

I've been walking around thinking about what to say tonight.. to you., Suze... I thought I should write a clever doggerel poem, imbued with memories and moments from the 60 years of our friendship... funny stuff..because. well, you know SEVENTY!

But I couldn't do it... Many of you know that(I'm pretty sure) that I've known Suze longer than anyone not related to her... And, b/c she has a terrible memory she has put me in charge of remembering her life before Peter O...

but I can't remember when we met.. there was no one moment that I can pinpoint. I almost can't remember when we weren't friends...

Memories were coming to me... but they were like bubbles... they appeared and they popped...

when Piglet, her guinea pig dies. and she got to stay home from school her piano recitals...

secret languages

seeing each other at the Sarah Lawrence welcome reception. (our moms recognized each other)...

so many Saturday nights alone in our dorm rooms...and we were so gorgeous....

once, when we were stoned...and someone said some Yallie was going to be a stock broker.. and she blurted out.. Oh yes, he's going to work for Moral, pinch, fierce, sinner and letch... how prescient...

the white convertible in which we nearly died in the snow.. and sang every song on the radio on the way to one beach or another or on the Bruckner boulevard...

There have been years when our lives diverged... .Vietnam, Moscow, London, Dc... so glamorous

I was at home.

But we never lost each other...

Scientists now say, we waste our time looking for happiness... you don't find it.. it emerges from the meaning you put into your life.

I think that's like friendship—our friendship... it has been emerging lo these 6 decades. We know each other... there is no past of memories, but the vibrant present of our bond—to me, a sacred private place... forged in long walks, conversations, consolations, celebrations.

(now consternation.. are we really this old??)

To my buddy, my pal, my lifelong friend...

*part of each
of her
family
uncharacteristic
Suzanne was*