

**A Celebration of the Life**  
**of**  
**Alice Foley**

**May 2, 2009**

*Reverend Alison Hyde*

**Unitarian Universalist Meeting House**  
**Provincetown, Massachusetts**

**Prelude: Alice's Favorite Tunes**

**Bobby Wetherbee**

**Welcome**

**Rev. Alison Hyder**

We are gathered here this morning to pay our tribute of affection and respect to Alice Foley – citizen, activist, friend, and aunt. We gather to share our sadness, to support her family, and to say goodbye in our hearts to one whose life shone, broadly or briefly, on ours. We gather, too, to honor and celebrate her life, and to take what was best of her into ours; to inspire ourselves to develop our characters and live in the full and determined way that Alice did; thus will her life live on in ours. Sometimes she was brusque, and often demanding, for her expectations were high. She got the best out of people and made Provincetown so much of what it is today.

This temporary congregation is composed of people of many faiths. We bring different understandings of the meaning of life to this service, and many different hopes for what lies beyond this life. Unitarian Universalists honor those differences, and we celebrate the fact that they are transcended by what unites us: our relationship with Alice, our grief for our loss, our desire to be of help, our intention to remember, honor and celebrate her life, and our need to be reminded that the Mystery at the heart of the universe, which we call Love, or God, or Spirit, is with us and among us even as we grieve, deny, forget, shout, love, despair, work, and help. It is good to be together.

In this next hour, we will remember Alice and, in our own ways, offer our comforting presence and our prayers for her and for her family. Whether our voices this morning are strong or halting, celebratory or sad, the language after which we will grope is the language of love. We who gather here come in Love's name to express our gratitude that Love has been among us, in the person of Alice, and that because of her life, ours are better.

No one escapes sadness and loss. Each of us has burdens, we all say many kinds of goodbyes, we must let go of those we love, and in our turn, give up all that we know and make that final journey into the mystery. Each time we are startled into awareness of this difficult fact of our lives we are reminded of

all those whom we have lost and of how precious is our life and the lives of those we love.

Yet we are gathered here to do more than offer each other comfort and support. We are gathered here to remember - to remember Alice... and to give thanks that we have been touched by her. This afternoon, we remember ... We celebrate her life.

A number of Alice's family and friends have asked to speak today, and then there will be time for open sharing. I'd like to ask Olivia Erickson to come forward to play a piece by Yiruma.

**Music:** "River Flows in You" by Yiruma      Olivia Erickson, grandniece

**My Alice**      Susan Erickson, niece

**Recognition**      Bill Furdon, AIDS Support Group

**Reflections**      Irene Rabinowitz, Helping Our Women

**Our Time with Alice**      Paul Erickson, nephew

**Our Dear Friend**      Bill Dougal and Rick Murray

**Open Sharing Time**      Congregation

**Original Guitar Piece**      Eric Phillips, grand nephew

**Shared Reading** the 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm      Congregation, In Unison

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. ☐

God takes me to lie down in green pastures, ☐

God leads me beside the still waters and restores my soul, ☐



The Lord leads me in the paths of righteousness. □

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil: for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort  
me. □

You prepare a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.

You anoint my head with oil; my cup runneth over. □

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. □

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

## Remarks

Rev. Alison Hyder

Alice was raised Catholic. She kept the 23<sup>rd</sup> psalm by her desk. But she believed that she had lived before, that her soul had experienced other lifetimes in different incarnations. She experienced a couple of past life regressions and was interested in this theme. And so Alice believed that her spirit would not die out completely, but would return time and again to feel - to know and share the lessons of love. This did not reduce her sense of urgency, but instead encouraged her integrity and sense of duty and responsibility. There is nothing haphazard about existence. Each life is a chance for commitment to service, a chance to fulfill our potential and help everyone to be their best selves. And we all know that Alice made this lifetime count! That's why she wanted this service to be a time of celebration and hope.

The Persian poet Rumi said,

I lived for hundreds of thousands of years as a mineral,  
And then I died and was reborn as a plant.

I lived for hundreds of thousands of years as a plant,  
And then I died and was reborn as an animal.



I lived for hundreds of thousands of years as an animal,  
And then I died and was reborn as a human being.

What have I ever lost by dying?

Alice's death is a great loss to us, but it is not a tragedy. Her spirit is preparing for the next adventure, for more opportunities to encounter all the delights and demands of the human experience. She died confident in her achievements and the power of her love.

