

Spoken by Sandy Murray, Anne Goodman's Daughter, August 12, 2013

Wow. To be standing up here is absolutely incredible - all the paper cranes, all the beautiful flowers, all the unbelievable love that fills this room. This is astounding, this is my mom. She would have loved this. She should have been here. I thought the same thing yesterday, at my house as our baking circle - friends and family who had lovingly helped to make an assortment of my mom's favourite treats, came together.

Many people have said to me and my sisters how lucky we were to have her as our mother. This is something we most certainly know. It is something we have always known. I don't think I've ever taken for granted the wonderful person she was, the extraordinary mother she was to me or the unique relationship we shared.

My mother made our childhood fun and exciting and special. She was endlessly creative and Wherever we were, she could devise a game to fit. She made toys out of everything. She explored the world with us and was thrilled right alongside us. She immersed herself in nature and showed us its beauty, teaching us to revere the environment along the way. She loved our friends not just as our playmates but as people. She was also a huge part of our schooling - it always felt as if we were taking classes together, as every night she would settle in, ready to take on the latest project with us or test us for an upcoming exam. Math, in particular, was a subject neither of us loved, especially in my later high school years but if I was sticking with it, so was she! Even in law school, she was right beside me and she was still quoting to me recently the precedent-setting case for warrantless arrests, a case that I'll admit, I'd forgotten!

As we grew up, we continued to spend time together, not because we had to, but because we loved it. When my mom was in the hospital, we all talked about all of our times together. - our picnics, walks, bike rides, dinners with friends, drinks, clothing swaps, craft days, baking sessions, mother daughter days, my bachelorette party, movie nights - so many happy times together. And at the end, she simply said, thank you for including me. For us, it was about much more than including her - she is just such a huge, important and fundamental part of our lives. It is unfathomable to me that she will no longer be part of our days, part of our fun, part of our lives.

And I am so glad that I was able to be married by her - this is such a special memory i will hold close to my heart always. I am so happy she got to know Richard. She knew from the start he was my perfect match and she welcomed him so warmly into the family.

Beyond all she was as a mother, she was, as we know, also a powerful global force, a tireless activist, someone passionately committed to making a difference. We hear about people all the time who are striving for peace on earth, wanting to change the world. For many, these are trite, meaningless goals. For my mom, they were who she was. They motivated her, infused her work and her actions in a real, concrete, authentic and sincere way. She did not want glory or recognition. She never acted out of ego or pride. She was simply, amazingly and wholly committed to these ideals. She believed that if people could understand each other better, if substantive dialogue could be facilitated, that this understanding could translate to change, to reconciliation, to healing, to the end of conflict across the world. I know my mom wouldn't like to be remembered as a martyr but it is hard for anyone not be utterly amazed by all that she did. As her daughter, I am especially awed and so very proud that she was my mom."

It was too soon. She was. Too. Good. She had too much left to do. For me, her being gone can never be seen as the right thing or a good thing. But that doesn't mean good things cannot come of it. Already, we can see the beautiful, enduring, hopeful legacy that she has left.

I miss my mom already, in a way that makes my heart ache. But she is a part of who i am, incorporated into so much of what I do - how I write, how I think. How I love.

If anyone can be heard in the waves crashing on the shore or in the rain softly falling, if anyone can be felt in a ray of sunshine or seen in a beautiful butterfly or blooming flower, it is my mother. She will be with me always. I love you Mom.