IN LOVING MEMORY OF

ZIDANE
SOLEIL RAINBOW
KNIGHT

SUNRISE: 15 JUL 2001
SUNSET: 5 SEP 2026

Wesley Methodist Church
Basseterre, St. Kitts-Nevis

15 October 2026

Tributes 12:30 PM
Service 1:30 PM

Officiating Ministers:
Rev. Derek C. O. Browne
Rev. Vernon Liburd

Organist
Dr. Lousia Lawrence

May Her Soul Rest in Eternal Peace



For digital photos, tributes and more, visit:
www.keepremember.ing/Zidane
We remember her with joy

Elegance Beyond Words

Her smile beamed easy like the morning,
Her words sang a melody through the air,
Her footsteps danced with effortless grace,
Leaving beauty lingering everywhere.

A striking portrait of radiant light,
A graceful motion tender and free,
Where every gesture became an art,
And every moment breathed harmony.

Zidane was poetry beyond the page,
A living expression of beauty and light—
Art in motion, grace in form,
A quiet masterpiece in clear sight.

We shall remember her.

Aunty Shari

TRIBUTES

Basseterre High School
NuAge Productions
Poem - You Are My Sunshine
CFBC Literary & Debating Society
Jonel Powell
Chloe Thompson
The Blood that Jesus Shed for Me

ORDER OF SERVICE

Opening Sentences		
Hymn	***Here I Am, Lord*** *(VIP 455)*	
Prayer		
Declaration of Purpose		
Dance Tribute		Poise SKN
Scripture Reading	***Psalm 139:1–12***	Muriel Thompson
Family Rendition		
Eulogy		Kimi-Lee Knight
Musical Tribute		Kimi-Lee Knight & Issa Kamaal
Choral Tribute	***Strength*** *(Bridget Blucher)*	Sunbeam Choir
Father's Tribute		Stanley Knight
Offertory Hymn	***My Life Is in Your Hands***	
Scripture Reading	***Ecclesiastes 11:7–10***	Charlize Knight
Choral Item		Wesley Senior Choir
Gospel Reading	***Matthew 11:28–30***	
Hymn	***And Can It Be ?*** *(VIP 188)*	
Pastoral Message		
Apostles' Creed		
Prayer for the Family		
Prayer of Thanksgiving		Rev. Vernon Liburd
Commendation		
Lord's Prayer (sung)		
Benediction		
Recessional Hymn	***We're Marching to Zion*** *(VIP 238)*	

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Psalm 139:1–12

O LORD, you have searched me and known me.
You know when I sit down and when I rise up; you discern my thoughts from far away.
You search out my path and my lying down, and are acquainted with all my ways.
Even before a word is on my tongue, O LORD, you know it completely.
You hem me in, behind and before, and lay your hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is so high that I cannot attain it.
Where can I go from your spirit? Or where can I flee from your presence?
If I ascend to heaven, you are there; if I make my bed in Sheol, you are there.
If I take the wings of the morning and settle at the farthest limits of the sea,
even there your hand shall lead me, and your right hand shall hold me fast.
If I say, 'Surely the darkness shall cover me, and the light around me become night',
Even the darkness is not dark to you; the night is as bright as the day, for darkness is as light to you.

Ecclesiastes 11:7–10

Light is sweet, and it is pleasant for the eyes to see the sun.
Even those who live many years should rejoice in them all; yet let them remember that the days of darkness will be many. All that comes is vanity.
Rejoice, young man, while you are young, and let your heart cheer you in the days of your youth. Follow the inclination of your heart and the desire of your eyes, but know that for all these things God will bring you into judgment.
Banish anxiety from your mind, and put away pain from your body; for youth and the dawn of life are vanity.

Matthew 11:28–30

"Come to me, all you that are weary and are carrying heavy burdens, and I will give you rest.
Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me; for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls.
For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

APOSTLES CREED

I believe in God, the Father Almighty,
Maker of heaven and earth:
And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord,
Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost,
Born of the Virgin Mary,
Suffered under Pontius Pilate,
Was crucified, dead, and buried;
He descended into hell;
The third day he rose again from the dead;
He ascended into heaven,
And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty;
From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Ghost,
The holy catholic Church,
The communion of saints,
The forgiveness of sins,
The resurrection of the body,
And the life everlasting. *Amen*.

