

My brother has shared many of the same feelings that I have about my grandmother, so during my time up here, I'd like to share with you one of my favorite memories about my grandmother-one that makes me smile every time I think about it. My brother and I had the honor of escorting my grandma to the 1997 inauguration of Bill Clinton and Al Gore. As I'm sure most of you can imagine, we had about ten social gatherings on our schedule that day that grandma wanted us all to go to. As we rolled from one party to the next, it became apparent that we weren't going to make it to all of the social gatherings. In the late afternoon we went to a particular hotel where a party was being held that grandma had said she really wanted to go to. When we got there, it was clear that none of us knew a soul in the room-our party had ended and another, completely different one had begun. Grandma, the social dynamo that she was, didn't miss a beat. 'Well, since we're here, we may as well get to know people,' she said. So grandma led us around the room for the next hour, meeting new people, reveling in the re-election of President Clinton, and just enjoying an unexpected twist in our afternoon. So that's my story. I have many stories like this, as I'm sure you do. I hope that my grandmother's zest and passion for life is carried on in these stories told by the innumerable people she's touched over the years.