

Stewart Washburn died in Massachusetts General Hospital on April 12, 2006.

Stewart would have turned 83 in June of 2006. For the past several years, he had been one of Bernard Baran's most faithful supporters and friends. Stewart visited Bee every Wednesday. Since Stew had given up his car about three years ago, that meant he had to take a taxi, at considerable expense, to and from the prison from his home in Middleboro.

The Washburns are a large and accomplished clan. Perhaps best-known are Cadwallader Washburn, founder of General Mills; his son, also named Cadwallader, the American artist; and Bradford, the photographer and explorer. But Stewart, in my estimation, was the equal of any of them

Stewart was perhaps more proud of being a descendant of Massasoit, the Wampanoag chief who befriended and aided the pilgrims.

As a young man, Stewart participated in the liberation of France and had wonderful stories from that period. Bee implored Stew to preserve some of these stories in letters, which thankfully he did.

Stewart was a successful management consultant, and remained active to the end. And he was also an active member of the Unitarian Church in Middleboro.

Stewart was a stubborn old Yankee, and at times he could be exasperating. But to know Stewart was to love him. He had a huge and generous heart.

Stewart's fondest wish was to live to see Bee walk free. He had set up a room in his house, so that Bee would have at least a temporary (and safe) place to stay on his release. Stew attended every court hearing. And he carried into every hearing an extra wristwatch, a \$100 phone card, and \$300 in cash. He hoped that by some miracle the judge would free him on the spot. And if that happened, he wanted Bee to have a watch, the ability to call anyone he wished, and a little cash in his pocket.

Stew had his share of health problems. But something about him seemed indestructible.

We realized that his most recent hospitalization was fairly serious. He was told that he had the choice of spending the rest of his days in a nursing home or taking a chance on an operation to repair a heart valve. Stew naturally opted for the operation. His family was optimistic about his recovery. So were we.

We were emotionally unprepared for the news of his death.

The last time we saw Stew in the hospital, he turned over to us the watch, the phone card, and the \$300. We hope that we will be able to give it to Bee in the very near future.

But I know Bee would so much rather have Stew there in person. Bee loved Stew. As did all of us who knew him.

– Bob Chatelle