"So comes the next opening (wrote Bradford Smith) - the sense of being part of a universe, of a personal relatedness to all life, all growth, all creativity. Suddenly one senses that one's life is not just one's own little individual existence, but that one is bound in fact to all life, from the first splitting off of the planets, through the beginning of animate life and on through the slow evolution of humanity. It is all in us and each is but one channel of it. What has flowed through each one flows on, through children, through works accomplished, through services rendered; it is not lost. Once given the vision of one's true place in the life stream, death is no longer complete or final, but an incident. Death is the way - the only way - life renews itself. When the individual has served his or her purpose as a channel, the flow transfers itself to other channels, but life goes on." [from *Dear Gift of Life* by Bradford Smith (slightly adapted)]

Don't skim over this loss or try to shorten your grief. Instead, live with it as a presence, as one of Alice's last gifts. Let it teach you the meaning of compassion. As we join in the company of mourners, let our grief make us stronger, more generous, more aware of the suffering of others. We are one in our pain, one in our loss, doing the best we can with this one life.

Each one of us has to mourn in our own way. Some of us will remember Alice's commitment to others. We'll recall shared times and special moments. And sometimes we'll picture her spirit, suddenly free, and surrounded by light, one with the wind and the wide-open spaces.

Alice is best remembered by continuing in the work of her life: Respecting the worth and dignity of all living things through acts of thoughtfulness and responsibility. Giving back to our communities. Doing the everyday little kindnesses that give meaning to our days. Her legacy is in your hearts.

Let us take a few moments of silence now, while we're together, to recall Alice's incisive and questing spirit, imagining her out there now, filled with curiosity and wondering what's going to happen next.

**Moment of Silence**                      Congregation

**Invitation and Closing Words**                      Rev. Hyder

There will be a reception with a slide show across the street at the Crown and Anchor, where Alice frequently listened to the music of Bobby Wetherbee and hung out with friends. Susan Erickson and the rest of Alice's family want to thank Rick Murray and everyone who helped to celebrate Alice's life. We conclude with these words by Langston Hughes:

Dear lovely Death  
That taketh all things under wing -  
Never to kill -  
Only to change  
Into some other thing  
This suffering flesh,  
To make it either more or less,  
But not again the same -  
Dear lovely Death -  
Change is thy other name.        ("Dear Lovely Death")

**Closing Recessional**                      Bobby Wetherbee



Eulogy for Alice May 2, 2009 - Susan Erickson

My name \_\_\_\_\_

Good Afternoon, Everyone. Thank you so much for coming to today's service and adding to this celebration of the life of the one of a kind Alice Foley. No one <sup>w</sup> could be happier today than Alice herself to see so many people. <sup>Alice always wanted to go to her own funeral.</sup> In fact, Alice is probably watching right now, from a perch high up in the rafters, enjoying every minute. She loved a good party, and she is probably also noting who is here and who is not here, and who is sitting with whom. Alice didn't miss a detail.

Today's events would not have been possible without the dedication and efforts of many people. Some of these people and I thank all of them for their help, are noted on the program, <sup>but</sup> there are several others I would like to thank for their love, kindness, and gifts of time. My thanks go to Tom Gaeudreau, Bari Hassman, Devon Ruesch, John Twomny, <sup>Truro</sup> Joyce ~~Nemeth~~, Georgia Neill, and Joan Budreau, and Chris Racine for all their work and support.



Chris ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ for all their work and support. I could not have made it through the past ten days without you.

all <sup>^</sup> of

I loved Alice so much. While I knew this day was coming as her health failed in the past few years, absorbing this blow has been so hard for me, and I know also for many of you. Alice was a mother, a mentor, and a friend to me, and as much as she drove me crazy sometimes, I admired and looked up to her for so many things. There are three qualities in particular that come to mind.

Alice was the most generous person I have ever known.

She would give you the shirt right off her back. She gave away money she didn't really have to those who needed rent money,

a car repair, or help with an airline ticket. When my son,

Andrew, was a baby, <sup>he pointed at one of her paintings.</sup> She took <sup>spontaneously</sup> a painting right off of her wall,

wrote him a ~~sweet~~ note on the back, and gave it to him. She

little

Susan Erickson

*That was Alice.*

~~wanted to give him a birth gift.~~ Countless people in town have told me stories of ways in which she helped them with gifts of time, money, or assistance. I admire her generosity so much, and ~~this town is~~ the better for it.

*we are all*

Another quality I loved about Alice is her sympathetic ear. She listened so well to others, and responded compassionately and with empathy and love. She lived to mentor, to get people on their feet, to help each person grow up and solve problems. I turned to her, as did many of you, in times of anxiety, confusion, or despair. She was a wonderful counselor, and she was always there for me.

