

Best of Jane:

Like musicians who assemble their best work on one album I was the beneficiary of the best of Jane in the years I knew her.

She was clearly of a different generation, but that didn't matter. When we first met, we just hit it off.....effortlessly. It was instant chemistry. We had this undeniable connection. And with these rare types of connections, it wouldn't matter how much time intervened between visits, because without any heavy lifting we could easily pick up from where we had left off.

Sometimes I felt like she was an older sister to me, and sometimes an aunt, but all of the time she was a true buddy who I could play and have fun with.

We had a very spontaneous relationship. I'd frequently drop into the Levy kitchen and Jane would usually be there sometimes clad, sometimes partially clad, but always bangled up, smelling delicious, and nine times out of ten eating something.

On those occasions the first words out her mouth and eyes were HOW ARE YOU? -----And when Jane fixed her glance on you and uttered those words, you knew in you mind, and in your heart that she really meant them. She had an uncanny ability to make those she cared about feel really good about themselves.

She was a hall of fame listener....

And she was as good at picking up on seemingly unimportant nuance as anyone I've ever known.

Jane was a nurturer. I'd sit across from her on a kitchen stool and she'd feed me on multiple levels. She'd intermix the offerings of minute quantities of great tasting food while gently proding me with incisive questions. I always wanted more.... more food and more questions. She was never overbearing, but she could be obliquely intrusive. However, she could get away with it because she exuded this rare blend of empathy and genuine optimism.

Jane had unique panache and knew how to use it. She asserted her own distinctive attractive style, which when coupled with her unobtrusive manner, made one want to go towards her.

She was truly emotionally trustworthy.

Others of the Levy clan would stroll in and out of our midst sometimes chiming in on our conversation, sometimes just checking out the scene and hanging around for a while, and then quickly departing to leave us to ourselves. Jane just went with the flow, never skipping a beat.

As I said before, we had a very spontaneous relationship. We could be talking about anything in that kitchen, and she'd say that something I said reminded her of a scene in some movie, and then I say.....that reminds me of a movie that I've heard about that's out now, and she'd say let's go.

And I'd say, now, you mean now....

Jane it's 11:00.

And she say if we hustle we can make the 11:30 show at King of Prussia, and I'd say you're on.

And off we'd go carrying on in the car like two teenagers laughing our selves silly. We'd share popcorn, drink out of the same cup, and on many a last minute impromptu movie night be asked to keep it down because we had our own soundtrack competing with the movie itself.

Oh..... those were the days. I really miss them and I really miss her. She was a one of a kind great friend to me when I needed it. And I if I touched her at one tenth of the level she touched me, I consider my self successful in her eyes.