



# RiseZine

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What's in a Name?

It's Beau, not Bob, Bobo, Robert or Judge!

What's in a Name? **YOU...ME** Who **WE** are, where **WE** came from Who **WE** aspire to be. That is what's in a name. Ever have your name misspelled, mispronounced, or merely forgotten? Then you know how important a name is.

When I was born in Detroit last century, I had a neighbor who felt that my given name - Robert - wasn't sufficiently descriptive of my position in the family. You see, I am the sixth born child of Clarence and Florence Patterson, "the baby brother". My neighbor was from the south **WHERE** baby brothers were called "Bobo". Well, you can imagine, with one older brother and four sisters, I was going to be tagged with that nickname for life.

My mother had asthma so we moved to Denver, Colorado for the "good air" when I was two years old. Bobo moved with us. Through Whittier elementary school, I was identified on the playground as Bobo. **BUT** when I was late coming home from the baseball field and my mother called out my name, it was "**Robert**"! That was serious!

I guess that's why I started referring to myself as Robert when I arrived at Cole Junior High School. That lasted about two hours, when my friends referred to me by the now shortened version, Bo. It must have been an easy name to remember, because everyone seemed to know Bo.

That name followed me to Manual High School. I was cut from the basketball team, but Bo fit my new passion, the theatre. (Can you imagine, 'to be or not to be', Bo?) Our drama teacher taught the Stanislavski method of acting. What better way to get into character than to have another identity like Bo? Our senior play was, YOU GUESSED IT... Harvey. (No, I didn't play Elwood P. Dowd, the the imaginary rabbit.)

I carried that passion for theatre to Colorado State University, which had a language requirement in the 60's. I chose French. And when I turned the page to find my name, Voila! I found it. **B-E-A-U**. DEFINITION Handsome, well-dressed male escort. No more Big Head; NOR MORE BOBO; I'm B-E-A-U! I

enjoyed being Beau while pursuing my law degree at the University of Colorado. Beau was fitting for a trial lawyer with the Colorado Public Defender's Office and the Colorado Attorney General's Office.

Then I took the oath of office as a Denver County Court Judge in 1985, and lo and behold, I no longer heard the name Beau. In the courthouse corridors **I LOST MY NAME. I'M A TITLE – I'M "JUDGE", AND THAT'S NOT PERSONAL.**

The TITLE doesn't tell that I have three grown **SONS**, and three grandchildren.

The TITLE doesn't identify my renewed interest in French; I spent ten days in France in 2000. The people in the courthouse corridors don't know about my interest in the theatre; and that I spent summer of my 20th year in New York trying to get an acting job.

They don't know that I coached youth soccer for 13 seasons while my son played.

They don't know about my beautiful wife, Joyce, or how she plans gourmet meals for her BEAU when he doesn't eat red meat and is allergic to shellfish.

JUDGE is a title, not a person. It doesn't describe my passion for golf or my love of travel. I'm not that limited. I'm not a title...I'm a person.

Now that I have retired from the bench and moved to the South, I become Beau, the person, again. Through my motivational speaking company, Please Rise, I will take my experiences from the 20 years I spent on the bench to help people transform their lives.

What's in a name? It's WHO I AM. I'M **BEAU**