**FUNDRAISING SPEECH**

**FOR**

**JONATHAN SANDS**

Hi everyone... you may be wondering why I’ve invited all of you here tonight... trust me... looking out at this crowd, i wondered the same myself... (**Wait for the laugh**). I only say that because you are, for the most part, **my** **crowd**... the ones I turn to in good times and bad... to celebrate... to “marinate...” and sometimes to “hibernate...”. We’ve spent lots of quality time together “enjoying the view,” and tonight I have something special to share with you. While life throws each one of us curve balls, and while we may think our own life experiences are not necessarily the stuff of epic novels, I have a story to tell and a person and cause to honor and address, and because of that, I am announcing the forming of a foundation dedicated to the memory of my later mother, Dona Harding Sands Buss Babcock (**Please revise to name all of her names correctly**)... sorry, there was no “Hilton, Wilding, Fisher, Burton, Burton, Warner or Fortensky” in that name, but my mother lived a full, **wild** life ... til the end... and **THAT’s** the part we **begin** to honor tonight.

The Sands Foundation. What is it? Well, in the simplest of terms, it’s a charitable entity formed to raise funds to support research and treatment so no one else has to endure what my mother went through (**If you want to make a little joke you can say**).... no... not the LA traffic... not what it might have been like to navigate life in a “post hippie” world... but something much deeper... more insidious... and hopefully, through generosity and determination, something that might someday be referred to with a “post” in front of the word...The Sands Foundation has been set up to support the fight to get us to a “post cancer” world.

My mother’s life ended in a ravaged state. Unbeknownst to me, she had been diagnosed with cancer.... **FOUR** years prior...unbeknownst to me, by the time she was diagnosed, it had already spread to her lymph nodes and had metastasized. She was in great pain... her body was being attacked by an inveterate killer and weakened by an onslaught of drugs that were fighting to save her.... and through it all, she had one goal...she kept her “eye on the prize...” that was to see me graduate from USC...I was to be her first and only family member to have achieved that and it meant the world for her to witness me in that dumb outfit... I mean that cap and gown (**Wait for the laugh**).... maybe she was proud... maybe she wanted proof that I would show up.... for those of you that might appreciate “fringe” humor... we were quite a sight that day... I was on crutches and she was in a wheelchair... her bones were so fragile and brittle from the cancer and subsequent treatments that she broke her leg... but we toughed it out like the troopers we were and got through... **TOGETHER**. I moved to Manhattan Beach in July.... she was gone by August....

This was a long time ago... a generation has passed and to most, the life and times and story of my mother fades... and while few remember her, **I DO**. And while I may have thought I had a fairly ordinary upbringing, the legacy left me by Dona Harding Sands Buss Babcock stays with me and compels me to act on her behalf.... like the good, caring, inspired and motivated son that I am... or at least hope to be. Tonight is just the beginning... as we develop and raise funds and determine how best to manage those funds... for good... we’ll also learn more about the woman... the myth... there’s **LOTS** of that... and the impact she has left on me and ultimately, on this world. So let me give a little “fill in...”

My mother was a hippie.... she may have started life in rural Iowa, but she knew at an early age that the road was her salvation... and to quote her contemporaries, (**Do you want to mention**) Simon and Garfunkel, she “walked off to look for America.” Well... not actually walked... but she hopped a Greyhound bus and wound up in San Francisco... yes... **THAT** San Francisco... she found the Haight... or should I say, the Haight found her.... and nothing would ever be the same. She lived for the “freedom” and “self expression” typified by those times and somewhere along the way, she met my father and had me... those details are fuzzy... along with the rest of the details formed back then... if you get my drift... but here I am and here we are, and I promise you.... my early years were colored by experiences that few imagine and **less** remember....

I became a “wing man” at an early age... we hit the road and didn’t look back... me and **HER**... in the camper... visiting all **FIFTY STATES**... living large... soaking up experience... experimenting.. daring... wearing out the AAA Trip-Ticks as no one ever would have imagined. My mother worked... she did what she could to keep a foot... or at least a toe in the earth... and helped my father to establish his real estate business...they weren’t together for very long, but she continued to work... she was methodical, detailed, determined to do her best in order to be able to take off and see and really **LIVE** life... she was happy to work in a school so that she... and I... had summers off to travel... and we did... the soundtrack of our “on the road” days was what you would expect... Eagles... Zeppelin... let the picture start to form of who she was and the life she lived....

Tonight we celebrate some kind of birth... with good friends... delicious hors d’oeuvres, plenty of cocktails, a classical pianist... and a spectacular view... not a bad way to initiate a life in order to celebrate another... and as we develop and grow this simple yet meaningful start up, we’ll get to know more about Dona Harding Sands Buss Babcock and the life she lived and the care, activism, and outreach she has inspired. ... and while I would **LOVE** to take your money... we take cash, credit cards, PayPal, Venmo... you name it... I mean receive your support (**Wait for the laugh**), tonight is about a **beginning**... it’s about discovering my mother and her story and learning about the foundation... and literally... it’s about starting a process... for your consideration and thought... we’ve all been blessed beyond compare and we all know the merits of doing **GOOD**... to honor those you know who have had similar suffering... and that’s **WAY** too many... and for all that we’ll fight to protect and prevent... and it’s about learning about my mother and sharing her story to **inspire**. Dona was a **TRIP**... **REALLY**... and I thank all of you for coming on this journey with me... thank you all.