I think the death of Molly struck like a sword across the hearts of every one of us. It was more than the usual sense of shock and loss at the death of someone we knew and loved; it was the shattering of a beautiful and complete family unit; and this has left a raw and terrible wound that

This was not only because she was a very dear and valued friend to all who knew her; but because we needed Molly. She had the capacity more than anyone I have ever known of given of herself to others, quietly, so modestly that sometimes one was unaware of the giving.

will not easily be healed. With her death, a part of each one of us died

This was Molly's outstanding characteristic - her ability to serve others without ever putting anyone under an obligation to her. Whether it was in the unbounded hospitality of her home or in the innumberable tasks she undertook for others, she always would turn gratitude and thanks away so that nobody ever could feel beholden to her. Molly did more transport for others with less fuss and ceremony than anyone I have ever known, not through a sense of duty, but through her profound belief in the interdependence of human beings, her respect for all people as individuals, the integrity of her respect for all people as individuals, the integrity of

Like many of us, Molly did not believe in life after death in the literal sense; but she believed in the indestructibility of all living things, in the constant growth and renewal of life. She believed that nothing is completely lost; whatever dies gives way to new life, never the same but in a new way and on a new level. In her children we see an extension of Molly; not a mere repution of features or characteristics, but the developmen in different a different manner of all the features that characteristics spelt out her character and her qualities. And not only in her children; something of Molly has been transferred to each of us who knew her well, and has become compounded into our own beings so that through our association with her and our love of her each one of us has gained.

That is why I think our grief and sense of loss at the death of Molly cannot be of the hopeless and destructive kind. It must never be wasteful or corrosive, but rather take the form of an Teffirmation, an assertion of those positive values by which she lived. She herelf would be most impatient of grief as though she would be most in patient of grief as though she would be more

Important to do?

as well.

It was to the death of the Molly Fischers of this world that Dylan Thomas wrote:

"And death shall have no dominion.

Dead men naked they shall be one

With the man in the wind and the west moon;

When their bones are picked clean and the clean bones gone.

They shall have stars at elbow and foot;

Though they go mad they shall be sane,

Though they sink through the sea they shall rise again;

Though loves be lost love shall not;

And death shall have no dominion.

Death shall have no dominion over things of which she was compounded: honesty, settlessness, fidelity, incorruptibility.

This is Molly's gift to us, and in the manner of our remembrance of her we shall make our memorial to Molly.

He very appearal quality of this woman is shown not just by
the numbers of people here have by the diverse groups from
which they the are drawn strong are be demonstration of her
deep little that apartheid as contrary to the operat of man and
that lash one of no finds fulfilment not within a typic and
knowled from but known an finder dependence on and also others
association with four

People all difficulties that exist today, to many have come a from ouch
people all different section, is are as a throat to here stronger
tribute than any that I could give. I have go have a through

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