

Dear Liza had such a way of giving her love and teachings and support, and of giving her heart and soul so unconditionally that being with her I always equate with the warmest rays of that special Malérargues sun and the sweetest of lark songs that she was always encouraging me to sing. She has been a comfort to me when I was hurting, a guide, a mentor, a ray of light when things seemed lost and confused and a guide to wonderful delights and surprising sources of joy. She had a soft gentle way of guiding me back inside myself without me even realizing it, when I thought my compass was forever lost or broken. She dared me to take the risks my heart wanted to take when I couldn't give myself the permission to do it alone. She carries on in my heart and in my vivid memories of her kindness, her thoughtful ways, and her keen intelligence to see things through to their core, to see things exactly as they are, no more and no less and for always making things better somehow for her having seen them. I have been talking about her to anyone who would listen these past few days, wishing deep down that they could have been as truly lucky as I have been to have known her even for a little while and to feel how special she truly was. I love her dearly and will always cherish my memories with her. Her light continues to shine in all those she has touched and in all those she has graced with her remarkable presence and love.