



Susan Alice Anderson

August 2, 1960 - March 9, 2024

Susan Alice Anderson, better known as La Dulce, died March 9 at her home in Altamonte Springs, Florida. She had been battling many serious health issues these past few years.

She was 63 years old. Susan was survived by her father Roy Anderson, her husband of 20 years Paul Rounds, stepsons John Rounds (Tania) and Isaac Rounds (Younju). Siblings Loretta Batt, Barbara McNatt (Bob), Roy Anderson (Denise) and Robert Anderson (Laura). Also many nieces and nephews. Her mother Margaret Anderson preceded her in death.

She was born on August 2, 1960 in Brooklyn New York. Later lived on Long Island, then Florida followed by numerous locations around the world. Fluent in six languages, world traveling was her love. She had an MBA degree and loved mentoring younger workers. Women's rights and equal treatment drove her.

Per her wishes she will be cremated with no internment nor formal services. The following poem captures her concerns and understandings at her life's end.

Eschatology

By Eve L. Ewing

I'm confident that the absolute dregs of possibility for this society, the sugary coffee mound at the bottom of a cup, our last best hope that when our little bit of assigned plasma implodes it won't go down as a green mark in the cosmic ledger, but lies in the moment when you say hello to a bus driver and they say it back—

when someone holds the door open for you and you do a little jog to meet them where they are—

walking my dog, i used to see this older man and whenever I said good morning, he replied 'GREAT morning'—in fact, all the creative ways our people greet each other may be the icing on this flaming trash cake hurtling through the ether. When the clerk says how are you and I say 'I'm blessed and highly favored'

I mean my toes have met sand, and wiggled in it, a lot. i mean i have laughed until i choked and a friend slapped my back. i mean my niece wrote me a note: 'you are so smart + intelligent' I mean when we do go careening into the sun, I'll miss crossing guards ushering the grown folks too, like ducklings and the lifeguards at the community pool and men who yelled out the window that they'd fix the dent in my car, right now! it'd just take a second—and actually everyone who tried to keep me alive, keep me afloat, and if not unblemished, suitably repaired. but I don't feel too sad about it, becoming a star

Here are her husband Paul's thoughts at this moment:

"Sometimes Susan would get frantic that she was not doing enough with her life.

Then she would start working on some impossible, crazy project at work or the community and would suddenly be OK.

"Who was this woman so caught up in work and different than I. Me watching and cheering as a spectator; her all in. Throw in five or six weeks of cold and snow, disrupted flight schedules, working weekends, holidays and nights,

evolving client wishes and wants, and differing approaches to solutions. Impossible deadlines. The makings of a do or die super high or utter collapse.

“I don’t know if Susan ever finally thought she was doing enough with her life but I know she couldn’t possibly have done more. Watching her, she loved that stuff. Well done Susan. You gave everything. I am amazed and proud of you. I love you and miss you. You will always be my La Dulce. The Sweet One.”