

*In Loving
Memory*

**ANDREA
ZINDER**



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JAMES JORDAN, HUSBAND

I lift a lamp.

A Eulogy for Andrea

“Life changes fast.
Life changes in the instant.
You sit down to dinner and life as you know it
ends.”

And so begins *The Year of Magical Thinking* by Joan Didion. I would have worded this sentiment differently, having very recently sat at such a table. I would have said that life as you know it changes irrevocably forever. I would say it this way because life as I know it includes my memories. And of course, my memories of my wife, Andrea Zinder—those will never end.

Abraham, now you are seven and Chloe, now you are ten. As a way for you to remember Granny through the eyes and heart of your Papa James, I have written this eulogy thinking especially of you and it is for you. As the years go by, when you are especially missing Granny and want to better remember her at that time, read this eulogy, and maybe even read it again. Each time that you do, I promise you will then have a greater understanding of your beloved Granny and of her love for you.

I'm sure people have told you that your Granny was a great woman. She was and I am happy to remember that I often told her how proud of her I was. Today I'll only have time to tell you about some of the great things Granny did, there isn't enough time to even name everyone of her accomplishments and victories. What Granny did was to make life better for many many people. She had a lot of help, and that was part of her greatness. She inspired other people to work alongside her fighting injustice.

Granny was not prideful, never. She had humility. And she had grace. "Prideful" means acting like you're better than other people. Humility is the opposite of prideful. Humility means being kind and not acting like you're better than other people—even when you're really good at something. If you have grace, you are strong but your strength is gentle. Grace is being polite, forgiving, and caring, even when you could be angry or proud.

If she were here, Granny would tell you as I'm telling you now, be mindful of grace. Granny was a woman of grace.

I said that this is a eulogy. A eulogy is a speech that honors someone who has recently died. Your granny was a woman who deserved honor and praise as just the very number of people in this audience—eight hundred I am told—who have come here on November 7, 2025 to remember and honor her would attest. "Attest" means to say that something is true because you saw it or know it for sure.

A good eulogy is the opposite of a good life: what I would have described as a good life for Granny. Like the Gettysburg Address, a speech given by President Abraham Lincoln during the Civil War, a good eulogy is brief; a better life for Granny and for us all would have been a longer life for her. Her life was too brief.

Abraham Lincoln was one of Granny's heroes. It is said that he ended slavery. He didn't do that by himself. Millions of people, many of whom were killed or seriously wounded, worked hard, sacrificed to end slavery. Great causes require hard work and sacrifice. Granny worked hard and sacrificed for great causes, a better life for people who work hard, play by the rules, but don't have much. With others, Granny organized and built the membership of her union, Local 324, and many of those union members worked alongside Granny, dedicating their personal time doing so. So today, along with honoring Granny, we honor everyone who worked with her, staff, local 324 members, and members of unions everywhere. When we honor these people, we honor Granny.

Three other heroes of Granny were First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt, Frances Perkins, the Secretary of Labor for President Franklin Roosevelt and the first woman to serve in a president's cabinet, and the poet Emma Lazarus.

As an homage to Lincoln, I begin this eulogy by telling you that on June 7, 1958, a brief, far too brief three score and seven years ago, Granny was born, joining the other 2.9 billion people then living on our planet. And she left us on September 27, 2025. I can attest to that because I was there, with her, the day that she died. She didn't die alone. I was with her; your father was there too.



Granny's was far too brief a life. Far too brief a life for my expectations, needs, and wants. And far too brief for her, for my beloved Andrea, as well. I am sorrier for her than for any of the rest of us who today deeply grieve her departure. Our loss, but surely more so hers.

Granny had promised me that she would soon retire. May 1, 2026 was the date she talked to me about on the day she died, as we drove from Santa Monica to Fullerton. We talked about so many things during that drive. About your great grandparents and about the future. Granny had plans for the years to come after her retirement that brimmed with vitality, including continuing to do good deeds like the good deeds she did every day in her life, working for her members of UFCW Local 324 and for other workers everywhere. Her plans included spending a lot of time with you. As you grew older, advanced in school, she was looking forward to taking you places, to learning with you.

