



Stefanie Canright

Stefanie was a 1996 graduate of St. Margaret's and a 2000 graduate of Emory University. She was president of the Delta Delta Delta sorority and spent many of her adult years volunteering in her community. She was scheduled to work for Habitat for Humanity, Saturday, November 13.

Stefanie touched the lives of everyone who knew her. In her short 27 years she traveled the world and had lived in five states. She recently moved from Manhattan, New York to Santa Barbara to work for Abbott Laboratories.

Stef had tremendous inner beauty, poise and grace coupled with striking outer beauty, beautiful blue eyes, broad smile and radiant skin. She had style, sophistication, patience, a caring nature and a wonderful sense of humor. She laughed and loved deeply.

Her love of children and the Food Network would surely make her a wonderful wife and mother. Stefanie adored her own family and never missed a holiday or opportunity to come home. Her sisters, Laura and Megan, called her for advice and comfort. She was always available. She was wise beyond her years.

Her life was chronicled in journals and diaries from high school, through college, to the last entry found on November 4, 2004. Many of the entries included mementos of her travels and activities. In her 5th Grade Personality Portfolio she listed that her three wishes in life would be to Be Healthy, Be Happy and Never Die Young. She could not have known her fate.

Stefanie is survived by her parents, Mark and Patty, her sisters Megan and Laura, her grandmother, Sybille, numerous aunts, uncles, cousins, her boyfriend Robert Kostow and many dear friends, all of whom will never forget the impact she had on their lives.



*I'll love you forever,
I'll like you for always,*



*As long as I'm living,
My daughter you'll be."*

LETTER TO MY DAUGHTER

from Mom on your 21st birthday

Stefanie...

It's hard to believe that 21 years have passed since that day in September that you came into our lives. I remember how beautiful you were, everyone else thought so too, in fact, at Providence Hospital they put a paper Xmas tree up each year and put pictures of all the babies born that year on display; you were at the top on the star!

The years have been exciting watching you grow into the beautiful, confident young woman you are today. So many doors will soon be open for you, your education will guide you to success. I am so thankful we were able to provide this for you.

I am so very proud of all your accomplishments. I can now only hope and pray for your future and hope you will be happy, healthy & prosperous. What I do wish for you is that you will listen to your own voice and insight, that you will love what you choose as a career and take your work seriously. I hope you will marry and have children because you will be a wonderful mother.

The world also needs volunteerism and that kind of work can be very gratifying. I hope I have helped instill this in your life.

I guarantee, with regret, that you will encounter troubles along the path of life's road. I know you have the tools and faith to tackle anything but as long as I am alive I will be there for you if you need me.

I wish I could hand you a dandelion-free world. I wish I could say my generation solved all the problems and now you can relax and enjoy the rewards. It isn't so. Somethings have changed, some haven't, but maybe someday you will be able to write a more encouraging letter to your daughter.

Always remember: I'll love you forever, I'll like you for always,

As long as I'm living, my daughter you'll be.

Happy 21st Love, Mom

*You are in a beautiful
and perfect place ...*



*no names, no time, no pain ...
just happiness and bliss.*

STEFANIE
from Dad

Stef, we've spoken about this day many times...for some of these talks you just hadn't been born yet...and as for the others, well I just hadn't gotten around to including you.

I hope you find my boutonniere to be in order...K.C. and Denise helped me put it on, and my sisters Robin, Jennifer, Mary and Aimee, and Aunt Leigh, Aunt Robin, Jan, Gail, Grandma Sybille, and mom...all have agreed on its final placement. I want it to be just right...for you – on this, your special day! After all, it isn't everyday that a father's little girl gets married.

There is so much I am moved to say to you...and to relate to your family and friends gathered here...but in your very brief time you have become such a complete and beautiful whole person...the essence of good Human Being and existence – that I struggled with where to begin and with how much and what to talk about.

You were always going to be a Stefanie...period. Your mother's very bestest friend in school years was named Stephanie. When you arrived at 9:38 a.m. on your birthday, you were just unbelievably beautiful...you were a little living china doll...and you were happy, and serene...from the beginning, you were Unique.

Your mother decided then and there that the situation necessitated an adjustment that would signal your uniqueness in the world for the duration of your life...in short, you would not be just any ordinary Stephanie, but Stefanie (spelled with an "f")...and that was that.

