



So hard to believe, but Eve died yesterday, April 28th, 2015. Alice told me that when the doctor asked her what her goals were she said, "I want to go to the theater, I want to go to the movies, I want to have a glass of wine..." I think that soon, very soon after she understood that she



wouldn't be doing these things anymore, she let go and died peacefully. I have learned so much from Eve, about the way to live. The things we all know from her about books and live theater and regular walks and doing crossword puzzles, etc., but also having a special knife for cutting tomatoes, and writing everybody's birthdays on your calendar, and appetizers, and having an open door. How to live. And now Eve has shown me how to die too. She was going to live life *her* way or not at all, certainly not in a weakened state.

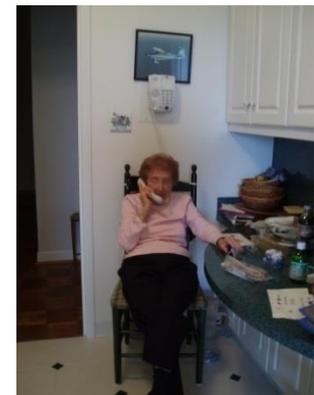


Eve didn't care about *things*. She loved to shop (in the petite section, of course) and her shoe collection is infamous, and will be mentioned numerous times today, but really, Eve cared about *experiences*. Though she lived in beautiful houses, they were vessels for family and friends, places to gather, to share brunch or dinner or a drink. She loved having guests-- short-term guests, long-term guests. I was fortunate enough to be both at various times in my life, since I can remember really. My earliest memories of staying with the Jacobs were on home leave from West Africa. I remember arriving from the airport and always

there was lox, bagels and cream cheese (in short supply in Africa) to dive into.

Last year, on my yearly visit, as always, there was lox, bagels and cream cheese. For a few days, we cooked together, bought and planted flowers on her balcony, went to the theater and the arboretum (after a mistaken and extensive tour of southern Maryland, which cracked us up and made for a great story when we had dinner with Alice and George), we visited the Sackler and the Freer, bought shoes and had pre-dinner drinks with her neighbors. She was 93. I wish I could remember which movie we watched, one we had both seen and loved. OK, so memory doesn't necessarily last forever, does it? But as long as I've got it, Eve will be deeply present.

She was my mother's great friend and I inherited that friendship. Eve is so very dear to me. Always has been, always will be. And now I have future gatherings with Alice and George, Jonathan and Elizabeth, Abby and Hugo to look forward to. Eve just keeps on giving to us.



– Ellen Licht