

Jason Woods's Post



Jason Woods is with Bob Shellenberger.

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My friend Bob Shellenberger has passed away.

That's him clutching the flower in his teeth.

Bob was a father, a grandfather, a son, and so many more familial roles I wasn't even aware of. He was a veteran, a husband, and friend to so many. He lived 89 years, and I do mean he LIVED them. I am sad he is gone, and fortunate to have known him.

Bob was an actor. He and I shared a moment of truth in a little play here where our eyes connected; his with tears being held back, and mine too, for my character would never do that. But he got me. We were THERE. In recent years, he made the 30 minute trek to join our acting class with his cane, always apologetic if he was 1 minute late, always grateful for the time and experience.

I visited him last week and as I approached him, I said, "When shall we three meet again?"

Tired, weary, and weak, he spoke in character:

"In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
That will be ere the set of sun.
Where the place? Upon the heath.
There to meet with Macbeth.
I come, Graymalkin.
Paddock calls. Anon.
Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air."

So, I hope we do meet again, Bob. You were something beyond a gift to me, something I don't have the words or heart to try to conjure.

I felt your love.