Now you must know, Stefanie I felt this "f" thing had to be discussed! So Mom and I discussed it. I know you, and perhaps others here today will find this hard to believe, but actually, we argued about it!

Well...obviously, mom won that one. Please know it is therefore all her fault. And so ...you became Stefanie (with an "f").

You were always beautiful...yes outwardly, but more importantly from within. Despite your beauty and many accomplishments, you remained sweet, loveable, caring, approachable, unassuming, patient, natural and poised; there was a gentle mystique in your presence. At the same time you possessed a vibrant love for life, for adventure, for true and lasting friendships, and for avenues to satisfy your need to be helpful to others through volunteer pursuits.

All who have come to know you, have experienced this profound breadth and dimension in your person. I wish to share with you then, only a few moments and experiences that were special for me:

Remember our first pumpkin? We cut the top, and just as my father had done with me, I had you put your face down in so you could get a big "smell"...now that's Halloween! You almost fell in.

Your first Christmas in Chicago with the elves: Jack Frost had already painted your bedroom window. Mom made sure you went to your room at the right time ...and there the elves were dancing outside on your window ledge. "Squeeze your eyes real tight and Believe", mom said. And then you opened your eyes...the elves left you gold foil chocolate coins. I was somewhere cold at the time, but mom said your eyes were as big as silver dollars!

And the Gnomes in Grandpa's banana tree garden...you and Justin were playing in the backyard. The two of you found the gnomes, and Justin came running into the house squealing, with hands and fingers dirty because he had caught one of them...you had just wanted to talk to them. They were ceramic.

And then there was the desk at Grandma's house. On visits to her house, you would run down the hallway and jump into the chair, immediately getting down to business sorting papers, writing important notes, placing stamps, posting the mail and filing things in all of the little nooks and crannies. You would work there, diligently...for hours. I can still see your little legs dangling from the chair.

And finally, there was our grandfather clock...the one grandpa made for me. I

remember how I used to put each of you up on my arm to open the secret door on the side of the clock so you could look in, and press the lever to make the chimes ring. That was just magic for all three of you every time we did it. I remember that mom and I were away for a weekend and that you were watching Megan and Laura until the babysitter arrived. You and Megan decided to take a look while we were gone. Opening the secret door, you found a syringe hidden inside. Frantic and crying, you called Father Mike Wallens and pleaded for him to come over...your mom and dad were on drugs and you needed help! Father Mike rushed over and you took him to the clock. Looking in, Father Mike turned to you and smiled and said...Stefanie...this is clock oil. Your dad uses the syringe to oil the clock parts! Father Mike said you were immediately and visibly relieved. I told this story to Father Rob just last week and he commented, "See how smart she is too...she called the priest instead of the police!"

Two of the most precious gifts one can give are 1st – Life, and the 2nd – Love. I know you have plans for the 1st, and you have partaken in the 2nd. These two, each awesomely powerful in themselves, are offered with ease, and yet can be fragile...and subject to wear and tear. However, there is a 3rd gift. It is difficult to express in one word. It too, is powerful. This 3rd gift is equal to the other two – and has the quality of invulnerability that the other two seek. In talking to people who know you, family and friends alike...a majority description of you reflects this 3rd gift as something that was unique to you.

This 3rd gift, is the power to move other people's lives. To have another person tell you that "I have been changed for having known you" or "I have become a better person" or "I will never be quite the same again", or "You have been a force and impact in my life" is a characterization of this gift. As I have met your friends from school and work, nearly all have had some comment of thanks for your insight, perception, and counseling which bore caring influence in their lives.

Stefanie, you have been a kindling for your sisters, Megan and Laura. You were there first, you set the standard...in school academically, in sports, in your intense and continuous charity works, in your humor and manner, your precious Steffie-isms. You have passed the torch to them, along with all that is best in you.

It was my hope that you would experience the 1st of gifts too... but that was not to be. For though today is your day, the day that you would change your last name, you are now a bride of God... a bride of heaven... and there, there is no need of such earthly things. But we remain here, and we mortals do need names, to keep things in order. We will keep your name, safe and alive in the years to come.

