



It was 8:51 in the morning of November fifth in the year nineteen seventy eight when the ballerina Emily Joanne first made her appearance on Earth. We all danced for joy. She did too.

Emily, we thank you for gracing us with your presence. You have touched us all. Thank you for the memories of old. We look forward to the new as you and Matt begin your life together.

Emily was the dancing baby when she was an infant. Grandpa Bob's friends would come over to visit and they would all fight over who got to hold her on their should and dance with her! *Mom*



I remember when Em was very little: we used to play hide and seek at night before bed. Carl would of course use teasing gusto playing with her and Abe, and whenever she would get nervous or excited, she would say "preeect me daddy", not "protect" me daddy. *Mom*

Emily scaring Grandpa Bob out of his socks, hiding on the floor of his car when he went into the store and came out to find her missing. *Dad*

I remember most the kiss you gave me when you were very young at Uncle Gene's wake at Aunt Claire's home. I still have the picture your mom took of this moment. *Mike P*



Remember watching Leslie's soap operas from our bedroom window while we were supposed to be sleeping? *Mandy*



Emily's super long phone messages are always good for entertainment. I remember one message she left on our house phone that rambled on as if she was really having a conversation with someone. Well, she used up the time on the machine so it cut her off, beeps, and the next message is guess who, "Hey, I wasn't done..." and on went another ten minutes of talking, hahahaha. We must have replayed that message a hundred times over. (And now when I see I have a new voice mail from Em I know not to listen to it unless I have a good ten minutes to spare) *Rae*



Em was such a surprise when she was born - the perfect compliment to her big brother - a boy and then a girl. We were happy as could be. Little Buddha at 8 lb 14 oz or thereabouts. *Dad*

Emily was very non expressive when little. She would stare a lot at people without a smile. At times, this was very embarrassing because a lot of the times, the subject she was staring at would be a handsome guy and she would let her eyes go from the top of his head to his feet! *Mom*

I always remember Emily giving up her bed for her aunt Laurel whenever I came to visit in Brielle. Thanks Em!
Laurel

Ask Emily to imitate Rosie Perez.
"Eh, Tuttie!" *Rae*

Little Emily, sleepy-eyed, coming downstairs late at night, "I heard chewing." *Dad*



I remember when matt had a business trip to boston and you came with him. Aaron and I had fun hanging out with you two for the weekend. you and matt were pretty flirty together though and at one point Matt was tickling you so bad that you fell on the floor by the elevator

and you were both giddy and laughing. Aaron got all awkward and turned towards me, "sooooo, uhhhh, anyway..." it was really funny. It's great to see you in love.
Mandy

Emily sitting on Grandpa Po's lap, him entertaining her, she entertaining him, he always with a big smile on his face. How is that big Big Sister, how's that Emmy gal? *Dad*

I looked up to you a lot while growing up, everything from spraying my bangs like yours, to smoking oregano with Jessie Arlaucus because you did it with Kim Yanak, to stuffing my bra with tissues to fit into a dress of yours (although that one bit me in the butt). *Mandy*



Coming into our bedroom and find little Emily, standing on a stool in front of our dresser, her mouth full of chocolate candies that were supposed to be out of reach. *Dad*



I remember being on go-cart race cars with our family in North Carolina while we were on vacation one time. Every one was racing around, crouching over the wheel, ripping around turns, shifting with each bend, all of our faces scowling and competitive, and then there's Em, sitting perfectly straight, dancer's posture, completely chill and content expression on her face, hands correctly at ten and two, going just as fast as anyone else. It looked like Barbie took over



and was in the race. And that nickname stuck, unfortunately for Em at least the now brown hair has mellowed us down from calling her it. *Rae*

I still have and will always love the photo from the Asbury Park Press of two and one-half year old Emily with the stethoscope listening to the heartbeat of unborn Mandy when Caryl was pregnant. *Laurel*

I credit Emily with setting in motion the events that got Mandy and I together. Emily was roommates with my roommates girlfriend, and when Mandy told Emily she thought I was all that, Emily told Ruth, who told Justin,

who told me. Since that wasn't enough to get things rolling (I'm shy), Emily and Ruth had Mandy, Justin, and I come up to visit their apartment in Boston one weekend. You know the rest. *Aaron*



