

Dear Sheri, A Letter To A New Friend

Dear Sheri,

You have never met me, but I am a friend of your friend, Ericka Rizio. All of Ericka's friends were so sorry to hear you were diagnosed with breast cancer. Ericka, of course, was saddened and felt helpless to do something for you because of the distance between you.

Since you are a friend of Ericka's, you are automatically a friend of ours. We are funny that way. You really have no choice but to be lumped in with us. Sorry, you will have to speak with Ericka about her choice in friends, but for now, you are stuck with us.

A few things about being our friend; we are exceedingly sarcastic and silly and think nothing of interrupting a touching story with a "clever" remark. Oh, and we are forever copying each other's ideas in dress and manner taking the other's signature phrase or look as our own, without thinking twice...and..and, once we are friends with you, we NEVER let you go. Just ask our friend Christine who tried to leave the tether of our company, only to be endlessly emailed and voice messaged until she finally relented and started seeing us again.

Back to the point, all of us "Friends of Ericka" or F0E (ironic and a bit confusing) for short, wanted to do something for you and also wanted to give Ericka a way to show how much she cares about you. So we loaded the kids in the car and went down to The ARTbar. They were having a fundraiser for breast cancer. We could all design dress forms in any way we choose and enter them in the coming exhibit. All to raise money for research.



(FOE at the ARTbar)



(We filled the joint with FOE.)



(This is your new friend Jana. She's a good egg.)



(The Rizio clan's creations)

So, when we were done putting the magical touches on our
fingers artwork **fingers** we turned them in to be
displayed at a later date.