F I V E Y E A R S



Janet Aiko Sekiguchi September 13, 1976 - April 11, 2002

F I V E Y E A R S



Janet Aiko Sekiguchi September 13, 1976 - April 11, 2002

FIVE YEARS: WE REMEMBER...

I remember going to church with Janet.

I remember Janet's semi-joking huffy voice.

I remember Janet rapping.

I remember Janet's generosity with her car, her time.

I remember that Janet loved going to Target.

I remember a little boy speaking at her memorial service. In achingly simple words, he said that "Ms. Sekiguchi" was his Sunday School teacher, and that he thought she was nice.

I remember how Janet would never let me get away with the easy way out.

I remember how Janet got mad at me when I thought tacos should have hard yellow shells. I remember Janet leading worship songs on her guitar.

I remember when I got the call about Janet, I was thunderstruck. What I was hearing was not possible. I was frozen yet trembling, crying out to God.

I remember Janet's dreams of wanting to get married and to work with the disadvantaged. I remember receiving Janet's cheery and thoughtful homemade birthday cards.

We remember Janet's heart.

Janet Aiko Sekiguchi Foundation • 9374 Galvin Avenue • San Diego, California • 92126 • j_a_s_foundation@yahoo.com

FIVE YEARS: WE REMEMBER...

I remember going to church with Janet.

I remember Janet's semi-joking huffy voice.

I remember Janet rapping.

I remember Janet's generosity with her car, her time.

I remember that Janet loved going to Target.

I remember a little boy speaking at her memorial service. In achingly simple words, he said that "Ms. Sekiguchi" was his Sunday School teacher, and that he thought she was nice.

I remember how Janet would never let me get away with the easy way out.

I remember how Janet got mad at me when I thought tacos should have hard yellow shells. I remember Janet leading worship songs on her guitar.

I remember when I got the call about Janet, I was thunderstruck. What I was hearing was not possible. I was frozen yet trembling, crying out to God.

I remember Janet's dreams of wanting to get married and to work with the disadvantaged. I remember receiving Janet's cheery and thoughtful homemade birthday cards.

We remember Janet's heart.