

Remembrances for Dianne Grace Hunt

Dianne Grace Hunt

February 12, 1953 ~ August 23, 2021



Join us for a
Celebration of Life for our
Remarkable Friend, Dianne.

Saturday, October 2, 2021

6:00 -7:30 pm Pacific Time

Zoom link:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/84985975421?pwd=MnBMSDQzL2JhNlNjR2JJempESUg3dz09>

Dianne's Obituary: Pauline DeWitt

<https://obituaries.neptune-society.com/obituaries/belmont-ca/dianne-hunt-10325369>

Dianne Grace HUNT

FEBRUARY 12, 1953 – AUGUST 23, 2021

Our dear friend, Dianne Grace Hunt of Rohnert Park, left the well-worn trails of earth to eternally hike new trails and walk among the beautiful flowers she loved so much in the late afternoon of August 23, 2021, in Santa Clara, CA.

Dianne had a passion for nature and shared this love with friends teaching about the various “native” species of flowers, trees, and birds at every opportunity. Dianne’s life was one of travel and adventure, taking the time to meet people everywhere she went and developing life-long friendships all along the way.

Dianne was born February 12, 1953, In Redwood City, CA to David and Evelyn Hunt; she noted numerous times that she grew up in a “Leave it to Beaver” family, dad had his own business as a public accountant and Mom was a stay-at-home mom teaching her children many wonderful skills and abilities; both parents preceded Dianne in death.

Dianne lived most of her life in the Redwood City area attending John Gill Elementary School (Miss Sanders remained her favorite teacher), McKinley Junior High School, and graduating from Sequoia High School in 1971. Dianne worked a day job while putting herself through Canada College night classes earning an AA degree and Secretarial Certificate. In 1994, Dianne completed the Mid-Peninsula Open Space docent training and in 1996 with Edgewood Preserve in Redwood City where she served as the Docent Coordinator, creating their docent training binders and setting up trainings. In 1997-1998, Dianne received the Friends Award for her dedication to Edgewood, an award given to those who have provided outstanding service. “The Best Darn Thing that Ever Happened to the Friends of Edgewood” was awarded to her in 2012 after 17 years of dedicated service (1996-2012).

Dianne lived and worked away from her hometown for a while in Oregon and Colorado; in 1994, she returned to Redwood City to care for her aging parents and went to work in the textbook center at Los Altos High School until her retirement in 2012.

In 2008, Dianne was diagnosed with lymphoma/breast cancer; during her chemo/radiation treatments Dianne met others with this disease and a friendship they called “The Radiant Ladies” was born. On July 17, 2019, Dianne celebrated “My 10-year-cancer-free anniversary” with one of her Radiant Lady friends.

In 2012, Dianne moved into the Altamont Senior Apartments in Rohnert Park, sold her car, and became a hike organizer with the local hiking group ‘SWAG’ and, of course, new friendships developed. Dianne enjoyed riding the local SMART train, catching a bus into the ‘city’ and hiking The Presidio; she enjoyed the many local Federal, State, and Regional parks hiking just about every trail, stopping for lunch at precisely her lunch time having perfectly calculated the hike so as to be near a picnic table or large rock when hunger struck. Her knowledge of ‘native’ flowers was incredible and if you spent any time at all hiking (flower hunting) with Dianne you came away knowing several new species as she would suddenly quiz you for names along the way.

Dianne had many diverse talents, one of which was playing the Clarinet and participating in her high school Marching Band and Orchestra, also performing in the Summer Drama Music Workshop. Dianne was a Brownie leader following in the footsteps of her mother who had been her Girl Scout leader as a child. Dianne enjoyed sewing and quilting making very interesting quilts from tee shirts she had collected through the years of attending concerts (artists such as David Bowie, Neil Young, Etta James, Jerry Garcia, Rod Stewart, Bob Seger, Eric Clapton, Santana, ZZ Top, Sting, BB King, Tracy Chapman, and Cher to name a few—Dianne was a true 60’s girl); working and volunteering in parks; and thousands of miles traveled with friends or more often, by herself—in 2002, Route 66: Santa Monica, CA to Chicago, IL; in 2004, Part I & 2005 Part II Yellowstone Trail: Washington state to Massachusetts; in 2005, The Sturges Motorcycle Rally: S. Dakota (all together logging 29,793+ miles).

Dianne was a pet/house sitter for several years journaling information regarding the people, their home, pay dates, the name and breed of every pet she cared for along with their pictures. Dianne was a gifted scrapbooker creating many wonderful scrapbooks of her life, interesting cities, historic sites, museums, anything unusual and the friends she made as an avid hiker and traveler. Dianne never forgot anyone and was usually the one to 'keep in touch'. If you had the pleasure of knowing Dianne you were her lifelong friend and richly blessed by her energy, enthusiasm, thoughtfulness, friendliness, cheerful nature, and you are somewhere in her many memory books or files of most memorable places/people she encountered in her 68 & ½ years.



Presenters:

Cousin: Mary Chamberlin (Father's side of family)



Dianne and I are the youngest of the Hunt cousins, with Dianne being about 10 months older than me. As kids we lived only 15 miles apart, but mainly got together at family gatherings for the 4th of July or Thanksgiving. During those get-togethers we would play and eat good food.

When we were kids and teenagers, I would see Dianne off and on, but I didn't see much of her after I went to university, graduate school, and moved back east for work. We got back together, however, in 2004 when I was working for a few months at Hopkins Marine Station in Pacific Grove. She and her mother, Evelyn, visited me and I also visited her and Aunt Evelyn in Redwood City. Dianne had an adventuresome spirit and loved to travel, even if it was just for local outings. On a one day trip to Half Moon Bay, Dianne told me (with a twinkle in her eye) that as a teenager she once biked from home to the coast and back in a bikini! I think she was really proud of that daring trip. One outing took us to Alcatraz and, later, because Dianne was a fan of quirky and creative art work and displays, we visited the Playland-Not-At-the-Beach Museum (now closed). Some of the animatronics, such as the Laughing Lady, sparked our reminiscences of the Playland amusement park, which used to be at Ocean Beach in San Francisco.

In 2006 Dianne was on a cross-country road trip and she visited me in Athens, Ohio. Dianne always carefully planned her trips and her research identified a couple of unusual attractions near my home, which we visited: a café with a collection of vintage lunchboxes and the pencil sharpener museum. On our way to Blennerhassett Island, a historical site in West Virginia, I showed Dianne the smallest church in Ohio, which delighted her.

I moved to Washington state in 2015 and, in 2017, I had the opportunity to visit Dianne two times. In September, I was driving to Los Angeles and stopped to visit Dianne at her apartment in Rohnert Park. What struck me was how genuinely happy she was to be there. She loved the apartment and the friends she had made there. We took a drive out to the coast and, given that Dianne and I shared a love good food, we headed to the Union Hotel in Occidental, a place we knew provided generous portions of excellent food. In December I was attending an event in Dillon Beach and instead of driving south, I flew into Sonoma County airport, where Dianne met me. I had reserved a car, but they didn't have the car I reserved. Instead, they offered me a red mustang. I was hesitant to take it, but Dianne (again, with that twinkle in her eye) said I just had to take it. She was ecstatic when I decided to rent the mustang. We had a blast...a couple of past-middle-age ladies driving around in a flashy red car. What a hoot!

In 2018 I was going to travel to Iceland, and knowing that Dianne loved travel and animals, I asked if she would be willing to house- and cat-sit for me. She enthusiastically agreed. Unfortunately, this was the last time I saw Dianne. I am greatly saddened by the death of my "cuz". I respected her independence, enjoyed her gentle sense of humor, and got a real kick out of her enthusiasm for adventures. I will miss her.

Cousin: Marcia Engle (Mother's side of family)



I am Dianne's Cousin, from her Mother's side of the family. I once read an article about cousins that stated, that they were a real "treasure". I also read a quote that said "Cousins are the friends from the same family tree." Our relationship developed, when we were adults. We wrote letters and then started emailing each other, on a regular basis. Dianne had a positive attitude, she loved nature, took well planned road trips, wrote journals, remembered birthdays, and enjoyed her many friends.

She would research any subject that she found interesting. Dianne and I decided to combine our family pictures and knowledge of our Grandparents. Dianne told me a story that she had heard about our Grandma Engle. Around the year 1910, Grandma Engle, moved to the San Francisco Bay Area with a couple of her friends from Ashland, Oregon. They had graduated from high school and wanted an adventure. They all got jobs at a tavern, on Mount Tamalpais in Marin County. While working at the tavern, there was a fire on Mount Tamalpais. The guests and employees had to be evacuated by the small open air train. Grandma Engle and the cook were the last two people to be evacuated. Dianne said that they had grabbed a tablecloth and a bottle of champagne on their way out of the kitchen. They poured the champagne on the tablecloth and put it over their heads to avoid the smoke from the fire on their way down the mountain. After telling me the story, Dianne said that she wanted to know more about Mount Tamalpais. She started doing research on the history of the mountain. She talked to historians about the tavern, the train, plants, and animals in the area. She gave the historians some pictures that we found in our Grandmother's collection and an enlargement of one of the pictures is in the train museum. She then organized an outing on Mount Tamalpais for her hiking friends and I was included. We had a fun afternoon with Dianne by taking a hike, having a picnic, and visiting the two museums on Mount Tamalpais.

Dianne's interest in Mount Tamalpais, her research, involvement with adding to the history at the museums, and then her organizing an event to be enjoyed by her friends was a way of life for Dianne. I think that she had a sense of adventure, much like our Grandmother.

I always enjoyed corresponding with Dianne, as she was so interested in life. She would send me pictures of her hikes, friends, as well as plants and animals. She was very resourceful and created a nice life style, for herself.

I will miss her..... as she definitely was a "Treasure".

The Craft Girls: Carol DeGrazia



Dianne (by Carol DeGrazia)

I first met Dianne when we enrolled in court reporting school, The Academy of Stenographic Arts in San Francisco, I believe, in 1974. We formed a carpool with me, Dianne, and Ann, who we lost a few months ago unexpectedly. I connected with Dianne immediately. We had lots of things in common. We loved making crafts, cooking and potlucks, hiking, nature, and adventures. We began getting together for Craft Night at least once a month, and we would have adventures in between our potlucks. We became very close friends. She ended up quitting court reporting school and got a job, but we remained very close and would often be found together. We did a lot of fun things together. We even took up weekly folk dancing for a couple of years. I loved how I could totally be myself around Dianne.

