

Janice was the star of many Refuge Committee meetings. She always knew who owned what parcel of land and how many acres it contained. She knew what was buried and when. Nothing got past her. She knew the name and location of all the north and south bay salt ponds. She knew who was the previous owner of that obscure north bay seasonal wetland. She knew how many least terns returned to Alameda and the number and location of nests. I always knew that whatever she said during a meeting was correct. And she made the best butterscotch cookies and berry jello.

I remember all the good times at Refuge volunteer Tideline work parties. Janice would always have a smile on her face as she stuck labels on the newsletters. And there were the stories about how the raspberries had attacked her the previous day of picking. Or the lengthy BCDC meeting and presentations that went far beyond their date of expiration. She would tell us the latest news of happenings on the Hayward shoreline. Some of the stories were hair-raising but Janice remained her calm self and showed her side of determination to protect wildlife and habitat. She enjoyed hearing what was happening in other areas around the bay. She was most sympathetic to my plight of living in Newark and enduring rants from the mayor and city council when I brought them to task over some environmental issue. No story was too small or unimportant. They were all a part of the fabric of our lives as we strove to protect mammal and reptile.

Janice and Frank always shared their garden goodies at Refuge Committee meetings and Refuge volunteer events. One day it would be citrus, then rhubarb; followed by berries, walnuts and persimmons. When she wasn't attending some meeting or reading an environmental impact report, Janice was tending her lush garden. There were squirrels to chase out of the walnut tree. Birds pecking at boysenberries. Wildlife was allowed a small percent but Janice stopped at their wanting to eat it all. She made us laugh at the stories of garden spiders and hummingbirds chasing a cat. Her garden was a mix of work and play.