



“Though much is taken, much abides; and though  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.”

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson, “Ulysses”*



*Elizabeth Mary Juhász*  
*August 24, 1985 - June 14, 2006*

What can one say? It is an irony that so few words seem adequate to describe the short life of one so young.

My fondest memories of Liz are seemingly small moments: As a newborn, rocking in my arms. At a picnic, running back to check on us before running off again, always confident that we were there, and that the world was safe. Becoming so angry with a classmate that the two of them became best friends for life. Convincing a sibling of the nutritional value of dirt. Seeking the truth about some historical incident. Passionately arguing a position she believed was right. Conspiring with her siblings to circumvent some parental whim. Just watching her grow and mature. In the end, seeing the remarkable young woman she became.

She was strong and willful; compassionate and caring; mercurial yet forgiving; brave and bold. Always determined to do what she thought was right, what was necessary, what would help someone else, regardless of the cost.

When the illness, Pulmonary Hypertension, came upon her, she faced it; not without fear, not without pain, and certainly not without anger. But she faced it with courage and faith; with a determination to persevere; to fight; to not merely survive, but thrive. And when the end came, she faced it with a dignity, a strength, and a compassion for others which are truly humbling. She gave of herself to the last, and beyond.

It is said that the loss of any one diminishes us all. But the gift of this one has enriched us all, in ways we cannot yet know. She is not the pebble, but the water of the brook; not the candle's flame, but the flickering light moved by the wind; not a beacon showing us the destination, but a lighthouse illuminating the path.

And this is her legacy to us. To not let this loss crush us, but to use it to build us up. To not let it depress our hearts and spirit, but to open them up to others. To not wallow in self-pity, but to reach out and help others. To find that love, strength, and compassion which she knows is in each of us.

*Liz's Dad, Paul Juhász, June 20, 2006*