



Alan Gardener

February 24, 1955 - January 27, 2021

Alan Gardener

1955 – 2021

Alan Forest Gardener, born Lawrence Lindley (Larry) Haworth, died on January 27 after he was struck by a car in Provo, Utah.

Alan is predeceased by his wife Patricia "Hattie" Haworth and his mother Helen Ellis. He will be missed by his father Larry Haworth; step-mother Alison Pedlar; sister Ruth Ellis Haworth; sister-in-law Shirley White; niece Denise Lynch; sister-in-law Lena Stevenson; and brother-in-law Myers R. Pope Jr; friend Connor Winters; and many other friends and family.

Alan was born in Lafayette, Indiana. His family emigrated to Canada when he was ten and he spent the rest of his childhood in Waterloo, Ontario. He attended school at MacGregor, Waterloo Collegiate, College du Lemay, Bluevale Collegiate, the University of Waterloo, and Wilfrid Laurier University. As an adult he lived in Toronto, Los Angeles, and Seattle, eventually settling in New Carrollton, Maryland, where he set up databases for minority-owned not-for-profits.

Alan was diagnosed as Bipolar. He struggled with mental illness for all of his adult life. Despite therapy and medication, his condition prevented him from graduating from university and caused him to leave many jobs. He was relentless in analyzing his condition, discovering ways to cope, and conferring with others who had similar problems. Eventually he was able to help many other people.

Everyone who knew Alan knew that he had an extraordinary mind. He wrote poetry, enjoyed mathematics as a hobby, sketched, and was an avid reader. He seemed always to be singing. He loved nature, as was reflected in the name he chose for himself, and most of all he adored his late wife Hattie.

Quite unexpectedly, the top blew off
-Archibald MacLeish, The End of the World

In lieu of flowers, please donate to the National Alliance on Mental Health (<https://nami.org/>) or the Canadian Mental Health Association (<https://CMHA.ca/>)

Comments



“ Larry was the first person to suggest to me that reality, as I perceived it, might not be anything like the perception of reality held by the person standing next to me. We were 12 years old. It took me years to realize just how deep that concept could go. I left K-W after grade 13, returning infrequently, but over the last decade I have sporadically searched to reconnect with Larry/Alan, and others, from our two years at MacGregor Senior Public. I am so deeply saddened to find him eulogised here, and very regretful to have missed the opportunity to reconnect with him and continue that conversation.

Sheila McBryde - April 28 at 05:19 PM



“ Thinking about Larry (Alan) tonight as I review my FB memories. He was so much fun to talk with when as a family we shared vacation time... family reunions or special events.. I especially remember talking with him at Kim and Neal's wedding. Larry had so many stories to tell and ideas about philosophy and religions. He was so smart. I am his cousin once removed... married to his cousin Nat. And so happy to remember him and miss him...!!!! Love to Ruth...!

Pat Ellis - June 09, 2021 at 12:22 AM



“ Larry was one of the few childhood friends I remember from Waterloo. Can't recall the exact dates/grades (perhaps MacGregor's gifted program, or later). Both precocious readers, we would walk and talk about books/ideas. His knowledge and interests were remarkable. I remember the lovely house and (I think) a swinging chair. I left Waterloo early, and as both my husband and I worked in academia I wondered what had become of him, given his intelligence and gifts. Did not know he'd changed his name. Sincere condolences to Ruth and remaining family.

Carol Wainio

Carol Wainio - March 29, 2021 at 11:14 AM



“ I knew Larry / Alan in a 12-step fellowship, where I was his sponsor for several years. He always struck me as a very intelligent, engaging, and creative guy, and I'm so sorry to learn of his passing. May his soul rest in peace. -Russell Ball

Russell Ball - March 08, 2021 at 07:40 PM



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Ruth Haworth - February 12, 2021 at 01:46 PM



“ I knew Larry before I knew Larry. He would ride by my house on Marshall street on his bicycle in full singing voice. Early 1970s The family home at the top of Marshall was a wonder to me. There was much for me to learn there. In the end it was Ruth who became a life long friend. Sending all my love to the family. Ruth and I met up with Larry on an amazing trip to Washington DC. Frederick Knittel.

Frederick Knittel - February 06, 2021 at 09:01 PM



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Ruth Haworth - February 04, 2021 at 06:52 AM



“ May our dear brother find his peace beside his loving wife Hattie. God Speed and keep on the path to The Principle. Randy & Kumiko

RJay Francis - February 03, 2021 at 12:33 PM



“ I went on a hike with Larry. In the Smokies you know. Where many of you hiked along with us. Larry was walking with me along the trail. We talked of Fractal Design and imaging, Chaos Theory and other things. I was surprised he was reading very similar books and periodicals I read too. God Bless Him cause he deserves some good times now. He deserves some good time...

Neal Ross - February 03, 2021 at 12:03 PM



“ I'm cousins with Larry (Alan) and Ruth. I looked up to both my cousins. My remembrance of Larry is that he was energetic, very kind and incredibly smart. I was very much in awe of him. The world has lost a big hearted soul. RIP Alan

Beth Walter - February 03, 2021 at 11:31 AM



“ Ruth Haworth is following this tribute.

