

Dear Ms. Klein,

I am not sure if you remember me or not but Gili was one of my closest friends at Lovett. My name was Lyla Bharucha. I came to your house a few times and I have vivid memories of playing with Gili in her room upstairs on her computer. She had created a quiz game based on her life. I remember going to the country club with you all to swim and then going to Ninfas. She spent the night at our house and got sick and you guys picked her up the next morning. She passed away when we were in Pakistan for my uncle's wedding. I still remember the phone call I got early in the morning in Karachi. I could not believe it. We came back to Houston the day she was laid to rest. I remember my mom and I going to the cemetery and no one was left there but I saw the beautiful tombstone with the picture in it. Gosh, I am almost 27 years old now and my memories of her are as alive as if it was just a few hours ago. I remember pushing her on the swings in my backyard and I have a note that she wrote me signed Gili Goat (which is what I used to call her...like Billy goat and she used to call me Layla). I'm sorry, I don't even know really why I am writing this. I have had many friends in my life but she has always remained in my heart. If you go to my house in Houston, You will see Gili's picture and note on my dresser. I would see her every day and remember our times together.

For a long time, I just wanted to come to your house and hug you and tell you how much Gili meant to me and how sorry I was but I was a scared little kid. I now want you to know that almost 16 years later, she is still and will always be in my heart.

I wish you the best in life and send my love,
Lyla