Well, she was always there, unless you crossed her. Alice was black and white about her people—you were in, or you were out. She didn't really do "gray" on her relationships. In fact, Alice's dear friends, Marjorie Bullock and Nina Harrison

*Susan Erickson*

who are in California right now, emailed me this brief story:

Once in the A & P with Alice, buying some groceries, Alice

stopped as she saw someone she knew. She looked puzzled

and she <sup>considered him</sup> ~~thought~~ for a minute. Then she confessed to them that

she had to <sup>reflect</sup> ~~think~~ for a minute to remember if she was speaking

to that person or not! This is such an Alice story, as she did not

suffer fools, and her strong opinions and determination led to

<sup>some</sup> ~~many~~ rocky relationships, <sup>and so many accomplishments, which we will</sup> Alice would have loved today's

soon  
hear  
about,

trendy new word, Frenemies, as she had a wide and diverse

circle of friends, enemies, and frenemies. No one could be

ambivalent or bored by Alice Foley.

The final quality I love so much about Alice, and the

quality I strive to emulate, is her clarity about her love. If Alice

loved you, you knew it. She expressed her admiration, her

appreciation, and her love and devotion <sup>her</sup> with words and deeds.

<sup>to you</sup> <sup>with her</sup>

Susan Erickson



She gave gifts, parties, and praise, and showed her love in many ways. I will miss her love for the rest of my life, ~~and I~~ ~~strive to be like her.~~

The days are over when I, and many others, can walk unannounced into her apartment, bang the screen door, and say "Hi Al!" and hear "Hi Babe!" in return. But the days of Alice's presence in this town will never be over, as she touched so many lives and left such a wide swath on this earth. I am so grateful to her for <sup>the gifts she gave to me and for</sup> connecting me to Provincetown, <sup>her beloved</sup> ~~and for~~ ~~sharing herself and her hometown with me.~~ All of us hope that our lives on this planet will make a difference. We hope that after we die we will not be forgotten, that our lives will not have been in vain. Alice can rest in peace, knowing that her time and efforts on this earth left big footprints, and changed many lives.

Susan Erickson

Susan Erickson



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Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Ptown was Mice's home. She searched for a home for a very long time. She wanted to come back here from living with us in California because she knew this was where she wanted ~~to be when she~~ <sup>to die</sup> died. Thank you all here who were her family. She loved you, she played with you, she fought with you, she belonged ~~with~~ <sup>to</sup> you. She was a lesbian woman who grew up in an Irish Catholic family with shame & silence and here you gave her home and family.

Thank you Susan for doing so much to help us honor & remember and say goodbye ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> Mice today. I love you.

~~All my life I knew that Mice loved me and believed in me powerfully and unconditionally. I don't know why she did or how she affected me so deeply. She changed my life, enriched me, helped me believe in myself.~~





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She loved all  
 her family + friends  
 intakes

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I was Alice's nephew and she was my aunt, always a very special aunt - unusual aunt. When I was a baby, she took me with her, ~~not telling my mother~~ to Sporter's, a gay bar on Brown Hill <sup>I'm sure my mother didn't know where I was, but she knew I was in her hands</sup>. ~~She always loved babies~~. Somehow I always knew that Alice loved me deeply and unconditionally and I believe she knew I felt the same way about her.

When I was a teenager and my heart was broken by my first girlfriend, Alice was visiting us. It was Christmas Eve. <sup>I came home in tears alone</sup> She knew how to console me and comfort ~~my~~ grief. She gave me a copy of the book The Little Prince and told me to read about how the Prince and the fox come to love one another.

"So the little prince tamed the fox. And when the hr. of departure drew near

"Ah" said the fox "I shall cry"

"~~Why~~ Now you are going to cry? it has done no good at all"

"It has done me good" said the fox

"It is only with the heart one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye"

Then because of the color of the fox's hair which is red like mine I have tamed you. So I will always smile to you





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In Nov. Alice got out of the hospital & was at The Manor ~~to visit which looks out on a cemetery~~ she'd been in the hospital a few times in the last months. She called me in SB & said "I'd really like to see you" & I heard something in her voice. ~~It~~ It was different & I knew in my soul Paul & I needed to go see her. So Paul & I got on a plane to come see Alice.

~~It~~ ~~It~~ As prickly as she was Alice came to be <sup>in</sup> our family. She loved you Olivia, your talent & willfulness. She ~~had~~ loved you Kyle, your kindness & humor. She loved you Paul, your wit & humor & intelligence. In the morning Paul brought her coffee & Alice would say you don't have to & Paul would say just say thank you. At night I'd stop at her bedroom & tell her "I love you Alice" & she'd say "I love you Paul."



Paul

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## Living with Alice

First of all, who lives with Alice?  
after all

~~For~~ ~~Sadly~~ for much of her life she'd  
lived alone; and preferred it that way.

Last November, ~~in the~~ while in  
the manor, she called Paul and asked  
if he would come to see her, <sup>there</sup> something  
she had never done before so  
explicitly. We both wondered if  
she was ~~not~~ wanting him/us to  
come out to say good bye...

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that perhaps she knew something about her state of heart, mind or body that compelled her to call.

