



Virginia Horowitz

April 30, 1917 - February 22, 2006

Excerpts from *Words for Alice After Her Death*
by Angela Peckenpaugh
published in *When I am an Old Woman, I Shall Wear Purple*

Slightly modified to suit Virginia

"Now your old pink robe, as familiar as the pale kitchen walls, will be in the last load of laundry. The Sees Candy box will be emptied in the trash, another act done by one or two people who kept looking in.

I find myself seeing your smile, so welcome. It told of pain for the time forgotten in the pleasure of my brief company. You were so grateful for small acts of kindness, it was easy to feel blessed.

Yes, you remembered my latest worry and gave it an airing, before we decided when I would see you again.

"What is the name of those beans?" you wanted to know, frustrated to have forgotten. I think I said every kind -- pinto, string, lima, green. But it was an avocado that he brought you on your mind. Hard to grasp, like your bravery at the end..."

"Virginia is like a fine wine, beautifully aged, elegant, warms you up and makes you happy."

We Will Miss You, Love



*To Neena:
"Go get Rene and
drink some wine."*

"I'm so glad I was able to be here with her for the last several months. I have so many great memories." - Paul

On seeing a row of wine bottles lined up on the counter:

"Now, that looks like happiness!"

Virginia was raised in the San Francisco Bay Area. She attended Oakland High School where she was a cheerleader. (Not surprising - she was a cheerleader to all her friends.)

She spent every summer with her family at Yosemite. They stayed the whole summer and she loved to Fly Fish with her dad. They also hiked up Half Dome and spent time swimming. She loved shopping at what she referred to as "the Big Store". It was a passion for her.

She attended college at San Francisco State University, majoring in Physical Education. Later she worked as a Dental Assistant for a time.

She met Larry and fell in love. They married, and at the time of her death, they had been married for over 50 years!

She adopted Paul in June of 1958. She often spoke about what a beautiful baby he was. She was overjoyed at his gift for music and photography. Although their love of photography was shared, she was an admitted failure at piano. She loved that he had such a tremendous affinity for understanding and creating beautiful music.

She adopted Neena in April of 1960. When they went to pick Neena up, they had not brought Paul along. She was absolutely distraught that she had to wait overnight to go back for her. From the first moment she held Neena in her arms, they had bonded.

Virginia had style, class and wit. She kept her friends and family loving and laughing. She was a beautiful woman. She was very artistic, doing pottery, making enamel jewelry and taking remarkable photos.

She loved dancing.
She loved life.
She loved people.



I've met the lovely Budha on the road
He is not my enemy.
But I have killed him every time
And rightly so.
Often the battle was a painful place -
With inner strength at ebb,
And heart beat slow-
Life force diminished
fear aflow;
And then at other times, I've fought
In wild high glee,
A laughing spiteful me,
On fire with my own delight
And many other ways - all in between
The variations too numerous to tell.
My road goes on -
I people it with many souls.
My buddha births and grows,
I beckon -
And make the road a different place
So it will seem the meeting
Was a chance and special thing.
Oh Lord of all Creations.
I greet thee now,
I know thee well,
I say 'Shalom' to my own being.
My Buddha smiles - diminishes -
And enters me from where
The Birth occurred.

Virginia 1974