

Ania was an inspired and inspiring teacher, a valued colleague, an impressive scholar, and a proud parent and grandparent. *This we all know.*

I want to share with you a few of the qualities that made her my friend: she was spontaneous, smart, kind, and – yes – occasionally sardonic.

Her spontaneity manifested in moments like her willingness to drop everything for a last minute suggestion of dinner at Charles 10 or her 3:00 P.M. call to me to see if I wanted to join her in Boston for a Joan Baez concert – *that evening* – and yes, she would drive. (Shasha, thank you for giving her those tickets! It was an evening I will always treasure.).

I believe everyone here was touched by her intellect. I particularly valued her as a colleague with whom I could have meaningful conversations. She was multilingual, well read, easy to talk with, and always engaged with the world. When she was at Suffield House, she professed not to care much about birds (there were three feeders outside her window). But once those were filled, suddenly a bird book appeared on her table, and she began taking protective interest in chasing that cheeky squirrel that scared off her cardinal. She started identifying the different birds who visited and made note of their habits. Here was something she hadn't known much about, and she simply could not help but learn. This was Ania.

Ania's kindness was evident in the care she took for her international charges. I can't count how many times I saw her talking intensely with an anxious student in Cone Lounge. For me, personally, she repeatedly reached out after each my parents' deaths. Just to check in on how I was doing. Love is a kind of kindness, and she had plenty to go around. Further evidence of this is how she adored her father, Boris Yakovlevich, and cared for him until the end. And Sasha, you should know

with what pride she spoke of you! And it wasn't just about your accomplishments, although she had plenty of reason to be proud of those; it was also about your personal qualities and your family. She hoped that we could get our daughters together one day in Boston, and perhaps that will still happen. Jesse and Adrian, she was so grateful that you were in her life. Adrian, your talents as an artist cheered not just her walls but also her soul. You should know how much she valued you.

As for her occasional sardonic tendencies, she shot from the hip, as do I, and as fellow marksman, I appreciated the frank assessments she offered on things she found less than ideal. I shan't elaborate for fear of breaking confidences....but I will say that her commentary often left me chuckling in agreement, and I will miss that.

I'll conclude with a verse in translation from a Spanish song Joan Biaz sang at that concert we attended:

Thanks to life, which has given me so much.
It gave me laughter and it gave me tears.
With them I distinguish happiness from pain
The two elements that make up my song,
And your song, as well, which is the same song.
And everyone's song, which is my very song.