



Travis Lamar Chellman

June 28, 1970 - August 29, 2017

Travis L. Chellman, age 47, died Tuesday, August 29, 2017 at his Corvallis residence. Please share your thoughts and memories for the family at www.demossdurdan.com

Tribute Wall



“ I became friends with Travis when we were both living in Wellington in the early 2000s. I initially lived on the same street as him and was introduced to him by mutual friends.

He was such an interesting man, always open to new experiences and knowledge. He'd travelled extensively and had a real love of study. He always had a book on the go and was interested in a wide range of subjects, ranging from organic farming to psychology and spirituality. Conversations with him were never dull, and he had a sharp wit which I greatly appreciated.

We became good friends and saw each other frequently. When I moved away from Wellington in 2003 we kept in close touch, usually by email although I do remember a few phone calls across the Pacific. We remained in contact for a number of years afterwards although, as so often happens, our correspondence decreased as time went on.

The last I heard from him was in 2014. He was planning to buy a trailer (or perhaps a yurt) to live in. That was such a Travis thing to do!

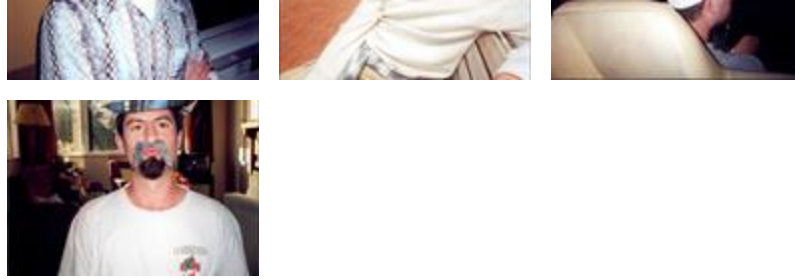
I only just found out about him dying a couple of weeks ago. For some reason, he popped into my head and so I Googled his name and found this obituary.

I was shocked to hear of his passing. However, from our many conversations in the past, I knew that he sometimes found life difficult and his existence a burden.

Rest in peace Travis, my dear friend. I fondly remember the time we spent together.

Chris Coles x





Chris Coles - October 07, 2022 at 11:28 PM

RH

“ *A mutual friend just told me this dreadful news. Travis and I were friends when he lived in Wellington, New Zealand. We shared lots of interests, and I was extremely fond of him. After he moved back to the US, we kept in touch very intermittently, but still with a real connection I think. I can't believe he was dead so long without me or his other friends here knowing about it. Love, Rod*

Rod Hitchmough - September 23, 2022 at 09:30 PM

CH

“ I was looking for my old friend Travis and ended up here. I'm crying. I first met Travis when he hit me over the head with a frying pan on the porch of our hostel in Melbourne. That was his way of introducing himself to me. I fell madly in love with him, but that was never really to be. We stayed friends and later, back home, we wrote crazy long letters and rang up huge phone bills. I saw him again in 95 when I visited him in San Francisco. Through his stories I know a few of the names I'm seeing here. I know how dear you were to him and I share your grief. He'll be in my heart forever.

Sorry I was ever mad at you, Travis, I was going through my own shit which took me way too long to resolve. But I'll always remember you were there for me that night when I needed a friend more than ever.

from Amsterdam with love,

Chris - September 08, 2022 at 04:57 AM

EV

“ I've just found this today. I didn't keep in touch with Travis, after we broke up, too painful. But every few years, I'd look up on google to see what ever trace I could find out about him. Memories of him and the Schnook, chasing after each other down the hall of 590 Castro are what I hold most dear. And the time that the Schnook disappeared cuz Muni scared her while he was walking her from his place to mine on the train tracks on Church street, so horrible. We grieved for weeks, Travis was a lump on my bed, inconsolable. One day, he decided to do one last look for her, and he came back, with her in his arms. She was skinny, and dirty, and shaking, her eyes were wild and she was talking much more and faster than usual. She'd been hiding in a hole in the cement wall. Such an amazing experience. I'm sending you all a big hug, Evan





Evan - May 31, 2021 at 10:50 PM

BE

“ I cannot believe that this is where I have found information about dearest Travis. I met Travis at Sravasti Abbey during a 10 day retreat. It was a silent one, however when cleaning the Gompa we had a lovely conversation and got to

Exchange addresses. I loved receiving Travis' long and well written essays. I am a Sydney girl and as Travis had lived in Melbourne this was also a common denominator. I'm sure dearest Travis is in a place where he can practice his Bohdisattva nature and he joyful and happy.

My deepest condolences to you his family and friends.

I will remember Travis as a warm, gentle, loving, generous and loving being able who deserves the Blessings of all the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas.    

Belinda - February 28, 2020 at 08:34 AM

DH

“ One of my favorite people on the planet. I just found this information about Travis. Anything anyone can share with me about him would be so valuable to me and our close friends. Feels really bad that I just found this out. Love to all his friends and family.

