When Annette and I were inseparable pals in high school and college, we found it uproariously funny to imagine ourselves as two little old ladies, reminiscing about when we were young. We kept on laughing, but as invariably happens, our lives changed as we matured. She became an artist and I pursued work in philanthropy. I married and later had a family – she preferred travel and world adventuring. As we grew into middle age, the early image that had given us such glee became less hilarious. Annette grew ill, and fought a long and brutal battle with cancer. She took a final voyage to Paris with her beloved nephew, and then at 61, she died and left behind those who loved her. She was my best friend for a very long time, and I miss her terribly.

Sadly, the older we get, the more common these stories become. They are stories about people we love and respect, and whose absence is deeply felt. The donation I made to the Community Memorial Giving Fund in memory of Annette will help a local arts education program. She would love that and I know that her family will appreciate the gesture of keeping her love of the arts alive. Next year, on her birthday, I'll do it again.

By: Stephanie Wolf
Prime Time Seniors Magazine

“Annette was a remarkable person and her absence is deeply felt by all who knew her.” – Stephanie Wolf