

If Cindy were sharing of our times together, she would be remembering the love and humor.

Cindy lived knowing that she was a beloved child of God. She lived with courage, delight, honesty, warmth, strived to be the best she could be, a quick smile, sincerity, humor and laughter, love of music, gentle, generous, determined. She shared compassion and attention to details with her patients. I won't say she loved sports, but attended sports so that she could cheer on her family and then enjoy music with her family later in return for having attended a sporting event.

Cindy and I shared much over the past 50 years...Nursing training at Goshen College. Intentional community days at FOH, although we never did live together in the same household. Mothers of kiddos (Tony and Jessica) the same age. Working at Elkhart General hospital and Home Care. We shared a position as Diabetes Educators at EGH. Driving together and supporting each other in taking the 4 hour CDE exam in Indy. Women's Group at church and Food Group with friends in Elkhart and Goshen. Walking together in the neighborhood. Sharing hopes and dreams, frustrations and successes. We shared a love for chocolate although she had more self-control than I.

My time/ your time with Cindy in the recent years is not what any of us wanted. She had courage in facing Alz, she was upfront about it, did not hide it, shared her grief about the diagnosis, and kept on going with Dave standing beside her, holding her all the time. We have experienced grief along the way as Alz continued to diminish Cindy, to take her from us.

A couple of years ago I started to visit Cindy weekly during meal time. Cindy was always ready to eat. But Cindy was not able to share her thoughts and later not even share her smile. Her physical body became less and less the body she would have chosen, the Cindy you would recognized. Her eye contact faded. I definitely saw light in her eyes during a visit that Dave came to see her. I believe she knew that she was loved!

While feeding Cindy lunch, I talked about what was happening in my life, my joys and challenges...she listened, or at least I acted as if she was listening. I wished

for her response. I grieved, we grieved the losses. I wondered why God allowed this disease. Wondered where God was in all the loss. But I came to know the spirit of God hovering in her room, within Cindy. God was there for and in Cindy.

Cindy gave me/us an example of facing life as it comes with courage and faith, knowing that God is alive in us even when our bodies and minds fail us. Even if I do not understand.

I am blessed to have been Cindy's friend