

## **Accolades for My Daughter**

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Greetings to everyone.

My name is Leslie, and I am Seabrooke's mum.

Yes, I said "mum" because that's what she would call me...

And she was my Pickle.

I've compiled some thoughts, some anecdotes and some personal reflections about Seabrooke, my daughter – to celebrate in Seabrooke's sweet spirit and recognize her contribution to the world.

I couldn't write this in one sitting... much like the tale of her life...

It cannot be condensed into one page, or fifty or even a hundred...

It was her *lifetime* – and it would take just that – a *lifetime* to tell her entire story...

I couldn't possibly know everything her life was about, but I'll give it my best to interpret what her life *meant* – especially the impression she left on others.

Seabrooke had a true affinity and rich appreciation for life – seen foremost in the indelible mark she left on those whom she encountered. I've seen her in the faces, read her in the messages, heard her in the words and noticed her in the actions of all her friends whom I've encountered over the past few weeks.

I was so rewarded with the stories and messages shared in recent weeks by her friends from all around the world – and I just remain in awe of the common thread in those stories. It's so immensely evident – the impression she made on so many.

Here is a glimpse:

When Seabrooke first arrived in Buenos Aires, she met up with two ladies in the first hostel in which she stayed. One of the ladies named Emma wrote me a letter about their encounters. Emma recalled the following:

"She was very proud of being herself and of being original which is admirable. I also remember her pointing out the architecture in Buenos Aires; she said it was Nouveau Art. I remember thinking that I wished I was able to know those kinds of things, and also to take time and look at things; something I noticed she did a lot... We proceeded to go and visit the Evita museum. She was very curious about her life and picked up on Evita being a feminist. I think out of all of us, she was the person who took the most time reading the signs around the museum...."

Emma continued...

"I have been travelling for almost a year now and I feel that *my journey has led to Seabrooke*. I came out here looking for something – and Seabrooke has taught me that what I am looking for is right at home. Thank you for bringing up such an amazing woman... I want to dedicate my 2013-2014 travelling adventure to Seabrooke Tyler Mooney. *After seeing the most beautiful*

*landscapes and meeting the most amazing people, the most memorable part of it all is having known this beautiful woman who has had such a strong impact on my life. I am so grateful and always will be. My thoughts are with you. Always."*

— Signed Emma, in Buenos Aires, Argentina

This type of behavior is very telling of how Seabrooke handled her relationships. If you were a friend of Seabrooke's, take solace in the fact that *she valued you and your relationship*. She invested in you purposefully.

It's worth noting that Seabrooke had a great sense of humor and every moment held a new experience to embrace... even something as simple or mundane as fast food in a different country! Noticing the details gives life more flavor. Seabrooke's friend Emma continued with this humorous anecdote...

"After walking along the river, we then stopped and had coffee at McDonald's. She commented on how McDonald's is a lot nicer in Buenos Aires than in the States, as its all quite old fashioned there with a red and yellow design. We also laughed at the fact that the employees had personally designed jeans with the "M" for McDonald's on their behinds. She called them "McJeans!" We took a few photos of it, and went to sit outside."

— Again, signed Emma, in Buenos Aires, Argentina

Another friend of Seabrooke's (this one a long-term friend), Mike, also reflected the following to me:

"Everything about her - the astonishingly various aspects of her face, her quick graceful movements, the timbre of her voice and laughter, it all spoke of someone who seemed to feel the entire symphony of human emotions all the way down to her bones. And not just joyful ebullience; she also knew how to burn, and mourn, and sympathize at the unjust afflictions of the oppressed. She had an innate radar for those who felt alienated for whatever reason... for the obviously marginalized, but also for the one in pain who was hidden in plain sight; the quiet person in the corner at the raucous party. She found those people one by one throughout her life and then simply loved them – one by one. She felt the wounds of others so deeply. I know what it was like to receive her kindness and I know what it was like to be confronted by her sharp critique. She seemed bent on confronting the injustices of humanity by sitting with whatever lonely-wounded person was in front of her, and making them feel like they were the most important person in the world. To that one person in front of her, she seemed to offer all of her grace, energy, compassion, understanding, and presence without distraction. She had this thing with her eyes where she could completely pour out her soul to shelter and nourish the one she was looking at, as if her gaze could just love the hurt away. The well ran deep. She had a drive to understand, to grow, to learn, to explore, to experience. She was such an idealist, but she was never content to merely discuss these ideals in abstract. She had to take action. She had to live it. Her journey reflected this. To look at her journey from a distance, you might be tempted to think it was all winged movement, but that would belie the quiet peaceful center that Seabrooke could be, and it would also belie what a good finisher and loyal, long-term friend she was."

— Signed Mike, in Hong Kong, China

Whether she had a long-standing relationship or she was only afforded a short amount of time, many people gleaned from her – and likewise, she gleaned from others, in turn.

I believe that was how she experienced the joy in life – through relationships and sharing life experiences.

Seabrooke's legacy will be *what she brought to the table and shared with others...* and it's far more monumental than I think she ever realized it would be. She had a philosophy in life and she lived it. *She may have been soul searching, but it is ironic that others would find their answers through her journey.* And unbeknownst to her, that is her legacy.

She was a collector of friends, not that friends were items or trophies, but people collect what they treasure most – and what they find great value in.

As a side note, I'll say that I know Seabrooke was an amalgamation of so many life experiences... but as her mother it makes me proud that she embodied traits and behaviors that I imparted to her along the way.



Seabrooke – Maybe you're here... and maybe you already you know; but I need to tell you these things anyway...

You used to think I fussed over things too much, searching for perfection, but I think this time you understand what all the fuss is all about. I've now realized that all the perfection I ever needed *has already been accomplished in you, Seabrooke.* I will always treasure our mother-daughter relationship. But the truth is you were more than just my daughter. If you weren't my daughter, I'd still choose you as my friend.

My ritual has become to open the door in the evening before bed...  
Step outside and let the night air wash over me...  
Take notice of the rain you always loved so much...  
And this is when I know you're with me.  
Then I whisper good night as if you could hear me...  
And I feel your response in the wind.

Seabrooke, your presence will always be with me and Ronnie... with your dad... and the list is never ending. We will always cherish the time we had – and it was so worth the while.

I love you Pickle. Fly to your heart's content.