

Lizzie's Guestbook



May Your Strength Give Us Strength *posted by Mike Lundblad on Thursday, August 10th, 10:01am*

From Bruce Springsteen's "Into the Fire" (2002): The sky was falling and streaked with blood. I heard you calling me then you disappeared into the dust. Up the stairs, into the fire. Up the stairs, into the fire. I need your kiss, but love and duty called you someplace higher. Somewhere up the stairs into the fire. May your strength give us strength. May your faith give us faith. May your hope give us hope. May your love give us love.

10K for Team Lizzie in D.C. *posted by Mike Lundblad on Monday,*

June 19th, 8:52am

Registration is closed for the D.C. Marathon, but you can still register for the 10K that's part of the same event. Let me know if you're interested in running with Team Lizzie: email me at mike@metacancer.org

Run the D.C. Marathon for Team Lizzie! *posted by Mike Lundblad on Tuesday, May 23rd, 8:40am*

Registration is now open for the Marine Corps Marathon in Washington, D.C., October 29th, 2006. I'll be running for Team Lizzie, and I'd love for you to join me. Email me at mike@metacancer.org if you're interested.

Team Lizzie *posted by Milena Alberti on Tuesday, May 9th, 6:50pm*

A group of us from Penn participated in the Revlon Run/Walk against women's cancer this past weekend in honor of Lizzie. We formed a Team Lizzie and printed up T-shirts that Mindy designed that said HEAR ME ROAR on the front and "Team Lizzie" and "Metacancer.org" on the back. Sixteen of us walked and we raised sixteen thousand dollars in her honor. What was most amazing to me was how many people were wearing "in memory of" or "xx years cancer free" on their backs. Such a mix of sadness and survival, but that is what this disease brings. I was also touched by how many people donated -- it wasn't just sixteen of us walking, it was also the hundreds of people that gave \$5, \$50 or \$500 in Lizzie's honor that made the day special and helped us make a difference in eradicating this epidemic. There is not a day that goes by that I don't think of Lizzie and her grace, smarts and kindness, but now all I can do is honor her memory, so that's what I'll keep doing.

Childhood Memory *posted by Seth Prostic on Tuesday, May 9th, 4:50pm*

One of the images I have of Lizzie is from when she was only two or three years old. One day around dinner time, she went to her room for a minute and then came back wearing nothing but underpants—one pair on her bottom and about six pairs on her head. As she appeared in her special outfit, she giggled hysterically—knowing at a young age how silly she was being. Needless to say, all of us laughed at her cute and funny display. Even as she got older, Lizzie never lost the ability to laugh at herself—or to bring a smile to our faces through her wit, charm and humor.

Inspiration *posted by Amy P. Kelly on Tuesday, May 9th, 1:13pm*

My mother died of pancreatic cancer on Thanksgiving of 2003. I am overjoyed to see other family members honor the people we loved that fought such a horrific disease. What a wonderful tribute to Lizzie and what an inspiration to everyone (patients and family members and friends)

Typical Lizzie *posted by Edward Prostic on Sunday, April 16th, 1:37pm*

Each of us has unique and special memories of Elizabeth. One that is known to only a few of us is from a road trip to national parks that we used to take as a family (with Merry, Liz, and Laura almost constantly teasing me). We were in Utah and had seen several great parks. Another that I wanted to see at sunset was Great Horse State Park. Elizabeth took over the wheel and was heading for the park at a brisk (speeding) pace when I told her to slow down, the park could be missed. She was relentless as usual and sped up, getting us to the park just in time for the sunset. The park is similar in appearance to the Badlands with tremendous erosion. The sun casting shadows at dawn and at sunset is spectacular, even for someone as color-blind as I. This is just one more example of how much our girl packed into her short life.

Lizzie *posted by Gabbie Fried on Friday, April 14th, 8:13pm*

Lizzie is my role model. She was an actress, she danced and did plays, She was very into politics and did everything I want to be. She always had a optimistic attitude even in the hardest of times. Though Lizzie was only in my life for eleven years, she will always be a good role model for me.

