

As I lit my candle this morning at 8:46 a.m. in memory of my friend, Jennifer Lynn Kane on this one-year anniversary of the 09-11-01 tragedy. I wanted to remember the childhood I shared with her.

Jennifer and I grew up together as infants because of a friendship that our parents shared. I see pictures of us so young that I can't remember those times but I do remember as we got older the traditions we had. Every summer for a while, we went to the Kane's cottage in Cape Cod. There I can tell you about the shuffle board area, the dirt roads, the beach that had sand so steep we had to walk upwards, the hiding spots we would find around the cottage to play hide and seek. Oh, and that shower. I do remember the dads cooking up the codfish although I can't remember who actually caught it.

Our other tradition was on New Year's Eve when my family would go to Plymouth and spend the weekend at the Kane's house. When the nighttime came the children got pizza while the parents prepared their dinner for later when they thought we would be sleeping. Jennifer and I would sneak midnight snacks up to the bedroom and pretend to go to bed. We would talk all night until it was time for the ball to drop for the New Year and then we would run to the top of the stairs and yell "Happy New Year". We were never asleep before that.

Throughout the weekend we would go into her mother's room and play dress up. We played Barbies and listened to music. I first saw the movie the Karate Kid there and will always remember the ice rink her dad built in the backyard. As we got older we talked about our boy crushes and school dances. Because we lived a distance apart we didn't get the chance to see each other too much. We were pen pals though. Jennifer was a good student and went off to a good college. I guess we lost touch at the end of high school. I wish we hadn't.

My heart goes out to her family. She was their sparkle, and I know she touched so many other hearts of everyone she knew. My sadness will never go away but I can say I am so incredibly proud of what Jennifer had accomplished in her life. To be working in New York at the age of 26 must have been a dream for her and I can only picture her smiling. Jennifer was a young, beautiful, sweet, and so very innocent young woman. I will always think of her. If only the terrorists could have met the people like her before they did this, I'm sure they would have had a change of heart.

STEPHANIE HAHILL