HYMNS

HERE I AM, LORD

I, the Lord of sea and sky
I have heard my people cry
All who dwell in dark and sin
My hand will save

Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord?
I have heard you calling in the night
I will go, Lord, if you lead me
I will hold your people in my heart

I, who made the stars of night
I will make their darkness bright
Who will bear my light to them?
Whom shall I send?
I, the Lord of snow and rain
I have borne my people's pain
I have wept for love of them
They turn away

I will break their hearts of stone
Give them hearts for love alone
I will speak my words to them
Whom shall I send?

I, the Lord of wind and flame
I will tend the poor and lame
I will set a feast for them
My hand will save

Finest bread I will provide
'Til their hearts be satisfied
I will give my life to them
Whom shall I send?

MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS

You don't have to worry
And don't you be afraid
Joy comes in the morning
Troubles they don't last always
For there's a friend in Jesus
Who will wipe your tears away
And if your heart is broken
Just lift your hands and say

I know that I can make it
I know that I can stand
No matter what may come my way
My life is in your hands
With Jesus I can take it
With Him I know I can stand
No matter what may come my way
My life is in your hands

So when your tests and trials
They seem to get you down
And all your friends and loved ones
Are nowhere to be found
Remember there's a friend in Jesus
Who will wipe your tears away
And if you heart is broken
Just lift your hands and say

WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION

Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful, Zion:
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God:
But children of the heav'nly King,
Shall speak their joys abroad.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets;
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

AND CAN IT BE

And can it be that I should gain
An int'rest in the Savior's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

Amazing love! How can it be
That Thou, my God, should die for me!

Tis mystery all! Th'Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the firstborn seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine!
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite His grace;
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me.

Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free;
I rose, went forth and followed Thee

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th'eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

FAMILY MEMBERS

Grandparents

Alexis St. Rose Knight† and Pearline Knight† · *George Leroy 'Lee' Liburd† and Ruth Liburd†*

Parents

Stanley Knight and Tessa Liburd-Knight

Sister

Kimi-Lee Alexa Knight

Uncles and Aunts

Ira Patrick Knight · Dennis 'Freddie' Knight and Ionie Knight · Ian Knight and Vancelyn Knight · Gairy Knight and Vesha Knight · Gene Knight and Elizabeth Knight · Kaye Knight · Sharon Bradshaw and Derek Bradshaw†

Douval 'Vincent' Ottley† and Dorcas Ottley · Claristine 'Meredith' Duncan and Malcolm Duncan · Ralph Ottley and Loreen Ottley · Emmontine Thompson · Reynold Ottley · Franklyn 'Arkee' Liburd and Monique Liburd · Sylvester Liburd and Bernadette Prentice · Rev. Vernon 'Teddy' Liburd and Eunelda Liburd · Brem Liburd and Sandra Liburd · Kenneth 'Mol' Liburd and Ciciley Liburd · Glenda 'June' Browne and Livingston Browne · Marva Bradshaw · Dr. Joycelyn Pennyfeather

Cousins

Aaron Knight · Leanne Knight · Dennis André Knight · Danika Knight · Charlize Knight · Meleina Knight · Gershon Knight · Benjamin Knight · Devron Hazel · Stetson Hazel · Etega "Addis" Bradshaw · Claudia Ottley · Tamisha Rogers · Desery Tyson · Dorson Ottley · Roxann Webbe · Diandre Ottley · Malcolm Duncan Jr. · Natashua Tolbert · Shem Duncan · Shi-nelka Raquel Ottley · Lenore Thompson† · Muriel "Barba" Thompson · William Elijah Thompson · Esha Thompson · Dr. Elisha Thompson · Israel Thompson · Mary Thompson-Harris · Bernesta Liburd · Isaiah Liburd · Seth Liburd · Micaiah Liburd · Breandra Liburd · Raheem Browne · Kenesha Liburd · Ozalea McPherson · Keanie Browne · Nicholan Browne

Chloe Thompson · Dennisia Clarke · Sy'nijah Bradshaw · Dyman Hazel · Devron Hazel Jr. · Amiyah Hazel · Ayden Hazel · Kaori Hazel