Between the date of her birth and the date of her death, the population of earth just about tripled: to 8.25 billion people. The population of the United States almost doubled, from 175 million to 342 million people.

Demographics are facts about groups of people—like their age, where they live, what language they speak, or what jobs they have. Demographers teach us about demographics. Demographers agree about what accounted for this near doubling of the U.S. population during the past 67 years. This population explosion was caused by:

- A Post-World War II baby boom in the mid-20th century,
- Immigration, especially from the 1980s, when Ronald Reagan was the president, onward, and—

- Advances in healthcare, the affordability of healthcare, and people living longer and healthier lives because of this.

Advances in healthcare and life expectancy were causes Granny cared about deeply, worked hard for, and specialized in. Making healthcare more affordable meant making changes so that more people could see a doctor when they were sick. She did this because in this great nation, there are still millions of people who need a doctor but cannot afford to see one. Granny said that this was injustice. And she worked very hard to fight this injustice. Injustice is a situation where someone is treated unfairly. And what could be more unfair than being unable to see a doctor when you need one?

Granny accomplished so much, getting better healthcare, wages, and better working conditions for her members and for other workers everywhere. A rising tide lifts all boats, she would say.

A baby boom is a time when a lot of babies are born. We had a baby boom after WWII because to win that war, many people had to postpone getting married and having children.



We won WWII because of people like Rosie the Riveter, another one of Granny's heroes. Rosie the Riveter wasn't a real person, like Eleanor Roosevelt, Frances Perkins, or Emma Lazarus. Rosie the Riveter is a symbol of the strength of American women. When you visit Granny's office you will see a poster of Rosie the Riveter. I hope that one day Matt Bell will give you this poster.

Immigration is about people from other countries coming to live here. To honor and praise Granny, I must talk about immigration and President Ronald Reagan. President Reagan was not one of Granny's heroes. For example, he an enemy of organized labor, even though at one time he'd been the president of a labor union. Granny thought that the things President Reagan did to hurt working people was very bad for all Americans. President Reagan believed in and promoted "trickle-down economics." Trickle-down economics is the idea that if rich people and big businesses have more money, they'll spend and invest it in ways that help everyone—even people who don't have much money. The idea is: give more to people who have the most money and it will "trickle down" to the people who have less, much less. Trickle-down economics has never made that happen.

Granny's idea was that if rich people were not greedy and kept a little less of their money at first and spent that money to pay fair wages, a living wage she would say, and also spent some of their money to make workplaces safer, then the rising tide would lift the boats of the working people and the rich people too. This would not be trickle-up economics because a rising tide is not just a trickle of water from a garden hose. That's what she would say.

Granny would say that she was a capitalist. A capitalist is a person who believes in an economy where capital, money, is used to make more money. Granny studied economics when she was a student at Cornell University's School of Industrial and Labor Relations. This is the world's leading institution for the study of work, employment, and labor relations, the best school anywhere, the number one school anywhere, to study and learn about what Granny did every workday. At Cornell Granny learned learned to respect labor and management. No matter what, however, Granny was

strongly against policies that were unfair to working people. People who had to support themselves and their families with their labor because they didn't have much or any capital.

But Granny strongly agreed with what President Reagan said about immigration. President Reagan said he believed in fair immigration policies and fair enforcement of our immigration laws. And this proves, I think, that even when we strongly disagree with someone, if we look for it, we can find good in them, finding things we can agree about. Here is what President Reagan said about immigration.

In 1981 in his first term President Reagan said: "Our nation is a nation of immigrants. More than any other country, our strength comes from our own immigrant heritage and our capacity to welcome those from other lands."

At the end of his presidency, in his 1989 farewell address to the nation, President Reagan said:

"Anyone, from any corner of the Earth, can come to live in America and become an American."

I remember when he said that. I can still hear his voice saying it.

Here are a few things that Granny did recently that would have made President Reagan proud of her. Granny set up immigration education sessions at Local 324 for its members and staff. Under Granny's leadership, Local 324 organized meetings where immigration attorneys met at the Local to meet with its members to help them process their paperwork and to answer their questions. This was Granny fighting for fair enforcement of our immigration laws.