When I got married, Dianne was my maid of honor. When I began preschool with my oldest daughter, Vanessa, I met some other moms—Nancy, Lori, Linda & Lidya -- and invited them to join us for craft night. We still get together to this day. Through Dianne, I have met some wonderful people – Mary Anne Leary and Linda Anderson to name a few – and they have joined us also for craft nights.

As my family grew, I was also working and we were renovating and adding onto our house. After three kids, life got pretty busy and I didn't have the time to go on as many adventures with Dianne, and so she joined Edgewood, looking for other people to hike with. I'm so happy she did, because she met a lot of you and really bonded with her botany and hiking buddies. You have greatly enriched her life. I thank you for that.

After Dianne's first bout with cancer, she stayed with us for a couple days and I was very happy to be able to be there for her. After all, she was a part of our family. I was so happy when she was given the all clear from her doctors. It was a scary time but she got stronger and conquered the cancer.

Although I didn't spend as much time with her in later years, we always stayed in touch and managed to get together whenever we could and had lots of fun adventures. We still had craft nights and potluck dinners and outings with The Craft Girls – quilt shows, picnics, and celebrating birthdays.

When Dianne decided to move to Rohnert Park, she rented a truck and she and I and another friend, Michael, moved her into her new home. She was full of hope and new beginnings. She eventually joined another hiking group there and met some wonderful people, Pauline being one of them. Dianne always amazed me with her knowledge of just about every wildflower we came across. She had a wealth of knowledge of nature. I am very grateful she had so many wonderful friends in her life.

Mary Anne had said to me that she imagined that in Dianne's new life she has a little cottage in nature, surrounded by wildflowers and is happy doing her projects. How perfect is that? As I thought about it, I imagined it just slightly different. I imagine in her new life Dianne will be living in her Airstream on her own property, surrounded by nature and happily doing her projects, after, of course, her Route 66 road trip, but I would imagine it would also include food and potlucks and craft nights.

I will miss you, my dear friend. I will miss your sense of humor, I will miss your scrubbers, I will miss your laughter, your enthusiasm and joy in the little things, but most of all I will miss your friendship. I am grateful you were a part of my life.

Friend: Linda Anderson



My Friend Dianne Celebration of Her Life Saturday, October 2nd, 2021

I remember vividly where Dianne and I first met. It was in the mid 70's and I was living in Redwood City at the time working as a part-time cashier at a gas station on El Camino Real.

Di and her boyfriend, Bob, pulled up for gas. Bob was her only true love. They both had long hair (Dianne's hair was longer, but not by much lol). Her smile and giggle were contagious. We hit it off immediately and made arrangements to get together. The beginning of our endearing friendship which never skipped a beat.

Her love for pets and hiking rubbed off on me immediately. To this day I still petsit, walk and hike. She introduced me to many of her friends and my family welcomed her with open arms and love.

We went to concerts together. One in particular was David Bowie's Serious Moonlight Tour in 1983 at Oakland Stadium. We always talked about that one!! You can only imagine - Hee! Hee! We both bought Bowie t-shirts.

Even though we lived on separate coasts our friendship never dwindled. Birthday and Christmas cards were exchanged every year. Of course, Dianne's cards were always decorated with stickers and such. They were gifts in a way. Handmade with photos of flowers, vistas she visited etc. She put her heart and soul in everything she did.

The several times I lived in California or visited there Dianne was at the top of my list of people to see. We always had so much fun together. No matter how long between visits she and I always kept in touch with each other.

Her expertise on nature was impeccable. Di would tell me the names of flowers, plants etc. After a few minutes she would quiz me. If I could remember one or two names of the flowers. I was lucky. Dianne would tell me again and laughed knowing I would never remember.

The monthly art and craft nights were a riot and not to be missed. Not being a crafty person, I soon learned from Di how to make homemade projects. She was a “Jill of all trades”. Carol’s home was a hotspot for crafts night. Always filled with food, laughter, fun and love.

Dianne planned another Route 66 road trip in celebration when she turned 66. Unfortunately, it had to be scratched due to the cost of dental work she needed done. I visited my very dear friend a couple of times since the planned but cancelled Route 66 road trip.



Los Altos High School: Georgina Davila-See Video in Dianne’s Celebration of Life

The order of video speakers are as follows:

- 1) Georgina Davila - I was Di’s officemate in the Textbook Center for many many years
- 2) Michael Moul - English Teacher
- 3) Christine Bridges - Librarian
- 4) Joanne Miyahara - English Teacher
- 5) Keren Dawson-Bowman - English Teacher
- 6) Gordon Jack - Librarian
- 7) Teresa Dunlap - Math Teacher



Mid-Pen: Susan Peterson

When Dianne became a Mid-Pen docent naturalist in December 1994, she could begin to guide visitors on walks in any of twenty-six preserves open to the public. The volunteer docent program was intended to aid a primary Mid-Pen goal by providing the public guided opportunities to visit and responsibly enjoy the preserves. Dianne was an exceedingly effective docent since her walks were invariably enjoyable, educational, and brought loads of people out along district trails

Activities led by her were popular because of qualities familiar now to anyone who has been out in nature with her. She led with a cheerful sense of fun and an infectious delight in discovering and sharing about the plants, animals, history, or geology encountered. With expansive, inclusive generosity of spirit she would welcome people to her walks as friends not merely attendees. Naturally many people came regularly to her walks. She inspired an eagerness and comfort with walking the preserves, a familiarity with some of the native plants and critters, and ideally a desire to learn more.

Dianne was born on Lincoln's birthday, and she liked to plan walks on various holidays making them not just fun, but celebrations. I remember her handing out a rose to each mother on a Mother's Day walk at Russian Ridge, suggesting costumes and handing out treats on Halloween night walks at Thornewood and Coal Creek, and sharing fun facts about Turkeys on Thanksgiving morning Turkey Hunts at Rancho San Antonio – apparently turkeys were never seen on those hunts but no matter. Even October star viewing on Skyline Ridge could be a celebration – after picnicking through sunset and learning about night sky objects after dark, Dianne handed out starburst candies for the walk back.

She was a natural ambassador for the District, but as with others who seem naturals at something, a lot of serious preparation went into Dianne's activities. She was very organized. After planning the theme and format of a walk, she did background study for facts to share, and pre-hiked so she could generate a plant list to hand out to everyone. On the walk itself she was a serious leader keeping attention to the group and the time, plus all the flowers too of course.

Dianne recently told me her favorite Mid-Pen hike memory was of the 3rd Annual Halloween Hike we led at Thornewood in 1997. She actually still had her hand-written trip report for that event and the group photo I had taken. Those give a sense of the rare sort of docent Dianne was at Mid-Pen.

I'll read some of her trip report.....

Event highlights: "The event highlight was this wonderful, diverse group of people! I've never enjoyed doing a hike more. Mrs. Broadwell, with a home-made witch's hat, and a very strong Austrian accent, told a wonderful funny story of her native Austria & the mouse that jumped down a ladies' "V-neck" blouse and jumped back out into a glass full of wine! Then there was Jackie, with a spike through her head, who told a wonderful story of a serpent in a lake that turned into a beautiful woman with a kiss. Then there was Eric, with a big, black, furry hat & a rabbit trap on his belt. He was quite the comedian. He sang us a wonderful scary tale in a beautiful deep voice that had us all mesmerized. Then there was Eric, wearing a skunk-fur hat, an Asian man, who told a true story of a resident ghost that appears late at night in the 100-yr. old building where he works in Mountain View. Pat, a regular, sporting a witch's hat and a kitty mask, read a spooky story with much enthusiasm. She works in a bookstore and is a wonderful storyteller! Then she passed out Hersey's kisses to everyone. Then, for a round-robin story, we all made up a great, gory Halloween story about our walk back in the dark & what went "Bump in the Night"!

Everyone was wonderful! Back at the parking lot I passed out prizes for the best stories & Halloween candy (which had melted in my car & nobody wanted), and everyone stayed around for about 20 minutes while we looked up lizards & went through my new butterfly book. The End...."



Edgewood: Bill Korbholz

Hello everyone, I'm Bill Korbholz and I am affiliated with the Friends of Edgewood. FoE is a non-profit, all-volunteer organization supporting Edgewood County Park and Natural Preserve in Redwood City. I'm going to celebrate the 16-year period in Dianne's life from 1996-2012.

On your screen you are viewing pages from a scrapbook (one of Dianne's many scrapbooks) that she put together following her FoE going-away party in 2012. The party was hosted by Thanh and Bob Mougeot at their house in San Carlos.

Dianne first became involved with the Friends when she joined the docent program in 1996. As we all will remember, Dianne was nothing if not a go-getter, and it took only 2 years for her to assume responsibility for coordinating the whole docent program. But that was not enough for her. She also became the docent training coordinator at the same time. With her unbounded enthusiasm, she completely transformed the docent program. She produced a docent manual, developed a stronger training curriculum, implemented annual "kick-off" sessions, and introduced the practice of conducting 1-on-1 "buddy" walks for trainees.

In 1998, she staffed our booth at the San Mateo County Fair and organized our so-called Weed-N-Feed activities (pull some weeds in the park, then join friends for a picnic). Later that year, we named her our Kiosk Kween (spelled K-W-E-E-N) to maintain the kiosks in the park. She also staffed our Hospitality Tables for several years, and supported our Demonstration Garden as a garden steward.

Her exceptional contributions to the Friends were recognized in 1998 when she was presented with the coveted Best Friend of Edgewood award, something that is given to just one or two individuals each year. Her certificate stated that she was awarded this recognition "for her enthusiastic leadership, creativity, and tireless efforts coordinating the docent-led wildflower walks and training new docents during the 1997-1998 season."

But all of these volunteer contributions did not satisfy Dianne's unending energy and zeal. In 1999, she joined our Adopt-A-Highway program, removing litter from a segment of highway adjacent to Edgewood. She also became a habitat restorationist, a fancy term for a weeder. And in 2011, she joined the hosting program at our Education Center, greeting visitors and answering their questions about the park.

One of her most enduring contributions to the Friends was the What's Bloomin' magnet board. This is a large whiteboard that we place outside the entrance to the Education Center. Dianne created small magnets with photos and names of plants and animals that could be seen at the park. The What's Bloomin' board is still a popular component of our interpretive work.

Then Dianne decided that she wanted to lead weekly training hikes at Edgewood for our docents. These so-called Bloomin' Hikes were extremely popular and well-attended, and, while they have changed and evolved, are still a weekly activity at Edgewood.

Dianne was a frequent contributor to our quarterly newsletter. I found an article of hers that appeared in our December 2011 issue, and I want to read a paragraph from it.