There is a Stefanie place here that now, takes on special meaning for me. You surely remember the Gymnasium Donation Bricks that were laid on the east entranceway to the Gym. There's a brick there, with your name inscribed, for each of you girls. Yours of course is the famous "PH" Brick. I have often thought over the years... why didn't I fix that?

The answer has been provided to me over these days of grieving and thought over you. I shall visit this place often. I will come to touch your brick, and to reflect and have a talk with you.

For me, your brick will remind me of this imperfect world here, that sins are committed, mistakes are made, things break, life is given and also taken away.

But your brick will also console me... for it will also remind me that you are in a beautiful and perfect place... no names, no time, no pain... just happiness and bliss.

St. Margaret's – thank you for making that little mistake, and dear Patty – thank you for Stefanie's "f"... it was your loving doing.

Stefanie – your time came at Thanksgiving season. I have found in this trial that there is much I have to be thankful for this next week. Out of this immeasurable tragedy, I have seen over the past several days, the very best of humanity and friendship that I have ever witnessed in my life. You indeed have been surrounded by, and very much in the lives... of some of the most beautiful people to know.

And so my dearest Stefanie –

*I believe it is time to celebrate your life
and wedding day with the Father of the Bride Toast...*

*In lieu of that duty and honor,
allow me to substitute a Father's promise...*

For as long as I live and breathe:

I promise you will be in my thoughts...

*I promise that your special name will often
whisper a course from my lips...*

and

*I promise, that though my heart is broken,
and insufficient to hold all of you...*

that I will keep safe and secure in its deepest depth...

a small piece of the beautiful memory of you and your life.

When the time comes for me to join you...

I will return it to you...

my tender, beautiful Stefanie;

Stefanie with an "f".

*Everywhere she walked,
footprints remained*



*they were never trampled on
but only preserved.
I followed them.
They led me to the steps of Grace.*

CAN'T HELP BUT THINK

Laura Canright

November 17, 2004

I can't help but think of what she brought to the world. The warmth that emanated from her comforted everyone and everything. Everywhere she walked, footprints remained; they were never trampled on but only preserved. I followed them. They led me to the steps of Grace.

I can't help but think of her angelic ways. Her beauty radiated inside and out. She wore her heart on her sleeve. She adapted to life; and she was both vibrant and serene.

I can't help but think of how perfectly those beautiful blue eyes matched with that flowing brown hair. And I can't help but think of how she saw a beauty in everyone. Her words were eloquent and genuine, and they soothed us all.

I can't help but think of what she did, because it was far more than anyone could ask for. She was there, and there she remained. She was a prudent being and the wisest person I ever knew. She was classy, a fashionista and yet so altruistic.

I can't help but think of what kind of person I would have been without her. She showed me the way. She showed me life. She told me what was out there. She was the best teacher I have ever had and still she was far more than a teacher.

I can't help but think of how much I loved her, trusted her and adored her. She was my sister, my best friend, and my hero. She was the one I called for in my crib. And she was the one I called when I was down or just needed someone to be blissful with.

Stefanie, I love you and miss you so much.

*I see you every day
and will for the rest of my life.*



*You are in everything
that is beautiful and good in life.*

TO MY BELOVED SISTER, STEFANIE

Megan Canright

November 17, 2004

You have been a pure light in my life for more than 23 years; and in these years that I have been blessed to share with you, you have become not only my big sister, but my most dear and cherished friend. In life you were gracious, poised, and beautiful. You wore your pointy Marc Jacobs shoes and your fluffy Hello Kitty rings with untouchable style and flair, yet you were never afraid to get a little dirt under your French-manicured nails.

That is what was so extraordinary about you, Stef. You experienced so much in your short years. You traveled, you were adventurous and outgoing, willing to try anything. You were educated and well-read, you were wise beyond your years. You were hip to every latest fashion and were the first to set a new trend. You found humor everywhere your life led you. You felt true love. You soaked up every minute of life and you held your memories close to you, cherishing every one of them. You radiated with vivacity and this was felt by everyone who crossed your path. I can only pray to lead a life as rich as yours.

