

## **Alex – Helen's brother**

Helen meant so much to so many people.

To me – Helen meant my wonderful, vivacious and beautiful little sister. I rarely called her Helen, because to me she was always “Gossa” – a special family nickname that she was given while still a tiny baby and never out-grew. Or perhaps never wanted to out-grow.

After doing a good job of petty squabbling our way through our childhoods, Helen, Tom and I all became incredibly close as we grew older and had the opportunity to really enjoy each others company. Whenever I met up with Helen she would come bounding up and say “Hey, big bro” and give me one of her huge trademark hugs. I will forever cherish the memories of the great times the 3 of us spent together. And forever remember the sheer volume and energy that we would generate as a family when we were all in full flow around a dinner table, especially at Christmas time. Indeed, the thought that the 3 of us will no longer be able to call each other up (or write stupid emails) and arrange a meet-up for drinks, for dinner, to head to a concert or to celebrate our birthdays together is both devastating and heartbreaking. As well as being a loving and generous little sister, Helen was also one of my best friends.

Helen's smile was like a ray of sunshine and would light up any occasion and her unmistakable laugh provided the soundtrack to any time spent in her company. There was simply never a dull moment with Helen. She loved having fun. She was brilliant at having fun. And in doing so gave so much fun, pleasure and laughter to others. She was genuinely laugh-out-loud funny – and seeing her effortlessly, sometimes unwittingly, slip into an impromptu comic or dramatic routine as she was telling a story was one of life's great pleasures.

Helen was also a dreamer and wholeheartedly and passionately pursued her dreams – and I am so proud of her for that. I recall on one occasion when she was younger she was so lost in a day-dream that she walked straight into a glass door in our house. I am sure other people occasionally walk into glass doors by accident – but the door that Helen managed to walk into had a wooden frame with a large frosted glass panel! I just hope that all of her dreams can now come true.

I will miss her so, so much.

Spending time with her and calling her on the phone will have to be replaced by memories. Funny emails and text messages will have to be replaced by thoughts and prayers. But nothing will replace our Gossa. She was a complete one-off. A shining star. She will live on in our hearts and minds. We will never forget her. We will always love her.

I would like to finish by sharing a few words with you that Mum's older sister, Jenni Sue, sent from her home in India:

“I'm so happy that Helen must have known nothing of the accident – except possibly a burst of golden light. Remember there is no death for the soul. Helen will always live in all our hearts and she will be there to send us love, blessings and guidance.”