This spring, the FoE wildflower docents started hiking together on Friday evenings and in the summer we added Tuesday evenings. Most of us hadn't hiked Edgewood at this time of year. We were seeing things we had never seen before. I have great memories of these hikes. We

saw soap plant blossoms, orb-weaver spiders on their webs and turret spiders sitting on top of their turrets, dusky-footed woodrats, bunnies and jack rabbits in their scurry zones, amazing birds, the yampah field in full bloom, rattlesnakes, full moons, heavy banks of fog, and incredible sunsets. The list is endless. To me, another great thing about these hikes was the friendships that developed among all of us.

Well, you can't listen to those words without realizing what a devoted nature lover Dianne was, and how strongly she valued her many, many friends. And I think I can say that we friends dearly valued her friendship as well.

Botanical Buddies: Mary Anne Leary



It is an honor to be able to speak on behalf of the Botany Buddies (affectionately nicknamed the BB's) about our dear friend and fellow nature lover, Dianne. Our lives are forever changed from knowing her.

As Bill mentioned in his Edgewood talk, Dianne became the Docent Coordinator at Edgewood in January 1998. I remember walking into the first meeting she was in charge of and she enthusiastically said hello to each of us, called us by our name, and introduced herself. We all felt immediately at ease. Dianne was always friendly, helpful, and extremely well organized.

Katherine Greene, Bob Archibald, and I were in that first graduating class of 1998. Although Kathy and Bill Korbholz were already Edgewood docents, they also joined us in the trainings. Ken Himes shared his vast wisdom with us during the trainings and also through enrichment hikes Dianne had organized.

Dianne drew together and created the Botany Buddies, a diverse group of seven people, including herself, from all walks of life, but we all had the common interest of our passion for being in nature. Bob later brought in the eighth member of the BB's introducing us to Vicki (now his wife). And so it was that the Botany Buddies came into existence!

At first, Dianne organized interesting day hikes but, as time went on, we would get our calendars out and start planning three-day holiday weekend trips and also longer summer trips. Often Dianne would start out on one of our summer trips but leave early as we saw her off on one of her epic road trips such as Route 66 or the Yellowstone Trail. Dianne was definitely the Queen of Road Trips!

And where would our journeys take us? We had several trips to the Lakes Basin area, staying in Graeagle the first year. Upon seeing that we loved exploring this area, we returned to Gold Lakes Lodge for a few years, and also stayed at a friend's house on the Yuba River. As Pauline shared in Dianne's obituary, she would perfectly plan when and where we would eat our meals so that it was in a consistent and timely fashion. We always had snacks ready just in case things didn't work out as planned.

We made trips to Carrizo Plains, Mt. Pinos, twice to Southern Oregon, Point Reyes, Big Sur, Mono & June Lakes area, Burney Falls, Hite's Cove, Hope Valley, Bear Valley/Walker Ridge, Quincy/Butterfly Valley, the White Mountains, Bothe-Napa State Park, and twice to Sutter Buttes.

There was one criterion that Dianne was very clear about (besides eating on time and getting to bed early) and that was if the trip involved camping or backpacking you could count her out! She said she had her fill of camping earlier on and only wanted to go back to a comfortable bed, warm shower, and good food!

The Botany Buddies last trip with Dianne in March 2018 was to various state and county parks in Sonoma County. Ken's wife, Dee, went on this trip as the newest addition to the BB's. Dianne was proud to share her 'new' home turf with the BB's and the wealth of botanical wisdom she had gleaned through her various adventures with her new hiking friends.

Our trips were always filled with laughter, fascinating new discoveries, becoming reacquainted with old botanical favorites, good food, and camaraderie. We often worked in pairs to prepare meals followed by a rousing game of Balderdash. It was customary at our last meal together to go around the table and say what our favorite part of the trip was, a difficult task as we always saw so many amazing things.

One time, Ken locked himself out of his home and who came to his rescue? Dianne and her mother, who was then in her 90's, came with a crowbar and sledge hammer! Dianne and her mom did the job and Ken was able to avoid engaging the services of a locksmith.

Not long afterwards, we celebrated Ken's birthday on a trip to Burney Falls. We gathered around to give Ken his gifts, and one by one he opened up a hide-a-key box from each of us. The BB's thought it was hysterically funny - perhaps more than Ken did!

Another time while out botanizing on one of our trips, Ken decided to bequeath the title of 'Czarina' upon Dianne as he said "she spoke and wrote with authority". This reminds us of the fact that Dianne would make extensive plant lists, at that time by common name, after all our outings. Again, as Ken shares, "In the early years, she wouldn't use scientific names but I received calendars from Dianne with photos of Sonoma County plants. Beautiful, and you guessed it, with scientific names included." He continues, "I don't really remember if it was me that coined the name Czarina, but for all of us, she will always be the Czarina."

A happy event that unobtrusively occurred while the BB's were on a trip to Southern Oregon was when Bob got down on bent knee and proposed to Vicki. Everyone was delighted with the news and loved that it happened during a BB adventure!

We often celebrated birthdays together by having a potluck, perhaps a slideshow, and of course, gifts. I just saw in a photo album of Dianne's where on her birthday she stated that she couldn't understand why people would say on their invitations, "No gifts, please!" In her mind, it was "Bring on the gifts!" Many people were the recipients of Dianne's gifts, often hand-made: her beautiful photo cards, various colored scrubbies, hand-made carrying bags, kleenex tissue holders, bookmarks she made from her photos with clay beads, and as Kathy mentioned, a wind-up toy was often tucked inside the gift. Kathy brought a wind-up duck toy to Dianne while she was in the hospital. Dianne had previously given the toy to Kathy. I remember winding it up and setting it off to waddle on the floor to Dianne's delight. That is a happy memory from my last visit with her.

As many people have already shared, and will continue to share, Dianne was a very generous person whose enthusiasm for life was inspiring to all of us. Dianne had an uncanny capability of drawing people together, organizing trainings and hikes, and was a most jovial hiking companion to so many of us. The expression, that the mold was broken, could not be better said in reference to Dianne. She was unique, her own person, and shared of herself generously with all of us. The Botany Buddies join with all her loved ones in acknowledging that our lives have been blessed by knowing Dianne and sharing life's adventures with her. We love you, Dianne, our Czarina, and will always remember you with fondness, appreciation, and gratitude for the impact you made upon our lives. Thank you for your generosity of spirit that you shared with us so readily.



Yellowstone Trail: Cobe Chatwood

I met Dianne during Mid-Pen docent training in 1994.

If Dianne had a theme song, it would be “I've Been Everywhere Man”.

I was fortunate to be part of some of her travels and certainly got to know others through her massive collection of journals and scrapbooks.

As part of her quest to study and travel, the Yellowstone Trail from Plymouth, Mass. to Seattle, WA, with a major stop at Yellowstone Park, was high on her list. That is how she met Dorothy Olson of Columbus, MT. Their friendship continued from 2005 to the present. She also stopped in every museum that was open in every small town across the country, and made more friends with the stewards of those museum.

I was working in Yellowstone Park at the time of her Yellowstone Trails travels and was able to join her for a brief period. One of the highlights for both of us was to find an old Indian wikiup just off the old Yellowstone Trail. She recently sent me a portion of her journal from that time. The trip was 36 days long, and she drove 6,793 miles in her little Rav 4.

In addition to studying and following the Yellowstone Trail, she also traveled Route 66 and had plans to do the Lincoln Highway.

Another adventure I had with Dianne, was to the Colma cemeteries. This was well researched by Dianne and we got to see the Hearst mausoleum, Wyatt Earp's grave and Levi Stauss' tomb. Nobody was better prepared for an adventure than Dianne.

She also led me on a tour of the Ghost Towns of the Santa Cruz Mountains. This included:

Leo and Leona, the lion statues near the Cats restaurant and the entrance to the Poets' Canyon

The Holy City and Holy City Art Glass

Patchen historical marker and log cabin

The old Burnell schoolhouse

Old Skyland church, built in 1891

The Mystery Spot

Santa's Village

California Landmark Number 449, which was described as being behind a large pile of horse manure. I don't remember the plaque, but I do remember the horse manure. No level of detail was too much for Dianne.

The final site on this trip was an underground house with a submarine conning tower sticking out above ground. Maybe not historical, but hysterical.

Diane was also a collector of strange sites and the biggest "whatever" she could find. Over time she described to me that she had visited:

The World's only Corn Palace, which was in Mitchell, South Dakota.

The world's biggest ball of string

The world's largest ball of aluminum foil

Together, we visited the:

The world's largest raisin box in Kingsburg, CA

The world's largest teapot, also near Kingsburg, CA

The world's largest man holding a rifle near Rockville, MT

and the world's largest artichoke near Castroville, CA

And of course, we had to search out the Oscar Meyer wiener car in Oakland, and every large orange we could find at the old Orange Julius stands.

These are the memories from a great woman who will be dearly missed and highly revered. There isn't a better planner, traveler, and documentarian.

Thank you, Dianne, for all the good travels.

Radiant Ladies: Karen Jackson



Hello, this is Karen Jackson.

Along with so many friends of Dianne Hunt, celebrating her life is an honor.

I have so many cherished moments with Di, it's difficult to begin.

We met 12 years ago with another friend, Mary McCutchen (my neighbor). We were all diagnosed with breast cancer at the same time. We three met at Kaiser Santa Clara during our Radiation treatments. Dianne called us the "Radiant Ladies".

While awaiting our turn each day, we put together jigsaw puzzles. When our six weeks were complete, we continued to meet each month for lunch and more puzzles, enjoying activities: Cancer Survivor functions, games and giggles.

One in particular comes to mind, when Dianne won the game, "Bra Pong" tossing a ping pong ball into open bras on a table. She shared her winnings with us... a giant pizza at Giorgio's and lots of laughs, too.

We went to Arts and Crafts Fairs ... I remember her "scrubbers" and beautiful photos of flowers, which she turned into amazing gift cards.

At our 10-year cancer-free reunion, Dianne came to San Jose to stay with me, where Sisi, my little dog received much love as well as sharing her bed and hugs. We visited Mary, as she was ill and unable to go out to celebrate with us. As always, we three managed to find much humor from the past.

I had planned to join Di for the Rte. 66 Road trip on her 66th birthday, but it was cancelled. She had prepared enormous activities along the way.

She never missed sending me one of her special cards for my birthday and all holidays, with a multitude of amusing stickers... as well as fun texts.

Initially visiting Dianne at Valley House Rehab, she was so positive, looking forward to coming to stay with me when she felt better... planning to do more puzzles that Mary Anne Leary had shared with us.

