SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT NORRIS

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FIRST OF ALL, I MISS HER. I miss her at the family dinners we made for each other and sometimes together. I miss "the girls" lunches we used to have. I even miss the shopping sprees she insisted we go on together. I miss the long telephone calls in which we laughed a lot, or commiserated, exchanging concerns about our children. Indeed, whenever I wanted to know what was going on with someone in the family, even my own son, I would call Norris. She always knew everything and she wasn't very good about keeping secrets. However, that never seemed to stop anyone from confiding in her.

I was old enough to be Norris's mother, but she always made me feel as if we were contemporaries. Probably she felt that way about everyone, including Norman. Norris was ageless. Young, but ageless.

People were always saying about Norris, "How could anyone so beautiful be so nice?" But that was perhaps the most obvious thing about her. She was extremely various. I was always lost in admiration of her extraordinary capacity to retain and express all the stages of her life—the child who plunges into whatever attracts and interests, the girl delighted with clothes and makeup and just plain stuff. And all of this in the smart, witty, sophisticated woman that she became. I think I always disappointed her a little because I had pretty much lost the girl in me. I rather regret now that I never gave her the satisfaction of convincing me to get my ears pierced.

In her last ten years, despite all the pain and ghastly suffering, Norris's will to live, her zest for life, and her creativity never seemed to flag. She wrote two more books. She acted, she painted. Only six months before she died, she suddenly started making jewelry. Beautiful jewelry. And she made a ton of

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it. She sold it, she gave it away, and it festooned every possible hook and cranny of the Brooklyn Heights apartment.

She always lived as if she would never die. It's still hard to believe that Norris didn't win her battle with cancer and outlive us all.