

**In memory of**

**TERRY HORWITZ.**

**July 4, 1970 – November 27, 2008**

**Eulogy delivered by her uncle Morris Robinson at her funeral in  
Edmonton Alberta on Sunday November 30, 2008**

My earliest memories of Terry go back to just a few short days after she was born on July 4 1970 – a brief 38 years ago. My father and I drove through the night from Johannesburg to Cape Town to meet her and there she was, the first granddaughter and niece on both sides of the family. She was beautiful from the day of her birth, doted on and loved by all and starting a life full of promise, joy and happiness. In those early years I didn't see her as much as I would have liked to as we lived in different cities many miles apart but the highlight of my visits to Cape Town was visiting with Gillian and Billy and spending time with Terry my beautiful little niece with her tousled red hair impish smile and a twinkle in her eyes which made her look as if she had just stepped off the set of Annie that delightful movie that I am sure most of us have seen at least once.

And then events in South Africa overtook us. Irma and I with our first child left South Africa to live in Toronto and a year later Gillian & Billy with their two young children Terry & Brian left as well. It is probably a little known fact but en route they spent some time in Toronto and after a while Gillian & Billy took off for Edmonton ( I would suggest that as evidenced by the gathering here today that was Edmonton's gain and Toronto's loss ) and left their two children with us. So we became surrogate parents to Terry & Brian for a few weeks and that was a truly memorable time for us. To have this bright lively little girl in our home was just a delight but it ended and the old pattern of Terry and I living in cities many miles apart was resumed. Again the highlights of my many visits to Edmonton was the time I spent with Terry who was then fast growing up to be the Terry we all knew and loved so much. She truly was such a delightful blend of both the Horwitz and Robinson families. Clearly her outgoing feisty personality, love of life and ability to captivate every one she met was I inherited from her mother, and her strong will and almost lawyer-like ability to express her opinions and stick by them and never give in came from her father.

But I believe that her strongest character trait was her ability to love and to express that love and to make people feel special. She did that to me. She would tell me often "Uncle you are the third most important man in my life – 1<sup>st</sup> is my father ( whom she absolutely adored ), then my brother ( with whom she shared a very special relationship ) and then you. And she called me "Uncle" Morris. I have numerous nieces and nephews all younger than Terry who refer to me ( I trust with due respect ) simply as Morris – but Terry made me feel special she gave me my full title – a does Brian by the way. In recent months she would often call to talk to Irma and I and in those calls she would tell us many times how much she loved us, her cousins and all around her. And it was not only

me whom she made feel special. If she loved you and she did love so many people in her life she would tell you, as I am sure many of you here today will know. Gillian has told me of the love she had for her special friends and their children who called her “Aunty Terry” And then there were her grandmothers whom she loved dearly and whose memories and little keepsakes gave her strength and hope during these last few months. But the greatest love she had was for her mother. Gillian told me that just a few days ago Terry said to her “ Mommy you need to know that there is no other mother on this planet whose daughter loves you more than I love you” What more could a mother want to hear from her daughter.

As a young adult Terry struggled as many young people do to find herself. She lived for a while in Vancouver and then in Calgary but finally she realized that what was important to her was her family and she returned to Edmonton to be close to Gilly, Billy & Brian and to pursue a career in Early Childhood Education. That career was cut short by events which overtook her in recent years and the promise of her life which was fulfilled in so many ways but yet unfulfilled in many others has been so sadly broken. Now so suddenly she is no longer here, taken from us last Thursday, November 27 – 20 years since the death of her Granny Beattie, Gillian’s mother, my mother; and Linda’s mother, and strangely as well on Linda’s birthday. Gilly, Billy & Brian our hearts go out to you. Those of us who are parents know the unbounding joy of witnessing the birth of your child but to witness the passing of your child is an agony that few of us can imagine. You did so much for her, gave her so much, cared for her with so much love and to have to now endure this is a pain that few of us can conceive of. Time I am sure will blunt the pain and hopefully while it will likely never go away completely it will become different and easier to bear, and that the wonderful memories of the beautiful gift of Terry will sustain you.

Before concluding I want to return again to Terry’s capacity to love and her love of living. I was fortunate to have been here in Edmonton early last month and to have spent time alone with Terry in her beautiful new home. We spoke and laughed and went for a long walk along the river front close to her apartment and I have some special photographs of her sitting on a bench with the beautiful autumn colours behind her. And then on Friday afternoon Irma, Linda and I went to her apartment to pick-up some of Gilly’s things and I had a chance again to walk around her home. The thing that struck all three of us was how bright and joyous her home is and how apparent it is that the person who lives there has such a love of life and a capacity to love. Walking around and looking at her photos and trinkets, and noticing things like the empty chair next to the dining room table with her two favorite little hats hanging on it , I was struck by all the cards and notes dotted around dealing with friendship and love. That is what she lived for and the number of people who have gathered here today to say good bye to her including many who came from great distances together with countless calls and tributes which have flowed in over the last two days from all over the world, pay tribute to the way she lived her life and was loved by so many

Terry, you have left us and we don’t know where you are now. But we hope that you are happy and secure in the loving embrace of your 2 grandmothers and grandfathers. Your

aunt Linda has written a short poem in your memory and she has asked me to read it to you. This is how it goes:

You have the strength of a lion  
A will of steel  
And a heart of gold  
You faced your biggest challenge  
And fought your battle with determination and courage

Your big loud laugh  
And shiny golden curls  
Will forever be embedded  
In our souls

Darling Terry - good bye and rest in peace.