

Words for Margot

Margot is my sister. And I, like her sisters and family, are lucky to have had her as part of our lives. Fortunate are all of us who had the opportunity to grow, live, laugh, and dance with Margot.

Many years ago I was given an early chance to see what a beautiful woman Margot was to become. About the time of her nineteenth birthday, Margot moved to Minneapolis – into a place about ten blocks from where my wife and I were living. Over the next two years, I watched her learn, create, fall in love, live.

As I look back on that time, and as I look out on all of her friends gathered here, I know that the life and love she began just kept growing. That gives me great joy.

But, it never occurred to me that I would have to look back on those memories, and cling to them, as I now will. It never occurred to me that we would be left with memories rather than a future with Margot.

Today, what we have known of Margot is transformed into ashes. But, these ashes have meaning and power.

They are the ashes of a fire that has warmed so many.

They are the ashes of a light that has illuminated so much.

They are the ashes of a stove that has nourished so often.

They are the ashes of a furnace that has forged things of unimagined beauty.

There is power in these ashes because from them, we can all take sustenance and grow. In doing so, the life, the love, the fabric Margot wove can endure.

We all feel better for having known Margot. Think about the things you cherished about her – her energy, her pure heart, her generosity of spirit, her kindness.

From this day forward, use your memories of Margot to remind you of these things that made her so loved. And, use them to inspire you to reflect them in your own hearts. In doing so, Margot will be with us. Always.