



It is never easy saying goodbye to a dear friend.

The Skier and Roberts families have known each other for over thirty years. Our relationship began with commerce when Paula and Eugene were the first to explore and eventually to adopt an idea that our friend Ben Appelbaum helped me to introduce to Long Island Day Camp Directors. And over the thirty years, our relationship matured to one of respect, of trust, and of friendship.

I did not know Glenn for the first ten years of that relationship. I learned from Ben Appelbaum that a bright young man was joining the Roberts family camp business. In his wisdom, Ben said we should get to know him. Our relationship with Glenn grew, but soon afterward, Ben passed away. Glenn and I were both deeply saddened by his passing, but in a sense, we recognized that our friendship was a kind of going-away present from Ben.

Our loss and sadness made us develop a unique and secure bond, and although during our first days we faced the challenges of any new relationship, every time we were together we learned from each other. Together, we achieved something that many people strive for—Glenn and I became unconditional friends.

Glenn had engaging eyes that are a special gift of the Roberts family. They seemed to dance with fun when he was with us. He had a graceful body that was strong, agile, and quick, especially when he went for a rebound on the basketball court. He was both competitive and fair on the court, qualities that the other players recognized and respected. Glenn cared deeply for my family, and, we loved him.

Who, but Glenn would share our not being judgmental about each other?

Who, but Glenn would leave home in the early morning hours every day for two weeks to be with my family and me during a challenging time in our lives, returning to have lunch with the Robin Hood campers?

Who, but Glenn would our family honor by asking him to sign the traditional wedding document—the Katuba—for my Jeffrey and his Johanna?

Who, but Glenn was so free in saying that he loved me.

There is a mystery in my life that Glenn may have solved. For years I would receive a single yellow rose on my birthday, and although no one confessed to offering this symbol of our friendship, I suspected it was a friend whose name is Jane. And when Jane passed away a few years ago, I knew that this annual birthday tradition would end, but it did not. So, I assumed that Jane had made arrangements with her family to send me a single yellow rose on my birthday. I was happy believing that. Until now.

It was you, Glenn, a person who in many ways is my brother. You, who knew how to lift my spirits and to always give me hope. You, who showed me the deepest friendship with a single yellow rose, a continuation of Jane's tradition. You, Glenn, who will live with me forever.

Words cannot express how grateful I am for the friendship and love you showed me. I will always feel the same way about you, Glenn. Your passing will not diminish our relationship or the good you have done for so many others. May you rest in peace, my dear friend.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Jeffrey". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping underline.



*It is never easy saying goodbye to a dear friend...*

