

Nicest Thing Anyone Has Done for Me

Sister Made Her Day Special

I WAS to graduate from sixth grade in 1951. Some of the girls were going to get a corsage for their big day, but I never expected one because I was one of seven girls in our household and we didn't have extra money.

My graduation outfit was a skirt and blouse that were given to us in a bag of clothes. I was excited about my big day and told my parents and older sisters everything that was going to happen.

When the big day arrived, my sister Madeline was downstairs waiting for me with a box with a corsage of six beautiful red roses.

I will be 68 years old, and I still remember how special I felt that day. Later, I pressed the roses in an envelope and put them in my Bible.

My sister has been gone since 1975, but I still remember how much I loved her for knowing just how much it meant to be like all the other little girls on that big day.

—Donna Ruby Osterkamp, Middle River, Maryland

Nicest Things Were Blended

WHEN I WAS about 10, I asked for a rosary for Christmas. My godmother bought me one, and it was beautiful. The beads were Austrian crystal, and the five decades were different gemstone colors.

Unfortunately, I lost it, despite searching all my drawers and the cubbyholes that children seem to have all over the house. After a move to a different home, it was gone forever.

As I reached middle age, I started a search to replace my missing rosary, visiting antiques shops, specialty stores and the Internet.

One evening, I told my best friend via E-mail that I had been searching for this item for years. She asked for a detailed description, saying she'd keep her eyes out for something on her side of the country.

Unbeknownst to me, she took my description to her sister, who does beadwork necklaces and jewelry. She duplicated the rosary almost exactly.

That birthday, when I opened a small music box, there was a velvet bag inside containing the rosary like the one I had sought for so long.

I have never met my best friend; she lives on the other side of the United States, and neither one of us has had the opportunity to travel.

I found her through Reminisce more than 10 years ago through the "Let's Write!" section.

We frequently wrote long, newsy letters, but with E-mail, we now "talk" with each other every day.

So the two nicest things anyone ever did for me are the gift of the rosary (above left)—and Reminisce's gift of a perfect and lifelong friend.

—Carol Anne Lake, Port Clinton, Ohio