

Good morning. I'm Anna, Luanne's granddaughter, family tech support, and the unofficial editor of several of today's speeches.

A few weeks ago, I came to Denver for what was supposed to be a short weekend spent with Charley, who had recently replaced me as the youngest family member and the center of all of our worlds. I have handled that transition with grace, mostly because she is very cute, and she has no idea she has ruined my ranking.

But the short trip I had planned turned into something much more meaningful when Grandma stepped back in as the center of our worlds.

We are here today to celebrate the incredible 93 years she lived, but I want to share a little about her last days and the gift she gave me. It was not a gift of monetary value, although she did send me home with a fabulous red leather blazer after conceding she no longer had a use for it because she "didn't think she had any more meetings to attend."

The real gift was one of wisdom, built from 93 years of living with curiosity, conviction, and oodles of love.

The day before I was supposed to go back to Montana, I said something I had been dreading. I told her I was going home, and that I probably wouldn't see her again.

She confirmed that was likely true, and then asked if I was able to change my flight because she thought we could have some good conversations.

I was intrigued. And when a 93-year-old woman tells you she has more to say, you change your flight.

The following day, while she was on the phone with Garret, I heard her say she had no regrets. To say that at the end of 93 years is not small. It is the kind of thing we all hope to be able to say one day, and naturally, I wanted to know the secret.

So while I had the chance, I asked questions. She answered them with the kind of thoughtfulness and brilliance you would not necessarily expect from someone who had just woken up from a 20-hour nap and a hefty dose of morphine.

My questions were rooted in the things I admired most about my grandma, and I knew my time was limited because she truly could fall back asleep at any moment, which, to be fair, could be said about many members of my family, no morphine needed.

My grandparents had a love that went far beyond partnership. There was a deep respect for each other as individuals, and a real pride in what they had created

together. I was only 16 when my grandpa passed, but even as an angsty teenager, I could feel their love anytime I was in a room with them.

They loved their family deeply, but when they looked at each other, it was clear they understood that family was possible because of both of them.

So I asked my grandma, “If you could give one piece of advice for a love like that, what would it be?”

And she responded, “Anna, you aren’t always right.”

Which, I will admit, felt a little targeted.

But I think that was the wisdom of it. A love like theirs requires humility. It requires respecting the other person enough to listen, to make room for their perspective, and to care more about understanding each other than being right.

My grandparents brought that same thoughtfulness into their philanthropy, and Grandma approached it with care and intention until the very end of her life. Since starting my career in the field, I have spent countless hours picking Grandma’s brain about personal values and how they showed up in the way she and Grandpa chose to give.

Conversations about strategic philanthropy may sound mind-numbing to most people, but to me, they were a chance to hear the stories behind the values. They gave me a window into the lived experiences that shaped what she cared about, and the ways she and my grandpa chose to build a legacy guided by those values.

So I asked her, “What legacy do you want to leave, and what causes can we continue to champion in your honor?”

We talked about the importance of education, and about looking for solutions beyond the ones that might seem obvious. We talked about creating spaces where everyone has the opportunity to learn in a way that works for them, with room to fail, try again, and grow into the kind of person who can contribute to the world with confidence and care.

We also talked about democracy, and how education is crucial to making sure we have safe spaces to discuss complex topics, listen to each other, and learn from people who may see the world differently than we do.

During the days I spent in her room, I watched her wake up and fall back asleep probably 50 times. And without fail, every time she opened her eyes, she would smile, look at the small photo of her great-granddaughter Charley that we had put on her bedside table, and say, “Oh, isn’t she precious.”

At times, she would hold the frame and talk to Charley. She was so proud of her family, not in a boastful way, but in the way someone is proud when they look at the life they built and see it continuing on in the people they love. Even in her final days, she was still paying attention to the next generation.

Watching that, I asked her what she hoped we would teach our kids one day.

She said, “Teach them to care about other people and to approach the world with kindness.”

And then she talked about joy. Not joy as something grand or complicated, but the kind of joy she had always known how to find right in front of her. A good conversation. A baby photo placed exactly where she could see it. Happy hour at 5 p.m. sharp. Ice cream served the moment the dinner plates were cleared.

Death is strange. It is this dichotomy between harsh finality and the vast unknowing of what happens next.

So I will leave you with one final question I asked my grandma. I asked her what she thought was about to happen. I invite you all to interpret her answer in whatever way fits with what you believe, but she told me there would be a lull that she would have to get used to, and that within a week, she would be with Grandpa.

A few days before her passing, in a slight haze, she was looking for her ski boots, which had been donated decades ago. Some might hear that and think she was confused. I choose to believe she was packing for that grand adventure, where she is now ripping epic powder runs in a baby blue ski suit and bright yellow sunglasses, with Grandpa beside her and a margarita waiting promptly at 5:00.

When I left, she told me she would see me again.

And today, on Grandma’s behalf, I will offer the same to all of you.

We’ll see her again.