You are my angel, Stefanie. You know me better than anyone ever has and few will understand me as you did. When I was sad, angry, confused, hurt, I came to you first and you were always there to share my burden and ease my pain. You knew exactly what to say and do. Whenever I felt joy, excitement, love—you were the first to know. You shared my thoughts, my feelings, my experiences and I shared yours. You made me laugh until it hurt.

I think back on everything you've done for me; how selfless and giving you've been and I can't put into words how my life has changed because of you. You've led me to be the person I am today through your flawless example, your distinguished advice, and your infinite love. You helped this family stand through times in life where we couldn't stand by ourselves. I thank God for every moment of you. As you did in life, so in death will you carry this family; hold us together and comfort us now when we need you most.

*You are in my laughter,
you are in these tears.*



*I will see you
every time I look in the mirror.*

I have heard people crying, saying they will never see you again. I see you every day and I will for the rest of my life. You are in everything that is beautiful and good in life. I see your grace and beauty in our mother's face, your wisdom and strength in our father's eyes, your love and kindness in Laura's arms. I see your gentle compassion in the hearts of these people here that loved you. I will see your innocence in my children and my grandchildren. You are in my laughter, you are in these tears. I will see you every time I glance in a mirror. I see how your spirit has expanded itself to touch everything and envelope my life and the lives of everyone here. And though your death has broken my soul, your soul has wrapped itself around the pieces and made me whole again.

There is a story you told me many times about how you and I were taking a bath together when we were little. I think I was about two years old. I got my egg-shaped Weeble People Toy lodged in my throat and I was choking. You just stuck your little hand down my throat and pulled it out like it was nothing. You always jokingly held this over my head, reminding me of my debt to you—you saved my life and I would give anything now to have been able to save yours. You used to ask me, "Do you miss me so much you can't stand it?" Yes, Stefanie, my sister and my best friend, I miss you so much I can't stand it. But I know you are with God and that gives me peace.

I love you more than you'll ever know.

*Your family epitomizes
what SMES stands for—
dedication, hard work,
caring for others,*



*a love for this school community,
a willingness to risk and a
strong sense of the value of family.*

A LETTER TO THE CANRIGHT FAMILY

November 16, 2004

We want to begin by expressing our sorrow over the loss of a wonderful young lady and your daughter, Stefanie.

As a Mom and Dad we can barely begin to comprehend what you are experiencing and can only pray that God will give you the strength and will to work through this period of grief, which will in some way be with you always, towards an acceptance of His will for Stefanie's and your lives.

Your family holds a special place in the hearts of this community, our family and ourselves, and this loss that you are suffering is being shared by all of us who know you and love you.

Patty, you have been at the center of all that has and continues to be wonderful at this school—as a volunteer both at school and at Special Camp for Special Kids; as a member of our Board of Trustees, as a strong advocate for and participant in our financial aid program; as a leader in the PTF; and most importantly as the Mom of three wonderfully active young ladies—Stefanie, Megan, and Laura. It is no mystery why your children have been so active and successful here—you and Mark have been exceptional role models and supporters.

Mark, you have been the positive, steady rock who has made tremendous personal sacrifice to keep your children at SMES in spite of job opportunities hundreds of miles away which wouldn't keep you from attending games and important events in your daughters' lives.

Megan and Laura, you have given so much to this school in so many areas. You are true team players who have had an incredibly positive effect on not only your classmates and teammates but also the ladies younger than you who look up to you and follow your lead.

Your family epitomizes what SMES stands for – dedication, hard work, caring for others, a love for this school community, a willingness to risk and a strong sense of the value of family.



Stefanie blazed a path here that you, Megan and Laura, have followed with great success. Not surprisingly your big sister was an integral part and leader of one of the strongest female contingent's in an SMES class that we experienced in our seventeen years here. These young ladies were scholars, athletes, artists and school leaders who set a standard that has been difficult for succeeding classes to match. More importantly they were one of the closest and nicest groups of young ladies that this community has witnessed here and we suspect that that closeness will now sustain them and you, her parents and sisters at this most difficult time.

As I (Mark Campaigne) tried to express to you Mark Canright on the phone the other day, we love your family and share in your grief. We are sorry we cannot be with you right now but please know that we are there in prayer and spirit.

We ask God's blessing on you now and in the days to come.