We found her at The manar, surrounded first by comadres and in her room, almost always 'holding court' with visitors. A lot of people came to see her.

We had discussed & agreed that we would ask her to come & live with us in Santa Barbara; but would she do it? Maybe, if she could bring Meiking, the little dog with truck-stopping bad breath.



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We sat down with her in a private space; I ~~asked~~ told her that we had thought about it & <sup>that we</sup> wanted her to come & live with us... at least for a while -- for the winter. Santa Barbara would be warmer and we could help her see some good doctors & regain her strength.

~~at first her eyelids~~  
Upon hearing this, her eye lids fluttered, she nearly fell back in the chair and she ~~she~~ blurted "I think I need a Xanax!" she seemed confounded, confused, happy, scared, relieved... all at once.

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Eventually she smiled and said  
" I think I'd like that."  
less than  
~~about~~ 10 days later, with Susan's  
tireless help and John Tuomey's company,  
she arrived with her own entourage;  
her little dog with bad breath and  
her stalwart, loving Irishman friend.  
~~who had~~ Ever the journey out was a  
tale... Alice had lost her hearing aid  
on the plane; John cleverly figured out  
it had fallen into her salad ~~on~~ &  
The steward had taken the tray back  
with the hearing aid to be disposed of.  
John rescued the hearing aid and that  
was good.



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It took a long while for her to 'settle in' <sup>with us</sup>; she left her packed suitcase on the floor by her bed for almost 2 of the 4 months she was with us, despite she cleared out closet & dresser.

She did not quickly settle into our family life; 2 doctors, 2 teenagers, 2 dogs, a garage full of adolescents every Sat & Sun. ~~But very slowly, she got to know some of them~~ The Our two dogs bonded with her instantly; Mc-Lig, of course, always kept her distance from the other dogs, but soon Alice was leader of the pack. Our dog, Abby, who ~~was~~ is nearly as big as Alice, slept with her

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every night on the bed, mashed up next to her... They kept each other comfortable company; "One best girl friend I've ever had" she remarked on several occasions.

The kids came home each day around 3:00. Alice would ask about their day; Olivia practiced her piano and Alice would sit & listen, offering up admiring compliments about how hard she was working through a particular part of a piece. ~~At one of~~ <sup>one of which</sup> ~~which~~ Olivia will play one of her <sup>that</sup> favorites after ~~it~~ <sup>she</sup> speaks.

~~as time went on~~

as time went on, we got to know each other ~~better &~~ with the



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familiarity of family; the quirks, the eccentricities, the lovable habits, the unlovable habits.

~~She unfolded~~

Living with Alice was more of an unfolding over time: she began to believe, I think, that we really did ~~to~~ love her & want her with us; that did not come easily to Alice. She was always more comfortable taking care of <sup>someone else</sup> than being taken care of. It mostly had to be done subtly, with humor or obliquely. Sometimes, though, she would pronounce her choice ~~or wish~~ about something &

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follow it with "and I'm older!" to which I'd reply "but I'm faster" & then she would do whatever she wanted to do.

Living Alice could be like loving a porcupine; she would determine the distance between & become prickly if it was too close. Over time, after living with Alice, the porcupine faded (never went away completely, of course), but she gradually allowed herself to become a part of the chaos of family life, and all of it's "tangles" as she called them. We were so lucky to have had that time with her and



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~~after it~~  
I think, she felt glad to be with us.  
Sometimes, ~~she would ask me~~ if I drove  
her to physical therapy, or on an errand,  
she would apologize for 'putting me out  
of my way'. Alice, I'd say, ~~this is~~  
~~what families do~~. If it's out of my way,  
I'd tell you. ~~But~~ we love you and  
for each other. This is what families do ~~when they~~  
~~live together~~. By the end of ~~the~~ her  
time with us, her clothes were actually  
in the drawers and, as always, she  
had her daily 'camp' set up on the  
coffee table, in front of the television <sup>watching</sup>  
with her mail, her rings, her drinks + food, <sup>Rebel</sup>  
& some tokens of love sent by friends from Provincetown.

BM DUGAL

1

WHAT CAN I SAY ABOUT ALICE FOLEY?

FOR ME, THERE WILL ONLY EVER BE ONE ALICE FOLEY IN MY LIFE. MY PARTNER, RICK MURRAY AND I, FIRST MET ALICE THROUGH KEN JANSEN AND ROBERT VETRICK IN 1989 AND IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT IT NEVER STOPPED FOR US.

