



LADY OF LIGHT

By Ursula Arceneaux Markey

**LADY OF LIGHT
SOFTLY YOU STEPPED
INTO THE PRISM OF MY SOUL
AND THERE YOU DANCED
UNTIL MY COLORS WERE RELEASED INSIDE
REFLECTING BRIGHTLY
JUST BEHIND MY EYES
SO MANY TRUTHS INTERNALIZED
MELTING THAT CRYSTAL SO COLD
WITH YOUR GLOW
NOW I FEEL WARMTH LOST INSIDE
UNFOLD**

**STAY HERE WITH ME NOW
LET ME SAY WHAT I SEE NOW
I'VE REALIZED
YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN
JUST HOW I FEEL
HOW YOU BRIGHTEN MY LIFE
PLEASE BELIEVE WHAT I SAY
THANK YOU FOR YOUR FAITH IN ME
FOR THE QUIET STRENGTH YOU SHARE WITH ME
YOUR TOUCH ... YOUR LOVE**

**LADY OF LIGHT
SOFTLY YOU STEPPED
INTO THE PRISM OF MY SOUL
AND THERE YOU DANCED
UNTIL MY COLORS WERE RELEASED INSIDE
REFLECTING BRIGHTLY
JUST BEHIND MY EYES
HOW MUCH YOUR LIGHT HAS
LET ME GROW
LEARN WHAT'S IMPORTANT TO KNOW
YOUNG OR OLD
TO LET THE WARMTH FOUND INSIDE
UNFOLD**

We Thank God for His Blessed Gift... Ursula



Ursula's Story

Ursula Markey, wife, mother, sister, artist, advocate, teacher, and friend passed away on December 22, 2008 at the age of 62.

Ursula's gifts, talents, generosity and love touched many. She was not only a wife to her husband, D.J. for 38 years, she was his best friend. As a mother, she fought relentlessly to ensure that both her sons, Duane and Teiko would have a fair and equal opportunity for success in the New Orleans school system and life. This personal fight for her family led to a long history in social justice endeavors in both the civil rights and the disability rights movement. As Co-Founder and Co-Director of Pyramid Parent Community Resource Center in New Orleans, she was nationally recognized for successfully promoting awareness of the issues confronting families in under-served communities.

As an artist, she could be found many sunny afternoons on her back deck painting familiar faces and local places and as a writer, many may be surprised to learn that before writing grants, she wrote poetry and romance novels. She also encouraged others to develop their creative skills and abilities. She painted many beautiful pieces and did themed series of paintings. One series depicted people she knew well and thought highly of as saints with golden auras. The last series she was working on up to the end was inspired by what was lost in the floods and depicted scenes from the seventh ward she and her siblings grew up in.

To her many nieces and nephews, she was and always will be Aunt T. To this group, and others, she was a sounding board--a person you could tell your secrets to, share laughs with and whose shoulder you could cry on. She made each person she spent time with feel special and gave them her undivided attention, even when there were countless things and deadlines ahead of her. She was both the official nick name giver and the gatekeeper to the family, interviewing potential spouses for final approval before any vows could be exchanged. She gave them culture by gifting them with books, tickets to plays, and taking her nieces to the ballet, but most importantly, she motivated them to be their very best.

It is important to talk about Ursula's sense of humor. It made light of heavy moments and made light moments delightful. To the end she exhibited a sometimes unexpected and often funny response to things. One of her favorite topics leading up to the November election was Barak Obama. She had read his books. She was inspired. She taunted during the primary, "Every time she (Hillary Clinton) says something that makes me mad, I get on the computer and hit that \$25 button for Obama." With the campaign against McCain, she upped it to \$50. Even her activism was humor tinged. When election day came, Ursula was really ill, but so determined to vote that she went down her steps, one at a time, on her bottom.

She will be missed.