Sorry for ratting you out about smoking a cigarette in 8th grade. I just remember being so scared and worried that you were suddenly a druggie. *Mandy*



Another favorite thing when she was little was to listen to scary stories, and watch scary movies. Somebody ask her about the Tailypo story. She was the only one of the kids who would get a thrill out of having me lift her up towards a spider on the wall or ceiling, so she could capture it - and the thrill was capped when the spider would jump on us! Emily was the only one who watched me capture the barn snake from their bedroom in that cabin up in Canada, one summer vacation. *Dad*

I don't know if Matt's gonna like this, but i keep laughing whenever i think of you telling me about matt trying on wet suits at inlet outlet and the guy that works there whispering to matt "hate to tell you this bro but the suits on backwards." *Josh*



During the reunion at the Jersey Shore, you took me to one of the hot spots in Brielle. I thought it was pretty cool to be at a bar with my niece. Don't tell your folks. *Mark*



You looked so cute as a flower girl in our wedding. *Deecy*



Em, remember the time in Canada when there was a visitor in our insect and mouse infested cabin? You and I shared a room and Brennie was sleeping on the floor. We had just discovered mouse traps under the sink and our screen was broken so the room was full of bugs and I couldn't sleep at all. I woke you up in the middle of the night by jumping up and down on my bed and screaming, "Emily! Emily! Emily! There's a snake under my bed!" Within seconds you were, still half asleep, jumping up

and down too, arms open, telling me to jump over to your safer bed. Meanwhile Dad is in the next room telling us to go back to bed. By the time he believed us enough to come in and catch the snake (with a pot and salad tongs) you piggy-backed Bren and I

out of the room to safety on the couch in the other room with Mandy and Jessie... well, safety from the snake at least cause after that we saw two mice run by under the heater! Sick. *Rae*

I loved when we took those road trips out to Michigan two winters in a row to visit your Spring Hill friends. We drove all night through the snow and almost got run off the road by 18-wheelers. Remember Corey and the mix tapes he made us? Thanks!!

Mandy

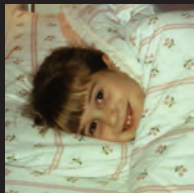


I can always count on Em to keep me in style. She took it upon herself to keep me updated while I went to school in the fashion-deprived Midwest. She always sends me the latest NYC street finds and CK sample sale pieces. And I still call her when I don't know what color shoes or jewelry to wear with an outfit. *Rae*

My girlfriend Vicki came home one Christmas. You were so happy to meet her. You said something like "I'm glad you're his girlfriend, so he doesn't have to bother us." *Mark*

One night I was reading you and your siblings a story using various voices for the characters. You stopped me and asked "Uncle Mark, can you just read it regular?" *Mark*

Emily is notorious for cooking with pesto, or making pesto. Every time we have dinner together you can guarantee it's pesto pasta or pesto chicken, or pesto something! *Rae*



Emily was down in the dumps as all her friends were in serious relationships, having children, etc. She came home Memorial Weekend and met Matt. They had their first date on the following Wednesday and that was it. *Mom*



I don't know why but I remember you being the only one I would talk to about girls, probably cause you always made me tell you, and I remember you always giving me good advice. *Josh*

Thanks for letting me shop through your wardrobe every time i have to dress up. *Mandy*

When Em was little, here is one of her fantasies: She loved to imagine that her house had secret passages, that would take her to magic places. She would sit in her closet with the attic access hole open, staring into the

darkness, imagining where this passage would go, to our bedroom, to other houses, to faraway castles and mysterious adventures. When build additions to our home, she would ask me to build connecting attics that she could explore. *Dad*



Emily surprised me with a visit in Ridgewood when she introduced me to Matt. I was very impressed. They sure do make a handsome couple. *Zennie*



"Could i've your swatch?" *Nate*

When Em was in college for the second year, she had a bad emotional break up with some guy here at the shore. I knew when talking to her she was in a terrible way and she did not sound like her self at all. Since I was very worried about her, I finished teaching dance that night at 8:30 or so and drove straight to Messiah to check in on her. It was around a three

hour drive, before cell phones, and I got in around 11:30 PM to her dorm. I took her to a hotel and had her take a hot bath and let her relax and watch TV get a short night sleep and brought her back to campus early, because I had to teach again the next day! Crazy! Mom