It's almost impossible for me to realize that's not going to happen. However, I shall rejoice in all the souvenirs, memories, photos, laughter and activities with which we were blessed.

I received a text from Mary McCutchen's daughter, Debbie Lake, who said, "So sorry to hear about Dianne. The three of you formed an incredible friendship. Mom thought the world of both of you."

I shall miss them both, but remember the joys we all shared.

Love to all, Karen Jackson

Personal Friend: Pauline DeWitt- See Video in Dianne's Celebration of Life; see script below



Hello Friends of Dianne Grace Hunt, I am here at Riverfront Regional Park just outside Windsor, CA, the last lunch stop Dianne and I enjoyed together. We met while hiking with SWAG April 8, 2013, and through commuting to hikes together a friendship that logged 968.4 what I called 'walking/hiking' adventurous miles in Regional, State, & Federal Parks was formed as we enjoyed the great outdoors and searched for 'native' flowers; Dianne documented and snapped photos of each one we found. I always knew if the flower I spotted was 'non-native' by her level of excitement with the find as she would drably respond, "oh that's nice" and quickly move on. By the evening of that day's flower search Dianne would have e-mailed me the count, names, and some very impressive photos of our finds. If memory serves me her favorite find was always the Checker Lilly.

I tried so hard to remember the hundreds of flower species Dianne had stored in her amazing memory and shared with me—to help she would often quiz me along the way. I think I have perhaps 5-6 names imbedded in my memory after all those hunts; but what is most precious to me is that I have gained many fond memories of some incredibly great adventures with my wonderful friend that I will not soon forget.

I learned just how organized Dianne was as I packed up her apartment—Dianne had most of her clothing hung neatly in her closet, hiking shoes in boxes and everyday shoes on storage shelves. Financial records in files, labeled and in storage containers, craft, office, and photo supplies neatly filed and placed in labeled storage containers. Dianne's life dated and journaled from her very first day of life through childhood, adolescence, relationships, & work experiences. Logging every road trip, adventure, and friends all displayed in beautiful scrapbooks Dianne had clearly put together from her heart and had worked on for hours. Dianne had four file cabinets filled with individual, labeled information about every city, park, and state she ever visited. Our friend is truly remarkable.

I have so many great memories to share but only have time for a few.

Dianne taught me how to get around using our SMART train and public transit system. On several occasions we caught the train south to San Rafael then catching the bus into 'the city' to hike the Presidio, and because of Dianne's adventurous spirit, I finally made it to Haight & Ashbury—every teen from the 60's wanted to experience Haight & Ashbury! We even took SMART north to the Santa Rosa airport for lunch and a trial run before she would meet her friend at the airport the next day. I always marveled at Dianne's bravery and independence.

Our last hike was in Foothill Regional Park, Windsor June 4th. Dianne was quickly out of breath and unsteady as we made our way around the lakes needing to sit down before we made our way to go around the third lake, "no hills" she said yet still wanting to go to "one more park", Riverfront Regional off Eastside Road between Windsor and Guerneville to have lunch among the Redwoods. Laughing as we always did when she brought it out of her backpack, we spread the ant tablecloth over the old wooden picnic table and sat down to enjoy our lunch in the place she loved being the most, the beautiful outdoors. Dianne always handed me one of her favorite candies, Lindt Lindor Milk Chocolate, as we ate our sandwich and enjoyed one another's company.

Dianne had lived in the Altamont Apartments since moving to Rohnert Park October 1, 2012. I think she may have met everyone living there at some time or another and became involved with the Altamont Activities Committee in 2014. Dianne loved living in this community, her bright spirit, friendly smile, and sweet hello is deeply missed. I am not the only person Dianne hiked with on a regular basis having formed friendships with several of the 'hikers' living in the Altamont as well. Even in Dianne's weakened last days she had a ten-year plan to move back to the place she loved—The Altamont.

SWAG Hikers: Nyla Larson



Dianne Hunt 2012 - 2017

Former Leader of the Meetup group SWAG

Presented by Nyla Larsen-Current Meetup Organizer for Senior Walkabout Adventure Group

I met Dianne around the fall of 2012. New to Santa Rosa, I joined several groups to meet new people and learn the area. Shortly after trying a couple of other walking groups, I found “Senior Walkabout Adventure Group”. Dianne was the organizer who led 3 walks along the Santa Rosa Creek on successive Mondays. As our leader she was the perfect example of adventure seeking, welcoming and knowledgeable.

As we would mingle during the hikes and could offer activity suggestions, our group was a breeding ground for safe exploration and friendship. Dianne without a car managed to stretch our hike territory from San Francisco, through Marin and Sonoma County to the coast.

She put her signature on the group with heartfelt trinkets, activities and gestures. Dianne was the hike leader who after each milestone gave SWAG hikers decorated cardboard stars attached to a ribbon necklace. This of course necessitated her weekly monitoring the hike statistics, getting the craft supplies, creating a unique star for each triumphant hiker, and hand delivering from her backpack, the award unscathed.

Dianne had some favorite hikes she introduced to us along Hwy 1 as magical as the Kruse Rhododendron Garden and as magnificent as the Kortum Trail overlooking the Pacific.

Many of us in the group from points far and wide, were without close family or a support system. To this end Dianne instituted a birthday lunch after one of her hikes each month. SWAG for many of us became family and we accepted the tradition of holiday hikes and potlucks to fill the void. Today we still do this working around fire season and Covid.

It takes a special touch to gather and bond a group. I've never seen better than Dianne's skill at consolidating a clutch of hikers with her direct enthusiastic "Hello, [then each hiker's name]" and her official roll call from a printed checklist at the beginning of each hike.

Somewhere around 2017 Dianne resigned from our group to pursue other interests and I didn't hear much from her after that. A year or two later I took the baton of Main Organizer for the group and to this day we have successfully continued with Dianne's memory.

A couple of years later on June 14, 2018, I was approaching the 500th hike milestone with SWAG. I mentioned to fellow hiker Maria from Dianne's building, how wonderful it would be if Dianne would join us for this 500th hike and then I forgot about it. That day as the group gathered, I was planning to share my news and as I looked at the faces of the hikers that day... I saw DIANNE standing with the group! This WAS the last time Dianne walked with us.

After that day by email, Dianne and I discussed how much it would mean if some of us old time SWAGgers got together on the trail again. It happened on October 4th, 2019 - - five of us got together on a trail in Forestville. That was the last time I ever saw Dianne.

Never more appropriate the saying "Gone but not forgotten" hardly a week goes by that one of the 6 or 7 original hikers doesn't say the words, "Dianne would know that" or "We learned that from Dianne".

Late Bloomers: Leah Moffat, Thanh Mougeot, Deanna Schiel



Dianne Hunt was a dear friend. Here is a note Deanna sent to Dianne as she left the Bay Area:

Hopefully you have started an Edgewood tradition ... weekly walks where something new seems to be discovered each time. It is said: "To find new things, take the path you took yesterday" ... and that certainly seems to be true at Edgewood.

We will miss your energy and like a pied piper you have gotten me and others out on the trail in search of the usual and unusual which leads to learning about the “what is it” and some “weird ways” of nature. Good luck on your new adventure.

After she moved to Rohnert Park, some of us docent friends had the opportunity to visit her and explore the North Coast. We had many botanizing excursions over several years. We even named ourselves “The Late Bloomers”. Dianne loved that. She planned our hikes, made hotel reservations, and knew just the right parks, trails and vistas to visit. She loved going to funky shops and seeing weird trees (the state’s largest Bay tree, a pygmy forest). She was excited to show us unusual or showy plants (the Gnome plant, Corn Lily) and later would send us lists of all the plants we had seen.

Dianne was a people person. She introduced us to her friend Denise, who was retired from being a forest ranger, but was still helping out in a state forest. Later she recommended Denise’s nature blog.

Dianne, we will miss you. You were a wonderful, enthusiastic friend and a big part of our lives.



Edgewood Docent, Friend: Roger Myers



Here is what I wrote about Dianne...Inspired by Billy Joel, with new words:

She Had a Way About Her

She had a way about her,
to always bring a smile and assure you felt worthwhile;
of brightening every room and dispelling hints of gloom.

She had a way about her,
to help you feel at ease, like a welcoming summer breeze;
a spirit that breathed of kin, with whom you could share those thoughts within.

She had a way about her,
that brought Nature's wonders and beauty to the fore,
and enticed us all to join her, those marvels to explore.

She had a way about her,
to always keep in touch with hand-made cards and such,
with the added warming strand of sharing her thoughts by hand.

She had a way about her,
that though fate now deems we be apart,
she'll live on forever within our hearts.

She had a way about her.



Edgewood Docent/Friend: Kathryn Strachota

Dear Dianne,

Consider this one last e-mail. This tribute isn't going to work for me if I try to write about you, so I will write directly to you. Since we often shared our favorite nature sightings of flowers, birds, and even insects, I'll tell you about the reptile I saw day before yesterday: a Skilton's skink. I found it in the bathroom, of all places, at El Corte de Madera. At first, I thought it was a juvenile, because it was so small, but it didn't have a bright blue tail. When I checked the stats, I discovered that adults can be as small as 2-1/4". The ones I've seen at Edgewood were all bigger. There's always something new to learn.

We were always learning together. On our fabulous, never-to-be-forgotten week-long drive up the coast, in 2012, we'd sit outside in the evening surrounded by our field guides, contentedly nailing down every wildflower we'd seen that day. Of course, you knew most of their names already, and you knew exactly where each species would be blooming in the redwoods in mid-August. You had expertly planned the whole trip to hit all the hotspots.

You loved planning trips. When my tenant and I had to get out of our houses last September while wildfires were raging, you told us exactly where to go (Kit Carson Lodge overlooking Silver Lake in the Sierras) to get away from smoke and to be surrounded by beauty. You even sent maps. This was after you had stopped taking trips yourself, but you offered to help me plan any future mountain outings I wanted to go on with other friends.

Planning trips gave you a chance to consult the extensive logs and journals and photo albums you kept on all the trips you had taken, the places to eat, who came along, the people you met, and the wildflowers you saw. You were an inveterate traveler who enjoyed your trips before, during, and after taking them.

You took the photos in your albums yourself. You had an eye for beauty and composition and truly enjoyed having a good camera at the ready so that you could take advantage of the opportunities that came your way often, because you were out and about often. One particularly serendipitous shot was of a flock of cedar waxwings eating red pyracantha berries; you used it as a Christmas card. A photo of fringed corn lily that you took at Kruse Rhododendron and made into a card is displayed in my kitchen gallery of nature delights. One year you sent out a delightful wildflower calendar you had made with your photos of local and beloved wildflowers.