Thank you *posted by Laura Perna on Friday, April 14th, 1:27pm*

...for the reminder of how precious this life is and how we can all make a difference. I am a friend of Jennifer Broder's and appreciate the opportunity to be a donor for this endeavor. I wish I had known Lizzie, but feel as if I've begun to from all of the memories you have shared.

Unforgettable *posted by Laura Prostic on Friday, April 14th, 11:47am*

Although Lizzie was much older and we rarely lived together, it was important for her to be VERY involved in my life. Looking back on many of my key experiences, Lizzie was there. She taught me how to harmonize with the telephone,(attempt to) tap dance, not to mention plenty of more embarrassing life lessons. Even though we did not see each other regularly then, she was a part of everything I did. This does not change now. Just as I used to ask myself, "What would Lizzie do" when I could not reach her on the phone, I continue to do so now. For she is a part of me and will forever remain my sister and inspiration.

Guestbook *posted by Mike Lundblad on Wednesday, April 12th, 9:16pm*

Just wondering if anyone else is finding this guestbook; I'd love to see you post a quick message if you have time. Nothing elaborate required. Thanks, Mike.

Red Shoes *posted by Jo Gann on Tuesday, April 4th, 7:09pm*

I worked with Lizzie on a project at Department of Commerce. I was always impressed with her intelligence, grace, charm, and, of course, that million dollar smile. She was one of the best people I have ever worked with. I was just reminded of her today -- I saw a woman walking down the street with red shoes and thought of a casual conversation I had with Lizzie. I had complimented her shoes, and she beamed and said "every woman should have a pair of red shoes." She's so right! I will never again see red shoes that I don't think of her. I recently found out that I have breast cancer again (after 17 years in remission) - one of the first things I did was go out and buy a pair of red shoes! I plan to wear them regularly, in memory of Lizzie, and because every woman has to have a pair of red shoes.

Beating to her own drum *posted by Merry Prostic on Monday, April 3rd, 9:16am*

A special and fond memory that shows Elizabeth's true nature and spirit was shown to us when she was eight years old and proudly practiced and rehearsed diligently for her very important role as an angel in the Nutcracker. After a month or more of carpooling with her two-week old baby sister, the show was ready for the opening night performance. She was professionally dressed, made-up and coiffed to perform as a special dancer with the Kansas City Ballet. The theatre was dark and the special lights went on, featuring ten little angels in their green costumes and halos. Their dance was a two minute routine led by Lizzie P. A few circles and off they go--Lizzie went one way and the others went their way. It did receive applause and audience chuckles, but we knew our little angel would always beat to her own drum, make her own decisions and dance her way throughout our lives. We just were not ready to let her go...

MetaCancer.org *posted by Rita Blitt on Friday, March 31st, 4:02pm*

I am honored to have my art work on this site and to share with Mike in celebrating the life of wonderful Lizzie. I'll never forget Lizzie's sincere interest in finding out all about my husband, daughter and granddaughter when last we spoke. Good Luck on this venture! Rita Blitt

Welcome to Lizzie's Guestbook *posted by Mike Lundblad on Friday, March 31st, 10:08am*

Please sign this guestbook as often as you like. Feel free to share memories of Lizzie here, or write about times when you think of her, or tell us things you are doing in her honor. My hope is that this guestbook will be an ongoing forum for remembering the phenomenal woman that all of us knew and loved. A good memory for today: sitting in the stands of Franklin Field at Penn with Lizzie, two years ago, for her sister Laura's graduation. Lizzie was so proud of her baby sister, so determined to be there for the graduation, even though she was nine-months pregnant. We had it all figured out, just in case Harper decided to meet her Aunt Laura a little early, in Philly instead of D.C. I remember watching Lizzie carefully pick her way back to her seat after going to the bathroom (all that pressure from Harper), and then sitting down in the stands with the rest of the family that meant so very much to her. Lizzie was rolling her eyes at how long the procession was taking while cracking jokes about her water breaking on the spot. I remember that low chuckle of hers. And how proud she was. Proud of her sister, proud of her family, and proud thinking about Harper meeting them all soon. But not too soon. At least not until after Bono gave the commencement address.