Grace Carolyn Roberts

September 22, 1943 ~ April 30, 2017

To her friends and ours:

"It is the nature of Grace to fill the places that have been empty."

,Goethe

And she did just that. From the little spitfire splashing in mud puddles on the way to school with her older brother in the country to the striking beauty that rendered my mother and I to our knees with tears cried so hard from belly laughing, Grace Carolyn Roberts lived and loved through a full life that selflessly filled the parts of us that felt incomplete.

The way she lived in her final days was not much unlike her life, seeking nothing but peace and harmony. It was only a few hours after she passed that the sun came out and you could catch your reflection in the dew drops on the Calla lilies.

She was an exquisite, dazzling beauty up until the day she left this earth. Her romantic visage so soft and fair that it would spur jealousy in a newborn child, and without a single sign revealing the fight she put up until the end.

Grace is timeless. Looking in her eyes was a connection to something otherworldly.

You will see her in every shimmer in the fresh winter snow; feel her in every ray of warmth from the sun; find her in every soft, autumn breeze that rustles the leaves; and hear her in every clap of thunder made in the distance. For every bed of roses that look especially spectacular, it is because she wished them to be so. And for every hummingbird you see, say hello, for it is her spirit soaring in eternal freedom and peace.

Grace never wished to be mourned, only celebrated. She would not want you to cry any longer for she is not gone.

The joy that she brought to everyone's life that knew her will be felt for a lifetime.

Long live the eternal beauty whose heart was bigger than the knowable universe and beyond.