

Memories... Thinking back through the myriad of experiences David and I shared, I thought, why not start at the beginning...

One truth we all know about David is that whenever he came across anyone needing help or assistance, he would be there for them. He cared deeply for people, and he could always be counted on. And I must tell you that I became aware of this wonderful aspect of his character even before I really knew him, and as I think back, I still remember our first encounter as if it was yesterday.

My family moved to Marion from New York, and we arrived a couple of weeks after the school year had begun. I was in second grade and on my first day in class at Horace Mann, after the bell rang and we were all seated, our teacher introduced me and asked me to please tell everyone where I was from. "Brooklyn" I told them, and since my New York/British accent was quite a bit different than what they were used to, as I spoke, I noticed some raised eyebrows and some strange looks. I happened to use the word "idea", which is actually pronounced "idear" in Brooklyn, and when I said it, the whole class erupted in laughter. As you may imagine, I did not quite know what to make of it. And during recess that day, even though I barely knew David, he was one of the few who stood by me as most of the other kids on the playground seemed to stare as if I was from another planet, a possibility I must admit that had crossed my mind as well. Thus began our lifelong friendship.

And with all the history of our two families together, what comes to mind, and what we have often reminisced about with Pat, are those joyous summers Cookie and I and Sam and Abe spent with Pat and David and Lisa and Dory in New Buffalo... truly heartfelt memories. Please know we send our love to all.