

Dearest Jayne,

I'll never forget the first time we met: You and Evan picked me up on the way to the Scrabble club, for my very first visit there. Evan said to me, with a big smile on his face, "How old do you think she is?". I didn't think you were more than 40-42 years old. You were 62...

When people go, you generally hear phrases such as "she was so young at heart and spirit", only in your case, it couldn't have been more accurate. You were such a child, a naive girl in a woman's body, and that was a big part of your uniqueness, your charm. You looked, behaved and acted as a young person, that's why it's all so unbelievable.

I'm so sorry, Jayne, that I didn't get to say a proper goodbye, to let you know how much I care and what you meant to me and to so many others. You were always so surprised when I showed signs of affection to you, as if you didn't expect people to love and care for you – but we did. We all did.

I'll never forget how much we loved to play each other, giggling from each other's nonsense throughout the game.

I'll never forget our many moments before and after each club session, on the way to and from your car, or on the way to the Dead Sea or other Scrabble events we shared. I'll never forget your little sayings that you loved hearing other people use, such as "it's early days", "I'm afraid I can't disclose" or "you're so gifted". I can still see and hear you saying that to me, and I always will.

I can't believe you're really gone, Jayne. It's something I'll never be able to accept. I already miss you so much.

Rest in peace, darling.

Omri