

In memory of

Brian Trapp

SHELBI WESCOTT

Feature Editor

There is a quote that says, "Some people come into our lives and quickly go. Some people stay for awhile, leave footprints on our hearts and we are never, ever the same." Brian Trapp, a devoted son, brother and student at Clackamas, was the type of person who left his footprints on your heart.

"I feel honored to call him my friend," Kathie Woods, head volleyball coach and one of Brian's instructors, said. "He would go around and say hello to complete strangers. The privileged people are the ones who said 'hi' back."

Brian's Childhood

Born April 7, 1953, Brian was the third of four children to Darrell and Verna Trapp. Due to complications with labor, Brian suffered from a lack of oxygen to his brain and he was born with mild mental retardation.

From a young age, Brian's imagination would soar. He would spend hours playing outside on his family's acreage; his hand was his sword and the shadows were dangerous dragons breathing fire.

Vivid stories whirled around inside Brian's head and his creativity never ceased to amaze his family.

Diane Robinson, Brian's younger sister, recounted a time when her brother broke out into song on their bus on the way to school. "I was so embarrassed," she said, at his funeral on January 18.

Even though school proved to be a struggle for Brian, he pushed forward and worked hard to graduate from Rex Putnam High School.

In June of 1970, Brian's name was called as he approached the stage to receive his high school diploma, an exciting achievement

for Brian and his family.

Overcoming disabilities

"A doctor once told me that if Brian did one thing in a day, it was us doing 20 or 30 things in a day. He did so much, he worked three times harder than we do," Darlene Scott, Brian's older sister, said.

At the time of his death, Brian was working early in the morning deliver-

ing the Oregonian, then he would come to school for most of the day and then go home to continue with some of his other tasks.

He never let his

disability slow him down, he knew that he could accomplish anything he wanted to.

"He went for everything full force," Woods commented. "He wanted to get the most out of life that he could. He knew he had challenges, but that never slowed him down."

Brian worked various jobs during his lifetime. He drove a school bus for several years and he also worked as an umpire for little league games. Sometimes his family would come and watch the games that he officiated and they were always impressed by the way Brian handled himself against the rude, harassing parents.

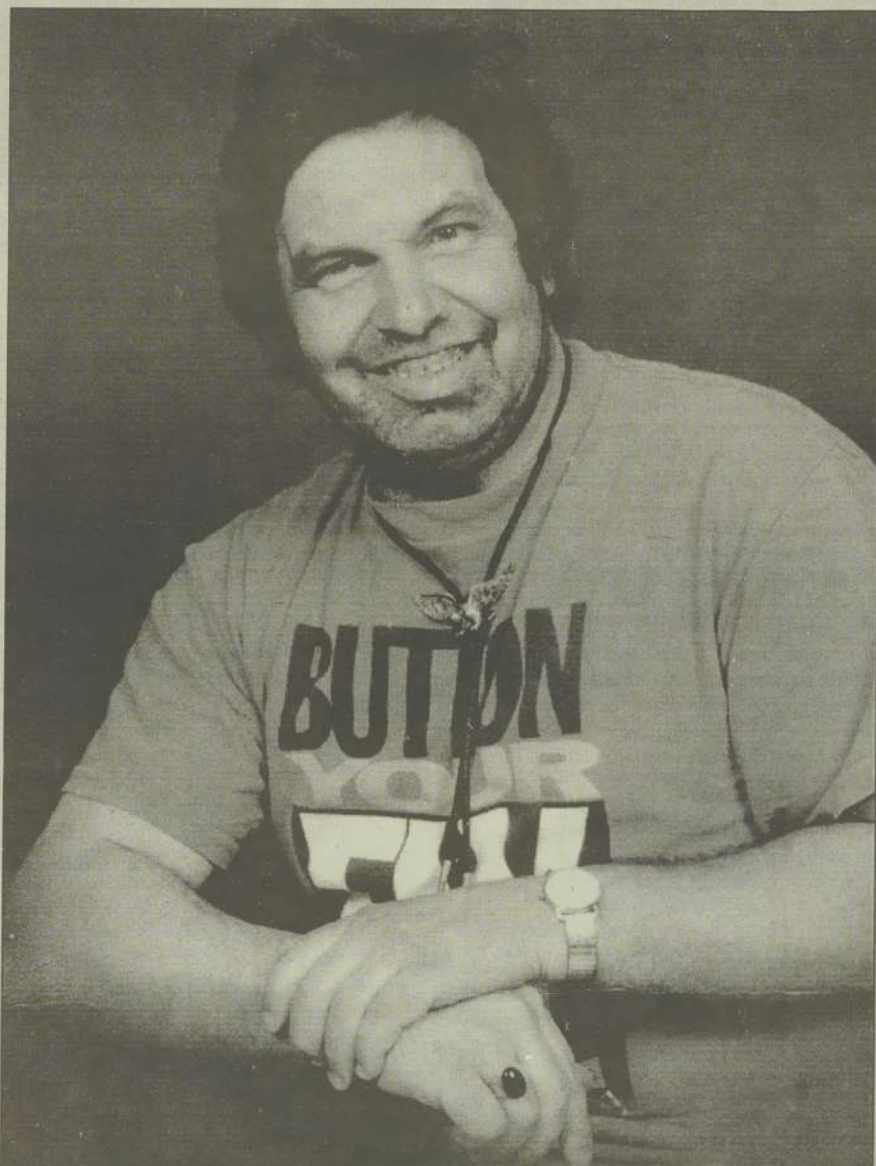
Woods recalled a time when she saw Brian crouching behind home plate all by himself, as she was driving by the college's baseball fields. She stopped the car and watched as he gave signs to the invisible players. "You're out!" He yelled, then "Strike one."