There are other reminders of your craftiness throughout my house. A super-practical door snake you made keeps the cold air from my bedroom from coming into my living room in the winter. I use your colorful nylon net scrubbers in my shower to exfoliate my face and in my kitchen to clean bottles. My tenant uses his to clean vegetables. Those are only three of the uses you suggested in a long, endlessly imaginative list you sent to recipients. You were a big believer in lists, and in practicality.

Mostly, we connected on hikes. Hikes, hikes, and more hikes. I originally got to know you many years ago when you instituted, led, and documented the weekly "Bloomin' Hikes" at Edgewood. I thought of you fondly when last April, on the current incarnation of the weekly survey, we saw 96 species of blooming plants. That would never have cut it for you -- you would have insisted on finding a round number of plants, in this case, 100. Generally, you would succeed in finding "just one more", because you paid such close attention to scouting the flowers out and because you knew all their hiding places.

The most fun I had hiking with you was when we went on a different adventure every week for six months, from points north to points as far south as Garrapata, the mountain where you loved all the many lupines and I loved the big, cobwebby cobweb thistles. You did all the driving, because you loved to drive, and of course you did much of the planning, because you loved to plan. This was just before I retired, and I was already working part-time, after I had spent years convincing myself to retire. During that half year of weekly adventures, something happened at work that caused you to decide to retire and within two weeks you had figured out what you needed to do and had done it.

You needed, for instance, to sell your beloved car and to move to less expensive housing in the East Bay. Being without your car did not slow you down one whit. In addition to finding out about public transportation, you continued to plan hikes. You announced them on Meetup and put together carpools of fellow hikers. In no time at all, you had made a home for yourself, assembled a congenial group of trail buddies, and covered many miles on new trails in new places, counting them up and keeping track of each one on a list, of course.

That instant decision to retire and pull up stakes was not atypical. You could be wildly impulsive. It was part of knowing your own mind. Fortunately, you could also change your mind. One time you decided to ditch me as a friend, wrapping up our years of fun together in one sentence. There was no possible way I could let you out of my heart, though, and luckily, I persisted in making that clear to you, and we eventually picked right up where we had left off.

You once thanked me again, ten years after the fact, for the six-page letter of appreciation I wrote, and illustrated with stickers, for your farewell-to-Edgewood party when you moved. I don't remember what I wrote, because I don't document as well as you did, but I know it was all true. I hope that farewell album ends up in the library at the Education Center in Edgewood, so everyone can read the eulogies from your posse of Edgewood friends.

You made friends, created community, and contributed to the greater good wherever you went. I'm so happy I was one of those friends and part of your community. You lived a full and impassioned life brimming with enthusiasm and I'm glad I was part of it. I'm glad we got to share enthusiasms.

You had some hard knocks, but whenever you got knocked off-kilter, you found ways to be yourself again and be happy. When you started falling a lot, you got yourself a self-described "little old lady cart" so you could keep moving and get what you needed. When you couldn't hike anymore, you stayed put and worked on your timeline and journals and scrapbooks, reexperiencing your numerous adventures. Joy always won out in the end, your suncup heart found ways to bloom. That was the flower you selected, after careful reflection (of course, you knew and loved so many flowers!), to represent your heart in my meditation garden. May your heart flower, may you be free from pain, may you be whole, may you know your deepest joy and peace.

I love you. I miss you.

Kathryn



Edgewood Docent/Late Bloomer: Thanh Mougeot

Dianne Hunt was a dear friend. She was such a huge help to me as a docent with her knowledge of CA Wildflowers. After she moved to Rohnert Park some of us had the opportunity to visit her and explore the North Coast. We had many “botanizing excursions” over several years. We even named ourselves ‘The Late Bloomers’ - Dianne loved that.

I am deeply saddened that she is gone. She will be missed by us all.



Edgewood Docent/Late Bloomer: Leah Moffatt

Dianne was a people person. After she moved to Rohnert Park, some docent friends from Edgewood, traveled to see plants in her area. She took great joy in sharing her knowledge of nature in her new home. She planned our “Late Bloomer” hikes, made hotel reservations near Gualala and knew just the right parks, trails and vistas to visit. She loved going to funky shops and seeing weird trees (The largest Bay tree, the Pygmy Forest). She showed us a rhododendron preserve & a lighthouse. We visited a beautiful chapel where we scared a Mama turkey off its nest of many eggs. She introduced us to her friend Denise, who was retired from being a forest ranger, but was still helping out in a state forest. She recommended Denise’s Blog. We went to Malheur, Oregon, and later Diane sent us plant names to fill us in on the plants that the guide didn’t know. Dianne, we will all miss you. You were a wonderful, enthusiastic friend and a big part of our lives.



Edgewood Docent: Barb Erny

Diane had a positive influence on me from early in my training to be an Edgewood Docent. Her enthusiasm about the preserve and nature was inspiring.

Craft Girls Friend: Lori Hartmann

I met Dianne during the Summer of 1972. She was my boss at Marine World in Belmont. We worked in a kiosk, where we made slushes, sold candy, and most exciting of all...made cotton candy.

More than ten years later I was invited to a craft night party by Carol DeGrazia. In attendance was Dianne. I recognized her instantly, as my boss from Marine World. It's a small world!

Los Altos High School Colleague: Quyen Nguyen

Dianne by Quyen

Dianne was a gifted naturalist and photographer. She was a very knowledgeable person on native trees, plants, flowers, and animals. She often gave talks and workshops on these subjects. Thanks to Dianne, I've stopped calling many flowers' names incorrectly.

I had not known what an osprey was until last spring when she showed me a video of a feeding mama osprey and her chicks.

Dianne loved hiking, the National Parks, and organizing trips to visit those places. She took the most beautiful and breathtaking photos from those trips. Those photos have been marveled and appreciated by lucky recipients throughout the US, and as far as Canada and Europe.

Dianne was a very caring and thoughtful person. If we had a tough day, she would stop by to check on us during lunch break. In her own quiet and thoughtful way, she would give us words of comfort. She sometimes left little surprise gifts on our desks to brighten up our day.

Dianne cherished friendship and considered her friends as her own family. She'd be so proud and happy when a friend visited her.

Thank you, Dianne, for your friendship, your teaching, your love, and your care. I will miss you so much.

Rest in peace, you are now free to roam anywhere on earth, visiting all National Parks and Wonders of the World. God bless you.



Los Altos High School Colleague: Lee Ann Norkoski

You got me thinking (a lot) of how Dianne and I became friends. I think it started with her trip along Route 66. She shared a great slideshow of her journey with us at lunch. It was great, music and all. She was so darned good at narrating and sharing her trip. I truly respected and was in awe of her independence. When I hear the Eagles song, Take it Easy, it will always bring me to Dianne and her Route 66 adventure.

She also taught me to quilt. We would get together on Sunday's where she and I worked on our T-shirt quilts. We spread out over my living room floor and my dining room table and we would chat and chat. We ended up calling our quilting days, stitch and bitch days. We covered a lot of ground in those discussions. Her quilt was perfect. Man, that girl could hand stitch with such precision you would think it was machine done. For my first-time quilting, mine turned out pretty darned good if I say so myself, not perfect, but me. Again, that quilt will always keep a bit of Dianne with me. Her quilt showed her story and a bit about who she was, and mine covered a bit of my life. But I am kind of upset, because in our move, I cannot find my quilt and my gosh, I feel like I'm mourning daily. I had never done quilting before, and I've not quilted since.

That's all, I am really really going to not try and miss her, but truly keep her spirit and strength in my heart. I'll go to listen to Bob Seager now.

SWAG Hiking: Nyla Larsen

Dianne was the hike leader for the "SWAG" group I joined. All that was said about her in the memory page is true. The friends she made and lead in the hiking group remain thankful to have been under her guidance on the walks. Many of the members continue to follow the paths she led us on carrying with us the memories of her enthusiasm for nature and camaraderie.



SWAG Hiking/Friend: Barbara Spain

I'm not sure exactly of the year, but I believe it was about 2012. My friend Sally and I were at an event at Pepperwood Preserve, on a led hike through the beautiful oak woodlands. It was during the brown bag lunch break that Dianne plopped down on the log where we were resting also, and asked if she could join us. She proceeded to tell us that she had only landed just recently in Sonoma County, having moved here from San Mateo County. She told us of her good fortune in securing the apartment she was in, and then she proceeded to tell us of all the resources she had found in Sonoma County....the list was endless!! Sally and I were enthralled with all of Dianne's findings, and also a little embarrassed that she knew SO much more about Sonoma County than we did with our cumulative time here exceeding 50 years! We were just getting a preview, as it turned out, of Dianne's love of life and the natural world and her excellent research and cataloging skills! What followed was a delightful friendship and too-many-to-share wonderful hikes with Dianne to some of the most beautiful places I've ever seen, of course, all through the eyes of our gifted naturalist who never tired of our endless (and often repetitive) questions about this flower or that mushroom. The love Dianne felt for the world around her was truly her greatest gift. I will always remember her happily walking a trail, scouring the terrain with her eyes for that slightly hidden flower, camera at the ready, at home in her world. May the trails on your other-earthly journey, Dianne, fill you with awe and delight you in the way that is unique to you. Love always, Barbara.

Friend: Mary Anne Leary

I have so many wonderful memories of Dianne throughout the years I have known her, so many, that it is hard to recount them all. If I were to describe Dianne in just a few words I would say she was a joyful, enthusiastic, creative, and a generous friend.



I realize that this story will be fairly long so feel free to come back later when you have more time, break it up into different sessions, or get a favorite beverage and settle down for a (hopefully) good read. Of course, you are free to choose not to read it at all!

Dianne's and my friendship was one of laughter, fun adventures, and project days where we would get together to organize some aspect of our lives. I can honestly say that I laughed more with Dianne than I have with any other person I have ever known. I knew that when I got into her Rav4 for an adventure, that we were going to have fun together. That sense of knowing never proved me wrong.

As shared in the Botany Buddies presentation, I met Dianne through the Docent Training at Edgewood Preserve in January, 1998. She was friendly, enthusiastic, well-organized, and helpful. I am normally shy when I walk into a group of people I don't know well, but Dianne made us all feel right at home from the very start.

