

Spoken by Vicki Adelson, Anne Goodman's Daughter, August 12, 2013

As many of you know, I have acted as my mom's secretary for the last few months - scheduling visits and appointments, reading her emails to her and organizing her correspondence. In doing this, I got to know my mom's friends, colleagues and family much better. I was surprised by the sheer number of people who have such love and respect for my mom. While most people who are going through an illness feel isolated and lonely, she had the opposite problem - I had to carefully ensure that I didn't overwhelm her. I had the opportunity to talk to my mom about all these people - some of whom I knew, some I had only heard of and many who were new to me, even though they had close friendships with my mother. She shared stories about meeting these people with me and I was able to read the warm messages sent to her from around the world. (I can assure you that she heard every message that was sent to her.) It became clear to me pretty quickly how special my mom was to so many people. **We** always knew she was special – of course, she was our mom – the only one we knew and we realized pretty early on that our mom stood out among mothers – we had a close relationship and we know that not everyone gets all of her special touches or the combination of respect, fun and friendship that we shared. As we grew older, we also realized the impact she had as a person outside of the mom-sphere and the qualities that make her a rare goodness in the world.

So in realizing the relationship my mom had with so many people, how so many feel touched by her, that she changed so many lives, Many people wrote about my mom always being present – taking a real interest in those around her, her thoughtfulness, her ease to be around, her enthusiasm for others' ideas and accomplishments – that is also how she was as a mother. I was awed by so many people who consider her a friend, teacher, mentor, even like a mom, and how

many of you feel lucky to have known her – we know we are the luckiest of them all. We got to have her as our mom and she was there every day of our lives. The impact you had from knowing her- a meeting, a semester, a decade – we always had. We also get to have a part of her in us – with us always.

We carry every day the lessons she has taught us – empathy and compassion, to care for animals and the environment, to appreciate the simple joys of life, to express that appreciation, to be open and honest, to take interest in and enjoyment from other people, and to expect the good in people, From her we learned to see the big picture but also to put effort into the details – from carefully selecting a birthday card, to using precisely the right word, From her, I got a love of books, and learning and of all things wordy – from word games, to languages, an enjoyment of long walks – those came from her

She taught us these things not with lessons and lectures, but by living this way herself. She lived life with a true enthusiasm – relishing in and learning from both the good and the bad days, taking interest in the seemingly mundane, making everyday worthwhile and interesting.

Our mom truly allowed us to be ourselves, even when we were really small. She encouraged us to think a little unconventionally, and to question ideas and traditions and the world around us. She nurtured our creative and intellectual sides. And as a result, we all turned out differently but all very much our own people

We had so much fun growing up – from homemade games – often cooperative in nature, to baking, to trips on the subway when we would try guess the colours of the next station, even making fun out of not-so-fun moments like the many times when my mom locked herself out of the house and we would need to wait in the wintery cold for my dad to come home. My mom would make up a mini-Olympics for us. I realize now it was to avoid getting frostbitten but at the time it was just fun.

But that was my mom, seeing the positive in any situation and not getting stressed or weighed down by the annoying aspects of life. She lived and made decisions in a way that was true to herself and with grace and dignity.

She truly loved being with us, and us with her. She told us recently that she loved being a mother – and we felt it. As children we felt appreciated, accepted and loved and as adults we continued to be happy to spend time with her. As busy as life got, and you will hear that hers was a particularly active one, she was always happy to meet for a walk, a coffee, to help us, to talk about our lives. She knew all of our friends and was excited to hear about their weddings and babies, jobs and trips as well.

She was a sidekick for adventures, trying out new recipes, art projects, and house decoration. Not matter what idea we came up with, she encouraged us. An idea that otherwise would have been abandoned came to fruition with her supporting it and helping us. It's hard to imagine doing all the lifetime things still to come without my mom there.

One of Susie's friends wrote to my mom recently (as I said I got to read them all) about embracing and growing her own Anne-ness – that certain magical way of living life, taking every opportunity, sticking to your guns and not having regrets. I like to think that the three of us got our own bit of Anne-ness. When I have those ideas that no one else really understands (although my mom would have), or think of a slightly quirky way of doing things – I think that is my Anne-ness. I definitely got my mother's sense of adventure and love of travel – and without that I wouldn't have many of the things I have in my life. My independence also definitely came from her and I thank her for allowing me to be strong and self-determined. Like all of us, I could use more Anne-ness, and I hope that I will be strong and bold enough to be able to find more of it.

In the hospital a few weeks ago, my mom told us to “live our lives”. She has never really been one for sound bites of advice but she didn't want her absence to stop us from doing things and moving forward but I don't think she realized how hard that would be for us since she is very much a part of every aspect of our lives. When she talks about living life, she is thinking of the very full life she led – full of activity and healthy living, intimate friendships, plans to change the world, making decisions that matter and not getting stuck in superficialities, fear and bitterness – the type of living of life that is rare and not easy to accomplish – we can only hope that our lives will have even a tiny bit of the meaning, love and purpose that our mom's had.

Mom, thank you for being the very best mom to us, and to being our friend, our biggest supporter and a really, really great role model – Thank you for loving us, and loving who we

became - thank you for too many things to name here. – I hope you know how much we appreciated you. I love you so much and am so grateful for having you as a mom