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Hi everyone.

Thank you for showing up in bright colors, the way Gramps Art would have liked—like a sunrise walking into the room.

I’m his grandchild, the one who lived closest.
The one who got the Saturday breakfasts and the toolbox lessons,
and the kind of wisdom you only learn over pancakes and a squeaky adjustable wrench.

Arthur James Bennett—born August 22, 1948—made it to 77 with a laugh that traveled faster than any bad mood.
Raised in Portland, he learned early that hands can make things better: a sandwich, a shelf, a day.
He served in the Army, came home, and built Bennett’s Corner Bakery from a dream and a used oven.
For 30 years he made mornings make sense—flour, heat, and love in every bag.
And when there was extra, it didn’t stay extra for long.
If a neighbor was having a hard week, there’d be a knock at the door and a warm loaf in a brown paper bag.
No note. Just the kind of kindness that doesn’t ask for a receipt.

He was a widower who never stopped saying Nancy’s name with a smile.
Father to Emily and Scott.
Grandfather to four who knew the safest place in a storm was under his laugh.
And “uncle” to half the block, because he refused to let a property line decide where family stops.

My favorite memory is our dawn ritual at the bakery.
He’d crank up Motown on the tiny radio—Always start with a good groove,

kid—and roll out cinnamon roll dough like it was a love letter to the whole city.
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Just before we opened, he'd tap my nose with flour and say, There. Official baker.
I wore that powder like a medal all day.

He was cheerful, resourceful, playful, and endlessly giving.
A master of the gentle prank—never mean, always followed by that look that said we're in this joke together.
He could fix a sticky door, a rattling bike chain, a bruised spirit.
He remembered your favorite treat and saved one in the back "by accident."
He sang in his Methodist church choir—off-key on purpose sometimes—because he believed love shows up best in everyday kindness.
And he showed up.
With a pan of rolls.
With a ride to an appointment.
With time.

When he wasn't baking, he was chasing city sunsets with a camera,
pinning race bibs for weekend 5Ks,
or tinkering with old radios until they hummed back to life.
He liked turning static into music.
People aren't so different.

We will miss his laugh that filled a room.
We'll miss the warm cinnamon rolls.
We'll miss the way he looked you in the eye and made you feel remembered.

Today is a Celebration of Life, and his instructions were clear:
Take a recipe card from his box—make a mess of flour and call it art.
If you're able, give to the community food pantry, because no one should go to bed hungry in a city he loved this much.
And keep wearing the bright colors, especially on ordinary days.
He'd say that's when the world needs them most.

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Gramps Art, you taught us that generosity is a daily habit,
that faith can be sung in harmony or whispered over dough,
and that family is anyone who leaves your front step smiling.

We’ll carry you forward in the way we show up for each other.
In the extra loaf we drop off, no note.
In the Motown we turn up too loud at dawn.
And, yes, in a little flour on a kid’s nose—official helpers, one and all.

Thank you, Gramps.
For the tools, the recipes, the laughter, and the courage to be kind.

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