I'M REMINDED TODAY OF ONE OF ALICE'S FAVORITE QUIPS, "WHAT'S A GIRL TO DO NOW?" AND I KNOW ALICE THAT YOU'RE LISTENING TO EVERY WORD WE HAVE TO SAY THIS AFTERNOON AND CORRECTING AND CHASTISING US FOR OUR MISTAKES AND WHAT YOU WOULD CALL OUR SILLINESS. BUT THIS TIME, ALICE, YOU HAVE TO LISTEN WHAT WE HAVE TO SAY ABOUT YOU BECAUSE REGRETTABLY SOME OF US NEVER SAID WHAT WE WANTED TO TELL YOU. WE LOVED YOU ALICE FOLEY.

ALICE WAS AN EXTRAORDINARY PERSON. SHE WAS A PROFILE IN COURAGE AND PASSION---A WOMAN WHOSE LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENTS SPANNED MANY GENERATIONS WHEN EXPECTATIONS FOR WOMEN WERE SET LOW OR COMPLETELY BARRICADED. THERE WERE NO BARRIERS FOR ALICE FOLEY. SHE JUMPED OVER THEM SOMETIMES AT CONSIDERABLE COST TO HERSELF. SHE WAS A WOMAN WAY AHEAD OF HER TIMES WHICH SOMETIMES CAUSED SCORN OR LACK OF APPRECIATION FOR HER EFFORTS. BUT ALICE WAS ALWAYS RELENTLESS, NEVER BOWING TO THE SIMPLE MAJORITY OR POPULARITY.



WHEN I LOOK AT ALICE 'S GRADUATION PICTURE IN HER CRISP WHITE NURSING UNIFORM AND CAP FROM CAMBRIDGE HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING IN THE 1950'S TO ~~THE~~ FAVORITE RED CONVERSE HIGHTOPS, <sup>pictures of her wearing her</sup> ~~she wore~~ <sup>the shoe</sup> REGARDLESS OF THE SHOE WAS WEARING, SHE PAVED SO MANY NEW AND INCREDIBLE ROADS FOR SO MANY PEOPLE IN THEIR LIFETIMES WHICH OFTENTIMES WERE TAKEN FOR GRANTED OR NOT FULLY APPRECIATED AT THE TIME.

ALICE WAS A VERY COMPLEX WOMAN. SHE WAS FIRST AND FOREMOST BRILLIANT, A CHAMPION FOR A CAUSE, AN ACTIVIST WHO CARED DEEPLY ABOUT SOCIAL AND HUMANITARIAN CAUSES, A PRIZE FIGHTER. ALICE ALWAYS SAID WHAT SHE MEANT AND MEANT WHAT SHE SAID. SHE HAD A HEART THAT NEVER STOP EXTENDING ITSELF TO OTHERS 24 HOURS A DAY. HER SENSE OF HUMOR AND DISDAIN FOR WHAT SHE CALLED <sup>her sombitch</sup> "BULLSHIT" OR OCCASIONAL IRREVERENCE CAUSED PEOPLE TO EITHER HATE OR LOVE HER AT TIMES. HOWEVER, ONCE YOU UNDERSTOOD THAT THIS WAS <sup>quintessential Alice Foley, then you understood</sup> ~~ALICE~~, THERE WAS NO ONE BETTER THAN ALICE FOLEY IN HER UNCONDITIONAL LOVE AND SUPPORT AND FIGHT <sup>for you or for a cause</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>she had</sup> A FEW REMEMBRANCES THAT I WOULD LIKE TO SHARE ABOUT ALICE:

(1) A FEW YEARS AGO DURING THE PEAK OF SUMMER ALICE WAS DIRIVNG DOWN COMMERCIAL STREET AND SAW THE POSTMASTER'S THREE LEGGED TIBETAN TERRIER, ZOEY, BEING ATTACKED BY A PIT BULL WHILE BYSTANDERS AND ZOEY'S OWNER LOOKED ON.

Bill Dugan

THE DEATH OF ZOEY APPEARED IMMINENT. ALICE JUMPED OUT OF HER CAR, BEAR IN MIND SHE WAS ABOUT 70 YEARS OLD THEN, AND WRESTLED AND EXTRICATED THE PIT PULL FROM ZOEY. ALICE WAS SEVERELY BITTEN, HAD NUMEROUS STITCHES AND HAD TO THEN UNDERGO A SERIES OF PAINFUL RABIES SHOTS WHEN THE PIT BULL'S OWNERS FLED THE COMMUNITY, RATHER THAN HAVE THEIR DOG QUARANTINED AND TESTED FOR RABIES. AFTER THE INCIDENT, ALICE GOT IN HER CAR AND DROVE HOME AS IF NOTHING HAPPENED. I HAVE OFTEN ASKED MYSELF HOW MANY OF US WOULD HAVE REACTED SIMILARLY FOR ANOTHER ANIMAL OR PERSON IN SUCH DIRE NEED? THIS WAS ALICE'S UNCONDITIONAL HEART IN TRUE CHARACTER..