Daniel

Daniel Huber - February 07, 2019 at 07:08 PM

LA

“ 11 files added to the album Mt. Whitney/Death Valley Road Trip early 90's



Lamar - September 14, 2017 at 04:56 PM

BO

“ Travis was a joy to work with at the Co-op. He was so smart and kind. Almost every time we talked he made a reference I didn't know, and I prided myself on my education, but I could ask him what he meant and it was no big deal. He was also articulate and sensitive. Although I remember one time seeing him at the dentist and I said I hadn't been to the dentist in years and he said "so do you believe doctors? in western medicine?" Maybe we were close enough for him to be a little a crass. He was such a good listener to customers that came into the Co-op. You could see his eyes light up when he talked to people, and you could tell they felt heard. Travis paid attention to little things, things that made people happy, even though they were afraid to express it.

I am going to really miss Travis. He didn't get the ideal life, to put it one way, but he did what he could with it. Rest in peace friend.

bo - September 14, 2017 at 12:51 AM

AN

“ A great person he is!

[http://www.corvallisenvironmentalcenter.org/10194-2/volunteer-oppo
rtunities/hall-of-fame/travis-chellman/](http://www.corvallisenvironmentalcenter.org/10194-2/volunteer-oppo
rtunities/hall-of-fame/travis-chellman/)

Angela - September 14, 2017 at 12:32 AM

NA

“ I met Travis through Julie while in college. She brought him along on an epic camping trip with a disparate group of friends. He had this infectious laugh, a sly wit, and I was sure he was Australian. I immediately loved him. Through the years, we fell in and out of contact. After one lengthy period of time, we reconnected and discovered that we each separately got white spiral tattoos on our wrists. It struck me as a cosmic connection. I wish his soul peace and look forward to meeting again in the cosmos.

Neveen Acero - September 12, 2017 at 11:36 PM

AK

“ I met Travis thru Julie. He was a funny, caring, nutty, thoughtful, and smart man. Hadn't heard from him since last year. I hope that he's in a fun place with no sickness and stress. ❤️

anna kingsley - September 12, 2017 at 10:27 PM

BD

“ We were 3 year olds, just two houses away. My mother babysat Travis, and we became best friends. We played Lego's until one of us had to get home. Travis and I were monkeys in that we were masters of the school play-bars, and would climb every tree that our parents had. I grew up with Travy until his mother and stepfather moved them over the hill to Scotts Valley CA. just after elementary school. We then became distanced friends, but I would stay-over any chance I could.

In our adulthood we didn't speak often, but we would almost every year.

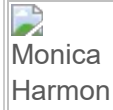
These last two years, Travis needed to be in Portland for a job, so I offered him my couch any time he needed it. Gave him a key, and showed him the towels and shower.

We smoked the weed that I grew(gave him plenty) and "shot the shit." I had no idea of his health state, as he didn't go into that.

Travis was a lovely man, that was my first best friend.

Sad, but understood.

Brian Day - September 12, 2017 at 01:24 AM



Monica
Harmon

Ah! So it was your house that I always picked Travis up from and dropped him off at!! I am the person he worked for in Portland!

Through the year of working together (many times 12+ hours a day) I got to know Travis quite well. He was one of the most amazing people I have ever had in my life! I tried to tell him that all the time but anyone who knew Travis would know how humble he was. The stories he told me about his life were jaw dropping and truly inspiring. It was an honor to work alongside him and get to know him. I would come home from our cuff conversions (that's what we did, we converted blood pressure cuffs in hospitals) and tell my family the stories of Travis' life. I need to remember them and post them here! Travis was a private and quiet individual but over time, Dave and I (the other person we worked with on these huge projects) would get him talking about his life and his experiences.

One funny story...when we were doing a particularly grueling and large hospital, we ran into a surly nurse. She gave us all a hard time and basically made our job much harder than it was but she was particularly rude to Travis. However, the whole time, Travis never ONCE lost his temper and was polite and kind to her...that's just who he was. But when we got on the elevator to leave the department, out of character, he spoke up louder than normal and nicely but loudly yelled out "See you next Tuesday!" right as the elevator doors were closing. I looked at him aghast and said "Why did you tell her that? We aren't coming back next Tuesday, we are all done here." Well, about that time, I look over at Dave who is absolutely doubled over, roaring in laughter and Travis was just grinning. I had NO CLUE what "See you next Tuesday" meant, but I sure do now. Travis would do stuff like that all the time! He wouldn't say much while we were working but when he did, he often had me and Dave stopped dead in our tracks with either our mouths hanging open or hysterically laughing. That was the Travis I got to know and come to love.

Monica Harmon - June 14, 2020 at 02:47 AM

Ha! I just Googled "See you next Tuesday." That is Travis. Not in your face, but when you get home on your computer.

Did he invent that term? I vote yes.

I remembering him always grumbling insults at a low volume.