Granny fought for and won promises from management about immigration in the most recent

grocery contract, getting new immigration protections for Local 324 members. Union members were granted paid leave to fix their documentation. Immigration Enforcement and Customs agents were no longer allowed to enter non-public areas of the stores without legal justification. I can see that this is something complicated we'll have to talk about. But Granny is a hero because she persuaded grocery-store management to work with the Southern California Local Unions to see that immigrants were protected from unfair government practices.

I have come to understand that to accept death, we almost always want to know about the cause of death. When Michael Four, one of Granny's heroes and her friend, suddenly and unexpectedly died in November 2018, we were told or guessed that his death must have been caused by heart failure. Michael Four spent his entire 37-year legal career fighting for workers' rights and winning great victories. Like Granny, Michael was a runner, ate healthy meals. Think about it, did you ever see Granny eat a french-fry? Or a potato chip?

Everyone in this audience who knew your granny, knew her well or otherwise, would tell you that she appeared to be as healthy as any woman, her age or much younger. This past September 27, a Saturday night, we sat down to dinner at a wedding reception on the grounds of the Muckenthaler Cultural Center in Fullerton. Twelve years earlier, your father and mother married on these same grounds. Granny had worn the same dress to both weddings, proud that she fit so comfortably into that same dress she had worn twelve years earlier.

We had just had our photo taken with the other wedding guests seated at our table. Granny said, "Something is wrong!" And she collapsed in my arms. And indeed there was something terribly wrong. Her heart had stopped.

She was revived but four hours later, she died on an operating-room table during open-heart surgery. Like her friend and hero Michael Four, we can say that Granny's death was caused by heart failure. This wasn't because of any personal failure of hers. It was because there was something wrong with her heart that no one knew about or could have known about. Fortunately, for over 67 years, that problem with her heart wasn't something that harmed her, slowed her down, or hurt her in any way. In fact, during her life, her heart was so full of love.

Your dad was there too in the hospital with me when Granny died. He'd come to the hospital to be with Granny and with me. I will always be so grateful that he did. And I will always remember Granny's last words to anyone other than her doctors in the emergency department. She said, "James, I love you." That is a memory that will never end.

Norman Bell was another of your mother's heroes, one of her mentors, she would say. A mentor is someone who helps you learn and grow by sharing their experience and giving good advice. Norm was the president of Local 135 in San Diego. Early in our marriage it seemed to me as if Norm was always reaching out to Granny to collaborate, to work together on one thing or another. Norm never ran out of ideas about how to help his members. Tirelessly, Norm was always fighting not only for the members of Local 135 but for all workers everywhere.

Now Norm's son, Matt Bell, is the leader of Local 324. Since the beginning of Granny's presidency, Matt had been the second person in charge. Granny had called him her partner. Earlier this year when Granny began speaking seriously about retiring, I said: Do you think Matt is ready to be the president of Local 324? And Granny said, Matt is very talented. He has been ready to be President of Local 324 for a long time.

When it came to fighting for workers, Granny was indefatigable. A person who is Indefatigable is someone who never gives up, even when they're really tired or things get hard. Your mother's dear friends, Rosalyn and Kathy will tell you about what it was like to stay up all night without sleep to finish bargaining over a collective bargaining agreement: the contract between management and labor that sets hours, wages, and working conditions.

I can't tell you how many times Granny came home at two, three, or even four in the morning and then have to get up with just a few hours sleep and go back to work. Over 25 years together, I just lost count.

I will always remember this word "indefatigable" because one time Granny used it in a speech. She would practice with me, delivering her speeches and every time she came to that word, she would stumble over it and laugh. Then she'd had to begin the speech again until she could fluently pronounce the word. It is a mouthful. Granny was indefatigable.