Mark and Mary Ann Campaigne

Letter sent from Santiago, Chile

POEM FOR STEFANIE

Robby

I wrote this poem to Stefanie nearly 3 years ago, but it couldn't be more fitting for how I feel at the moment. I knew I wanted to read it to her today. She had e-mailed me a version of the poem several months ago, but for some reason I couldn't find the e-mail. I ended up finding it saved in the top drawer of her nightstand.

Counting Days

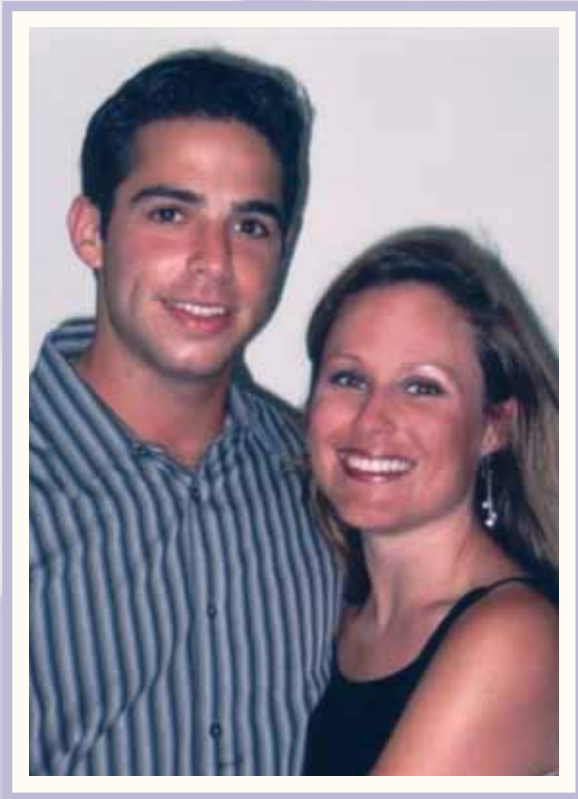
*You broke the news just yesterday,
Though I knew it was coming for some time.
It rips me apart to rationalize the way,
The initial thoughts of separation were mine.*

*Now I must begin the process of counting days,
As the weeks and months continue to pass us by.
For I can only pray our love doesn't fade,
Or doesn't get stolen by another guy.*

*I made you a promise that will always ring true,
Despite the distance between our lives.
In times of joy and sorrow, I can only turn to you,
For you're the one who knows all of my sides.*

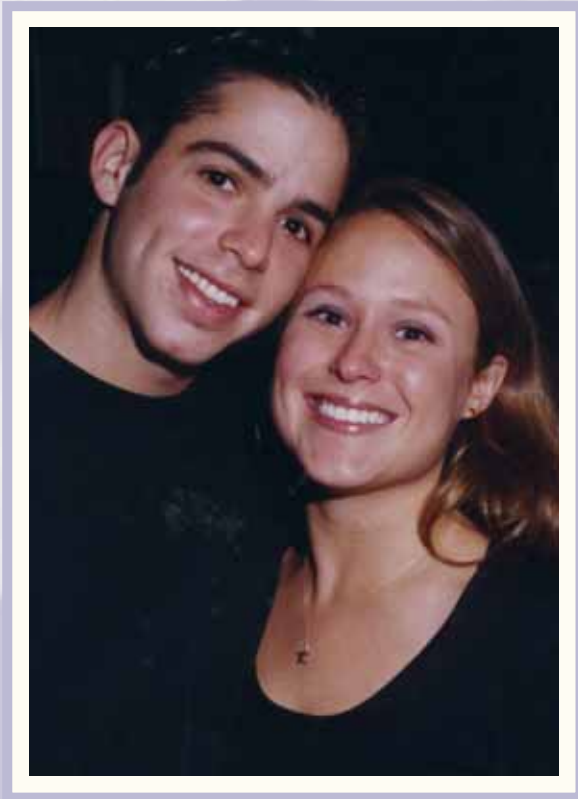
*I'll be counting days,
Even when all else fails.
I'll be counting days,
Knowing the strength of our bond will prevail.*

We'll be counting days,



*My love for you
will never cease to grow.*

We'll be counting days,



*The depth of my love
you will always know.*

*What will I do without my hot surfer chick?
What will you do without your dimple face?
The thought of not having you makes me sick,
And will certainly turn me into a basket case.*

*We have come to an important fork in the road,
And a decision has been made.*

*We must ensure a great love story will be told,
And the vision of "us" will never fade.*

I'll be counting days,

The days will turn into weeks and so on.