I'm glad you finally found a great guy to settle down with. You always had the tendency to date the "bad boy" type and they never appreciated you the way Matt does. Now I approve, if that matters :) Mandy

Remember when I visited you and the girls in boston in that huge, old, creaky house? I remember being freezing the whole time and we slept in your twin bed together with sweat pants, sweatshirts, socks, hats and gloves on I think. *Mandy*



“Dobre den Donna!” After I got back from Europe I told Emily this one story about how our professor taught us to say good morning to our tour guide in Czechoslovakian. We were laughing about how funny it sounded and I forgot to mention that the tour guide’s name was Donna, so Emily always says, “Dobre den donna, [Name].” I

kind of hope she goes there someday and says “Good morning, Donna,” to some random person. *Rae*



Em had an unusual way of falling asleep at night as a young toddler. She would stuff her silky blanket in her mouth and stuff little twisted pieces of the padding in her two nostrils. Late at night when I would tuck her in, I would gently pull out the blanket from her mouth and nose. The whole corner of the blanket would be soaked! When she was around 2 1/2 she got her first cold and could not sleep like that, so she gave it up. Thank God! *Mom*





**Big brothers are pretty cool. Decy
enjoys this gift every day. Really!
*anonymous***



I met Emily on the Sunday of Memorial Day Weekend 2005. After Emily put up with me for a year, I decided to surprise her with a trip to Italy. The surprise was, ahem, mostly imagined on my part because I believe she had been onto me for several weeks (but she wouldn't poke a hole in my excitement of surprising her). We arrived in Milan after an overnight flight where she slept pretty well (fell asleep about 1/2 hour into the flight). Once we made it to Milan, we hopped a train to Venice. While Emily was sleeping and while we were on the train to Venice, my anticipation grew as the weight of the ring in the left back pocket of my red backpack grew seemingly heavier.

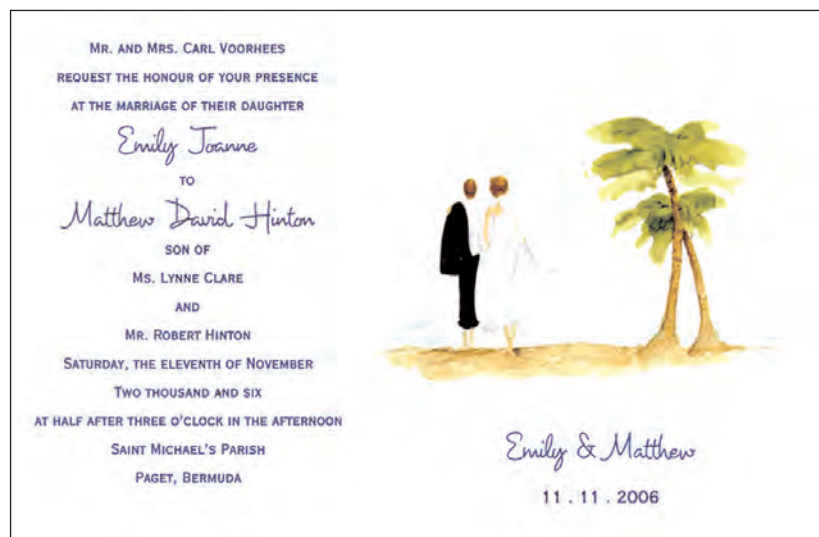
Emily and I explored Venice and covered the alleyways, bridges, cafes, and shops that cover the amazing Town. After we were done voyaging, the concierge at our hotel (Calle Negra) had recommended a small quaint restaurant that the locals like. We went there and had one of the best meals of our life: we both had pasta, Emily had fish, and I had steak. We had a bottle of Montalcino Banfi. The best part is that Emily looked more

beautiful then I had ever seen her before. It was amazing that this woman was sitting across the table from me! I was quiet during dinner in partial disbelief and because of the nerves for what I was about to do.

