

12 October 2010 Olivia Anglade

First and foremost I want to say thank you to Nelee's family for allowing me the opportunity to speak this afternoon. It is truly an honor. My name is Olivia Anglade and I attended Stanford from 2002-2007. I am currently a captain in the United States Army, stationed at Schofield Barracks Hawaii. I first met Nelee when I enrolled in her French conversation course spring quarter 2006. I am Haitian American and in anticipation of my family coming to campus for graduation, I wanted to brush up on my French.

While taking her class, you quickly learned the Nelee loved to teach and enjoyed her work. She even brought French exchange students from Ecole Polytechnique for our class to practice with, whom some I have established a life long friendships.

After graduation, I stayed on campus to complete my masters and lived on the row across from the hillel center in a house named BOB. During fall quarter I ran into Nelee in the post office. We spoke for a while and she informed me that her walking partner had gone on sabbatical. So naturally, I offered to walk with her at least twice a week on one condition, that we speak French. For the rest of the school year, Nelee and I walked and talked and walked some more. In doing so, we got to know each other very well. I learned about French culture, what it was like during the war, and great wines to try. Having never really met her family, I knew everything about Debbie's dance performances, Margo's college search, Jenny's house remodeling, and the fact that Cara's 5<sup>th</sup> grade teacher was my assistant rugby coach. After each and every walk Nelee insisted that I stay for coffee. I'm not a coffee drinker so she agreed to let me have tea. And what kind of host offers a drink with nothing to eat? Madelines were always my favorite.

At the end of the school year, I went on active duty. No matter where I was in the country or around the globe, I would always send and receive emails, phone calls, and letters to and from Nelee. I returned to campus each fall for Big Game and spring for the Rugby national championships. Each and every visit, to include even today, I have been welcomed with a bed at 585 Salvatierra. St.

I always remembered campus being warm and beautiful, much like Nelee was, so inevitably I would never pack enough winter clothes, I always had to borrow her sweaters and coats, but she never seemed to mind. When we would go out, whether it be, a restaurant, wine tasting at the faculty club, or performances on campus, we initially would introduce ourselves as former student and teacher, that quickly evolved into a more simple definition, friends.

As we all know, Nelee was an amazing woman. In her final month here with us, she continued to receive visitors' everyday. The last time we spoke, I told her that this doesn't happen to just anyone, it was a testament to the impact her life has made on so many people in Stanford community, the country and really the world and she understood that. I am grateful to have known her and she is truly going to be missed. Thank you.