

Janet Lorraine Price Bolles

1927-2022

On April 22, 2022, Janet moved on from a strong but painful body after beginning her ninety-fifth year of a life filled with energy, enthusiasm, an immensely wide range of interests, and a relentless urge to connect with everyone around her and appreciate the uniqueness of their lives. Her own life was characterized by love of God, love of people, love of causes and love and appreciation of the natural world.

The youngest of four children raised by Thomas and Eleanor Price in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, she was the last living sibling of her family. She survived one child, Mark, and is survived by her three other children: Stephen (Julie), Gary (Heidi), and Sharon (Nando); stepchildren through her second marriage Cathy, Marna, Heidi, Erich, and Imke; grandchildren Shea (McKenzie), Kimma (Keith), Jennifer (Edgar), Melissa, Jasper (Chanel), Kyrianna, Christian, Brian, Emily and Greg; great-grandchildren Maggie, Olivia, Max and Noah; and many beloved nieces and nephews.

Janet grew up loving and being enchanted by a wide range of interests: animals; archaeology; US history, especially about the Civil War; the geography and natural wonders of our world; and the various ways she thrived on contributing to church life as a rector's wife. While in high school she met Richard Bolles, a lanky young man initially planning to be a chemical engineer until he felt called to the Episcopal ministry. They dated through his brief Navy career at the end of WWII, then as they both attended college – she to Radcliffe, he to MIT, then Harvard, and then divinity school. She joined millions of other youth at the time as a Victory Farm Volunteer, cementing some life-long relationships from those she met there.

After marriage, she finished certification as a kindergarten teacher, and taught young children as she began to raise a family of her own and settled into being a young parish rector's wife, raising four children born within five years. Her adventurous spirit embraced the family's travels across the country, camping, visiting National Parks and seeing family. She also discovered an addiction to stopping at every historical monument marker and Civil War battlefield, which stretched travel time, the family's appreciation of history, its trivia resources, and patience.

When Dick's career took the family across the country in the mid-60s, she re-entered the workforce, teaching herself typing and shorthand to help support the family, a challenge she successfully took on as her marriage ended. She ultimately worked her way up through multiple positions at a local hospital, and through successive mergers became well-known and widely beloved in her work as Medical Staff Secretary with physicians and hospital administrators. She retired in 1988 after more than 20 years in the workforce, but continued to help some doctors who needed her skills. She then immersed herself in the next chapter as a volunteer for various organizations. None of these was more dear to her heart than as a greeter in the Conservatory of Flowers in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. There she kept a log of the countries visitors called home, and was endlessly fascinated and proud of the diversity of those she warmly welcomed to the Conservatory.

With similar passion and enthusiasm she was a devoted wife, mother, stepmother, mother-in-law, aunt, grandmother, great-grandmother and friend to many in her life. She loved sending cards and postcards, many of which we who loved her came to expect had been given a second purpose, as she cut them from earlier uses and sent them on. Her love and commitment to the planet was visible in other ways as well: committed to responsible use of our Earth's

resources, she grieved at the carelessness and impact of our frequently poor stewardship, and loved supporting a wide range of causes whose missions resonated with those in her heart.

She was surprised and delighted to find love in a new chapter of life with John Kleinmaus, and her second marriage was a time of shared experiences, travel, new opportunities, and an enlarged family. Despite her diligent efforts, one of the few causes she committed herself to but could not fulfill was to convert her husband's deeply Germanic taste buds and constitution to an appreciation of 'health' food.

With John's passing, she found a new home at the Heritage on the Marina, a picturesque and historic place in a beautiful section of San Francisco near the Bay. There she found many new friends and opportunities to create a stronger social fabric connecting people with each other. She never overlooked someone because of their station or circumstances in life, which was a model and example that her family – and those she embraced wherever she went – are grateful for.

Her beloved St. Mary the Virgin Episcopal Church in the Cow Hollow area of San Francisco was the center of her life in many respects. She served in many roles there over a number of decades, including singing in the choir, being part of the altar guild, becoming a lay deacon and joining The Order of the Daughters of the King.

It also pleased her that she and her first husband Dick were able to spend some time together late in his life, able to enjoy again the foundations, memories, relationships and connections that they had held in common a number of years earlier.

The COVID pandemic introduced new challenges, but her son Gary and his wife Heidi – both her daughter-in-law and step-daughter (it's complicated), living nearby, did the best they could to connect her with loved ones through video conferencing, although the mysteries of electronics steadily eluded her. Her daughter Sharon and her husband Nando visited frequently, and the devoted attention of her beloved grandchildren, the enthusiasm of her great-grandchildren and relationships she sought to tend and nurture with other family and friends enriched her life and delighted her beyond measure to the very end.

Janet's mother and grandmother both lived to be 101 years old, so the family's expectations were that she would keep the tradition going. Over time, she stayed remarkably healthy, although she had increasingly profound health challenges and pain. Despite those barriers, she was able to participate whole-heartedly in a recent 95th birthday party on April 9 at St. Mary's, as some of her family celebrated the remarkable achievements of her life and careers. As she spent time with everyone in different settings, she clearly enjoyed the experience of being loved and fulfilled.

She has moved on to new challenges and experiences, no doubt; she was certain that her commitment and love of Jesus and God would be rewarded in the afterlife. Those of us left behind miss her physical presence and contact, but celebrate with gratitude her memory, gifts and contributions in ways too numerous to mention. Her ashes will be interred at St. Mary's, where she will become part of the history of a place and places she so deeply revered.

One of her favorite benedictions in church comes from the Book of Romans, which does a good job of summing up her convictions and commitment to how she wanted to live her life:

Go forth into the world in peace.

*Be strong, and of good courage.
Hold fast to that which is good;
Render to no one evil for evil.
Strengthen the faint-hearted;
Support the weak.
Help the afflicted;
Show love to everyone.
Love and serve the Lord,
Rejoicing in the power of the Holy Spirit;
And the blessing of almighty God,
The Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit,
Be among you and remain with you always.
Amen*