(2) I SAW ANOTHER PART OF ALICE'S HEART IN JANUARY 1995 WHEN KEN, ROBERT, RICK AND I WERE ON VACATION IN ST. JOHN US. VIRGIN ISLANDS WITH ALICE. SHE WAS UNEXPECTEDLY INFORMED WHILE VACATIONING THAT SHE AND THEN CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD, WALTER BOYD, WERE BEING <sup>summarily</sup> OUTSED FROM THEIR RESPECTIVE POSITIONS IN THE PROVINCETOWN AIDS SUPPORT GROUP. THIS WAS A MORTAL BLOW TO ALICE AND THE <sup>I don't believe that she truly was</sup> REMAINING SPACE SHE FILLED ON <sup>able to</sup> THIS EARTH. SHE WANTED TO ACCOMPLISH SO MUCH MORE. <sup>from that position</sup> <sup>accepted</sup>

DESPITE THE PAINFUL NEWS THAT ALICE ENDURED THAT WEEK, SHE MANAGED TO HAVE THE BEST VACATION OF HER LIFE AND TALKED

Bill Duggan



4 about ~~it~~ boastful and so proud that

ENDLESSLY ABOUT IT TO EVERYONE FOREVER, ~~INCLUDING THE FACT~~  
SHE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ORDERING AND BRINGING OMAHA STEAKS  
AS HER CONTRIBUTION TO THE VACATION! I WILL CHERISH THAT  
VACATION AS LONG AS I LIVE.

(3) MY LAST FOND REMEMBRANCE OF ALICE IS WHEN I APPROACHED  
HER AT ~~MY~~ TURNING POINT IN ~~MY~~ LIFE, MUCH LIKE HERS, AFTER 25 YEARS  
IN ONE CAREER AND ONE COMMUNITY, AND MY INABILITY TO MAKE A  
DECISION, AS TO WHETHER I SHOULD TOTALLY TRANSFORM MY LIFE  
AND MOVE TO PROVINCETOWN. ALICE LOOKED AT ME AND SAID "BILL,  
LIFE IS NOT A DRESS REHEARSAL" AND FOR THAT, I OWE YOU, ALICE, THE  
LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP YOU HAVE GIVEN RICK AND ME FOR THE PAST  
TWENTY YEARS.

I CAN'T SAY GOODBYE TO YOU, ALICE FOLEY, I CAN ONLY SAY  
THAT I AND MANY ARE STANDING ON YOUR SHOULDERS TODAY. WE  
ARE GOING TO MISS THOSE YEAR ROUND CHRISTMAS LIGHTS ~~YOU~~  
IN YOUR FRONT WINDOW LETTING US KNOW THAT YOU'RE HOME  
RELAXING WITH A COCKTAIL AND THAT WE'RE WELCOME TO STOP BY.

I KNOW THAT WE WILL MEET AGAIN, MY UNFORGETTABLE FRIEND,  
ALICE.

BILL DUGAN

Rick Murray

I FEEL IT AN HONOR THAT SUSAN AND HER FAMILY have asked BILL AND I TO SPEAK AT ALICE'S MEMORIAL SERVICE, SO BEFORE I BEGIN I WANT TO THANK SUSAN AND HER FAMILY for that privilege.

I FIRST MET ALICE, AT A PARTY AT ROBERT AND KEN'S HOUSE WAY BACK IN THE LATE 1980'S, AND DURING THE NIGHT AFTER MUCH CONVERSATION AND DRINKS A RATHER LOUD VOICE BELLOWED OVER MY WAY AND ASKED "IS PHILOMENA CANCELLIERE YOUR MOTHER" ? I ANSWERED YES, RATHER SHEEPISHLY AND THAT IS HOW OUR 20 YEAR PLUS FRIENDSHIP BEGAN. YOU SEE MY MOTHER HAD ATTENDED CAMBRIDGE CITY HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING WITH ALICE AND BOTH GRADUATED AND BECAME NURSES AT THE SAME TIME,

IT IS AMAZING IN LIFE HOW THINGS COME FULL CIRCLE.

I REALIZED, AFTER THAT FIRST MEETING ...ALICE AND I WOULD GET ALONG JUST FINE.

I THOUGHT WE SHARED MANY OF THE SAME PERSONALITY TRAITS, WE WERE QUIET, RESERVED AND RATHER SHY AT TIMES AND SOMETIMES AFRAID TO SPEAK OUR MINDS.

I LOVE ALICE FOLEY FOR THE FACT THAT SHE POSSESSED NONE OF THOSE TRAITS.

