

A Tribute to Rozanne

by John K,
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I was asked to say a few words about my friend Rozanne. I thought it would nice to tell you all something about her that you can't find out by reading "Beyond Our Wildest Dreams" – which, by the way, you should. It's a wonderful piece of writing, written totally by Rozanne, who was a gifted professional writer. I also think "I Put My Hand in Yours" is one of the best pieces of writing I ever read. There is also "Rozanne's Story" in the Brown Book.

She was the loving wife of Marv, who died 1999, and the mother of two wonderful daughters and the grand-mother of three grandchildren. She loved to make sure everyone knew that her grandson was going to medical school – evidently a rare thing for a Jewish grandmother to do.

But first, about Rozanne...

Rozanne was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin in 1929. She went to college at the University of Chicago, which as many of you know – is no slouch school. During college, she spent a summer doing summer stock and was bitten by the acting bug. She became friends with a young comedienne named Imogene Coca, who told her she should come to New York – where most of the TV work was at that time. After graduating, she moved to New York and began trying to get acting work, as well as work as a copywriter – which was her major. She worked there as a copywriter and later as an assistant to Bob Hope.

She moved back to Chicago where she worked as a copywriter some more before deciding to move to Los Angeles, where she also worked a copywriter and aspiring actress. She soon met the man who would become her husband, Marv. They were married on Christmas Day 1955. And I'm not sure, but since it was Christmas Day, the reception was probably held at a Chinese restaurant.

She became a mother in 1958 and again in 1959. In 1960, she founded OA from the kitchen of her house on Colby Avenue in West Los Angeles. That house was hers until she died and she lived there until the last few years of her life. The house is situated on a bucolic suburban street, renowned for its beautiful purple jacaranda blossoms in the spring. Many of us have been in that kitchen over the years.

In 1972, she was diagnosed – and later beat – her first bout with cancer. Cancer evidently didn't know Rozanne very well.

In 1999, her beloved Marv died. Many people don't know this, but in the years after Marv's death, she became an expert in horticulture, raising roses so big they could have been used in "Little Shop of Horrors." She slowly removed herself from most OA duties, although she worked on getting the "Dignity of Choice" food plan pamphlet re-introduced to OA – and was on the Committee that wrote it.

Many of us would see her at Serenity Sunday, one of the few meetings she still attended until a few years ago. The main reason she liked it was that it didn't start until 10:30. Rozanne was NOT an early riser. Her last service in OA was working with me when I was editor of the 12

Stepper (L.A. Intergroup newsletter). She would help be proof the articles written. She joked that those of us from this generation seemed baffled by simple grammar. This was one of the things I loved about her. She was sharp – no, VERY sharp.

Even up until the end, she would shake head slightly and roll her eyes when she heard bad English or grammar. It wasn't noticeable to anyone other than me, and it was our little joke.

Four years ago – not long after the 50th OA Convention, her leg broke while she was getting out of bed. Further checking revealed she had multiple myeloma – cancer of the bone. It had so weakened her bones that doctors would not let her put any weight on it for nine months. She again battled the cancer and beat it – a day at a time – for almost four years.

She stayed at the Beverly Hills Rehabilitation Center, which is ironically around the corner from both the L.A. Intergroup office and La Cienega Park, where her favorite meeting – Serenity Sunday – is now being held. Not up for long walks, she would be taken almost every day – by wheelchair – to the Beverly Center Mall. She developed a fondness for Chipotle Restaurant and after having lunch there would go up to the top of the Beverly Center and work her way back down. She especially liked checking out the jewelry at Michael Kors and sitting watching the kids at the Apple Store.

About a month ago, her cancer came back – and this time it was much more aggressive. She still continued her trips to the Beverly Center, and we were there again a week ago Sunday. She was still smiling and having a fun time.

The end came very quickly and she was only really debilitated for a few days, and was in no pain whatsoever – no painkillers were needed. She died peacefully in her sleep at 12:30am Thursday morning.

I sit here thinking about her now, and if she is looking over my shoulder at what I have written, I'm sure she's shaking her head and rolling her eyes because of course, I'm sure I've gotten some of the grammar and punctuation wrong.

We'll all love you and miss you and never forget that you helped save our lives.

From of all your friends in OA.

The family of Rozanne would like to send thanks to all the members of OA for all of their love and support to not only their mother, but to them. It has been a source of much happiness to know their mother was so loved by so many.

In lieu of flowers or other gifts, they ask that people give to OA in memory of Rozanne.

John K.