

Jan has been my best friend for 70 years. There's no one left to tell us otherwise. We're the OG's. Original Gangsters, and now, the Old Girls

She's held me when I cried, nodded when I lied. Pulled me from the edge. I've laughed with her until tears ran down my face, I snorted and peed a little. Her giggles are totally worth doing whatever it takes. No matter how humiliating. If I can make her laugh...
We have had so much fun together.

I've lived my life through her eyes. How can I make her proud. WWJD. What would Jan do?

I respect and admire, and love her more than words could ever say.

She is the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. If I were lesbian, she'd be my Queen.

She's my sister from another mister. My ride or die. The keeper of my secrets. The soother of my soul.

I can still feel her hand patting my back as I cried my brokenness into the pillow at Barb's beach house after my child died. Her face flooded with tears, helpless.

She been with me through the saddest and happiest times of my life. Every step.

She's elegant and confident. Faithful and sturdy. Smart and wise. She will lie to your face because she knows what you want to hear. She puts everyone's wishes before hers. She's the big sister everyone wants. The best friend everyone needs. The coolest girl in the room.

I cherish every bike ride, every sleep over, every illegal drink on a dark country road.

In my mind, I see her in every stage of her life. And I see myself. I am who I am because of her.

Because Jan Margaret Miltenberger Fewell chooses me to be her friend, I must be something pretty special.