"Hey Brian? What are you doing?" Woods asked.

Brian turned around with a smile on his face and replied, "I'm practicing."

Life at Clackamas

Sports were a huge part of Brian's life. He loved to watch all the different athletic events of television, but mainly he loved to participate in anything ath-



letic.

The majority of classes he took at Clackamas were dedicated toward his love of sports. Brian wasn't working toward any degree, because he already had received an Associate degree from Mt. Hood Community College before attending Clackamas.

He came to Clackamas because he loved to learn and he loved to keep active.

Over his 13 years as a student at Clackamas, Brian took golf, swimming, badminton, bowling, tennis, weight training, and most recently, horseback riding. He also took a variety of academic courses including speech, psychology, many health and fitness classes and more.

Woods was Brian's swimming instructor and she remembered them joking and having a good time while he worked hard to keep up with the other swimmers in the class.

"One time," Woods said, "I made a joke and he started to laugh so hard that he began to choke and sputter. I said to him, 'Brian, don't laugh while

you're still in the water.' And he replied, 'Yeah, that would be a good idea.'"

Devoted friend, son and brother

At Brian's last hospital visit, he received a clean-bill of health. So, when Brian passed away on January 14, outside Randall Hall in the arms of his beloved teacher and friend Kathie Woods, his death was a shock to his friends and family.

"We were planning on going on a trip to the coast in April. He had never been to the

coast before," Scott said. "He had been on many trips before: a helicopter trip in Alaska, Hawaii and a dude ranch in Montana, but he never got to see the coast."

Woods says that Brian's presence will be greatly missed on campus. He was the type who always

had a smile on his face and he was genuinely interested in how people were doing.

"I keep seeing him in the halls," Woods said, as she looks out into the busy hallway outside her office. "It hasn't hit me that he's gone."

Everyone who knew Brian had something wonderful to say about him. His kindness, warm personality and desire to learn was evident in the way he interacted with his

instructors, students and complete strangers.

So, goodbye friend, goodbye Brian. In your short time on this earth you have left footprints on all the hearts of those lucky enough to know you.

You will be missed.

He went for everything full force.

He wanted to get the most out of life he could.

Kathie Woods
Instructor

He did so much, he worked three times harder than we do.

Darlene Scott
Sister



The Trapp family gathered together during a family picnic. [L-R] Older brother Jerry, Mom Verna, older sister Darlene, younger sister Diane and Brian with Tasha (the family dog).

Photos contributed by Verna Trapp