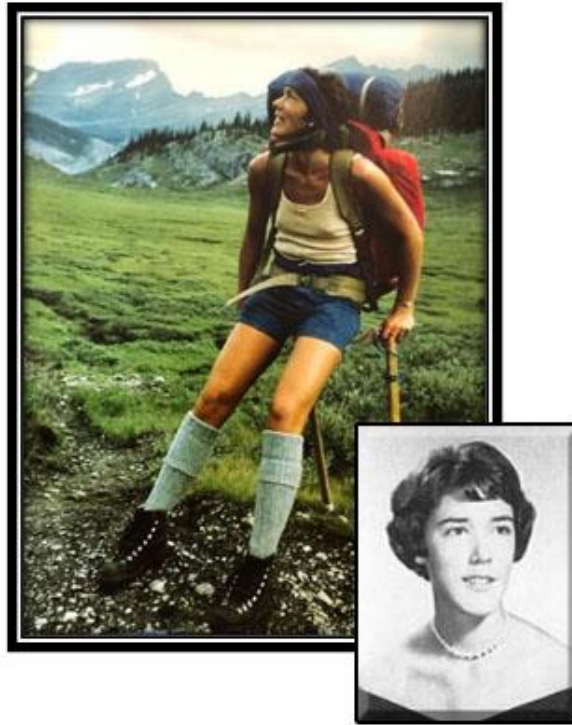


Lynne Creighton

10/28/1944 - 1/13/2022



Lynne Creighton was a complex, fascinating and unique character. I can't imagine how any author might create such a wonderful, curious and sometimes stubbornly difficult woman. A statuesque, striking persona who was also a mischievous imp — she was very real.

Lynne grew up in San Jose, "climbing trees and dropping ripe fruit on cars passing below." A tall, skinny girl, nicknamed Stringbean early on, she never lost that "Skinny Linnie" self-image and held on to an irresistible, mischievous child-like quality throughout her life.

Lynne grew up skiing near Yosemite from a lodge her father helped build after WWII. Always an adventure lover, skiing led to hiking, climbing and trekking in the Himalayas. She rode her bike from Seattle to Alaska and back through Canada with her friend Dee. She loved road trips and international travel. She and her husband Bill Nilsen were married in Yosemite. Their honeymoon was a two-week camping trip.

Architecture, design, art, and books were the strong threads that made up the fabric of Lynne's life. After working in several design offices in San Francisco, she moved to New York with her husband Bill for five years. While there, she worked as an editor for several publishers

specializing in architectural books. Ever the out-of-doors girl, she was spotted by a co-worker at Rizzoli cross country skiing down 5th Avenue during a heavy snowstorm.

When Lynne and Bill returned to San Francisco, she worked both as a freelancer editor and a driver for SuperShuttle. Back in S.F., social issues became a focus. She attended union meetings and planning sessions. She and her husband, Bill, also spent years as activists, fighting for the removal of the Central Freeway in San Francisco. Her response to a challenge was "Let's Go!" The curious, challenging aspect of this woman were put to good use in research, interviews, and all sorts of negotiations.

Lynne's fierce competitive nature was also put to good use in games and as a deadpan performer of enticing magic and card tricks. This knack for catching one off-guard was put to use in scrapbooks she created for family and friends. Photos accompanied by captions from the New Yorker were wickedly hilarious.

Throughout her life, Lynne gathered family and friends from near and far. She was not one to let a friendship fade. The family house on Oak St. was a place to gather for good meals, an urban retreat or a week-end visit. It was a stepping stone for visitors from decades of a life well lived.

When she retired after Bill passed away and found she could no longer walk unaided, Lynne moved from her steep San Francisco street, to Lake Merritt in Oakland. From there, she continued adventures via wheelchair and an electric scooter, encouraging all to get out, visit museums, enjoy the lake and nearby gardens. Her impulse to always "go-for'it" would push her scooter to speeds that left her loyal friends in the dust. It was useless to argue against these unpredictable spurts of speed that bordered on danger.

Lynne leaves behind an extended family that will keep her spirit alive ... Her brother John's family (Teresa, Olivia, and Camille Creighton); her husband Bill's sons and their families: Spencer (Claire, Kira, and her daughter Charlie, Skyler, Kristen Nilsen); Chris (Denise, and her son Brad, Nilsen); Sam (Alison, Greta, Stephan (Michaela) Nilsen); as well as her long-time companion Don Harrison and many, many friends from near and far who were lucky to share the adventure of her life.

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