I'll be counting days,

All we can do is attempt to remain strong.

We'll be counting days,

My love for you will never cease to grow,

We'll be counting days,

The depth of my love you will always know.

She made me a better person, and gave me more love than any one person should ever deserve. I love her and will always love her. Our memories will always bring a smile to my face and a tear to my eye. I trust that I will live the rest of my life with her guidance. And I will be counting the days until I see her next.

Remember we are one big family.



We are all here for one another.

SPEECH BY KRISTIN HELMS MCDANIEL '95

Given in Upper School Chapel

Friday, November 12, 2004

Hi. My name is Kristin Helms McDaniel. I am a Tartan Alumna from the class of 1995. I also teach First Grade here at St. Margaret's. It is an honor to be with you this morning as we remember our friend and fellow Tartan Stefanie Canright.

I had the pleasure of knowing Stefanie for many years while we attended St. Margaret's. We were in the same plays together; we went to the same sporting events, dances, and community events. We saw each other a lot. Stefanie was a very talented woman. She was smart, beautiful, and had a wonderful personality.

In high school, she was an incredible athlete. She was an amazing volleyball player! I had the honor of being her teammate on both the Varsity Girls Basketball team and in track and field. Stefanie was a competitive athlete who was determined to play well. She was sensitive and kind, enthusiastic and funny, motivated and outgoing.

Stefanie loved St. Margaret's. She loved her friends. She loved her teachers, she loved her St. Margaret's Community, and we all loved her. I was overwhelmed with sadness when I heard of this terrible tragedy. Yesterday I was comforted by all of the love and support our community was offering during our prayer service. Alumni, teachers, friends and students poured into the church to pray for Stefanie and her family.

In the wake of this tragedy, please remember we are one big family. We are all here for one another. Comfort each other; talk to each other; remember the Canright family: Mark, Patty, Megan and Laura.

St. Margaret's has grown a great deal since Stefanie and I graduated: but as our community grows, so does our love and support for one another.

Honor Stefanie's memory by embracing our school like she did. Support your teams; support your theatre productions, your friends, your teachers. Be there for each other. Respect and love each other. Life is too short.

My petals brought happiness,



To everyone I knew.

LETTER FROM CANDACE ARSLANIAN

Stefanie's friend and co-worker

My dearest Stef, its hard to believe that your gone. We will never be able to hug you again, see that vibrant beautiful smile again or hear you laugh again. And as I stand here today and say good-bye to one of the most important people in our lives...If you can hear me Stef. We love you more than you will ever know...we miss you more than you will ever know...but understand...you will forever be in our hearts and somehow from up above you will be helping us become the person you were...the angel that blesses our lives.

The very first day I met her I was in awe of this beautiful warm vibrant California surfer girl. She was eager to start her career in New York, and by chance I met her..though she said it was fate and I was her long lost twin. I hired her immediately. And from that day forward we develop a bond, a relationship and a lasting friendship that is rare and difficult to find.

We spent many days and nights together laughing, crying, stuffing our faces with wine and cheese, talking about our hopes and dreams...discussing the loves of our lives.

Stef was my soulmate, my future maid of honor and the sister I never had. Her memories will live in me for the rest of my life. Boys may come and go...but the true bond of a girl and her best friend is everlasting.

I will never forget those silly little Stef words that had this infectious way of becoming part of ones vocabulary like... "brag-o-dor-ous-rexs", "holy crap dude", "mamma likes that", "can't deal dude" and my personal favorite "bad news bears" Stef was full of life and love. Whether you knew Stef intimately or as an acquaintance you were blessed to know someone so wonderful.

Mark and Patty I want to thank you for blessing us with Stef and to Laura and Megan for sharing her with us. I want you all to know I will be here for you as a friend... When ever you need a shoulder to lean on or an ear to chat or a story to share.

Lastly, I would like to share a quote from one of Stef's last letters to me "I miss you so much it's hard to think about" WELL Stef I miss you so much it's very hard to think about. I thank you for sharing you're life with me.