After dinner, I had arranged for a gondola to pick us up at the hotel and bring us on a ride through the canals of Venice. We got on the boat and I

was rearranging myself as I had a large uncomfortable photo album and ring box in the inside pockets of my blazer. Emily seemingly did not notice as I shifted around. We turned right off the grand canal and the night turned very peaceful. Emily sat next to me and we listened to the water and looked down the alleyways that passed by. Finally, I took out the photo album that described much of our 1st year of our lives together: where we met, our friends and families, places we had been. It was with the second to last photo that I knelt before her and proposed. She told me to get up on the seat and she hugged me and kissed me. After a minute, she finally said yes. After a few minutes, she put the ring on and she said she loved it. The last picture I had saved to show her after she had accepted my proposal: a picture of her mom and dad from the day I had asked their permission to marry their daughter (with Mr. Voorhees' pointing his thumbs down).

We spent some time sitting out on the hotel deck over the Grand Canal that night. We told stories of what had happened leading up to that point in each of our minds. Emily went into the ladies room and had taken a picture of herself. It is an amazing picture and one that is burned into my memory - one that I will never forget. I look at that picture every day and hope to look at it every day for the rest of my life. *Matt*





We visited my friend MaryLou at her Moms house one time. Her mom had a cute little white poodle who was not used to little kids. At one point, the dog was under the dining room table and Em comes up to me and says, Mommy Mommy, that dog is smiling at me, I bend down to look under the table and all I saw was all these growling teeth clenched! Yikes, as I pulled Em away, I say calmly, Yes honey, isn't that doggy cute! Mom

As a little girl, when there were baby sisters or brother around, she was momma's little helper; she even had a magic shoulder just like her mother. Dad



Emily called me at school one night and said, "Hey, I need to know if you can make it to Chicago by 6am on Friday morning to take a flight to NYC to see U2 at the Garden Friday night, so can you make it to Chicago?" Well, I didn't stop screaming for about an hour. Coolest surprise EVER! Rae

She had a definite tolerance limit when tired, though, especially when studying and I was helping her with homework problems... I'd be helping her think thru a word problem for instance, and I'd turn and look in her eyes, and they'd be perfectly glassed over, and she'd be off in la-la land somewhere. I'd have to snap her out of it and make her stop and go to bed. Dad

I love calling Emily to talk because no matter what mood I am in I know that she will be willing to either talk to get my mind off it, listen to me, offer advice, calm me down, or want to know the latest relationship gossip, what I new outfits I have come up with, and will always ask other details that other people usually just don't think about. I love that. *Rae*



I always loved hearing the girls laugh, when they would get together, whether as little girls, or as big girls home from college. It was always a blessing that the three sisters always acted more like three best friends. More than once, I remember leaning out of our bedroom window late at night, and asking the girls to be quiet when they were sitting in the Jacuzzi out on our deck, laughing, giggling, just having the best of time. *Dad*



You were always good with babies; you could get them to fall asleep in your arms and they'd be so content. *Mandy*



Your graceful presence on stage at your Dance for Joy finale. You, like your mother and sisters, are a beautiful dancer. Yes, this is why I keep pushing you to learn the Argentine Tango!! *Mike P*

Remember being stuck in the huge dirt hole in the ground while the den addition was starting and we peed in the corner because we couldn't get out? *Mandy*



i was just looking through this book that i brought to school and there was this picture that i think you took of me when you guys straightened my hair. *Josh*

When Em was little she loved cool small mysterious places to go and hide and visit. We always wanted to buy an old house with some hide aways for her to play in. Sorry EM, never got to do that did we? *Mom*



When I met Matt I felt sorry for him, a feeling I commonly had while being introduced to one of my sister's new boyfriends. I can think of many guys for whom I had this feeling. It seemed that Emily was interested in meeting people, hanging out, and having a fun and these guys were naturally were just interested in her. From this, one might think this could worry an older brother, however I quickly learned that I had nothing to

fear. Consistently, Emily's interests failed to hold for any length of time and the guys rarely stood a chance. From this pattern grew my pity for each consecutive victim, until Matt, that is. Kudos to you Matt – she took interest! *Abe*

