

## THE LAST WORD - MONO

“A lifelong lover of rock and roll, who became a disc jockey at the age of 81, Harriet Lauler passed away Thursday evening. As the founder of Lauler Advertising, she presided for many years over one of the most successful advertising agencies in the state. She remained close with former colleagues. And recently was often found at the community center, where she mentored Brenda Wilson, a young girl from South Bristol. She is survived by her daughter, Dr. Elizabeth O’Malley, and two grandchildren, Spencer and Sage.”

This is her obituary and it’s shit. I wrote it. The truth is, I didn’t think that in the matter of a couple weeks, a month, that I would be standing here talking about a woman that I truly loved. A woman who made me want to quit my job. And a woman who made me feel like I was a piece of shit.

Um...but she didn’t feel that way about me. And she didn’t feel that way about any of you. She was just challenging us to be the best...Our best selves. Because she saw what we had, that we didn’t, and that’s...that’s the most amazing thing. Um...so...I think it’s a really good thing that we knew Harriet Lauler. I think not sucks that she died. But, at the end of the day, all I really need to say, all I really ever needed to say, was that she will not be forgotten. That’s the best that any of us could hope for. That we will not be forgotten. Harriet Lauler lived her life. And I’m going to honor her memory by doing the same. This is not my letter of resignation. This is my obituary. The young girl who worked for you for the last seven years is dead and buried. She leaves behind a lifetime of indecision, hesitation and fear. She will not be missed. She will not be mourned. Because she was really never alive to begin with. But she is now. And she has her entire life in front of her. An entire life just waiting to be filled.