

Words for Babette, from Helen White

(Wow. I wish you could see how wonderful you all look in your colourful clothes – she would have absolutely loved to see you all like this!)

Babette brought huge energy and commitment to her relationships. In fact, the **most** of anyone I have ever known. She never let you get away with a throwaway comment. It meant you always learned something new about yourself when you were with Babette. Sometimes even stuff you preferred not to. This meant that my relationship with her was very **intense**, and I suspect yours was too!

I've only known Babette well for a few years but when I came to think about it, we have had many different relationships.

- She was Classmate & Confidant sharing our learning & emotions on the drive to and from Metanoia – she absolutely deserved the lion's share of my MSc!
- She was a gracious Sleepover guest – kindly complimenting my less-than-exciting cooking
- She was a loving Friend who practised extreme listening and gave fiercely affectionate hugs
- She was a French teacher who wanted me to get it right but eventually allowed me my little quirks and occasional Franglais
- She was a heartfelt musician to sing ABBA songs with
- She was a joyful quilter happy to share her expertise
- She was a great therapist and supervisor who helped the child in me let go of the tears when I needed to...

I could go on, there are many more, but I won't because you all have your own connections to her with are, be it as cooking expert, pupil, teacher, friend, crafter, employer, advisor, shopkeeper, family, other, or maybe "all of the above". And the number of people who are here, or not able to be here, or who have reached out to Andrew and the family through the Art of Living blog, and elsewhere, are testament to how many lives she touched in her all too short 60 years.

Dear Babette

In every one of our relationships with you, you gave us yourself, to the max! To borrow the words of a friend, you were inquisitive, but always with love and a twinkle. You kept us on our toes and we were better for it.

I will miss us.

Go well my friend