I remember one vacation, i think it was in Kitty Hawk North Carolina, but anyway we all went to this racetrack to drive little stock cars. It had to be ten years ago cause i had to drive with dad, i just remember all of us with our racing faces on trying to win and we look over at Emily and she's going ten miles per hour slower than us with her Barbie style driving. *Josh*

Emily was known to us as Miss Cool as a little girl, she had the sunglasses, outfit, and swagger of little Miss Cool. In little league softball, whether pitching or batting, she never got butterflies or cold feet - Miss Cool on the ball field. In her eighth grade graduation, she had to make the speech and she never flinched. And

she delivered a perfect graduation address. Nerves of steel! Space Camp - she won a contest to go to Alabama for a week, to attend NASA's space - we put her on a plane, and off she went, never a second thought! Same with camp or sleep-overs - there was never a homesick call from

Miss Cool. In high school, she came home, and over dinner, casually mentioned that she was elected President of her Freshman Class. A repeat performance in two subsequent years. No change when we dropped her off at college for the first time - Miss College Cool. *Dad*



About six months after meeting Emily, I asked her to grab my car, and pick me up at the airport after she finished work. I had caught an early flight back and took a taxi back to my house without telling her. I decided to hide in the back of my car and surprise her. After she gets in, she pauses for about 15 seconds (felt like an eternity) and finally starts the car's ignition. The music came on and she picks out a station she likes. With every ounce of energy, I launch myself out of the... back of the SUV towards Emily. It seemed like slow motion - Emily quietly turning around

to see what is happening behind her in the back of the car, then screams at the top of her lungs for about ten seconds. After she sees its me, she gets out, and standing ten feet away, stands stares at the car. But Emily ended up getting the last laugh for two reasons. First, because she was 45 minutes late, my legs had fallen asleep as I was stranded in the car for 5 minutes trying to revive them. What's more, her scream nearly shattered the car windows, and my ear drums along with it. *Matt*

At times, growing up as a boy with three sisters could be difficult. However, Emily often seemed to fill in nicely for a brother. For many years, the annual Maryland football trip was a guy weekend for Grandpa Bob, Dad, Eric, and I. Emily broke up this tradition one year and turned out to be a pretty good companion. She loved to run around like the rest of us and she wasn't too bad at throwing a football either. She even sat through an entire

game in the rain and didn't complain at all. We told her which color to root for - which was probably obvious if she paid any attention to Bob's typical red attire - and she rooted for the Terps with great enthusiasm. I can say with certainty that she made Grandpa

Bob quite proud, so proud, in fact, that he may even have mentioned to the guys a 7-Eleven that he took his granddaughter to a Maryland football game. And she made me proud too.
Abe



Emily, I remember when Mike and I first met at the end of January 1988. You were so interested and wrote such a fun note right away. *Deecy*

As a child, Emily went through a stuffing-things-into-her-mouth phase. At an early age, she started with her blanket: she would carefully extract the stuffing and place a good-sized wad in her mouth. To top this off, she would then proceed to make two spiral pieces of stuffing and insert them into her nose. How should would breath was a marvel. Em grew out of

this and moved on to bigger, better, and edible things. Once, when briefly out of site from Grandpa Bob, she stuffed a large portion of butter-scotch Life Savers - always found in Jean and Bob's car - into her mouth. Thank goodness for the hole in the center. Her cravings and palette did refine with age as she obtained a taste for the coveted Jean Louise

chocolates. A gift from Dad to Mom one Easter, a pound of chocolates was Emily's next victim. Escaping from the family, she commandeered the full box and stuffed all of the chocolates into her mouth so fast and effectively that when confronted about her crime she was physically unable to respond. Abe



Bob, while “minding” Emily one day, was doing some errands with her in the car. When he drove up to the Cleaner’s he decided this was one place he wouldn’t have to take her out of the car since he was parked directly in front of the large plate-glass window where his view of the car was unobstructed. As he concluded his business he turned toward the door and panicked at not seeing Emily in the car. He quickly went out and, with his heart pounding, opened the car door while at the same time looking anxiously around. Glancing inside he breathed a sigh of relief for there she was, sitting on the floor, calmly stuffing life-savers, which she knew were always kept in the on-floor console, into her mouth. Needless to say, he never left her, or any of the other children in the car again when doing errands. Grandma Jean



“You Never Know!”