Perhaps I can show you this by describing the beginning of every workday, weekday or weekend when Granny worked. Unless she was awake sooner, which she often was, the alarm rang at 5:00 a.m. By 5:20 she was out the door with Georgy, and sometimes I'd walk out to the street to see my beautiful wife with her incredible special long curly hair and her white Standard Poodle off for their 4.5-mile jog. Most of the year it was dark when they left. For a good part of the year it was still dark when they got home at about 6:20. And often when Granny got back home, she was already on the phone, talking to someone at work, or reading or writing work text messages or emails. Then she made coffee, got ready for work, taking with her her breakfast that she ate al desko after she arrived in Buena Park. Her Chevy Bolt rolled out of

our driveway in Santa Monica by 7:00 a.m. You could set your clock by it. If she didn't have evening office meetings, her Bolt would roll back into the driveway between 6:00 and 7:00 p.m. We'd then walk Georgy for about a half hour. Then three or four days a week she'd take part in a work Zoom call for between thirty and ninety minutes.

Granny walked everywhere she could, and this included walking precincts, walking picket lines, walking in No King's Day marches, marching in gay-pride parades. There is a Yiddish word that captures the essence of what it would have been like for Granny to take a taxi when we could walk. That word is Traif.

And so when we vacationed in Italy in 2015, when we knew we'd have a granddaughter who would be born in June, we walked all over the city of Rome, referring to our soon-to-be born granddaughter, to you Chloe, as Poppy because that is what your mother told us that your name would be.



Granny would say in Rome, one day I will take Poppy here to the Coliseum. Or one day we will take Poppy here to the Pantheon, or the Trevi Fountain, or to St. Peter's Basilica in Vatican City. Of course, when we came home to Santa Monica we learned that your name had been changed to Chloe.

Your parents were wise to have changed your name. Chloe is not only a beautiful name, it is a perfect name for you. Chloe, like Granny, you are indefatigable, pursuing the things you love: theater, singing, dancing. And because of your talent, because of your hard work, you are so good at those things. Granny was so proud of you. And Abraham, you too are indefatigable, playing baseball and basketball, and like Granny, always in motion. Granny knew that one day you would become a great man. You too made her feel very proud.

A highlight, among many during that trip to Italy, was the Cinque Terre, a stunning coastal region in northwest Italy made up of five colorful villages perched on cliffs above the Ligurian Sea. It's famous for its dramatic scenery, hiking trails, and historic charm. And of course, for Granny a highlight of the Cinque Terre was the hiking trails.

Along the Sentiero Azzurro, we hiked the Monterosso to Vernazza section, which took us over three hours. It was difficult for me. But apparently not for Granny. I took a boat back to our hotel arriving in less than two hours from the time of the boat's departure. But Granny wanted to hike back. When I arrived at the hotel, she was already there, lounging with a cup of espresso. She was indefatigable in all things.



She loved our vacations. She seemed always to be happiest on vacations.

Sometimes we can understand people by describing what they were not like. Granny was not a person who asked for recognition, who lobbied for the positions of prominence for which she was selected or elected.

In 1999 Speaker of the California State Assembly, Antonio Villaraigosa, reached out to Granny to ask her to serve as a member of the State Pharmacy Board. And so she served on that board for ten years. She did not ask to be selected to be an Executive Vice President of the UFCW International Union. Marc Perone, the IU president at that time, reached out to Granny and asked her if she would serve on the board, be an International Vice President, which she proudly did. She never campaigned among her members for her election. Still they always chose her.

The Federal Trade Commission is a government agency that makes sure businesses treat people fairly. Anti-competitive means being unfair by taking advantage of other people by violating the anti-trust laws. Anti-trust laws are very complicated but Granny had a solid understanding of them. Granny did not ask the Federal Trade Commission to select her to be the only labor leader to testify on behalf of unions and union-members during a trial to block the anti-competitive proposed merger between Kroger, Ralph's, and Albertsons, Vons grocery stores. The Federal Trade Commission chose Granny to testify and won the trial.

District Judge Adrienne Nelson, in her written decision blocking the merger, recalled Granny's testimony. Judge Nelson emphasized Granny's credibility, she said Granny was very believable, and recognized the importance of Granny's

understanding of how labor union workers would be hurt by the merger. Granny testified that the merger would harm unionized grocery workers, particularly in terms of bargaining power, job security, and wage competition. Judge Nelson's decision quoted and referred to Granny's testimony to support the FTC's argument that the merger would harm labor market competition just as Granny testified that it would.

This was a big victory, and Granny was a big part of it.

I conclude by reciting two poems that reveal things of significance about Granny and me.