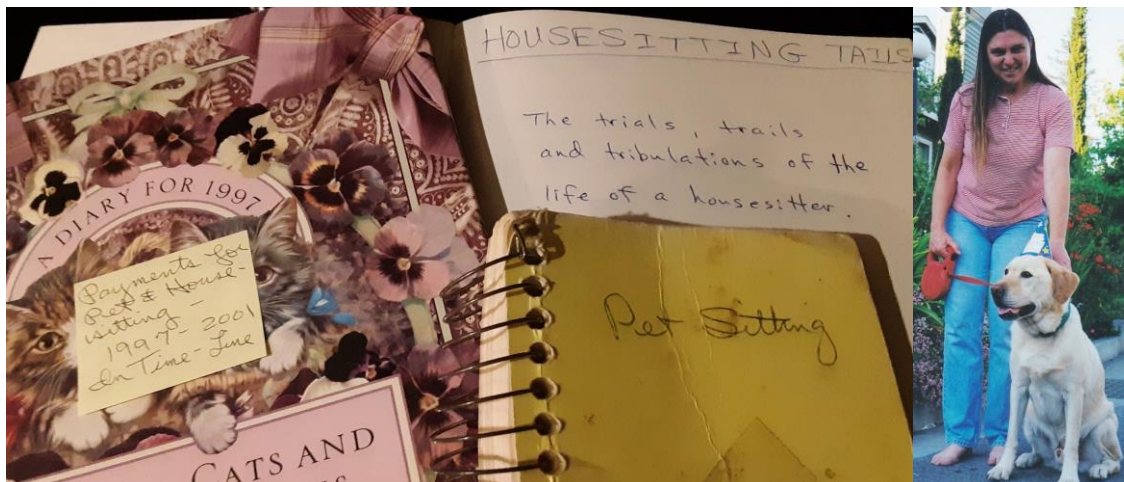


I remember vividly the first time Dianne called me up and asked if I wanted to go for a hike at Pulgas Ridge, in search of Fetid Adder's Tongue. That would have been before I had completed the docent training since Fetid Adder's Tongue is an early bloomer. I felt so honored that she asked me to join her and off we went on our first of many adventures together. At that time Dianne had a black Toyota Corolla hatchback car and she showed me the milk crates in the back of her car where she kept all her nature books. She had a mobile library so she would always have her books with her if she needed them, whether she was on a road adventure, out for a hike, or pet sitting.

Dianne and I had several things in common: we were both single, loved being in nature, and at one time we both house/dog sat, and worked at schools (she at Los Altos High, me at Skyline College). Dianne's birthday was one year, one month, and one day different than mine. I often kidded Dianne that she needed to write a book about her pet sitting adventures. When recently going through her things, I saw that she had started to write the book, had outlined the names of each chapter, and wrote a few of the stories. She named the book, Housesitting Tails: The trials, trails and tribulations of the life of a house sitter. The dedication was "I dedicate this book to all the wonderful dogs and cats (and birds, bunnies, turtles, lizards, chameleons...) I've had the honor of taking care of while their families were away."

At the end of her book, she wrote the In Memory of chapter: "When you've been doing this as long as I have, you're bound to out-live many of the animals you bond with."

Though the book wasn't finished, she had a journal of all the animals she had taken care of, their owners, stories, etc. She often photographed the animals and has some of them in her photo albums. She even had a book for the payments she received. As we all know, Dianne was certainly well organized!



There are a few dog sitting stories I can share with you. For the first one, Dianne asked me if I could help out a nice older man who went on her Mid-Pen hikes that desperately needed a dog sitter. Dianne was already booked and asked if I could help out. She said he was such a nice man, and that he had a lovely house in Los Altos filled with antiques and beautiful rugs. Dianne

had never been to his house before so he must have told her this. Without checking out the situation first, and wanting to help out my friend who wanted to help out her friend, I said yes, sight unseen.

Then he took me to the back of his house to a room where his mother had died. I barely looked into the room as I was fairly certain she was still in there. I stayed in the guest room next door with the door locked to keep the spirits away. It was somewhat of a Sarah Winchester experience. You can look it up if you don't know who Sarah is! Coincidentally, I lived down the block from the Winchester Mystery House as a child.



Okay, not done yet with this dog sitting job from hell with which my lovely friend Dianne gifted me! The day after the man leaves, I have to go to work. When I come home, the little teacup dog is shaking uncontrollably. The poor dog was not used to his master leaving and was beside himself. I did my best to calm the dog down, truly fearful that he was going to have a heart attack. When nothing worked, I got on the phone to Dianne and told her to get over here fast! After all, this was all her fault! I am sure on some level Dianne thought this was all very funny. She came over and it took us an hour to calm the poor thing down.

Oh yes, then the next night when I went to lock the sliding glass door, the whole door came off the runner. I could barely handle it due to its weight but managed to prop it up to look like it was functional. That night I definitely locked my bedroom door until a friend came the next day to help me get it back on the runner. That was the pits of a dog sitting gig! Thank you, Dianne!

That should have taught me a lesson, but I had two more bad dog sitting jobs I took sight unseen to help Dianne out. She hadn't seen these places either but wanted to help the owners and I wanted to help her. What friends do for friends! I know we laughed about these jobs afterwards.

One dog would walk a block, plop down on the sidewalk and refuse to go any further. I didn't want to strangle him (he weighed 75 pounds) by pulling on the lease so I had to bribe him with treats. The 'reward' for getting back home was that the house was literally the filthiest home I

have ever been in. I think I ate protein bars the whole time I was there as I didn't want to touch anything in the kitchen. I remember telling Dianne never to dog sit there.

The last job was for two dogs and two cats. One dog would get mad when his owner went away and would go to the bathroom on the carpet in the owner's office. She told me not to worry if this happened, to just call Coit and they would come and clean the carpet. Sure enough, I found a large pile on the carpet one day and I called Coit. When I identified the owner, the man said, "Lady, I'm not coming out there again. I just cleaned the carpet last week and the carpet pad is still wet. It's going to ruin the flooring underneath!" The guy was willing to give up a paying job since he was sick of going out there to clean up after the dog! The two cats also woke me up each morning at 4:00. Who knows why, but feeding them wet cat food at 4:00 in the morning definitely turned my stomach.

After that job, Dianne did give me a great job that I loved so I guess that made up for the three gruesome ones! I told Dianne she could put the stories in her pet sitting book. We often remarked that we loved that the animals couldn't talk. Despite our best efforts, things could go wrong, but it was lovely that the animals never told on us (like the time a dog jumped out of Dianne's car window as she was driving down Skyline Boulevard)!

I did give her a funny job where she stayed a few houses down from where I regularly dogsat. We laughed about the little male dog going to the groomers each week and had fun guessing what color bow he would come home wearing each time. The first time Dianne dogsat there she called me and told me I had to get over there to see something funny. In the corner of the living room was a tall pile of new carpet samples. Dianne was told to put one down each day on the floor so that the little dog could go number two on it! Then Dianne would just pick up the carpet square and contents and toss it in the trash! That really takes the cake for being a pampered dog! At least I gave her a funny, not funky, dog sitting job.

Between dog sitting jobs Dianne would always check on her folks to see how they were doing. Her mom was taking care of her father who had Alzheimer's. It was amazing the care her mom gave her father during the years he was incapacitated. Unfortunately, the cause of her father's death was that he choked while eating. A few years later my father developed Alzheimer's and I gently told my mom that choking on food was not an uncommon thing that could occur with Alzheimer's patients. Sadly, that ended up being how my father passed away, too.

I always enjoyed when I went to visit Dianne and her mom. It was like taking a step back in time. Dianne's mom would tell me to go out to the garden and pick some raspberries and other delectables. We would often have dinner in the back yard on the picnic table. It felt like a slower pace of life and I appreciated whenever I was invited over. Dianne probably learned how to be a good old-fashioned cook from her mom. I gratefully benefited from Dianne and her mom's culinary prowess.



Once I became a docent at Edgewood, I found that it was difficult to project my voice so people at the end of the group could hear me on a single-file trail. I felt badly talking about beloved wildflowers but feeling like I was yelling at people so they could hear me. So, I became Dianne's sweep! I would sweep for her Edgewood and Mid-Pen hikes. We would meet at a nearby park 'n ride after work at 5:30, race up the hill to a Skyline preserve (or go over to Edgewood), do a pre-hike so Dianne could make her famous plant list afterwards, have dinner (on time!), and get back to the parking lot by 9:00 when the preserve would close. We did get chased off by an upset ranger a couple of times as we were a little late getting back to her car.

One time Dianne was telling a co-worker that she would always bring dinner and I would bring the dessert for our pre-hikes. The co-worker remarked that it didn't seem fair that Dianne would have to bring the dinner and I only had to bring dessert. Dianne told her, "Oh, but she brings really good chocolate!" Dianne thought it was a fair exchange!

If we pre-hiked earlier in the day we would often go on the hike, jot down notes of what we observed, then go to a tea house or somewhere for lunch and look at our flora books to identify the mystery flowers. We were too lazy to carry the books on the hike! It was a fun way to observe nature first and then botanize afterwards with a tasty treat.

Dianne and I loved to find Witch's Butter (*Tremella mesenterica*) on our winter hikes. We would often kid that we were going to start a skincare line based on Witch's Butter. We didn't follow up on this so now the world will never know whether it would have been the next fountain of youth or not! The fungus is considered edible. Anyone care for a yellow jelly fungus sandwich? (Disclaimer: don't try this!)



As Susan Peterson mentioned in her Mid-Pen presentation, Dianne enjoyed doing holiday themed hikes. I just saw a hike she had mapped out for Father's Day. I also accompanied her a few years on her annual Thanksgiving Turkey hikes. They were always a kick as Dianne would have fun facts about turkeys and Thanksgiving hand-written on small recipe cards that she would hand out to hikers to read at various vista points. Of course, we never saw a single turkey on those hikes. Whenever I see a turkey to this day I always think of Dianne's enthusiastic fun-filled turkey hikes. Dianne's hikes were truly in a league of their own!

Once Dianne took me on a hike to Devil's Canyon in Long Ridge Preserve. She was dog sitting at my landlord's house at the time. She brought some of their utensils for her dinner. As we are eating, she accidentally dropped her fork, and we listened to it as it bounced down the rocks of the cascade. Luckily, there was no water in the cascade. Dianne was happy enough to call it a done deal but since the fork belonged to my landlords, I knew I had to climb over the boulders in search of the missing fork. After some boulder hopping and searching, I found it! Dianne was laughing the whole time. Did I mention it was always fun to be with her?

