

## What Really Happened...



Diane grew up in a five-flight walk up in New York City. Rumbling subways and glittering city lights were part of the wallpaper of her childhood. She earned pocket money as a child by writing, directing and starring in religious tragedies in which she repeatedly died and was resurrected.

In her teens she went to an all-girl Catholic high school and wore a uniform and a beanie. On weekends she was a Greenwich Village hippie who wore mini skirts and hoop earrings. During that time, she held various part and full time jobs as waitress, secretary, cashier and lost & found clerk at American Airlines. Today she understands how one can lose or misplace important pieces of one's self.

A failed monastic, she has enjoyed hot dogs in Times Square, Indian fry bread on a Tucson sidewalk and Margaritas on the Pacific in Mexico. She can now dream of her father without sadness and has learned a huge amount about love from her husband of 34 years, her many valued friends, her German Shepherds - all named Caesar - and her Woolly Jersey bunny, Mithter Wabbit.