Godparents

Rev. Stacia Christmas · Desmond "Desi" Stevens · Randerleen Phillip · Kirsten Downer · Dwight Simmonds · Leon Charles · Craig Connor · Danielle Wiggins · Jackie Mitchell

Beloved Family Pets

Spikey† · Deku

Members of Her Community

Jabou Dolphin · Dr. JoeAnn Davis · Abion Stevens · Micah Crossman · Whitnie Collins · Daryl Grant · Xavier-Jon Bass · Devonna Williams · Najia Williams

Basseterre High School *(Class of 2018)* · Poise SKN · Learning and Empowerment through the Arts Programme (LEAP) · Clarence Fitzroy Bryant College Literary & Debating Society · Embassy of Saint Kitts and Nevis in the Republic of China (Taiwan)

She is related to the Knight, Liburd, Herbert, Webbe, Thompson and Fredrick families












TRIBUTES





EULOGY

read by Zidane's sister, Kimi-Lee Knight

In Taiwan, people speak of a name's yùyì: the meaning and hope carried within it. They believe that a child's name is the first and greatest gift a parent can give. Zidane loved her name. She practised its long signature diligently, drawing in a sun and a rainbow, and explained to anyone who asked that it meant sunshine and rainbows. **It is fitting, then, to remember her through her names: the prayers our parents wished she would to carry though life.**

Zidane

When our mother was pregnant, one particularly strong kick knocked a book from her belly, and our parents decided the child would be named after a footballer. They chose the most diligent one they could find: Zinedine Zidane.
Our Zidane lived up to that name. She graduated as valedictorian of Maurice Hillier Memorial Junior School, and in 2018 as Basseterre High School's and the nation's top CSEC performer, with thirteen Grade Ones that year. At the Clarence Fitzroy Bryant College, she graduated summa cum laude and ranked first nationally in six CAPE units. She then joined the Department of Statistics, where she helped prepare the country's first full report on environment statistics. Her ambitions reached far beyond home, and through early mornings and late nights she earned the Taiwan Ministry of Foreign Affairs scholarship that would take her halfway around the world.

Soleil

Many who knew her focus never knew that Zidane struggled to process spoken language. She needed to see your face when you spoke and insisted on subtitles. She was reading lips, working to keep up.
That difficulty began in infancy. At six months old, during an outbreak of meningitis on St. Kitts, she lay for six days with a fever over 104 degrees while our parents were prepared for her passing. Then, one Friday, she looked up and smiled. It was as though the sunshine had come back into the room.
Soleil, the French word for sunshine, was her second name, and that sunshine stayed with her. It showed in her warmth and in her refusal to stand by in the face of injustice. When she had the opportunity to address the Ministers of Education of the Eastern Caribbean, she spoke about the need for better counselling and mental health support in high schools. She cared about what other young people were going through, and gave her time, her voice and her hands to help them.

Rainbow

The little girl who was late to walk and late to talk grew into a dancer, an actress and a teacher. In 2017, she represented St. Kitts and Nevis as a dance delegate at CARIFESTA in Barbados. In December 2019, she became a dance teacher at Poise SKN, teaching children from three to twelve and choreographing their recitals. The girl who had taken so long to find her feet spent her life helping others find theirs. Rainbow: a promise of hope.

