

First, I don't think that Becca would want a eulogy. Eulogies are boring and eulogies are sad (no offense to Margy), and Becca was neither of those to say the least. So instead, I'm labeling this as a eugoogley, and naming myself a eugoglizer; a term voiced by Derek Zoolander to mean "one who speaks at funerals." In doing this, I hope to make sure that I remember Becca how I know she wants to be remembered.

Second, this was one of the hardest things I have ever had to do in my life. How do I make sure that all of you have an appreciation for the girl and the young woman that shared a part of my soul and was, and still is, one of the biggest influences on my life? Is it even possible to share something so huge?

In order to begin to explain, I think it's necessary to get the point across that Becca, to me, was not just a friend. Becca was my confidante, my bosom friend, a kindred spirit, my soul mate. She was the person I would call at 3 o'clock in the morning to cry about a bad dream I had, she was the person I'd call that would help me hide the body and get new living room carpet. Becca was my person.

At first I thought that I should try to write everything I can remember. Over the past week I've looked through my old diaries that date back to fifth grade, I looked at pictures, I looked at yearbooks, I found old notes and was reacquainted with the art of note folding, and I cried. A lot.

As I started writing this though, I began to realize that there is no way that I will ever be able to share with you all of the memories that Becca and I shared. With this realization came another, that every memory that I have of her is one to be cherished. Therefore, I think its best that I try my very best to do her justice in the memories that I chose.

Our friendship began in middle school. I HATED middle school. I was *that* girl; the skinny kid with freckles, braces, and glasses all at the same time. I'm pretty sure that Becca was my saving grace. To this day, I am 100% positive that I wouldn't have survived it without her.

I sat behind her in our 7th grade Algebra class at Dent Middle School, and we *hated* our teacher. I can't really remember whether it was a hatred for her, or whether it was a hatred for how much she loved algebra, or whether we just liked making fun of someone (which we usually did), but something happened to us in that class and it just went from there.

Our friendship was based mostly around our common interests and laughter. Early on we realized that we both have an unbreakable love for the Anne of Green Gables books. Everything about them. We had countless sleepovers, I would go to her house or she would go to mine and we'd have Anne of Green Gables marathons (there are movies) and we would watch them all and see how late we could stay awake. Typically, if we were at her house, we'd sleep on the futon, my head on one side and hers on the other, and we'd stock up on cheez-its and goldfish and juice and camp out for several hours and quote the movies.

There was a scene in the first movie, where Anne and Diana (the two heroines) make a vow to be bosom friends and Anne makes up a vow "I solemnly swear to be faithful to my bosom friend as long as the sun and moon shall endure." Later on, Anne and Diana refresh their vow by cutting locks of each others hair. Becca and I were going to do it, but we were afraid our moms would notice our missing hair and it would look

dumb (something extremely important to us 14 year olds), so we just made the solemn vow and forgot about the hair part.

There would be times where we'd have a burst of energy from 3:00 to 4:00 in the morning and we'd giggle and laugh and dance around for a while, and then crash. It was ALWAYS just that one hour and it was ALWAYS hilarious. There would be other times where I would have entire conversations with Becca while I was still dead asleep, and she'd have to update me in the morning and tell me what I said or what I did. It was ALWAYS hilarious. I remember once during that one hour period, I was dancing around pretending to be a banana and I spilled an entire glass of grape juice on the nice white sheets her mom had set up for us earlier that night, and if I remember correctly, after we finished laughing we simply mopped up the juice and pretended it didn't happen. I'm pretty sure her mom figured it out though.

After a while, we began to read each others thoughts. It started with simply saying things at the same time, but it gradually developed into an airtight system. For example, we'd be hanging out talking and I'd say, "Dude, I really need to finish this paper. I think I'll do it tonight." And Becca would say "Dude, no you're not. You know you're just gonna sit around and watch TV and eat your candy." And I would, and she was right. It never failed.

We started growing up pretty fast. High school literally flew by. There was Becca's "phase," I call it her "big pants, bunch of bad boyfriends phase." There was Cavalier Chorale- I remember one time we came in late to class after coming back to campus for lunch and our teacher told us to get a tardy pass. As soon as we walked out the door, we looked at each other and decided just to leave. I think we went to the mall.

We got in big trouble for that. There were girl's nights with Jackie and Robin that sometimes were infiltrated by our various boyfriends of the time— and trips to Robin's grandma's condo in Myrtle Beach. There were lots of trips actually, TLC trips, Edisto with Mr. Chappell writing his extremely nerdy book and me and Becca watching Spongebob marathons and playing Monopoly until 4 in the morning, Disneyworld where we thought we lost Jackie, Washington DC – we were actually discussing that trip with Robin not too long ago, and we decided that we are STILL bitter about not being able to go to the Pentagon Mall. We cried, we laughed. Then college came. Both of us had “interesting” roommate experiences to say the very least, and then Becca was diagnosed. It was sometime during chemo I think when Becca decided she would get better and then we would take the leap and move in together.

We were told over and over again that best friends should never live together because in the end we'd kill each other. Those people didn't know us.

I'm not saying that we are perfect people. Becca could get moody and sullen, and when she was mad, it lasted more than a couple hours. I am also not the nicest person in the world sometimes. I'm forgetful, and I don't think really before I speak or act, so I tend to be the cause of a lot of hurt feelings. The thing about our friendship though, is that we always seemed to work it out. We'd be mad and we'd cry and we'd ignore each other, but it was always ok in the end, because we simply can't function without each other.

Moving in together was the best decision we could have ever made. I remember the day we first looked at the apartment to check for damages and we were both so excited that we wrote down that we didn't think anything was wrong on the paper and proceeded to make carpet angels on the floor for about half an hour. The lady that was

going over the paperwork with us eventually had to seek us out—she thought we got lost. It was pretty sweet living with Becca. I had my best friend right next door to me! I didn't have to call her to talk to her, so she heard every little tiny detail of my day, and she always had that awesome organic milk in the fridge that she'd let me have. We liked mostly all the same TV shows, so we had America's Next Top Model, the Real World, House and Greys Anatomy all recording on our DVR in case we missed it. It's how we roll.

Not having Becca around is like not being able to breathe. My other half is gone. When she left, she took a huge hunk of my soul with her. I miss her. I miss her smile, I miss the freckles on her nose, I miss her green eyes, I miss her laughter, I miss her anger, I miss her voice. I want my friend back.

But then I think. Becca was sick, and she was hurting, and now she's not. And my girl would not want me to stand up here crying to all of you. My Becca would want me to portray her as the person I knew, the person I know still. She was vivacious, compassionate, generous, and was herself up until the very end. Even facing death she proved that it is possible to laugh, and ok to cry. She showed me that kindred spirits DO exist, and that a good friendship is never lost, it is only postponed. I see my life in a completely different way, thanks to her. I will never be the same.

And Becca, if you're listening and I know you are, I love you.

As unconventional as this is, I would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Chappell for being my wonderful second parents, and allowing me to be their daughter's friend. Thank

you to their families, as well as my family members and friends that have reached out to me as well, And thank you to all of you for coming and paying respect to the wonderful girl who has touched all of our lives so deeply.