

Dear Jayne,

You joined the Scrabble Club five years ago and jumped into my life. Enthusiastic, funny and simply fun to be around. How fun? I'm afraid I can't disclose that. :) :(

(I'm writing this with tears in my eyes, which is, was, the last thing you would want. Oh, get over it, you would say. Easier said than done).

Some 3 1/2 years ago, I ran into you at Kupat Holim. I have cancer, you said, with a smile, as though discussing the word of the week or a bingo. We started playing scrabble at your house. Every Monday, we battled it out, just the two of us, joking, talking, simply being. Always with candy, chocolate and drinks, just like you did in the club.

That was when I discovered another of your qualities - a fighter, against all odds, never doubting for a moment that you will beat it.

Although never discussing it, the cancer was clearly present, Spreading, contained then spreading again. Scared? Sure, but never showing it. Your pet phrase changing, at least in my mind, to, "I'm afraid, I can't disclose it."

Jayne, thank you for being my friend.

I will miss you. I already do.