

**ADAM ANDERSON**  
**'He changed my life'**

Twenty people waited patiently at the Baldwin Hotel for the start of the March 4 memorial to their friend and fellow resident Adam Anderson. The delay, Quest4Life lay priest Mira Ingram told The Extra, was because Mr. Anderson's fiancée, Gretchen, had not yet arrived.

The Baldwin, at 74 Sixth St. next to the SFPD's hub, is on the still-scruffy stretch of Sixth, half a block from the mid-Market Street gentrification. Mr. Anderson, a Baldwin resident for two years, died Feb. 9 at age 43.

On a table at the front of the community room was a photo of Mr. Anderson and Gretchen alongside a spring bouquet of white hydrangeas, bluebells, roses and calla lilies. A poster nearby held handwritten messages to Mr. Anderson: "Be an angel and watch over us at the Baldwin," "RIP, my brother from another mother!" and more.

Gretchen, who didn't want to give her last name, arrived toting bags of food with Codei, the couple's Rottweiler, on a leash. Pale and tearful, she gasped at the large group turned out for the sendoff, then breathlessly poured out her thoughts.

"He would have hated this," she said, "but this is for us. He was an amazing man. We knew each other for two years and spent six incredible months together. We had a home to go to. We met when he was helping me for three days — I was trying to get to Hawaii.

"So many people have come up to me because he was well-respected. He did his job and did it well. Adam didn't believe in heaven — he believed when you died you went to sleep.

"I can just say, hold on to whatever comes to you. Don't pass it up. We all have something to give to someone. He had my back and I had his. He changed my life. This place, the Baldwin, sucks, but if I could find him in the Baldwin,



COURTESY BALDWIN HOTEL

**Adam Anderson and Gretchen.**

anyone can find someone."

When Gretchen went to the kitchen to arrange the food she'd brought — Mr. Anderson's favorites, she said, including split pea soup and fried rice with pineapple from nearby Tu Lan Vietnamese restaurant — Robert Kinyon got up to speak.

"I met Adam when we both moved here two years ago," Kinyon said. "It was stressful and we wound up watching a movie and eating something awful, some shit on a shingle." They did many things together: "We loved to burn cockroaches together," he laughed.

On one of their last visits, they watched the movie "Act of Valor," which ends with a poem by Native American Shawnee Chief Tecumseh. Kinyon read the poem to the mourners. It says, in part: "Live your life that the fear of death can never enter your heart. ... Prepare a noble death song for the day when you go over the great divide. ... Show re-

spect to all people and grovel to none. ... Abuse no one and no thing, for abuse turns the wise ones to fools and robs the spirit of its vision. ... Sing your death song, and die like a hero going home."

Yvonne King, who holds Bible study sessions at the Baldwin, read from Matthew 13:45, then passed out cubes of bread and small paper cups of grape juice. That prompted Gretchen to tell the group that Mr. Anderson "was an atheist until his last few months."

In his prime, she said, he traveled all over, "to Thailand and lots of places. He boxed. He was open to everyone but, like all of us, he had sad stories. He loved Steely Dan. He lived in Modesto and he loved the rain. He was a foodie — please eat."

As the mourners did just that, Gretchen told The Extra that Mr. Anderson was born in Oakdale, lived in Humboldt County and moved to the Tenderloin from Amsterdam 10 years ago. Asked if he had worked, she hesitated.

Kinyon helped out: "He was an entrepreneur, well-known at lots of medical marijuana clubs when they first started."

Ingram, who had been scheduled to officiate at this memorial, sat at the side of the room throughout, ceding that role to those who knew Mr. Anderson best.

— Marjorie Beggs

**ZSA ZSA ROUNDTREE**  
**Colorful character**

It's a rare occurrence when one person bears two movie stars' names, but Zsa Zsa Roundtree filled the bill.

Ms. Roundtree had been homeless — one of the city's more than 6,500 — for 10 years until she accepted Tenderloin Housing Clinic's offer last year, landing first at the Pierre Hotel, then, since October, at the Vincent Hotel, a rugged SRO on one of Turk Street's harsher blocks.

Ms. Roundtree was 50 when she died Feb. 26.

At a memorial for Ms. Roundtree March 8 at the Vincent, a small group gathered. Robert, a Housing Clinic custodian, swept the floor and wiped down tables in the common area, where typed schedules of Warriors and Giants games were taped on the wall. The TV was off, THC staffers arranged chairs and sat alongside Ms. Roundtree's neighbor, Donna Silifaive, as lay priest Michael Mallory solicited memories, reminding the group: "The great mysteries of life are revealed to us in death."

Jeffrey Kiefer, case manager at the Pierre, where THC manages 87 SRO units, described Ms. Roundtree as "one of the most colorful characters I have ever met." It shocked Kiefer when he learned how long Ms. Roundtree, who had grown up in the city, had been without shelter. "I'm honored to have known her," he said.

Another staffer described her as "vibrant." She added, "I thought it bothered her that she couldn't look as good as she wanted." Another recalled Ms. Roundtree's penchant for bold styling: "I loved her eye shadow — vivid color blocks of blue and green, even red and yellow sometimes — and she wore flowers in her hair. She'd come from her room and ask, 'How do I look?' She kept little bird figurines on her window sill, all covered with sparkles."

Ms. Roundtree did not live in the past, nor did she share her history. Someone asked, "Was she an actress, maybe an entertainer?" No one knew.

Silifaive, a retired Tides Foundation records manager, mentioned Ms. Roundtree's sweet and open nature. "She always spoke to me. She'd invite me into her room for coffee or tea. Once, she showed me a cabinet full of her large makeup collection. She was very proud of it. You know, I think she wanted friends, someone she could



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