Ruth Haworth - February 03, 2021 at 03:25 AM



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Ruth Haworth - February 03, 2021 at 01:06 AM



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Ruth Haworth - February 03, 2021 at 12:43 AM



“ I am first cousins with Larry (Alan) and Ruth. Growing up, I was very much in awe of my older cousins. I remember him as energetic, very kind and incredibly smart. The world has lost a good hearted soul, Rest In Peace, Alan.

Beth - February 02, 2021 at 10:25 PM



“ Here are more of Larry's poems.

Free Fall

When free fall stops I hurt. That's what happens
When you land belly first on bare rock.
It's not easy using my whole body as brakes,
But that's the price free fall demands.
There's no flight here, no style, no finely controlled
Flip of a wing; just hard descent,
And a sudden, painful stop.

Do you get the metaphor? Yes, I'm an addict,
But that word is too short, convenient, and familiar
To let you taste the broken dignity; wasted years;
Deadened soul; the life ripped out of me piecemeal.
I had only so much innocence to lose;
I didn't want to spend it all in one place;
So I parceled my heart out like a miser, a handful at a time.

I joined an army, disguised as a family;
Wore chains borrowed from their death camp savior,
And tried to climb their cliff of selfless virtue.
That climb was not mine; desire called me down.
I slipped their chains, succumbed to the forbidden deep,
And found terrible joy in the plunge.
It was then I formed the taste for free fall.

At first I ran to the edge and threw myself like a diver,
Back arched, arms stretched wide, relishing the rush
In my ears, my wind burnt face, laughing as I dove.
The landings grew hard. Still I staggered to the cliff and simply fell.
Finally I could only crawl to the lip and roll over. Unable to stop,
Feeling the slavery, I cursed myself for years.
Gravity taught me freedom needs restraint.

Now, I find no freedom without chains: mine are what I need;
Borrowed from no one; forged by my own hand; worn willingly.
And although I see my nation and world lost in free fall,
A heady, expensive abandon I know too well,
I urge my bonds on no one; I don't know what's right for you.
Nonetheless, this is my life: I am wary of theology, messiahs,
And heights; and I know that no fall is free.

Free Fall II

For John

Free fall stops. Wary, I ask, "Is there more?"
Since, too often, the floor gives way just then,
And Alice-like, I tumble, though I swore,
"That's it, I'm done. I won't do that again,"
And pledged sincerely, like each time before.
Divided 'gainst myself, and in disgust,
Betrayed by self, I earn my own distrust.

I hoped brute pain would make the beast relent;
Birth sense into me, bend me to be sane.
I thought that that's what "hitting bottom" meant,
But treacherous memory gamed me yet again.
Just God or death must end my mad descent:
Each stair lures me lower to suffer more,
And every bottom's just the next trap door.

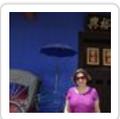
Ruth Haworth - February 02, 2021 at 07:28 PM



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Beth Tudan - February 02, 2021 at 06:18 PM



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Beth Tudan - February 02, 2021 at 06:17 PM



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Beth Tudan - February 02, 2021 at 06:16 PM



“ Alan had a profound effect on me and my recovery. I will be forever grateful for the care, interest, and help he provided the lost wanderer I was. I don't wander anymore. I know where I am going. Alan started me on that journey and I can never be sufficiently grateful. Thank you, my friend.

Scott H - February 02, 2021 at 01:07 PM



“ Rest In Peace my friend.

Jane Davis - February 02, 2021 at 06:50 AM



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Ruth Haworth - February 02, 2021 at 02:07 AM



“ Here are some of Larry's poems.

A Meeting

Night. Greasy rainbows
swim in alley pools. Fragile glories
reveal themselves like a priceless heart
hidden in costume jewels.
At the feet of gray tin garbage cans
the cabbage leaf and fish head
hold their tête-à-tête. I am coming.
Silent as the city,
trotting on tiny feet.
Soul of the city;
It's epigram;
Nonchalant
and selfish.

Moving towards you, I
who passed all else by.
The rain upon the pavement
is like a black rubber rain slicker.
The alley's red brick face
is a face of authority,
a cop.
When you pass this way by daylight
it will all be addresses,
acts and facts;
the bricks are made of bricky mud,
the cop waits for his bus.
Is this all that it is-
that we keep different hours
or different hours keep us?

Dawn. The sky creaks open.
Swim up from your dreams,
I am coming.
Soon you will proffer, and I accept
the chipped blue bowl of cream.
You kneel down in pink terrycloth;
I look up and purr.
My pink tongue rasps your thumb,
I fill your palm with fur.

For Hattie
(In Memoriam, Patricia Haworth)

Your lap gave me the peace prayer ne'er provided,
So, in that safest vale a tree sprang forth,
Which grew, both branch and root, as true love guided,
And nestles wings that sing me my true worth.

From your dark eyes I drank the deep, bright nectar,
That strengthens still, although the cup is dead,
And fastens down my roots in love's rich hectare,
That I may flower and fruit now summer's fled.

There is no gratitude to match the giving,
No fair return for all I still receive,
Except to pass it on to those still living,
That they, like me, may celebrate and grieve.

Ruth Haworth - February 01, 2021 at 10:44 PM



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Ruth Haworth - February 01, 2021 at 09:43 PM



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Premier Funeral Services - February 01, 2021 at 08:43 PM