Early in our courtship on Valentine's Day, February 14, 2001, in the Great Western Forum in Inglewood where we were attending a Billy Joel and Elton John concert dubbed "the dueling pianos," I asked Granny, "what is your favorite poem, can you recite it?" And in typical Andrea Zinder fashion, she said: you first. Granny would say, "She who speaks first in a negotiation loses." She would also say, "You never win a negotiation by what you say. You win by what you hear."

And so I did go first, reciting Shakespeare's Sonnet 18.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is her gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Granny was my summer's day. Her lease on life had
all too short a date.

Then it was Granny's turn to recite her favorite
poem. I was floored when she recited "The New
Colossus" by Emma Lazarus.

The Colossus of Rhodes was a massive bronze
statue of the Greek sun god Helios, built around
280 BCE on the Greek island of Rhodes to celebrate
a military victory. It was one of the Seven Wonders
of the Ancient World and stood as a symbol of
strength, unity, and artistic achievement. It was
estimated to be 33 meters (108 feet)—about the
height of the Statue of Liberty from heel to crown.

Emma Lazarus was a great Jewish poet who worked
hard for the rights of immigrants. You can see her
poem, "The New Colossus," on a plaque just inside
the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty. Maybe one
day we will go there together, see the poem, and
think of Granny.

The New Colossus
by Emma Lazarus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.

"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.

Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

Granny's life was the lifting of a lamp, a lamp to shine a light of welcome, a lamp to shine a light of opportunity, a lamp to light her love for you and for me.

Andrea, I love you too.



KATHY FINN, PRESIDENT, UFCW 770

The past month has been incredibly difficult. I can never stop thinking about Andrea because she was such a huge part of everything I do everyday. I've been spending a lot of time writing down my thoughts and feelings but it's been really difficult to synthesize everything into something coherent but here it goes.

First, Andrea was an incredible leader and also an amazing mentor. Whether she was in a leadership position or supporting others from behind the scenes, as she did for many years, Andrea worked harder than anyone I've ever known to build power for workers and help improve their lives.

When I first met Andrea 35 years ago, she was the director of research and collective bargaining at UFCW Local 770 and I was a young lawyer at SSDS. It's weird to think about it now but at that time I was actually afraid of Andrea. Whenever I had to call her, it seemed like she was mad at me, but I've since realized that she was just busy and very focused on her work putting contracts together or investigating grievances to enforce them and she just didn't want to spend any more time than necessary on the legal stuff.



Since the mid-1980's Andrea has been the backbone of contract negotiations in SoCal., she was tenacious in securing the best wages, benefits and other protections in the contracts she negotiated. For most of those years she was in a supporting role, but the reality is that so much of what happened in those negotiations depended on her: her knowledge, her intellect, her creativity, her diligence. And she earned the respect of all the Local Union Presidents in SoCal.

When Andrea left 770 for 324 in 1997, I was given the impossible task of filling the huge hole she left at 770. Thankfully, I was able to call Andrea with all my questions. Andrea didn't have to be so helpful to me; she could have held a grudge against 770;

Andrea was absolutely gracious with her advice and counsel and generous with her time. She helped me learn my job (the job that had been hers) and we became real partners in the work because she cared so deeply about workers and helping them achieve justice on the job. She knew that helping me would make all of the members in SoCal better off.

For over 25 years we were partners in this struggle and, as our careers followed similar paths, we worked closely together to negotiate and enforce contracts; to protect our members health and pension benefits; to train and empower workers and help them improve their lives.

We also became true friends as we not only faced similar successes and challenges at work but also in our personal lives. We both got divorced around the same time and became single working mothers and we supported each other through that. We talked about our kids, their education, their challenges and their successes; we talked about the challenges of parenting with an -ex; and how weird it was to be dating again in the new age of online dating.

But we also had many other similarities. We liked the same foods - at sushi, we both ordered rainbow rolls; at steak or seafood restaurants we both ordered salads with a piece of salmon on top. (Hers with the dressing on the side.) We both liked to read and hike and travel. We recommended books to one another. We even drove the same car.

