

Loving Tributes

A TRIBUTE TO MY TWIN, LATISHA

LaTisha was not just my sister — she was my mirror, my first friend, and the only person in this world who shared my very first heartbeat. From April 13, 1976, we entered this life together. We learned the world side by side. We grew, stumbled, laughed, and dreamed — together.

Being a twin is a bond that cannot be explained, only felt. It is a connection beyond words, beyond distance, beyond time. Tisha knew me in ways no one else ever could. She understood my silence. She felt my joy. She carried my pain as I carried hers. We were two individuals, yet always one soul tied by something deeper than DNA.

Tisha had a presence that could not be ignored. She loved fiercely. She felt deeply. She showed up for the people she loved. Her laughter had a way of filling a room, and her strength carried more weight than most ever knew. She was resilient. She was complex. She was beautiful — inside and out.

Losing her feels like losing a part of myself. There is an emptiness that words cannot capture. But even in this unimaginable grief, I am grateful. Grateful that I had her. Grateful that I shared 49 years of life with someone who knew me from the inside out. Grateful for every memory, every late-night conversation, every shared look across a room that only we understood.

There is a space in me that only you filled. A rhythm in my life that beat in sync with yours. Though I cannot see you or hold your hand the way I always have, I will carry you with me in everything I do. In every milestone. In every memory. In every April 13th sunrise.

You are not just my twin — you are part of my soul.

You were my beginning.
You are my forever.

Until we are together again,

Forever Dr. Diva & Ms. Outlaw