

September 25, 2005

Dear Jonathan,

I was so sorry to read in the paper about the death of your sister Leah. Losing her must be a terrible loss to you and your family. Leah was such a sweet person; she was funny and outgoing and friendly.

I was merely an acquaintance of hers. I met Leah by accident in a restaurant. We were both trying to pay our tabs and were ignored by both the man and the woman who were supposed to take our money. We tried to get their attention, by dropping our keys on the counter, loudly clearing our throats, snapping our fingers in their direction, everything but yelling "Yoo Hoo!" at them. The harder we tried the more they were determined to ignore us. Leah said that we should just leave. She said she'd bet that would get their attention! It sure did! The police showed up half way down the block. We still had the bills and our money in our hands. The cops marched us back to the restaurant where we were identified by those two as people who had tried to skip out without paying. Fortunately for us there were people standing around waiting to be seated who were also being ignored. They saw the whole thing and vouched for us. The cops made those two take our money and let us leave.

I ran into Leah quite often after that. We met at another nearby lunch place every now and then and even ate together a few times. I enjoyed talking to her. She always had a funny story to tell, and her stories were never mean-spirited or gossipy.

I saw Leah's name in the paper this morning. I hadn't seen her at "our" restaurant in quite a while and wondered where she was. Now I know that she was ill. I hope this letter is not an intrusion. I just wanted to extend my sympathy to you and your family. Leah spoke kindly of you, especially, often.

Sincerely,

Nick or Nora Smith