When I think of Andrea's qualities, I think of strength, determination, intelligence, humility, and integrity. In fact, when I took my son Quinn to see the Wizard of Oz at the Sphere for his birthday two weeks ago, I was struck by how Andrea embodied the traits that those characters were searching for:

First, Andrea exemplified Courage and that does not mean that she was never afraid. It's scary to take members out on strike or to stand up for what you believe and speak your truth when others especially those in positions of power disagree with you. But Andrea had the courage to do the right thing and say the right thing even when it was difficult or scary.

Second, Andrea had brains. She had all kinds of intelligence; not just book smarts but also common sense and emotional intelligence and a great memory. I was always impressed by her ability to remain focused on the smallest details and at the same time never lose sight of the big picture. It was these qualities that made her a great negotiator.

Finally, heart; it's ironic that it was a weakness in her heart that took her from us way too soon because, in life, she lead with her heart. She deeply loved her family, her friends, her staff and her members. She had a huge, strong, beautiful heart both physically and metaphorically.

Andrea was so healthy and vibrant. She was so full of life. She was a healthy eater and loved to exercise. Andrea did not rest; she was always on the move. She walked at least five miles per day every day.



We often traveled together for work and whenever we were out of town, we walked every morning. Those walks with Andrea are what I remember most fondly and what I am missing the most.

No matter the weather or how early we had to be at a meeting, we got up and walked. Thinking back on it, we probably walked together hundreds of times. We had some old standards:

The Orange County fair grounds in Costa Mesa

Along the river in Sacramento

On the strip in Las Vegas where, during the last convention in 2023, we were joined by a whole crowd

We had some favorites:
The San Antonio river walk

The San Diego boardwalk

The National Mall in DC

We didn't golf but we walked around many golf courses

In Oakland, we walked around Lake Merritt

In San Francisco we walked along the Embarcadero

In Long Beach we walked on the bike path along the coast

In St. Louis, we walked to the arch and along the river

In Seattle we walked along the waterfront

And in Chicago along Lake Michigan

When we had meetings at the Airport in Chicago or Denver, we walked around the airport.

I remember one time we were in Houston and it was cold and windy and raining but Andrea wanted to walk anyways so, of course, I walked too. Eventually I was so miserable, we ended up walking inside the convention center.

This past January, we were walking in Denver in the early morning before Local 7's negotiations and it started to snow and we just kept walking for several miles in the snow.

The important thing about our walks was the time it gave us to talk. We talked a lot about work; we strategized about our ongoing campaigns, we talked about our challenges administering a local union, we talked about staff and budget issues, we talked about the IU; we talked about politics and the problems of the world, we talked about our families, our aging parents, our now grown kids, her grandkids.

Andrea absolutely loved her family; she was so proud of her kids and grandkids.



I can't remember everything we talked about on our 100s of walks because we talked about everything but what I do remember is we never ran out of things to talk about.

And now we're coming to the saddest part: recently on our walks, we had been talking a lot about her plans to retire next year. She still loved the work and cared deeply about the members but she felt it was time; both to allow a new generation to step up and take leadership roles but also to give herself time to spend with her family - especially her grandchildren - Chloe and Abe - before they were all grown up and she wanted time to travel with James. Andrea loved to travel and she had missed so many trips because of her commitment to the labor movement.

I'm glad that I was able to tell Andrea what a great partner she had been and how much I would miss her and how much I wanted her to stay just a little while longer. Andrea reassured me that she had confidence that Matt would continue to move Local 324 in the direction of building more power for the members and she told to me how excited she was to see Shamika's passion for the work and that she wanted Shamika to be the next secretary-treasurer because she too cares deeply, isn't afraid of hard work and is eager to learn.

Even though I knew I would miss her, I knew in my heart how much she deserved her retirement. For 40 years, Andrea had worked so hard and she really should have had the chance to retire and spend more time with her family. Sadly, that is not how it turned out but I think there's a lesson there: appreciate every day you have and hold tight to those you love.





ROSALYN BLACKMON, FORMER SECRETARY- TREASURER, UFCW 135

I was the Secretary-Treasurer for UFCW Local 135 in San Diego until my retirement nine years ago. It is extremely hard for me to speak about Andrea in the past tense. I have known Andrea both professionally and personally since 1997. Andrea and I bonded over the years during contract negotiations, arbitrations, and work calls. She was a kind and compassionate woman.

