



I had just turned 12 when my Grandma Helen died. It wasn't until years later that I learned that it was ovarian cancer that took her away from her friends and family at the age of 65. I don't have many memories of her, but what I do remember is what made her such a special person to me. I remember that she was always happy and made others around her happy. She had a glowing personality, a huge smile, and a wonderful, infectious laugh. Going to her house was never just a visit; it was an event because she made every visit feel like a special occasion. This old Polaroid of us has a permanent home on my refrigerator. I do not work for OCRF because my grandmother had ovarian cancer but it has given me a better understanding of what it meant for her to have the disease and I'm glad that I have the unique opportunity to help make a difference--I know she would be proud. I think about her often and wish that she'd had more time to spend with her 5 grandchildren. We miss you grandma!

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