If Travis was your friend, he was your friend. I couldn't imagine being his enemy. Well. he would see me next Tuesday, I imagine.

Brian Day - June 14, 2021 at 10:47 PM

MS

“ I remember the first time I saw Travis. He was sitting on the sill of the open kitchen window of 590 Castro talking on the phone. It was precarious, the way he was perched there three giant stories up, between the kitchen and the street that was very far down. My mom and I were searching for a new roommate situation for me that day. I met Travis and a new chapter in my life began. That was 1991, 1992?

Travis was my best friend even after I didn't know how to talk to him anymore.

We used to joke and say, "Travis! You are LOVED" and I'd grab him and hug him in an exaggerated way. One of the last conversations we had before he disappeared was him trying to get me to explain why he was my friend and why I loved him. I did my best but nothing I said could convince him. How do you do that? Is it the memories of every hike or road trip or meal or holiday or average day that you spent in your friend's company for 18 years? Every Thanksgiving either in San Francisco or LA that we spent cooking together? The time my AC wasn't working and it was 100 degrees in LA and we bought a baby pool and spent the weekend in my back yard just hanging out and talking about everything in the world? That time when him and me and another friend laughed so hard that we all fell down and rolled around laughing and couldn't stand up? I have so many memories of Travis and his kindness toward me. He brought me a candle to cheer me up on several occasions. I wanted a CD that I couldn't afford and he bought it as a surprise and gave it to me. He bought me a huge loofa once. Hilarity ensued. He would come to LA and stay with me. We could have long conversations that had meaning. When he would visit he would occasionally work for the people that I was working for. We shared divergent groups of friends. I spoke to him on the phone every week for years when we didn't live close to one another and I made trips to see him after I moved back to PA. There were days when me and Travis would sit with my huge dictionary and choose obscure words at random and talk about them. I have journals full of drawings of him. There was

that time I was in pain from coughing so much and he massaged a muscle on my back until the pain resolved. He was an excellent massage therapist and so brilliant at everything he did. He was a strong spirit who traveled the world with fierceness. He was a great friend to me.

Travis, you are loved. I'll always love you and I hope you can feel that love as a part of everything now and that you're finally home.

Michelle Sabol - September 11, 2017 at 01:35 PM

AN

“ *I knew Travis through my friends, Lori and Nancy. He had such an inquisitive, curious mind and was highly intelligent. I only saw him a handful of times throughout life, but he touched my heart and always made me laugh. He will be missed! I know he struggled at times so now I hope he is at peace. Here are a few photos from a 2009 visit in Pennngrove.*



Angela - September 10, 2017 at 08:23 PM

Nancy
Dillon-
Shore

“ *Oh Travers. You made me mad, you made me laugh. You were my gay husband. So unique, so smart, so dark. I did not know the depth of your suffering. I hope that you are finally at peace. You were always a bastard but I loved you anyway. I am better for knowing you.*

Nancy Dillon-Shore - September 09, 2017 at 10:08 PM

DH

Thanks for the truthful thoughts about our beautiful boy. Be good Nancy.

Daniel Huber - February 07, 2019 at 07:51 PM

 Lori Backer

“ *The world will be a little less super fantastic without Travis. He was so very funny, sensitive, adventurous, smart, easy to talk to, talented and a good card player. I admired his ability to live simply, without a need for material things. He touched my and will always have a special place in my heart.*

Lori Backer - September 09, 2017 at 02:17 AM

AD

I felt a kindred spirit in Travis, with his blacker-than-black sense of humor, sharp cynicism but somehow simultaneously recognizing the inherent emptiness and lightness of being. One of the funniest and most intelligent people I've ever known. I'm so sorry the weight became too much, not worth carrying. Hoping you are cuddling up with Schnookie somewhere in the South Pacific. xo

Angie Dillon-Shore - September 09, 2017 at 12:36 PM

 Julie Mount

“ *So smart, so fun, so insightful. I loved knowing him. We were both 16 when we met, I was always awed by his adventures: the Appalachian trail, school in Indonesia, botany in New Zealand. His internal adventures too: Buddhism, and books galore. His love of botany and plants and bikes and his wonder and delight for science stoked the same in me. I'm a little more "me" for knowing Travis. Travis, I wish you rest and an end to suffering.*
Julie Mount

Julie Mount - September 07, 2017 at 12:47 PM

IE

“ *Travis and I were very close friends, pretty much joined at the hip whilst he was in Wellington NZ. We had many uni classes together but much more than that we spent most of our time together outside of class as well. Travis had the most glorious smile and a ready laugh and kind word about everybody - along with a healthy dose of wry observations about people. He was very loved in this part of the world, and my parents thought very highly of him too. Hell be snuggled up with his beautiful black and white cat Miss Thing right now. Love you always T, forever in my heart and thoughts. Your buddy forever, Iona Eadie, New Zealand.*

iona eadie - September 03, 2017 at 05:51 AM