

Pat Bell

The Pat I knew would arrive at my door at 5:30 in the morning.

The Pat I knew enjoyed every aspect of life -- enthusiastic, optimistic; he exuded good will.

The Pat I knew would race at 110% -- but always a word of encouragement as he blew by us.

The Pat I knew would coach us on training techniques, nutrition, race strategy. His criticisms were so deftly masked in compliments, it would take a day or two to sink in. But, I can still see the Pat I knew listening and taking mental notes from those who were faster or had more experience.

The Pat I knew befriended everyone he met, perhaps because there was genuine respect for every one he met.

The Pat I knew enjoyed my constant teasing -- sometimes scruffy but always with that enormous charming smile.

The Pat I knew will be a lifelong inspiration; I feel I can speak for all of us. We are better people because Pat Bell was a part of our lives.

The Ancient Greeks believed that the gods would take human form and come down from Mt. Olympus. They would live, struggle, do battle with and for us, and then depart; leaving us with a **legend and a lesson**.

I choose to think **this** was the Pat I knew.

(Eulogy by Tim Higgins, read at Pat's funeral)