She was one of the most intelligent people I have ever known. She was a skillful negotiator that was respected on both sides of the bargaining table. Andrea fought hard for our UFCW members, the labor movement and social justice. I admired her humility. She never let her title or status go to her head despite successfully leading one of the largest UFCW locals in the country and as a UFCW International Vice President.

I read a couple of articles about her passing. The articles spoke of her attributes as a labor leader and mentor, but that was only one facet of Andrea. She was a wife who loved her husband and children

deeply. She loved and doted on her grandchildren. She loved her parents & her sisters.

She spoke about her visits to Wisconsin to see her parents and her sisters. She shared details about the trips James took. She spoke about her children's milestones as well as her grandchildren Chloe and Abe. She beamed when she spoke about her sons Ben & Joe and her stepson Max. She was proud of them, as well as her two daughters in-law.

Andrea was a good cook, and her homemade bread was fantastic. Andrea taught me how to make lemon risotto. She was rather good at knitting. We both liked a good salad, and that is what we usually ordered when we went to restaurants. We made time to see each other when we either of us had a trip close to the other. Kathy Finn joined us on a few occasions, so that made it even more special.

Andrea and I spoke often, usually during her commute to work or bargaining since Atlanta is three hours ahead of Los Angeles. During the calls we discussed union affairs, family, and of course girl talk. We always ended our conversations with "Love you".

My daughter reminded me of something yesterday. She and my son created a video for my birthday a couple of years ago. Without my knowledge they contacted people that were special to me throughout my life to interview them for the video. Andrea was interviewed for that video. We were roommates for out-of-town events, and we spent time at each other's homes. We were looking forward to getting together next month in D.C.

I know I will always have a void in my life now that Andrea is gone. However, her friendship was a blessing to me, and I will always cherish the memories.

My condolences to Andrea's family and all of those that she touched throughout her life.



JOSEPH FEINBERG, SON

She was my role model and my hero.
She gave me life, and she saved my life.
She was my mother, my leader and my friend.
She made me better. But I'm not the only one.

Andrea's legacy is not measured in her awards, achievements, or accolades. Nor the number of TV interviews or her quotes in the paper. It can't be captured by listing all the elected officials who respected and admired her.

Her legacy - is all of us. **We are Andrea's legacy.**

She made us better.
She made us better by being better.
She made us better by expecting better.
She made us better by showing us how to be better.

When presented with an opposing view or an alternative strategy she would always listen. She wouldn't always oblige, but she did consider. She never assumed she knew best. She would listen to a point of view then make a determination.

She believed she could always learn, always grow, and always try to be better. She taught us, if she can aim for better, we can also aim for better.

I've always had an easy time making friends. For most of my life, I didn't understand why. Now I know, I was emulating her.

She listened.

She asked questions.

She didn't simply wait for her turn to speak.

While she never explained it, she taught me by example.

How to listen to others, to draw out their passion, to find something to connect to.

Just by listening, she made me better.

She didn't want to be the face of the union. She believed that members were the face of the union.

For the union to be strong, she knew it had to be enduring.

The departure of a leader could leave a chasm, but an army of leaders could fight on.

A leader could be somewhere important, but an army of leaders could be everywhere.

She wanted members to be these leaders.

To organize and mobilize. To get petitions signed.

To rally. To advocate for their coworkers.

She cultivated Stewards, SPURs, CAT Teams, Bargaining Committees, Safety Committees.

She wanted buy-in from seasoned veterans and new hires alike.

She knew that the members have fire in them if we fan the flame.

She showed our members that they have the capacity to be better.

A few years ago, she mused if, when she retired, she would miss her work. I suggested that she could teach, or even guest lecture about negotiating. She deflected the idea that her insights and experiences were special.

She was extraordinary—but only claimed herself as ordinary.

We all know that nothing she did was “ordinary.”

She believed we could all be extraordinary.

She taught us. Trained us. Cultivated us to become extraordinary.

She made us reach for the highest heights

And with her, we achieved extraordinary.

