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Dear friends,

On behalf of my brother and I, I would like to say some words about our grandmother. Although many people will remember her as the mother of Guyana, as a revolutionary leader and a remarkable woman, we saw her first and foremost as our grandma. Although we did not have the privilege of living in Guyana, we did have the opportunity to spend our summers here growing closer to our grandparents. Although she couldn't spend an infinite amount of time with us, she always seemed to find the time to show us the beauty of Guyana.

As a young child, I remember her as a kind but soft spoken woman, someone who you could talk to with ease. Living so far away, and only getting the summers to see her, we grew to have a long distance relationship. As many of you know, her children's stories have filled the lives of so many children with happiness and imagination, and thus it is no surprise that she did this for us as well. I can remember to this day, the anticipation for my birthday to come, and it wasn't to get the newest toys or the latest clothes, but instead to read my name come alive through her stories. She would send all of us grandchildren a story for each of our birthdays, and it was something that was so personal that no amount of money could ever buy, and I will cherish those forever.

One of the things I will remember her for was her unconditional support and encouragement in every aspect of our lives. I remember her traveling to Canada when we were teenagers, and coming to one of my brothers BMX races, she was so terrified that he might get hurt as he flew through the air, but all that he heard was her clapping and congratulations as he crossed the finish line. It didn't matter how important or insignificant it may be, she was always there with a smile and encouragement which gave us the strength and courage to know that everything was going to be okay.

For the last 5 years she has visited during the summer, and I will forever remember how happy she was to sit next to my dad and just watch the fish in the pond, with my dog sitting by her side. She would sit there for hours upon hours until we would finally go out and find her asleep in the sun.

The last time I spoke with her was a week before her passing and we were laughing about her taking on my accident proneness and that she should try and stop taking after me, because casts are not that fun especially in this kind of heat. Although I know she was in pain from the fall, she never once showed it and I hope that I can be as

strong as she has been throughout her entire life.

We will miss her forever, but will always remember how wonderful a grandmother she was.

Natasha Brancier