

She Wrote to Teach Others, but Also to Learn

By Sandy Lingo

Against all reason, I thought Antonia would always be with us. This is an example of how we take blessings for granted until they're gone, but it's something more. It's a testament to how Antonia lived her life. Despite her physical ailments and limitations, she lived life fully. She carried more into Women Writing for (a) Change than any of us did: the gadget that hung from her neck and somehow attached to her body that kept her heart pumping; a replacement battery pack; her tote bag of writing; and her newest writing accoutrement, a lap desk she found at the Salvation Army.

Most of what I know about Antonia I learned from her writing. She numbered all of her writing pieces, and she always indicated the word count in red on the top right hand corner of her piece. She wrote about big ideas with deceptively simple words. She wrote about pain through humor. She wrote to teach others, but also to learn. She loved her son, her cats, and online Scrabble; she tolerated her neighbors and Republicans; she adored a slinky red dress she could no longer wear with her bulky LVAD (Left Ventricular Assist Device) equipment.

I will miss Antonia's honest brown eyes, her toothy grin, her throaty laugh. I will miss seeing her sneak into class a little late most days. On the last day of one semester, she promised when she got the stone that she would never be late again . . . "this semester." I was inspired by her courage, but more by her contentment. She was content with her life, a life that was squeezed by physical and financial limitations. But she knew who she was. She knew her place in the world. She was grateful for her home and her family. She reserved a big bowl of gratitude for the Women Writing for (a) Change community.

I am so grateful to have known Antonia Glosby. It was my privilege to write with her.