

# Cantorial Message

March 2020

“Grief is like the ocean; it comes on waves ebbing and flowing. Sometimes the water is calm, and sometimes it is overwhelming. All we can do is learn to swim.” – Vicki Harrison

March 3 will be a year since my dear friend, Terri Goldsmith, died from cancer. It is hard to believe that a year has passed, when it still feels so close. I chose the quote above; because it reminded me of how much she loved the beach. Wonderful memories of collecting sea glass and laughing as she tried to find a place to keep the sea glass, but it kept falling out of her shirt. No one had a laugh as heart felt, and from the belly, as Terri's laugh. She loved birds, any kind, well maybe not turkey vultures. Her garden and backyard were filled with hummingbirds, crows, hawks, finches, bluebirds, blue jays, cardinals, and the list goes on and on. She made a sanctuary in her garden that she tended with such love and creativity. If you had a chance to spend time there, it was a slice of heaven. She was also the most creative person I knew. She could make something from nothing. Her basement was filled with every bobble imaginable. Glass jars, twinkle lights, material, and glitter. Anything she could use to teach kids, create an oasis, a shuk (marketplace), Cabaret decorations, or challah babies. Terri's amazing creativity flowed into the food she cooked. She loved to make bread on the grill and whip up a wonderful dinner from things she had in the fridge. She loved to entertain, and I loved listening to her create an amazing menu...and always something vegan for me. One day, after her cancer diagnosis, she said she wanted to make me vegan cupcakes, they were so good. I told her she didn't have to do that for me, and she said that she wanted them. Funny that she only ate one and gave the rest to me to take home. Terri was more like a sister than a friend. She always took care of me through all of my life crushing moments. She was the first one I told that I was getting a divorce. She wouldn't let me go to court alone, and I'm glad she convinced me to let her take me. I could go on and on about what a wonderful person she was, but I think those of you that were fortunate to have known her, understand that she was one of a kind. We were friends for 33 years. Though the memories are still bittersweet, and I wish she were still here, I will cherish every memory. Some days those memories are accompanied by heartache and tears, and sometimes, I still hear that amazing laugh and it makes me laugh. Grief is a rollercoaster and I will ride that ride through tears and laughter and always keep her close.

*“What we have once enjoyed deeply we can never lose. All that we love deeply becomes a part of us.” – Helen Keller*

Terri Goldsmith, friend, confidant, companion, sister of my heart and soul, your memory will always be a blessing for me.

In gratitude,  
Sherry

