

I met Sandi in North Carolina in the late '70s when she was writing her dissertation and I was a post-doc in Carol Stack's program. Not long after I got there Carol said, "you gotta meet Sandi." The person I met was a dynamo, a true centerwoman kind of leader—someone who builds and articulates consensus and leads by example.

One early example: A consortium of senior feminists from Duke & UNC who won the competition for editing *Signs* (1985-1990), they put Sandi, a newly minted PhD, on the editorial board. And Sandi made it clear that her agenda was to make *Signs* a voice for multiracial feminist perspectives. Despite the fact that she was the most academically vulnerable, Sandi organized her seniors and led that battle-- by example and by building a strong and inclusive group to take on a resistant editor. Before I came here I dug up my old correspondence from that fight and relived how much of a fight it took to publish the *Signs* 1989 special issue, **Common grounds and crossroads: race, ethnicity, and class in women's lives**.

Building strong coalitions and fighting like hell—that's been Sandi's style ever since.

Fast forward to 2003: Sandi's at UO, and my partner and I buy a house on a river close to Eugene—not least because Sandi's there. Til then our friendship center had been mainly work and politics--and Sandi's beloved Margaritas—after 2003 it grew to being intentional family, having kayak therapy on the river, chocolate, and more margaritas, and after she was diagnosed with ovarian cancer, chemotherapy.

Throughout her cancer ordeal, Sandi lived as passionately and as purposefully as she lived the rest of her life. She became an activist for ovarian cancer research, and she became amazingly well-informed about the state of research and medical trials. After she'd run out of treatment options, she sought out clinical trials. I went with her to meet with an oncologist whose clinical trial seemed like her last option. I've never met someone who held her own so well with a doc (true he was a pretty good guy). Sandi'd done serious homework and managed to bring him into a thoughtful and collaborative conversation where they were both peer professionals. Sandi could do that sort of thing really well.

In losing Sandi we've lost someone who never let us forget why we're doing what we do and who had the energy and charisma to bring us all together to do it better.

— Karen Brodtkin, UCLA