

# Dianne Eulogy

It's never easy to say goodbye to someone who has been a part of our lives. When that person is gone, there's a Void where Dianne used to be, that's what many of us are feeling today.

Some of you knew "the Letter D" aka "Aunty" better than others, but you're here because D as she was called had an impact on your life, and you want to honor that. And because Dianne did affect you in some way, it's not going to be easy to say goodbye.

At such a difficult time, it's important to remember the good memories we all have of "D" By holding on to those memories, we can focus on the good times we had together, and help each other find comfort in this difficult time.

Some of you may remember long time when we use to have Marble pitch tournament which use to have this yard heated, children from the whole village would come with their milk pan or 2 liter bottle full of marbles and leave with barely any, because when Dianne entire the ring with her tuntoe, is either your marble shell, split in half or pot clean.

Or perhaps my family would recall at Christmas time we had to have balloon all over and play snakes and ladder or Ludo to win peardrax. Even as a child, with the yard full of over 15 nieces and nephew, D would take in some stray child and care for them, or when licks start to pass from our respective parents D always came to our rescue, what a Difference D made in people's lives.

D took care of everyone like a mother, no matter how old the person was she was caring for. At one time she even move down point to take care of our great aunt and uncle. Don't talk about when you feeling sick, she and tanty will make a make a good Lime Juice and rub you down with coconut Oil, Fever Gone. She had the magic touch

D was also, a good listener and a great cook. When you visit for you daily or weekly back year lime, D would put in her two cents after you off-load your stress on her, then D would say "Tell me what you think about this.... Torry start, but was should to end with laughter, laughing so much you in tears and she wheezing, then she go shout out somebody go for my Air...Meaning her asthma Puff.

D was my and everybody personal chef, she never let even a piper go hungry, every Sunday I would come for food, until my siblings started calling me Bowls, because of all the container I came with. We had to eat and then pack food for Monday work every week. When you ain't come, expect a phone call.

And more than anything else, Dianne was not rich with money but Rich with love, Kindness, faithful, generous giver, a good listener a person who you would enjoy quality time with.

It's hard to say goodbye to someone who have impacted our lives in so Many ways. And then, they are taken away suddenly. But if we keep those good memories in our hearts and minds, and whenever we become sad we repay the time we shared in laughter it will help ease the pain of their absence.  
Dianne Joan Lambert Was Here... she left her print on our hearts

Thank you for joining us here, you're showing that Dianne had an impact on you. And that's a great comfort to me to know that D touched other people's lives in the same way she touched mine. And that's how I'll always remember the Letter D.