I WILL REMEMBER HER STRENGTH AND HER HUMILITY, SHE WAS A LEADER, A WOMAN WITH A SOUL, A WOMAN WITH A CONSCIENCE AND A WOMAN WITH CORE BELIEFS THAT SHE UPHELD ALL HER LIFE!!! SHE HAD A BACKBONE: ONE THAT WAS STRONG AND SO RESILIENT. SHE WAS ALSO A WOMAN WHO WAS KIND, COMPASSIONATE AND VULNERABLE ...BUT ALSO A PERSON WITH A GREAT CAPACITY TO LISTEN AND TO COMFORT THOSE WHEN IN NEED. SHE HAD COUNSELED AND COMFORTED ME MANY TIMES DURING SOME VERY LOW POINTS IN MY LIFE AS SHE DID WITH SO MANY OTHERS AND I AM FOREVER GRATEFUL TO HER FOR THAT.

I WILL MISS OUR WEEKLY SUNDAY DINNERS IN THE OFF SEASON, I WILL MISS OUR SCREAMING AND YELLING BY THE TV WATCHING THE PATRIOTS OR THE BRUINS OR THE RED SOX IN THE PLAYOFFS. ALICE LOVED SPORTS AS DO I ..... SHE AND I WOULD CALL EACH OTHER EVERY SUNDAY DURING NFL GAME DAY, AFTER CERTAIN PLAYS DURING THE DAY SHE WOULD CALL AND SAY "DID YOU SEE THAT PLAY RICHARD" ISN'T THAT TOM BRADY SO HANDSOME."

I will miss as I round the bend at the curve in Commercial St. and see how Alice would try to back out her car or van, out of that driveway onto Commercial St. and up Cottage St. with all those dents on either side with out being able to look out any rear view mirror or side mirror because of her bad shoulders and limited flexibility and she would just wave and drive along with one of her many dogs especially "baby" barking all the way.



I WILL MISS SEEING HER IN Relish EVERY AFTERNOON in the summer WHEN I WOULD COME HOME FOR A BREAK FROM THE CROWN AND GRAB ONE OF FRANKS DELICIOUS CUPCAKES AND SHE WOULD COME IN BAREFOOT FULL OF SAND AND WET T-SHIRT AND SHORTS AND SAY: DR. MURRAY HOW CAN YOU KEEP THAT GIRLISH FIGURE OF YOURS EATING THOSE CUPCAKES.

I WILL MISS NURSE FOLEY, AKA SHIRLEY ALSO BETTER KNOWN AS ALICE.

I FOUND A POEM THAT I WOULD LIKE TO LEAVE YOU WITH TO REFLECT ON ALICE! I THINK SHE WOULD LIKE THIS POEM, AS IF SHE WAS READING IT HERSELF TO THIS GATHERING TODAY.

THE POEM IS TITLED: *I AM ALWAYS WITH YOU:*

When I am gone, release me, let me go.

I have so many things to see and do,  
You mustn't tie yourself to me with too many tears,

But be thankful we had so many good years.

I gave you my love, and you can only guess  
How much you've given me in happiness

I thank you for the love that you have shown,  
But now it is time I traveled on alone.

So grieve for me a while, if grieve you must  
Then let your grief be comforted by trust  
That it is only for a while that we must part,  
So treasure the memories within your heart,

I won't be far away for life goes on.

And if you need me, call and I will come.

Though you can't see or touch me, I will be near  
And if you listen with your heart, you'll hear  
All my love around you soft and clear.

And then, when you come this way alone,  
I'll greet you with a smile and a "Welcome Home"

RICK MURRAY

IRENE RABINOWITZ

Last week on one of those warm, lovely spring mornings, as I walked by a house on Bradford Street, I noticed a group of folks sitting on the porch in the sunlight chatting and laughing. It was shortly after Alice died. The name of Foley House is as much a tribute to her memory, as it is to the faith she put in a sometimes difficult employee. I met Alice in 1986 when I became a volunteer at the PASG. As many of you know, I later worked at the AIDS Support Group from 1989 until 1995. In 1992, after becoming aware of the possibility of funding, I approached my boss, Alice Foley, with what many people thought was a nutty idea. I asked for the freedom in my job to pursue creating housing in Provincetown specifically for people with HIV/AIDS. Without batting an eye, Alice gave me the go ahead, with a stern warning that the effort to raise funds couldn't interfere with the needs of the day to day programs of the organization. And you definitely took her stern warnings for face value.

The bad thing about having Alice as a boss was that she was bossy. The good thing about having Alice as a boss was that she was a visionary who believed that there was a solution for every problem. She also understood that this employee would succeed or fail on my own and she wisely give a wide berth, but was always available when needed. Grants were written, money was raised and the dream was realized with the help of so many and with Alice's watchful eye on the whole process. At the groundbreaking ceremony, I remember whispering to her "thank you" and receiving a smile and a nod. The project went on to be developed after she and I were no longer affiliated with the ASG and Foley House has become another symbol of a community that responded to AIDS from its heart and a belief in doing what is right. I remember visiting with Preston Babbitt, Alice's friend and co-founder of the ASG, in Rhode Island as he was dying in 1990, thinking that a part of the history of the AIDS epidemic in Provincetown was slipping away. Now with Alice gone, it is up to us to keep the legacy alive with truth, compassion and historical accuracy. We owe that to her.