Until we meet again my dear friend Stef may God hold you in the palm of his hands...I love you...God bless.

Love and Big Fat Kisses...Candace

LETTER FROM SHAY AND JEAN
Stefanie's friends

On November 10, 2004



We gained a guardian angel.

If it is even possible to summarize Stefanie Canright in a few words, it would be that she gave 100% to everything she set her mind to. Stefanie always set an example for others to follow. Whether participating in Special Camp for Special Kids or organizing important events for her friends, she was always selfless and willing to be there.

Stefanie was never afraid to love. Many people were lucky to receive an "I Love You" from Stefanie during her 27 years; and whether she was 10 years old, 16, or 25 she truly meant it. This is the quality that everyone loved about her most - she wore her big, open heart on her sleeve.

Whether you knew Stefanie for 20 years or just a short time, you understood her priorities. Friends and family agree, the most important thing that they will remember about Stefanie was her complete dedication to the relationships in her life. Her family always came first, friends second, herself third - a priority list that never changed or wavered. She was an unforgettable combination of her father's humor, her mother's poise, Megan's free spirit, and Laura's genuine spirit.

Stefanie had friends from coast-to-coast. While she cherished her friendships from home, she continued to create life-long bonds wherever her journeys took her - Emory, Tri Delt sorority, New York City, Santa Barbara, and so many in between. Caring, detailed and meticulous, she was the kind of friend that would always remember your birthday and wouldn't hold it against you if you forgot hers.

It is fitting that Stefanie's memorial service be held at St. Margaret's, the church and school that helped nurture and develop her into the strong person that she was. Her educational career boasts numerous academic awards and accolades and her name is showcased in the gym for athletic achievements. Through her willingness to participate and plan alumni events, she continued her strong connection with the school long after graduation. In addition, the interest in science that Stefanie cultivated at St. Margaret's was realized in her most recent life decision to move back to California to pursue a career in pharmaceutical sales.

She looked forward to her future and all its possibilities. True to the Canright Family philosophy, she was a trail-blazer. She made every

Stefanie was never afraid to love.



*whether she was 10 years old,
16, or 25 she truly meant it.*

obstacle she encountered a new path of self discovery. She chose to move to New York City, then Santa Barbara, with only her and the support of those around her.

While her life was cut short at the age of 27, it brings peace to friends and family to know that she led a fulfilled and adventurous life. Stefanie was more than a Homecoming Queen, she was a caring daughter, sister, granddaughter, niece, cousin, friend, girlfriend and co-worker. For all that knew her, it is impossible not to have a memory of Stefanie making you laugh.

Stefanie would be honored and humbled to see the outpouring of love and support during this trying time for her family. She would ask her parents and sisters continue to live life as she did.

This world has not seen the last of Stefanie Canright, her imprint and spirit will continue to guide us throughout. As her friends and family prepare her memorial service, they want it only in the way Stefanie would want it – perfect. It is the type of homecoming this wonderful woman deserves, one fit for a queen.

Welcome Home Stefanie Erin Canright.

— Shay & Jean

November 18, 2004

Dear Patty,

My thoughts of course are with your entire family, but I address this letter to you because my mother said she spoke to you at your house this past weekend.

I wanted to share with you a letter Stefanie wrote me in our freshman year of high school together. I found it digging through a box of old things looking for my yearbooks the other night. In retrospect, I'm glad I kept it.

Like many of my classmates over the years, I at one time had a boyhood crush on Stefanie. How could I not? Your daughter exuded such charm and glow that she was the young girl everyone wanted to ask to the dance.

I wrote Stefanie a valentine letter in February, 1993 shortly after I had asked her to the Winter Formal. She politely declined, having already committed to go with a senior boy (it seems that us boys as lowerclassmen were always competing with the seniors for dates).

The enclosed letter was her response to me. Even though just in her early teens, Stefanie seemed to have a maturity that eluded many of us until much later. She could have brushed off the valentines and requests for dates that she got from all the boys, but she took the time to write letters like this one. I'm sure I wasn't the only one to get such a kind reply.

I was never a close friend of Stefanie's, but I knew her as a classmate for 11 years. She was always smiling, always laughing. I'm sure she is still.

