



## **LESLIE SMALYGO IS RUNNING FOR LT. COL. ELIZABETH BOBB**

Elizabeth Bobb, formerly of Strafford, passed away much too young after a battle with lung cancer on October 20, 2014. She was 57 years old. Liz graduated from Conestoga High School in 1975 and the University of Delaware in 1979, where she was an active member of the ROTC. Liz had an illustrious career in the Army, rising to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. She and her husband, Frank Bash, lived for the past 5 years in Suffolk, Virginia and she was based at Fort Eustis. In addition to her career, Liz was a passionate lover of animals. She had two amazing dogs, Smartie and Rocky, and six cats. All but one of her pets was a rescue animal because she believed that every dog and cat deserved to be loved. However, most important to Liz was her family. She was truly devoted to her husband Frank, her stepchildren, Kristin, Richard, Colleen, Andrew and Sarah, her sisters Leslie and Rosanne, and her nieces and nephews, Aaron, Deborah, Leah, Brad, Jay and Allyson. Her greatest joy was spending time with her loved ones. Interment will take place at Arlington National Cemetery on Dec. 2, 2014 at 11am.



**Lt. Colonel Elizabeth Bobb**

My sister, Liz, my friend, my good good friend. It's so hard today I am beyond sad. It is so tragic, my sister's life was taken from her when she had so much more to do, so much more to live, and to laugh and to love.

As you may know, Liz had an illustrious career. She rose to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Army. She was respected as an outstanding soldier and officer; she served in bases within the United States Monterey, California, Washington, DC, San Antonio, Texas and Norfolk, Virginia and internationally in Korea. Recently, she worked on projects including the study of soldier resilience and honoring the achievements of women in the military.



But, Liz had many other aspects that made her such a unique and wonderful person. I would like to provide just a glimpse into who she was. Liz was a very colorful figure. In some ways, she seemed like the most unlikely Army officer. She loved beautiful clothes, jewelry and make-up. In her twenties, when she was in basic training, they were required to be out in the field by five am. Liz would get up at three am just to ensure that her make-up was applied correctly. Liz was tough but also elegant. She jumped out of airplanes and completed hikes through treacherous terrains in Korea but she always maintained an amazing style and grace.

Liz truly loved her family. She was devoted to her husband, his children, my sister Rosanne and me and her nieces and nephews. My daughters, Deb and Leah, spent many fun hours with her when they were young. They would take long walks around the park and go on shopping sprees at the King of Prussia Mall. One especially fond memory of Deb, Leah, and myself was when Liz found a duck with ducklings on the side of the road. She nurtured them, went to the specialized pet store to get the right food and was able to get them well enough to let them free in a nearby pond. All of her cats and dogs provided her with an incredible amount of love and joy.

Liz's love of animals was legendary. Our mom used to tell stories about how she used to spot cats in the neighborhood and would literally chase them just so that she could be close to them. Liz always had cats in her life and they always had original names Sophie, Lucky (who was a tiny kitten that was found under someone's car by Deb and her friends Kathy and Rebecca), Snowbell, Sapphire, Linus, Lilly, Jazzy among others. She also had two dogs Smarty and Rocky that she adored. Liz was kind and loving towards all the pets in her life and they provided each other with lots and lots of love and joy.

But, more than just a successful officer, shopper and animal lover, Liz was a wonderful sister and friend to me. I counted on Liz and she counted on me. Until May twenty-eighth of this year when she passed away, our mom lived at the Sunrise Assisted Living facility in Yonkers for three years. I used to stop by to see my mom every morning on the way to work so that I could say hi and check in on her. Liz would call me every morning during those three years that our mom was at Sunrise, Liz would ask the usual questions: How was mother today? (we used to call her mother), did she sleep well?, did she eat her breakfast?, Is she wearing a nice outfit?, does she seem happy?. After we reviewed our mom's condition, Liz asked about my children, Aaron, Deb and Leah were they doing ok? What was new in their school or their job?, and of course, were they interested and/or dating anyone?.



Then we talked about our lives, our jobs, our worries, etc. I love these talks and I miss them so much. I also loved when Liz and Frank came to visit. Liz was full of life and full of love for her family. It gave her no greater joy than to spend time with her sisters, nieces and nephews, she relished celebrations and special events. At Leah's graduation at Brandies just last May, Liz arrived early for the ceremony, not wanting to miss any second of the time with her family or any second of the ceremony. She beamed with pride as Leah walked in with the procession as she also beamed with pride as she bragged about her nieces Deb, Leah and Allyson and her nephews - Brad, Jay and Aaron.

When you lose a sibling, you lose a part of yourself. You lose shared memories of growing up with the same parents, the fights over whose turn it was to do the dishes or take out the garbage. You lose shared memories of Saturday mornings being woken up at eight am to rake a ridiculous amount of oak leaves that fell throughout the fall months. You lose memories of cheering for each other during swim meets, faces covered with powdered jello (we used to believe that powdered jello was a source of energy food) while Liz swam her heart out in breast stroke and Rosanne was equally awesome in backstroke. Growing up with siblings teaches us to understand different personalities and learn how to appreciate them. It is a life long learning experience. Rosanne and I have had our loving and growing relationship with our sister Liz cut tragically short.

Liz was taken from us much, much, much too soon. I will miss her so much- I already do.



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