

CYNTHIA DAILARD

The Boles family (Cynthia's family) and the Zimmerman family met in 1968 when Cynthia was about 5 months old. Cynthia's mother, Ellen, and I were walking our baby carriages around the block and we subsequently became very close friends. On many afternoons, in our generation's precursor to the "play date", we got together for coffee, letting our babies crawl around on the playroom floor. I had twin boys named Bradley and Gregory who were a year and a half old at the time, and we referred to Cynthia as "Baby Cynthia". Cynthia, who naturally started speaking at the age of nine months, could not pronounce Bradley and Gregory, and so she coined the term "Bobbyga", an appellation which both families have always remembered and referred to fondly over the years.

Cynthia was an adorable baby and toddler. With golden blond ringlets and a mischievous smile, she had an intelligent gleam in her hazel grey eyes which hinted at the brilliance she would one day achieve. She came by that brilliance naturally. Her father, Sol, was an electrical engineer who worked for Grumman. Sol was responsible for the radars that landed the astronauts on the moon. Cynthia was extremely close to her father, and in 1978 when the Boles family had the first computer in the neighborhood, an Apple IIC , 10 year- old Cynthia helped Sol develop a radar patent that tracked a ship by eliminating its rocking motion.

The women in Cynthia's family are a force to be conjured with as well. Her mother Ellen is Director of Human Resources and writes grant proposals at Variety Child Learning Center. Ellen is energetic, organized and efficient. Cynthia's grandmother, Evelyn Zuckerman, was ninety-nine years old last week. I called her the other day to see how she was doing and she is more alert and astute than most of us. She was very philosophic and spoke to me about the mysteries of life, quoting Confucius.

It was always obvious to everyone who knew Cynthia that she was outstanding. In elementary school she took violin lessons and she was selected for first chair in orchestra. She studied piano with me, and quickly progressed from a total beginner to a point where

she played on an advanced level. Finally, she settled on the oboe, probably one of the hardest instruments of all to learn, and she played in the orchestra and in band throughout high school.

When it came to her college applications, Cynthia refused to let anyone help her and didn't want to discuss the whole process. When her anxious mother finally dared to broach the subject and asked her if she had done her applications, she replied indignantly, "How could you even ask me such a question?" Of course, Cynthia was accepted to Yale (Early Action), Harvard, Princeton, Brown and Penn. For a while she considered Yale, but then settled on Harvard... fortunately.

When Cynthia got to Harvard we heard stories about choosing courses, sampling this one and trying out that one. Cynthia was having trouble settling on a curriculum. But one day in December, as Ellen tells it, Cynthia met Scott in a stairwell of a Harvard building. And that was that. No more questions, no more indecision. Cynthia and Scott were together from that day on, and so they have had twenty years together which is certainly remarkable for so young a couple. Together they built a strong, loving foundation and created a wonderful life for their two beautiful daughters.

We can't make sense of why Cynthia was taken from Scott and Miranda and Julia so tragically at this young age. Each of us can only celebrate her life by remembering the times we shared with her, her special qualities, her vibrant personality and her love for her family.

Her sister Sandra and brother-in-law, Jamie had some thoughts that Sandra wanted me to share with you, and rather than paraphrase them, I'm going to read them as Sandra wrote them because I think they give a wonderful insight into Cynthia as the loving, generous sister and woman that she was.

Sandra wrote:

- *Many people claim to know everything about everything. Cynthia actually did know everything about everything, but she was very modest about it, and she would never tell you that you were wrong about something. Rather, she'd tell you what she thought, and later, you'd come to the realization that she was right. Especially when it came to driving directions around DC.*
- *Cynthia allowed us the opportunity to develop very close relationships with her children, and taught us many skills that we have applied toward our little one.*
- *She had an amazing ability to multi-task, for example, instinctively stopping her daughter from falling into a pool with one hand while maintaining a conversation and making a point with her other hand.*
- *She moved furniture into our house that probably weighed more than she did.*
- *She came over to our house immediately after Sarah was born to show us how to hold the baby and helped me use the breast pump.*
- *She cleaned up and organized our condo before we put it on the market.*
- *Being new to the DC area, we often had questions for Cynthia like what pediatrician to use, where to get a haircut or what to do about the rodent in the backyard. Cynthia always was able to help us.*
- *Jamie and I often asked each other "Is there anything that Cynthia does not know?"*

And finally...Sandra says,

- *Cynthia was someone that I deeply respected and loved, and her words of wisdom and heart-felt hugs will be always remembered.*

I think we all feel that way.... Cynthia is now a part of everyone who knew her and we will carry her in our hearts and in our lives always.