Years afterwards, Susan Peterson and her husband, Terry, went on a hike with Dianne to Devil's Canyon where Dianne happily recounted the fork story to them. While Susan and Terry went ahead to check something out, Dianne stayed behind to take some photos. At some point, they heard Dianne cry out. She had fallen down a hill and broke her arm and cracked some ribs. Susan and Terry got Dianne to the hospital for treatment. It could not have been more than a week later that Dianne asked if I would go back to Devil's Canyon with her to try to find her wire-rimmed glasses and a tiny post earring she lost when she fell. I, of course, said yes, but was doubtful we could find either of them as there was so much leaf litter, which probably was what caused her to fall. Guess what? We miraculously found them both! I couldn't believe it. Dianne had found her glasses amongst the leaves (damaged beyond repair) and at one point I asked her if her earring was blue as I saw something shiny in the dirt. We couldn't believe it was her earring!



I remember visiting Dianne in the hospital for either her broken arm or before her carpal tunnel surgery. She called me and told me to come quick because she was afraid of Nurse Ratched! I have to admit the nurse was a bit mean-spirited! Once Dianne was home, I got a sweet phone call from her. "Could you come over and brush my hair for me?" Well, you can imagine my response. Of course!

Other fun memories were of our many wonderful Botany Buddies trips that was talked about in Dianne's Celebration of Life. We went to so many beautiful and interesting places on those adventures, consisting of both day and longer over-night trips.



Since we both worked at schools, we often had time off at Christmas. Dianne and I would take a trip before or after Christmas; at least three years to Big Sur, once to Lake Tahoe, and another time to Oregon with Dianne's friend, Woodie. Definite requirements were rain gear, our nature books, good food and chocolate, and lots of laughter. When staying in Big Sur, Dianne asked if she could pay for the cabin if I would plan, purchase, and make the meals. Done! Of course, she always got lots of chocolate and cookies as Christmas gifts from folks at her school so I didn't have to plan for dessert.

Our trip to visit Woodie was a stellar experience. We drove up to Oregon, parked at a snow park, and then had to take snow mobiles into where Woodie's cabin was on Diamond Lake! Mt. Thielsen made for a dramatic back-drop. Dianne would go on the snow mobile with Woodie's husband, Jim, who loved to drive a bit recklessly. Dianne thought this was great fun. I, on the

other hand, got to go with a very safe driver which was more my style! The pinnacle experience was going on snow mobiles to Crater Lake on New Year's Day. It was absolutely stunning with the sun's rays sparkling on the snow. I will never forget that trip (or the outhouse we had to go use out in the snow!).



After our snow mobile adventure, we made our way to White City, OR, to pick up some sandwiches and set off on another adventure. It was very quiet and laid back, even though it was a huge grocery store. It took over 1/2-hour to get our two sandwiches made (the only order) so we took to the isles and started to dance down them to the Muzak playing overhead. We definitely helped liven up the place with amused customers and employees looking on.

On our Tahoe Christmas trip, we rented a cabin from some friends of mine. We enjoyed our day trips in Tahoe (Emerald Bay, the Vikingsholm Castle) having dinner with my friends, and also attending a New Year's Eve party at their house. There was a blizzard during the night before our departure. On our way home we were stopped by a tree that was blocking Highway 50 and after an hour sitting in my car, we knew we had to turn around and go back to Tahoe. All exits were closed due to the storm. We called my friends and they said that we were free to go back to the cabin we had rented from them. Once we got there, we saw that a tree had come down and knocked out the electricity so they invited us to come stay with them where they lived nearby. We had a fun BBQ feast and guess who got the master's bed and got to sleep with their dog? It was important to always expect the unexpected on a Dianne adventure!



Speaking of Christmas, one year we didn't go away. Instead, Dianne was dog sitting for my landlords (must have been when we went to Devil's Canyon) and we decided to have a Christmas sing-along party at my landlord's house. We had luminarias which lit up the walkway. We also had these beautiful beeswax candles with pressed flowers on the mantle and grand piano. We were enjoying good cheer and singing carols when someone noticed that there was a fire on the mantle. The candles had burned down to the flowers and they had started on fire! We got the fire out and blew out the candles on the piano. I told Dianne I would come over the next day after the melted wax had time to harden and help her clean it off the mantle and piano. Dianne couldn't wait so she took a knife and got the wax up, along with scratching the piano. Nothing that a properly placed vase couldn't help hide!



Dianne and I long had the tradition each year of going to see the local Christmas lights. Since she knew the area so well, she would always do the driving to Candy Cane Lane and other neighborhoods. Katherine Greene came with us a few years as did Ken Himes. Ken would bring a delicious Buche de Noel from a local bakery and Dianne's mom would make us dinner. Sometimes Dianne and/or Ken's mom would go with us to see the lights. After Dianne moved to Rohnert Park, Ken and I continued the tradition and took my mom for several years. We both remembered the places of interest Dianne had taken us so we could continue to share them.

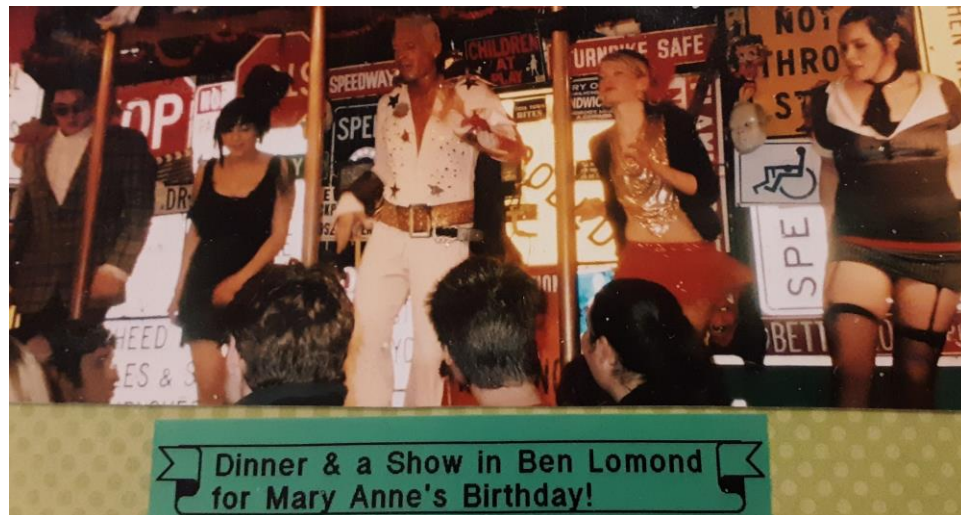


Dianne loved the McCloud/Burney Falls area which is near Mt. Shasta. She went there several times staying at the McCloud River Inn and later finding a partially off-the-grid house that she would rent. Remember in Dianne's Celebration of Life when her dear friend, Carol DeGrazia (of the Craft Girls), spoke of how she envisioned Dianne in her new life? Carol said she saw Dianne in her Airstream on her own property. That is exactly what Dianne had said she wanted for her retirement years, to live in an Airstream in McCloud, happily doing her projects. Luckily, Dianne did have many wonderful adventures in McCloud and also enjoyed her retirement years in Rohnert Park.

Katherine Greene and I accompanied Dianne to McCloud one winter. I remember Katherine brought tons of food ingredients as Dianne was going to share cookie recipes with her. There was a big snow storm, and we awoke to the huge picture windows covered with stacked-up snow. The electricity had gone out, and the back-up generator failed, thus, some of the cooking and baking projects were put on a temporary hold. We had a wood-burning stove so we kept warm. Of course, Dianne came prepared with all her projects so she was happy as a clam. Luckily, a neighbor plowed the roads and also freed up our buried cars. That was another fun unexpected adventure with Dianne.



Dianne and I also went to Pt. Reyes for several years to celebrate my birthday over the Martin Luther King holiday weekend. The Rav4 would get loaded up and off we would go. I know that Katherine also accompanied us one or two years. One year Dianne decided to do something different for my birthday and we went to Felton to hike in Henry Cowell State Park. That night she took me to a restaurant in Ben Lomond that had pole dancers and an Elvis impersonator, amongst other characters. Let's just say it wasn't the quietest of birthday dinners! Dianne thought it was totally hilarious.



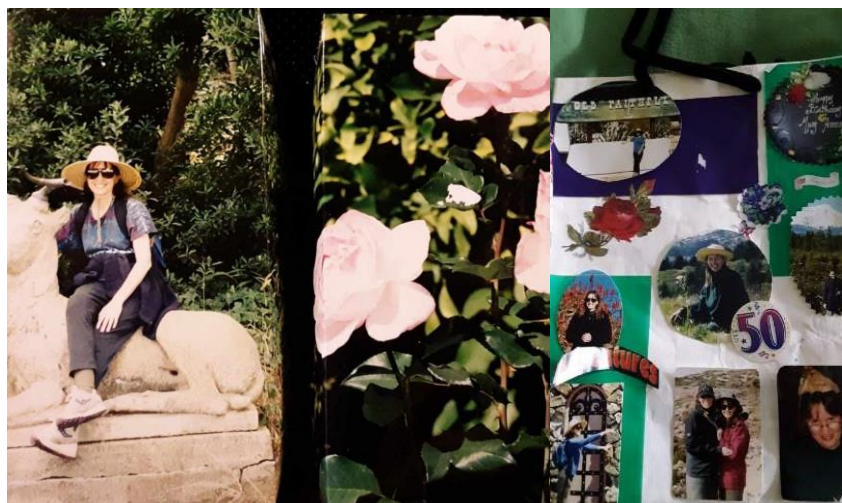
One year I planned a chocolate tasting party for Dianne and Katherine's birthdays; their birthdays were a week apart. I got chocolate samples from around the world that had different flavor notes so the Botany Buddies could taste the samples and rate and compare our thoughts about them. Dianne arrived first and I thought it was strange that she had a heavy sweater on. Dianne always tended to be warm and would dress accordingly. She said she was feeling a little strange and asked if she could lie down until people arrived. As it turned out, she had to excuse herself and leave before the party started. I don't think she had even driven out of the front gate before she 'tossed her cookies' due to having food poisoning. How sad that Dianne couldn't regally hold court at her chocolate tasting birthday celebration. We made sure we saved some samples for her own tasting party later on.

During those pre-digital photo years Dianne and I spent so much money on film and development that I am pretty certain we could have each bought a home with all the money we spent at Long's Drug Store!

