth). His brother has the willpower, knowledge, and resources (space tourism pioneer; we argued, once) to keep his brother alive for 13 months when the (since fired into the heart of the Sun, and several other stars) oncologists at Swedish wanted to &c. Doug had half of his frontal lobe excised; one flew over the Prairie Dog's nest. But. He was able to pass on his own terms with his own God. Doug and I bonded over Jobs to be Done and Extreme Ownership and the War of the Flea and John Cage the Elder and the Old Testament and the New Testament and a Newer Testament and general audiophilia. Doug would have told Steve Jobs exactly where to shove it. He probably did, actually.

Thank you, team, for listening to my Theodore Talk. Temporal and mild frontal lobe damage also grants you temporal and mild verbal diarrhea. Hence, speeches with gutshot in my gutshit.

I will still blink symphonies, still.

-steviecleland