

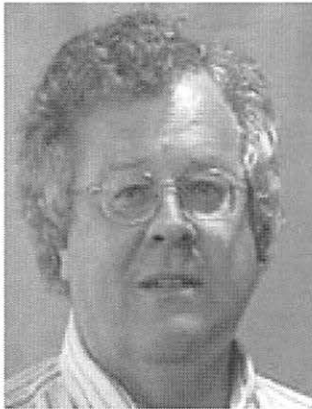
From the President

Peter Liddell
University of Victoria

Dear Readers

There can be only one topic at this time.

To a life well-lived



The past few months have been clouded by the illness and death of one of IALLT's defining spirits. Ursula Williams had a strength and vitality, humor and enthusiasm that energized the association in ways we are only now fully able to appreciate, as we lose her. Happily, she was able to learn that IALLT awarded her its Lifetime Achievement Award in recognition of her long career in this profession. That she was also a gifted, savvy presenter and mentor is evident in many of the messages placed on the blog that was set up for her last few weeks at: <http://blogs.brown.edu/user/ursula/> This issue of the Journal contains a more formal obituary of Ursula, a token of our appreciation which we hope will both acknowledge our gratitude for her commitment to our profession, and bring a measure of comfort to her family.

Several IALLT colleagues travelled to South Bend for the very well-attended memorial service, which was held in the impressive basilica of Notre Dame University. There, they heard from the family that one of Ursula's last regrets was that she would not be able to become President of IALLT next year, at our 2005 conference, in Provo, Utah. That privilege will belong to the new President-Elect, whom we are now seeking in an emergency election. At the 2005 conference we will also look forward to seeing the first recipients of the newly re-named Ursula Williams Graduate Student Conference Grant.

To finish on a more personal note, I would like to say that it was a privilege to have known Ursula for the past 10 years, and a pleasure. Ursula's mischievous moments could put a twist in anybody's tail – as when, after letting me persuade her to chair an international panel at FLEAT III, she let everyone speak, then announced (without a hint of warning) that I would now respond to those papers. Sweet revenge. And every one of us who knew her will miss her in our own ways. ♦

in sorrow,
Peter Liddell