Alice Foley

Bill Furdson

ASGCC

Its really hard to image the world without Alice Foley...It just doesn't seem right.

I met Alice in 1989 when she hired me as a client Advocate for the Provincetown AIDS Support Group...(where I am currently employed today) I was given the opportunity to work with her when I was only 23 years old, very shy, nervous and a bit intimidated...I did have 2 years of experience working with AIDS when I lived in NYC (which was rare at the time) she was impressed with me for being so young and doing so much...She really believed in me...

I remember her always asking me what was going on in the gay community...what were young people doing...she wanted to learn from me...I found this very odd...but she told me she needed my youth...she needed to find out what young people were thinking during this crisis and how we were going to connect with them...

Irene Rabinowitz and I at that time were client advocates... we would answer phones, set up monthly van schedules with volunteer drivers, develop 24 hour home care schedules, assist with education, fundraising, press releases, housing we were sympathetic ears to the volunteers, community members, families and most important the clients...(anyone here every drive the van to Boston, work on a home care schedule or were on the other end of phone call from Irene or myself...raise your hand...thank you), It is the People of Provincetown and the lower cape that are the real gems sure we have a great views, sand dunes and whale watching but it's the people that make this place so unique and Alice was one of our special residents... we were lucky to have her.



We juggled a lot back then...I recall her lectures at the Tuesday night volunteer meetings...(pot lucks around the pool table) she would always try to "demystify" medical terminology. She would remind us that if we were not available and present in the clients homes they would be in a hospital. It was made loud and clear that we could assist them just as well if not better... She would give you such confidence...she could look you right in the face and tell you to "just go do it...it will be fine...you can't do anything wrong...and if you fuck up...well she'd say...you didn't mean it.

I remember one of the consumers came home from the hospital with a new device at the time called a pic line, she was able to get one and explain how it worked and how terrific it would be for the patients...she also showed us a block pump...let me tell you about a block pump...its shaped like a ball and you can keep medication in it but you don't need to be attached to an IV poll...you can travel with it in your pocket or knapsack. She wanted these for our clients so they were not stuck in the house all day waiting for their many IV infusions to finish...these were not cheap or easy to get and she would push the doctors to prescribe them...

Alice was on call for the support group 24 hours a day We always had her beeper number...especially when we had many complicated home care client schedules she would always come to our aid if we needed her. She took time out for all of us and she was genuine...you didn't just know this...you felt this in your gut...

I became the first Director of Education for the support group...my qualifications...I had a car and drivers license...(nice going Irene)...I recall meeting with Alice saying I can't do public speaking...I can't speak in front of an audience...and she without skipping a beat said "of course you can Bill...you know more about this disease than they do...and if you don't know the answer

BILL FUNDON



to a question tell them you will find it out...and lets work on a new volunteer training program that wasn't 17 weeks long..." We did a lot of educations...for communities, schools anyone that wanted to listen...

I try to imagine what our little town would have looked like if Alice was not part of the epidemic. If she was not bulling some politician to do something and send some grant monies down the cape...or driving around to other areas of the state to show her great our grass roots medical model was... that she had created to care for people with AIDS...

If your spirit really goes somewhere when you die and you meet old friends Alice should be greeted by a mob scene about now...Phillip D'Auteil, Peter Holtzer and Anthony Marquet and her very best friend Michael...She always wore a gold coin around her neck...this was given to her from Anthony Marquet when he was dying in thanks for all that she had done for him...she later added a gold ribbon to it.

She died on April 19<sup>th</sup> the official holiday of Patriots day...and what a patriot she was in a twentieth century war not of guns and land but of heath care rights to those affected and infected by a disease we never saw coming... a disease that was initially ignored...a political war...a human rights war...Lets reflect and compare on the current fears we are facing today with the swine flu...uncertainty...don't go to Mexico...don't go near a gay person...when I look around this town I don't see any memorials to any gay people...you would think we had no impact on this town...until you get to 214 Bradford Street ...the Alice Foley House...I am glad that house is here... in her home and the town

Bill Furdan

she loved. it continues to help people with AIDS...I must say  
Foley house 15 times a week...her name is not far from my lips.

When we were asked to speak at different groups, lectures or  
educations eventually the question would come...we knew it  
would... and I knew how Alice would answer it...will there be a  
cure for AIDS....and Alice replied the same thing every time...not  
in my lifetime...and she was right..

BILL FORDON