Opening 1 / 7

Hi, everyone. I'm Harper, and I was Delia's roommate for four years. If you want to know someone, live with her for a year. If you want to love someone, live with her for four.

Part 2 2 / 7

Our dorm had one rule about cooking: don't. Delia read the rule, nodded, and bought a hot plate. Every Sunday of sophomore year, she made pancakes in our room and passed them to the whole hall through a crack in the door.

Part 3 3 / 7

We had a smoke alarm. We had a hall monitor named Dennis. We had a system. When the alarm chirped, I stood on a chair and fanned it with a textbook, and Delia hummed to cover the noise. Dennis knocked every single week. Delia opened the door a few inches, held out a plate, and said, 'Dennis, you look hungry.' He took the plate. He never wrote us up.

Part 4 4 / 7

I should say that I was not an innocent bystander. I was in charge of the syrup. I carried it down the hall in a thermos labeled 'chemistry notes.' By senior year, Dennis was bringing his own fork.

Part 5 5 / 7

That is Delia. She will break a tiny rule if it means a whole hallway gets breakfast, and she will do it so kindly that even the hall monitor joins in. Ken, you have been served the same way. I heard you ate the first pancake she ever made you, and it was burnt, and you said it was the best thing you had ever eaten.

Part 6 6 / 7

Ken, that told me everything. Delia, I hope you two have a kitchen with a window you can open. You will not need a hot plate. You will not need a thermos. Just keep the door open a few inches, and the rest of us will smell the pancakes and show up.

Closing 7 / 7

Please raise your glasses, everyone, to Delia and Ken. May every Sunday be a pancake Sunday, and may no one ever knock to write you up.