

## **Friend's Tribute to Craig Farnsworth**

### **By Nik Tressler**

A number of years ago, as Craig was speaking the tribute at the funeral of Kevin Clavin, I found I was a bit jealous of Kevin in that Craig had been his best friend. After a short examination of my emotions, I realized that Craig was not just Kevin's best buddy, he was the best friend of many of those in the room.

So it was flattering when Craig asked me to do this and I understand if you are among the many who considered him to be your best bud, too.

Craig asked me to address his service. I, however, thought that his greatest attribute was constancy. After some discussion they turned out to be the same thing.

For example, Craig worked on many committees. Unlike most people, he never agreed to pretend to serve. If a job needed done, he could actually be depended on to get it done. He would attend meetings at his inconvenience and was always prepared. Like the Army Corps of Engineers: the difficult was done immediately; the impossible took a little longer. There is a long list of things that got done because Craig was involved. His name was never on the program for the status, it was there for the accomplishment.

While he was a standup guy, he was not a cowboy and did not work alone. He worked with groups and though he saw to it that the work got done, he did not try to order or run the show. He steadfastly defended everyone's right to contribute even when he was lost and confused by the person and would carry out the consensus, even when he did not particularly like the decision.

After events, Craig was there to clean up. Before many, he was there to set up. He could always be trusted to pick up the odd job that was forgotten until the last minute. We have done the dishes for many parties and swept a great many floors.

On a personal level, I met Craig shortly after his oldest daughter, Michelle, had learned to walk. I can honestly say, that over the past MMM years, he has never had a clue how I thought. He hasn't understood my humor and has never understood my motivation. Nevertheless, a man could not ask for a more constant friend.

When my water pipes broke, he was there to help get things back before my three babies needed a bath. When the sewer pipes popped a leak, he was there and we hardly missed a movement. When a tenant destroyed an apartment, he donned gloves and helped bag the flea infested carpet and then took a day off work to testify on our behalf.

We have run away together. We did Spiritquest together. We spearheaded a men's campout together. We started a men's group together. We've worked on conventions, youth conferences, adult conferences, and Mid-Winter [a youth conference]. We've

sung together, partied together, worked together, played together, performed together, danced together and raised our children together.

We've moved more furniture than I care to recall. We've built and repaired and torn down. We've cleaned up massive messes and watched the stars fall and the moon eclipse.

Through it all, we have encouraged, helped, assisted, watched, cheered and celebrated each other's spirit walk--paths that have taken many twists and lead to many odd places.

For most of our relationship, Craig lived over an hour away, but whatever happened to me, I always knew Craig was there, that he had my back and that he would help without question.

Brother, I'm really going to miss you.