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an avid volunteer in neighborhood outreach.

Mr. Hanson was also a much-appreciated volunteer at the Speed Project, part of the AIDS Foundation, said Terry Morris, who heads the project. Another mourner said he was sensitive to how drugs affected people.

Another mourner told how Mr. Hanson had tried hard to find the owner of a stray black cat with white markings wandering on Turk street but had no luck. He took it in and called it Tuxedo. Someone in front held the cat during the memorial.

Coleman, who drank a lot of beer with Mr. Hanson, said that earlier this year Mr. Hanson went to the hospital

and returned in a wheelchair. A couple of times afterward Coleman saw him stand and then fall. Mr. Hanson wasn't looking very good and was in and out of Veterans Hospital with breathing problems, Jauregui said.

Coleman gave him his bicycle helmet. "He wore it every day, too, except the day he died."

Mr. Hanson had "moments" of sarcasm but he was "a beautiful person," said one woman. "He made sure people got what they needed," said another.

Because he had a "quirky" sense of humor, said Pat Murphy, they "clicked." He once described himself as "a red-neck against racism" and, on a form he filled out, "a hetero-flexible," adding, "I don't care who I hang out with."

Jauregui said Mr. Hanson was a

remarkably "diverse" person. When they first met, Mr. Hanson was so inspired by the art on Jauregui's office walls — some were Freda Kahlo posters — that he returned the next day with a present — a deck of playing cards from the Mexico City Modern Art Museum that featured images of Mexico's famous artists.

Rev. Jana Drakka, the Buddhist priest who officiates at memorials for THC residents, said that Mr. Hanson's family from Bellingham, Wash., had sent their sentiments. She read from his mother's: "After I read you 'Robinson and Crusoe,' you started reading everything ..."

"Now you are the captain of your ship and the master of your soul."

Mr. Hanson's older sister, Barbara,

whose comments lay on the table, wrote that as a child he seemed "filled with sunlight — our golden boy — and as he got older life's changes sometimes overwhelmed him, but the core of sweetness remained."

As the memorial began, Drakka invited mourners to light incense at the table as an offering for the deceased and to linger there in prayer or remembrance, a custom that favors anyone too shy to speak in a group. Two people accepted.

At the end, Jauregui gave the roses he bought, and the cards, to the mourners. And Coleman, who gave away Mr. Hanson's books to the Main Library and the hotel's library, gave Tuxedo a home. ■

— TOM CARTER



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