

go in peace



I am sorry to inform you that my wife, Juliet Carrie Singer, died this past Tuesday morning, February 6, 1996. Even after being at her side as she bravely fought cancer for four and a half years, this was a sudden loss to me. It was, in fact, a sudden death. Only two weeks before, Juliet had thrown our two-year old a birthday party here at the house with 30 people in attendance. And, next to Abby (the two-year old in question), Juliet was the liveliest person at the party. Only two days before she died, we had a birthday brunch at the house for Juliet's stepfather. Juliet's death came out of nowhere and leaves all of us in shock and disbelief.

A memorial celebration of Juliet's life was held Friday night at the junior high school where she used to teach. The auditorium was packed with friends, acquaintances, former students, people she had met or touched in some way. Former students, many of whom are now seniors heading off to Ivy League schools, spoke of Juliet's influence on their lives, her humor, her friendship, her candor. They played some of Juliet's favorite music on piano. They told stories (slightly edited stories) about being in her classes. Juliet's teacher colleagues and parents of students also spoke. And I spoke, reading from some of Juliet's letters to me when we were dating long-distance in 1984 and 1985. At the end, we played part of a tape Juliet had recorded for Abby to listen to at bedtime. Among other things, the tape has Juliet singing some of her favorite songs. There was lots of humor, no religion, some crying, and lots of hugging and support. It was everything she had wanted from such an occasion, except that she really wanted to be there, too.

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Thank you for your love and support over the years. Abby and I both hope that you will be there in the future to share with us your memories of Juliet. She was a wonderful wife, a loving and devoted mother, and a truly good person. I miss her.