



Bret Dodson photo

A long line of sports cars heads from Craig Anderson's memorial service to the cemetery.

know, always willing to help out whenever and however was needed, even when his health was waning. Many people got to see the joy of running one of his cars, and the smiles were always very large when they came back from a run.

"Craig will be very much missed (although not seeing him shirtless on course anymore might help some people's driving...) by me."

Carol and Mike Leuty: "We will always remember our friend, Craig. We loved his stories and his very funny and weird humor. He was always getting himself in trouble with someone with his colorful commentary while announcing at events, but it was always entertaining. I loved his kilt and his bagpipes. You will be missed, Superman."

GRETCHEN EVERETT: "Craig was one of the most kind-hearted, generous men I have ever met. He has had such an incredible affect on the spirit of our sport and I will never forget the look on his face the day he received the Spirit of the Council Award. It was so appropriate, and I was so proud of everyone involved

with doing what you did for him. I'm sure that was something he'll never forget.

"And as most of you are aware, I had the opportunity to meet him at a very young age. Craig used to get such a kick out of telling people that he had actually changed my diapers... I used to tease him and tell him I thought it was a little creepy, but we all knew Craig and his sense of humor. I think one of the things I will never forget is showing up to an event at the crack of dawn, before things really got rolling, and listening to Craig play his bagpipes as he wondered around his pit spot.

"Rest in peace, Craig. We love and miss you!"

BRET DODSON: "Craig and I shared the love of a well-told story. He and I always seemed to find each other at events and would enjoy the sort of effortless conversation that comes when both parties 'get it.' Sometimes we'd recount our heroic fixes or repairs made following the bungled, ham-fistedness of 'someone whose identity I'm not at liberty to share.' Mostly we'd just chat; be it about a humorous idea that

just might work, or a shared love of some unlovable car. Many times stories would be triggered, the sorts of stories where Craig's eyes would twinkle a little mischievously while he recounted some incredible and always funny tale.

"The story that comes to mind today is of Craig taking someone else's 12-cylinder Ferrari (365? Daytona coupe?) on a 'test drive' in Portland, late at night, at near top speed after seeing a rapidly shrinking police car entering the highway. A fortuitous crest of a hill followed by a brake-smoking exit of the freeway and entrance on the other side, saw a police car come whizzing past in the opposite direction while Craig motored along in the anonymity of nighttime headlights. The car was then immediately returned to its owner in fine shape with the Craig Anderson 'It runs OK' and no mention of the adventure, only the ticking of the glory as the Ferrari cooled down.

"Craig is a man I'm honored to have known and privileged to call a friend.

"I'm laughing and crying now."