

My mother Shirley Edwards has been a member of the People Progressive Party since 1964, and I have known Janet Jagan as long as I could remember. Her name has always been a household name in my family and will continue to be that way.

Janet Jagan had that unique ability to love unconditionally, whosoever she loved, they were well loved. Janet Jagan and my mother were very good friends and she was like my fairy godmother. Her relationship with my mother was like a good old marriage, for better or for worst, sickness and health, rich or poor until death do us part. Janet Jagan shared all the joys and sorrows of our household.

My personal life experience with Janet Jagan was rewarding, I think she along with God is responsible for me being here today. I was born with a medical condition that made me sick more often than being well. Growing up I was hospitalized more than six times a year. I never in spend one day in the public hospital and that came with the blessing of Janet Jagan. She took me to all the best doctors in Guyana, she was my ambulance; she was always there to take me to the hospital and most of my doctors' visits in her little white volks wagon. All through my entire life, she was always on point whenever my mother needed to share the joys and sorrows in our lives. She was there when I got married; she walked me down the aisle, my father on one side and Comrade Janet on the next.

When I migrated to the United States, it did not make a difference; as soon as she saw my mother, the first person she would ask for is me. I had more than ten surgeries since I am here in the United States and she made sure one-way or the other that my mother was here every time to be at my side. Comrade Janet loved our family as if we were her own. If my mother only received one gift for her birthday, it was from Comrade Janet. I have several token from her that I will always cherish.

When Comrade Cheddi died and I met her at Andrews Air Force base, she was so happy to see me; she wanted to know as usual, how I was getting home from Washington. I was coming back to Brooklyn and she had to travel to Guyana with her husband's body, but she was concern^{ed} about me. This was a usual habit, while in Guyana and my family attended any function that she was present, she would never leave until she made sure that we had a ride home or else she would personally take us home.

If there is one person on earth that does not possess one racial bone in their body, it was Janet Jagan, she was well loved and respected by my family, all my brothers and sisters would share similar stories; she was always there for us. We have suffered a great loss and she will be missed dearly. May God rest her soul.