

The Harvard Law states, 'Under carefully controlled conditions of light, temperature, humidity, and nutrition, the organism will do as it damn well pleases.' No one exemplified this more than Ny, who escaped the restrictions of her upbringing to blossom into the bright, shining, huge-hearted person who brought joy to so many.

A bright and curious person, she availed herself of the best education she could. But as Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "A mind, once expanded, never returns to its original dimensions." And so it was with Ny. She left her community of origin to dwell among friends who valued her intellect, her curiosity, and her ability to draw on an expansive vocabulary in her everyday speech.

She found joy in creating, and in sharing her creations with friends and those she loved. Food, transformative fiction, drawing, poetry, were all things she created and shared widely. She often brightened peoples' days with hand drawn postcards or handmade refrigerator magnets. I know it was always a bright spot in my day when I found something from her in the mail. Her last Christmas present to me was a coffee mug with her hand drawn artwork on it.

For all that she believed in science, she found spirituality and beauty in the wonders of the Universe. When I went outside with her at night, even on a short walk to the car in the city, she never failed to look up at the sky, and often commented on how the moon looked, or wondered what planet was visible. (And loved that I went to look it up later.)

Most importantly, she believed in the inherent dignity and worth of every human being. Motivated by a strong sense of right and wrong, and of social justice, she gave of herself even when she had little or nothing to give. She gave as generously as she could to organizations that advocated for the rights of women and LGBTQ+ people. Fittingly, her last act on this Earth was cooking meals for the community fridge in her town, as she did every week. The downside was that having strong convictions often means not knowing how and when to pick your battles. Many of us remember telling her not to use up her emotional energy arguing because Someone Was Wrong On The Internet. And don't make me get the spray bottle.

Finally, Ny was one of the most genuinely kind and warm people I have ever met. People were always glad to see her, and her smile lit up any room. The world's a good bit dimmer now that she's gone.