

My Oldest Sister

When I was a child, my oldest sister was a surrogate mom – another set of eyes and pair of hands to keep me safe on the porch of a Camden row home.

When I was a young boy, 6 or so, my oldest sister was in love with french fries and boys – in that order.

When I was 9, my oldest sister married one of those boys. She created my first real job: uncle.

When I was a young man, my oldest sister encouraged me to do well in college. My achievement was her achievement.

When I was engaged and then married, my oldest sister embraced my wife like family.

When I became a dad, my oldest sister loved my daughter deeply the very first time she saw and held her.

When I turned 40, my oldest sister searched newspaper archives and framed an old black and white photograph of me, pitching. She was great at giving gifts.

When our families expanded and her grandchildren came, my oldest sister opened her home for countless parties. The gatherings were always large. She was generous that way.

When I started a business, my oldest sister stopped by my office and spent several hours learning what her little brother was up to. That was in May, just four months before she passed.

I am going to miss my oldest sister. She didn't complicate life. She just loved me.

