

In Memory of William “Bill” Wolber

To Bill’s Family and Friends:

When Bill moved into BridgePoint I immediately saw a sparkle in Bill’s eyes and a smile that made me feel like he was the Santa Claus I never was able to catch a glimpse of at Christmas. Right away, he gravitated to all of our Foothill College Classes and was ready to be challenged for anything that required brains and a little humor. He also loved our exercise classes and the wellness walk.

I was able to really get to know Bill every Tuesday and Thursday as we strolled down Los Altos Avenue and proceeded to the Bike Trail until we hit the creek. We had our routine every time we stopped at the creek. Bill would walk to the middle of the bridge to see if any water had accumulated. Me, I was ready for the bench that was placed right by the side of the bridge. After Bill was finished inspecting the water level, he would come and sit next to me on the bench. Sometimes, we would be silent, listening and observing nature right before our very eyes. Other times we would speak

about relationships, science, engineering, what-makes-the-world-go-round, just about everything and anything you could think of to ask a person. Bill always sat and listened with attentiveness and gentleness. After I asked a question I knew his answer would be truly genuine and sincere. He would put so much thought into what he was about to say. He would say it slowly, with minimal words and directly to the point. I deeply respected him for this and cherished our conversations. I truly got to know how deeply Bill loved his wife and kids. He always spoke so highly of each of them and he would say whenever one of his kids was making some not so good decisions, he would help them along the way.

Walking back to BridgePoint was the highlight of our trip. We would set goals for ourselves weekly. Mine was to perform 50 jumping jacks while Bill counted. Bill’s was to start with 1. That he did do without his walker. I would imagine that I was on a tight rope and walk on top of the fence by the creek, while Bill would have to step up on the bench at least 20

times. One time we even raced down Los Altos Avenue, I of course of fast walking, not running. I knew Bill had a competitive edge when after I had stopped he was still walking so fast that he rolled down the BridgePoint driveway. Knowing he was not injured, we both started laughing so hard that he finally was able to get up and say, "well I beat you."

It won't be the same walking down the hall and not seeing Bill's big smile and positive attitude walking towards me every morning. I remember hearing his laugh and camaraderie with all of the other residents, he made no exceptions. He truly loved people and had a genuine interest in every person he came in contact with.

I will miss every time he came to sit and drink his coffee in the wellness center or the times he would wait for me in the lobby and come and get me because I was running late. We both meant so much to each other. I know his spirit will always live and breath here with us and his memories will live on for generations to come.

I feel so blessed to have met and gotten to know such a

truly wonderful man.

Thank you,

Lauren Powell

