

In Loving Memory: Jacqueline Stallone

Dear Sylvester, Frank and family:

On behalf of my Mother and myself, please accept our deepest, most heartfelt sympathies and condolences for the irreplaceable loss of your beloved Mother, and my dearest long-time friend. I cannot help but think how weak and ineffectual any words that I could possibly use at this time could ever distract you from such an overwhelming grief. I am so very sorry. Your Mother was the last living link, the Rosetta Stone, between my late Dad, Tony Carr, and me; and my mother, of course. Many times, over many years, Jackie rallied my Mother – when she was in the hospital and very close to death herself – with just a simple phone call which immediately perked her up and, in my opinion, saved her life. My Mom summed it up best last night when she said: “I feel like we’ve lost a relative.”

Jacqueline is gone. My heart is breaking. I will miss her more than anyone will ever know. She was like a big sister to me, and I loved her in the *truest* sense of the word. When we first met, back in 1975, it was during a terrible time in my life. I’d suffered a nervous breakdown due to the death of my first-born, year-old baby daughter; followed by a messy divorce – booze, pills – I was flat broke, and my seven-piece rhythm and blues band had just broken up due to my alcohol-induced bad behaviour.... Jacqueline Stallone is responsible for where I am today. By the time I met Jackie, I was drowning and going down for the third time... she threw me a lifeline, even though at the time she herself was going through a rough patch.

Many of the Damon Runyon-esque characters – including your dear Mother – have now “shed this mortal coil” and slipped through the wormhole tunnels of time into a new dimension, where our Eternal Electrical Ethereal Souls will one day meet again.

I never knew much about Jackie’s material worth, because to me she never seemed to care all that much about such things. Some people could say she was sometimes too soft-hearted and therefore may not have made much money. To these people I say she really didn’t need much money. You see, she was already wealthy, because she had a heart of pure gold.

...And so if the Gates of Heaven are not flung wide open for your dear Mother, then *nobody* deserves to go to Heaven.

P.S. – 98 years?... Foey! Jackie should have lived at least as long as Enoch and Methuselah combined... about 1300 years, in order to have properly given her magnificent personality its full reign.

Most sincerely yours,
Sir Anthony Lonsdale-Carr
(Tony)