Some concerts and events we attended together over the years consisted of seeing Arlo Guthrie (such a good story teller), Cher, with the Village People as her opening act (amazing outfits and antics), Cirque de Soleil (always unbelievable gymnastics/dancing), STOMP (garbage cans, mops, brown paper bag 'music'), and the play, Menopausal Women (which Dianne also saw with the Craft Girls). Dianne loved her concerts. The further I get into reading her timeline, the more concerts I read about! She went on to make a quilt out of all her concert t-shirts. The border of the quilt is little kitty cat faces.



We all know that Dianne was incredibly generous and often made the gifts she gave to us. You never went on a trip or to a party with Dianne that you didn't receive a thank you note afterwards with photos from the event. As shared by many in Dianne's Celebration of Life, she made scrubbies (Carol said she once made Dianne scrubby earrings, which I am sure delighted Dianne to no end), cloth carrying bags and kleenex tissue holders, her beautiful photo cards and bookmarks, birthday bags... Of course, her cards were covered with stickers inside and out! One year she gave me a gift in a little box she made out of photos from a day trip we did together. She was always so clever with her gift-giving.



One year she topped a gift she gave to my mom with a yellow scrubby (my mom's favorite color). My dad was in charge of washing the dishes and I noticed a year or so later that Dianne's scrubby was never used. I asked my dad why he didn't use it and he answered, "Because it is so pretty!" So, this pretty yellow scrubby of Dianne's, probably from around 2005, will remain unused as a sweet memory of Dianne's thoughtfulness.

I, too, loved the scrubbies I got from Dianne over the years. I have washed my car, scrubbed pots and pans, and cleaned the kitchen and bathroom with them. I would color code them so I wouldn't get them mixed up: blue for the toilet (ala blue Ty-D-Bol), pretty pink for the bathroom vanity, nature green for the kitchen, and any color of old worn-out scrubbies for the car.



So, what do you give to the Queen of Gift-Giving? Everyone knew Dianne's favorite things, note paper for her cards, stickers (of course), nature books and note pads, etc. One year I finally saw the perfect Christmas gift for Dianne. It was a Biker Santa that bobbed up and down on his seat to the tune of Born to be Wild (thus why it was played in her Celebration of Life slideshow). Dianne LOVED the Biker Santa and always displayed it on the counter of the textbook center at Los Altos High School. During an email conversation earlier in the year I asked Dianne if she still had it. She replied that when she retired, she forgot to take it with her. How sad!

Thinking it was lost I tried to research where to get another one. I wasn't successful but I did find a little collector's item Biker Santa and bought it for her. This was probably in April of this year. I was chomping on the bit to give it to Dianne early rather than wait until this coming Christmas but I disciplined myself. How I wish I had given it to her at the time.

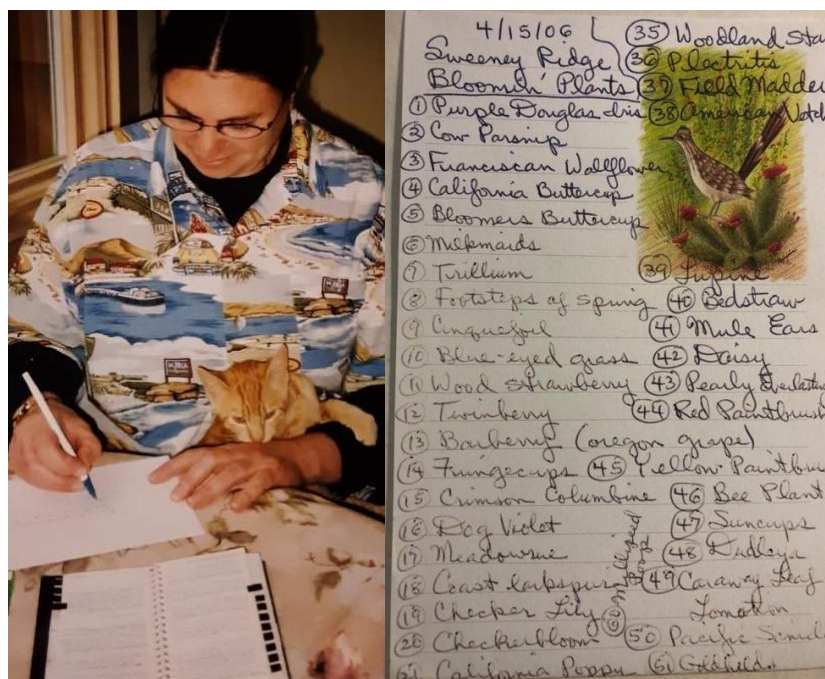


When preparing for Dianne's Celebration of Life I asked her friend and previous co-worker, Georgina, whatever happened to the Biker Santa? She told me she thought it was still in a box in the text book center. I was so excited in anticipation of Georgina finding it and sure enough she did! So now, in Dianne's honor, I have two Biker Santas!



While Dianne was in the hospital and rehab center (before her spirits declined) I loved that she would answer her phone, "Hello, this is Dianne, can I help you?" I still can hear her answering the phone from years ago saying, "Textbook Center, Dianne speaking."

Project days often consisted of her coming to my place, setting up her card table, bringing lunch and snacks along with whatever paraphernalia was needed for Dianne's current projects. She could have been creating a new address book (hard copy version), labeling photos, writing cards, creating files... Her favorite office supplies were a labeler, white out tape, stickers and more stickers, stationery for her cards, plastic sheet covers, binders... Her plant lists were usually done on a steno notebook out on the trail and then re-written or typed up at a later time. As I go through Dianne's paper files it is commendable as to how organized she was. There are files for Edgewood, Mid-Pen, CNPS, SWAG, Los Altos High School, the Altamont, Kaiser, a Ziplock bag with a sample of each Christmas card she sent out over the past few decades along with a list of the people the cards were sent to each year; medical information, a file for each cancer treatment she received, another for her bills... Her amazingly organized files has made it easy to carry on with her personal business.



Dianne always kept a journal of her epic trips and would later type them up. These journal entries are quite thorough including what Dianne ate for every meal and where she ate, along with accounts of the strangers she met and their conversations. Of course, her oddity finds were well-documented in her journals (the largest ball of twine, the office building that looked like a large picnic basket, the SPAM Museum, etc.).

Previous to the time of Dianne's fall on June 28th, she had been working hard on her Timeline and photo albums, the story of her life and adventures. Again, quite an admirable feat. It has

been wonderful to hear from her many friends as they add pieces to the great tapestry of Dianne's life.



In early 2008, when Dianne was first diagnosed with breast cancer, I was blessed to be asked to be her durable power of attorney for health care and finances. Dianne continued to work throughout the time of her surgery, chemo, and radiation treatments and always took care of her finances. I never heard her complain and she always met each challenge with acceptance and determination to complete her treatment plan. A big thanks to Carol who offered her home as a place of rest after Dianne's surgery and initial chemo treatments. Dianne loved the attention she got while at Carol's home, enjoying her guest room and home-cooked meals. Thank you, Carol, for being such a constant loving support to Dianne throughout the time you have known her.

As Dianne began to lose her hair, she asked me to take her to get her hair cut. She preferred to get her head shaved rather than watch her long hair fall out piece by piece. While on our way to Supercuts I inwardly decided to get my hair cut, too, if needed, in support of Dianne. I thought it would be an emotional experience for her to go through and I wanted her not to feel alone. She had always loved her long hair. Well, true to Dianne, she went in, chatted throughout her hair cut with the woman cutting her hair, and never showed any sadness or distress. Needless to say, I didn't get my hair cut that day, as I don't think Dianne would have wanted me to do it.

I remember picking up Dianne after her surgery at Kaiser, Redwood City. It was emotional for me but I never wanted to show any emotion to Dianne so I could be a steady support for her. Dianne had called me from the recovery room to say she had been drinking liquids and had eaten some jello so the hospital was ready to release her.

When I got there, Dianne had a smile on her face. I thought she was a bit unsteady so I asked for a wheelchair so I could wheel her out to my car. The nurse said she couldn't have one since the surgery was an out-patient procedure and that she had to walk out on her own. I found it quite shocking and deeply disturbing to think that a mastectomy is considered out-patient and

that a patient is discharged to go home the same day, tubes and all, after such a monumental surgery. Thankfully, Dianne was able to go stay with Carol and receive loving care.

I would like to give recognition to a dear friend of Dianne's who would be writing her own remembrance of Dianne if she was still here with us. Anne Koletzke was a huge support and friend to Dianne before, during, and after her surgery. They met through Edgewood and shared a love of nature and animals. In Dianne's timeline, she kept pages and pages of their emails to each other. Anne would often take Dianne to her chemo treatments if she was available. They remained very close friends until Anne passed away in September, 2019. I am grateful for their devoted friendship over the years.



While undergoing her treatment, Dianne, who usually loved driving wherever she went, was happy to have us give her attention and drive her places. I got to take her to several Craft Girls gatherings so Dianne could relax and enjoy herself with her friends. The Craft Girls were very kind to me despite the fact that I am not very 'crafty' at all.

While working full-time and undergoing chemotherapy, Dianne came to my graduation. I am sure she was tired after a long day at work so I appreciated the effort she made and being able to celebrate with her. She gave me a printer for my graduation which I still have to this day. I was very touched by her thoughtful gift and for celebrating with me.



During the time of her radiation treatments, Dianne met her "Radiant Lady" friends, Karen Jackson and Mary McCutchen. They shared a great friendship providing support and

encouragement to one another. Though both Mary and Dianne are no longer alive, I know they live in Karen's memory forever. Thank you, Karen, for being such a good friend to Dianne. She was excitedly looking forward to staying with you if she had been able to leave the rehab center. Dianne was looking forward to doing those puzzles with you!

I gave Dianne a coloring book while she was recently in the hospital and she colored the entire book! The coloring book is a sweet keepsake that I will cherish having.



I, like all those who loved Dianne, are sad to see her leave at too young of an age. I am immensely grateful that she lived thirteen years after her initial cancer diagnosis. Because of this, Dianne was able to create and enjoy her new life in Sonoma County for the past nine years.

I know this tome has been long. If you are still here reading it, wow, good for you! It is my way of celebrating a dear friend and her exuberant spirit. Dianne chose to be happy in life and to share with all of us her joyful nature. I am grateful for that and I want to honor the strong presence she has been in my life.

I am most grateful to have seen Dianne three times while she was in the hospital and rehab center before I went away on vacation. I remember her ending each visit by throwing her arms open to hug us (Katherine and I visited her together), and her saying to us, "I love you, thank you!"

I love you, Dianne, and thank you for being such an amazing friend, adventure partner, fellow conspirator... Thank you for honestly being you. I commend you on a life very well-lived. Wishing you all the best on your next soul adventure! May it be blessed.

