

I'm Gregg Jamback, Marjorie's son.

I'm not sure how you eulogize your mother. Of course, I've always known that this day would come – but I never really expected it. Jamie and I were absolutely sure that in June 2003 we would all be celebrating Mom's 90<sup>th</sup> birthday. And I know Mom felt that way too. I mean, why else would she have gone on the cabbage diet. Certainly, the slide show that will be playing in the reception has brought back a lot of memories AND reminded me of some of the things that I've forgotten. But here are some of the things I do remember.

I remember the way, as a little kid, she would grab your hand, pick out of finger and squeeze your finger back on itself – which hurt like hell, but sure made you do what she wanted.

I remember the first time she made Kay Conrad's baked beans and skipped the part of soaking the beans overnight. And how disappointed we all were because Kay's beans are the best. And how we wouldn't let mom forget those "Bullet" beans.

I remember her yelling at us that the cows were out, again. Or that the ducks were in our neighbor Mrs. Spooner's garden. And that time, a couple of years after the cows were gone, mom running to the bottom of the stairs and shouting "the cows are out" and Carol and I were half way down the stairs before we realized it was a "Joke."

I remember the fantastic Easter egg hunts that she and Aunt Carol would create for all of us. Every basket came with its own poem of clues to help us find it.

And I remember a glorious Christmas morning when the plows woke us all up very early and the whole world was white and it there were more presents in that room than in the entire world.

I remember taking the Sugar Magnolia up the river and running aground AGAIN and breaking out the fishing pole so people would think we were fishing and not stuck.

I remember being at UNH for my first year of college and being so homesick that I had to call home every day. And then I remember not being homesick and mom worrying when I didn't call.

I remember Mom and Dad driving me to Brooklyn for my first year of graduate school and them saying goodbye to me at the elevator. And I ran down the six flights of stairs to say goodbye to them one more time. And then stayed inside the apartment for three days straight.

I remember Mom being terrified that I was going to marry the first girl I ever brought home. And she and my father liking a couple others and then really, really not liking a couple of the others that I became involved with.

I remember when Dad died that mom couldn't wait to get each and every blue tarp off of the property! PRONTO.

I remember how happy she was when I finally left Susan.

And how even happier she was when Jamie and I finally got together. Mom has always been our biggest champion.

I remember mom loving every single one of the Yankee Swaps – and was so sorry I couldn't be there for each one I missed.

I remember visiting and the phone would ring and she would say, "Gregg's here, do you want to talk to him?" And I wouldn't even know who it was calling.

I remember stories from the Wardwell. Work that, for the first time in her life, I think, gave her pride and purpose beyond us kids.

I remember her cookies. And her bread. And her pickles. And turkey dinners with the Reidys, with every mashed food you could imagine, and lasagna, and eating until everyone was so full (except for Jim). And I wish I could forget her boiled yellow squash and pot roast.

I remember the stories I heard of every single one of you who came to visit again and again. And how she loved to watch your children grow up and, in turn, for your kids to come to visit her themselves. You surely added so much to her life.

I remember her dancing with Dad at Carol's wedding – possibly, the hottest day ever at the beach.

I remember getting up early in the morning – thinking I'd have some time to myself to watch the sunrise over the beach, and mom would come out of her room in her bathrobe and ask me some question she'd been worrying about all night and expect me to have the answer.

And I remember when she decided she was going to re-invent herself at 80 and went out and found new friends. And I was so proud of her.

Her stories changed then. She was off to church, off to Senior College, off on a trip somewhere, to lunch, to the Wisdom Circle, shopping, or someone was there visiting and she had to go but she would call me back as soon as they were gone. In many ways, I think, in these last years of her life she was truly herself.

There's a slide show of mom's life in the reception. Towards the end there are two pictures of the sunrise that mom took the morning she died. I am happy that her last day started out with such beauty.

I will be happy to remember that she loved her life and all of you who were in it. And I am sure she thought of all of you as family.