

REMEMBERING DIANE

I may be among those still alive who knew Diane the longest and the most closely, so perhaps it is appropriate for me to write a few words in her remembrance. I wish to share this message with you now, and as part of the Cheney Journal.

Our initial meeting at Cal Poly in 1964 is illustrative of her good heart. At that time she was president of the only coed (women's) dorm at the California State Polytechnic College at Pomona, California. I had found the preparation for class examinations could be focused and enhanced with the help of prior tests (on the principle that many instructors would consistently direct test questions specifically to what they considered the most important aspects of their subject).

I did not know if the coed dorm had such a test file, nor if they did whether such a file would be shared with guys, or whether I might be ingloriously ejected from the dorm just for asking.

When I apprehensively approached the coed dorm's front desk, I was the only guy in sight in the dorm. Diane happened to be staffing the front-desk, and greeted me with a big smile and friendly words. When I asked her about their test file, she not only said that they had one, but also cheerfully took time to thoroughly search the entire file cabinet for the subject and instructor needed.

I guess you could say this meeting was a fortuitous and productive occasion, leading to improved test preparation as well as a year of dating, two years of engagement, marriage, and finally, eight to ten years later, Bradley and Chrissy.

Diane always displayed a strength of character. For instance, after we got married her cornea-thinning eye condition prevented us from having children, and we were led to understand that this condition led invariably to total blindness. Such a consequence would seemingly eliminate the possibility of Diane being able to achieve her life-long goals of teaching young children and of having her own family. Yet over the years that we struggled with her medical condition, including three major eye surgeries with two experimental partial-cornea transplants, she always retained her strength and optimism.

Diane was so good with small children, and had focused much of her post-graduate education and interest on addressing children's reading disabilities. She consistently would become emotionally close to her young students, and would especially empathize and work with children who had special problems and concerns. She often would share her deep concerns for and plans to try to help her special problem students.

Diane had a marvelous sense of humor and *joi de vivre*; at many of our family get-togethers she would love to put on her blond wig and play the part of the dumb blond at the poker table, often as not bluffing and winning hands over my uncle Frank. Frank would always take his poker very seriously, and year after year his auburn complexion would invariably blush as yet again he would be out bluffed by that "dumb blond".

Diane was easy to love, charismatic, people oriented, a natural leader, energetic, and wonderfully artistic.

She fought a decades-long battle with cyclic depression until medical science was finally able to identify the endocrine-system cause and provide prescriptive assistance.

Love, Russell

November 8, 2014