She was extraordinary.

She made us a better team,

Better advocates,

Better leaders,

Better partners,

Better allies,

Better teachers,

Better listeners.

Better friends,

Better family members,

She made us better.



Now that she's gone,

She can no longer make us better.

But she didn't just make us better.

She taught us that we can be better.

She taught us that we can make ourselves better.

She didn't just build a mountain.

She rolled a snowball down that mountain so we can grow on our own.

Now that she's gone,

She can no longer make more people better.

But we can.

We can build more mountains, roll more snowballs.

We are Andrea's legacy, striving to be better.



MATT BELL, UFCW 324

I had the great fortune of being Andrea's Secretary Treasurer and working side by side with her for the last six years.

I knew Andrea as introverted and humble; however, that was never to be mistaken as weakness. She was always a force to be reckoned with.

While it was her intelligence and uncanny attention to detail that made her a great negotiator and union President, it was her work ethic, passion for workers, and her deep empathy that made her a great leader.

I want to talk about what it was like to see Andrea negotiate. For the lucky few here that had the opportunity to see Andrea at the bargaining table, whether it was on the union side or the company side, it was quite extraordinary. I've referenced it before and I know James, Andrea's husband, likes this reference, but watching Andrea bargain was like watching an expert play three-dimensional chess. It's quite amazing. When she has bargained

with smaller employers it was literally like watching someone play three-dimensional chess while the opponent is playing checkers.

Looking at the audience today, I believe that's why some representatives from companies are present, because they too respected her. They understood that when Andrea spoke, she truly spoke for the members and with the backing of the members. They knew when she said something across the bargaining table, she meant it. Integrity is everything in bargaining, and her integrity was unimpeachable.

Andrea fully understood, even during marathon bargaining sessions, like the last grocery one that was 41 hours, that at the end of the day, what we were fighting for affected real lives. That the words on the page translated into the real world for our members. That every penny, every nickel, meant food on the table for a member, a rent check that meant the difference between sleeping in a car for a member or having a roof over their head. She never lost sight of that. No matter how tired or exhausted we all were.

Everyone mattered to her. Everything mattered to her.

I think sometimes that's hard to understand unless you were there. Andrea was seated at the large tables where key decisions are made. Alongside leaders around the country, or in conversations with elected officials. She was present when large policy decisions were made that affect millions of workers. She never lost sight and never stopped fighting for what mattered most. You. The members. The workers.

She always saw the whole picture.

We were all shocked and grief-stricken when we heard of Andrea's passing. She was a runner, she kept herself healthy, and she was always full of life. She even broke her foot several times because she was such an avid runner. For a few years she would often show up in a boot because she broke something or tore something from running.

I often felt bad because I would run out and grab a burger or tacos from around the corner for lunch and come back to the office, where she was having sliced carrots, yogurt and granola. She shamed me into eating salads lately.



I think that's partially why this has all been such a shock and why I personally have had such a hard time still accepting it.

I know, this has been difficult for all of us. I can tell you I walk by her office almost every day and see her name on the light board at work and there is a deep emptiness that I feel. We are all still in mourning.

Andrea and I had been discussing her upcoming retirement and how that transition would take place and how I was ready to move the local forward, but that doesn't change the fact that I still miss her.

I can also tell you that Andrea has touched everyone's life in this room. Whether you are family, friend, staff, UFCW, from another union, or even from a company that negotiated across from her, she touched your life and made you better. She earned your respect and that's why you are here. A lifetime of work and love and respect have filled

this room today and it is important to reflect on that and see all that she has achieved in her life to bring us here today. She has made us all better.

Her vision has transformed Local 324 and we are tasked with carrying on the work she started, and when I say “we” are tasked I truly mean “we.” Andrea understood that the Union is not the building or the staff that fills it. The Union is the members who belong to it. That the strength of the union and the power of the labor movement come from the workers. She saw her task as President was to guide the membership, to empower them and create leaders of them, and to organize them. That was her vision.

In closing, while we all grieve here today, I’m sure Andrea would remind us of the quote from Joe Hill “Don’t mourn, organize” and she would always tell us no matter the struggle we face ahead that “When we fight. We Win!”