I offer my condolences to you and the entire Canright family. The outpouring of community support at the memorial service yesterday shows that you do not feel this loss alone. You share it with all of us.

Warmest Regards,

Tom Canright

2/13/93

Dear David,
I really don't know what to say. I'm not good at these kinds of things! That valentine was the most beautiful thing I have read. I mean that truthfully. I don't know a lot about you, but you have a very special talent. That poem was something words could not describe. It took a lot to write something like that. Not many guys would do that. You have a special quality that you could only have. I never really knew how you felt about me - but let me tell you that you brought tears to my eyes. If I hurt you I never meant to do it, but like I said I'm not good at that kind of "stuff." Thank you for giving me something that I will treasure for the rest of my life! Don't ever change your beautiful talent.

♥ Always,
Stefanie
Canright

*She'll bring her charms to gladden you
and should her stay be brief,*



*You'll have her lovely memories
as solace for your grief.*

THY WILL BE DONE

*"I'll lend you for a little time a child of mine" He said,
For you to love the while she lives,
and mourn for when she's dead.*

*It may be six or seven years, or twenty-two or three,
But will you, till I call her back, take care of her for me?*

*She'll bring her charms to gladden you
and should her stay be brief,*

You'll have her lovely memories as solace for your grief.

I cannot promise she will stay, since all on earth return;

But there are lessons taught down there I want this child to learn.

*I've looked the wide world over in my search for teachers true,
And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes, I have selected you.*

Now will you give her all your love, nor think the labor vain,

Nor hate Me when I come to call, to take her back again?

I fancied that I heard them say,

"Dear Lord, Thy Will Be Done!"

For all the joy Thy child shall bring, the risk of grief we'll run,

We'll shelter her with tenderness we'll love her while we may,

And for the happiness we've known, forever grateful stay.

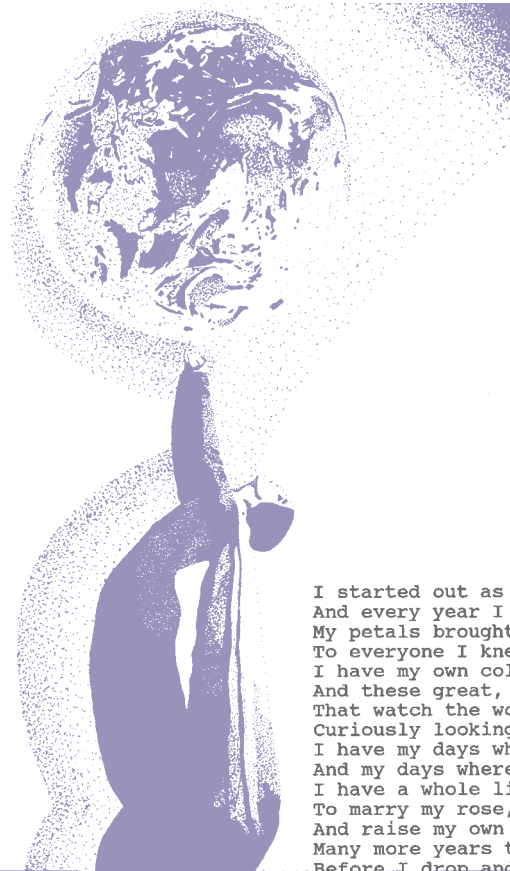
But should the angels call her much sooner than we've planned,

We'll brave the bitter grief that comes and try to understand."

Stefanie,



you are loved.



STEFANIE CANRIGHT
NOV. 15, 1992
ENGLISH F
POEM

I started out as a bud,
And every year I bloomed.
My petals brought happiness,
To everyone I knew.
I have my own color, shape, and size.
And these great, BIG, blue eyes,
That watch the world around me,
Curiously looking at the strange objects.
I have my days where I wilt and wither,
And my days where I shine, shine, shine.
I have a whole life ahead,
To marry my rose,
And raise my own little buds.
Many more years to come,
Before I drop-and quiver.

*Great use of symbol.
She always felt that the
rose is the most perfect
symbol. It is so multi
faceted, as are you.
15/15*

IN MEMORY OF STEFANIE

For information regarding the

Stefanie Canright Scholarship Fund,

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please visit the website at

www.stefaniescholarship.com