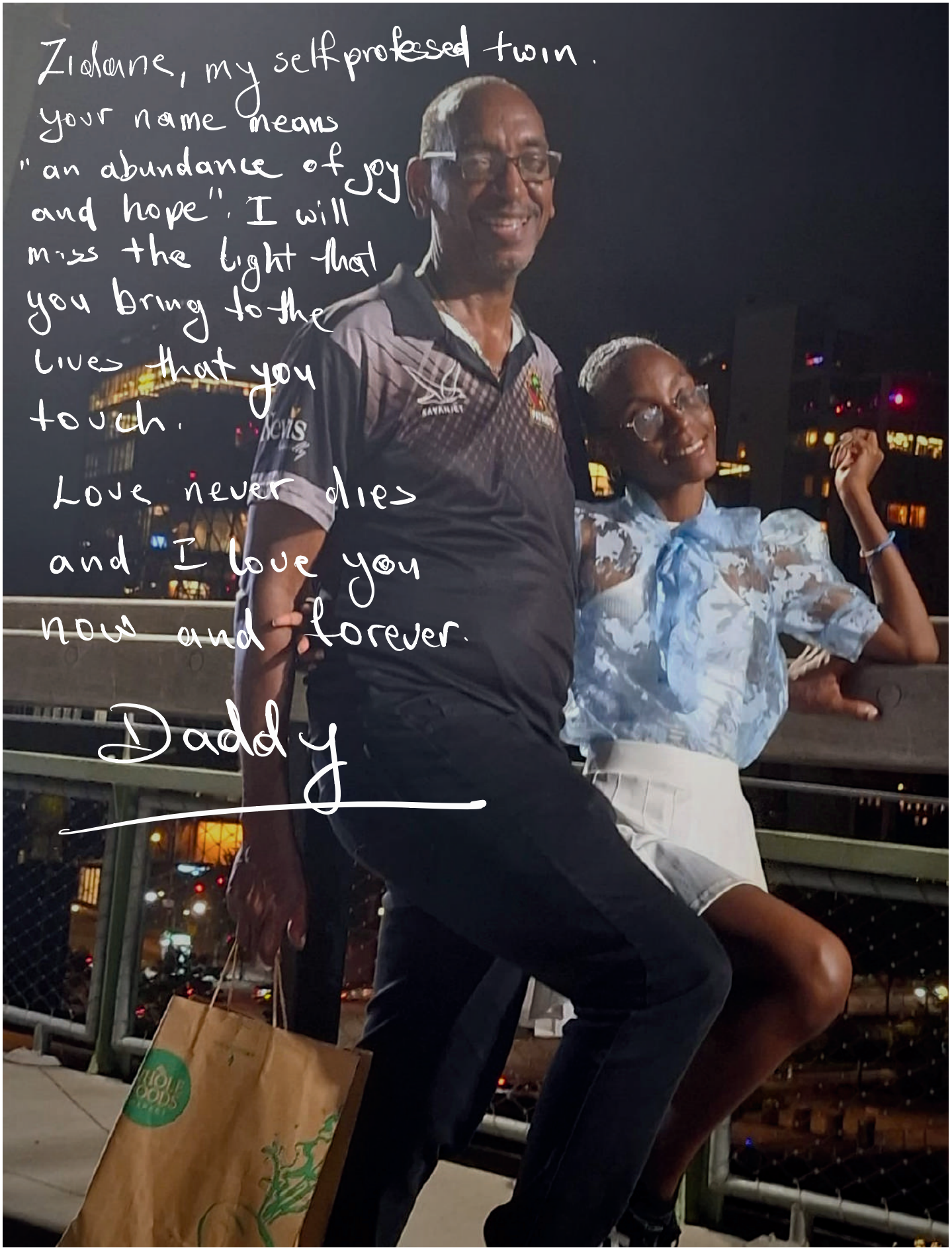
士紫丹

In Taiwan, Zidane took another name, chosen by our cousin Diandre: Shi Zi Dan, 士紫丹. Shi was fitting for the scholars in our family; Zi brought purple and Dan brought red, colours of healing and prosperity, and another echo of the Rainbow our parents named her after.
She studied Mandarin at National Taiwan Normal University, then joined the Department of Mechanical Engineering at National Taiwan University, where she studied combustion engineering while taking graduate-level economics courses. She loved Taiwan and the freedom it gave her. She explored its night markets, became known by name among the elderly people exercising in its parks at dawn, and made friends from around the world.

Wo mei mei

Her friends there had one more name for her. So many of her sentences began with "wo jie jie," my big sister, that her classmates began calling her *"wo mei mei"*: my little sister. Halfway around the world, they knew the love and pride she had for me.
With me in the Virgin Islands and her in Taiwan, we stayed close through calls at seven in the morning and seven at night that often stretched into the early hours. We read together, shared dreams and stories, and counted down to press play on the same episode at the same time. There was always one more episode, one more chapter, one more conversation. We had plans to apply tot he same graduate schools, to send our children to school together, to travel and see more of the world. So many plans that around the next moment we could find to share.

Zidane was my whole reason for being.
She still is.


Zidane, my self professed twin.
your name means
"an abundance of joy
and hope". I will
miss the light that
you bring to the
lives that you
touch.
Love never dies
and I love you
now and forever.
Daddy

My dearly beloved baby Zidane,

You were always such a surprise and a ball of energy!
I stumped my toe in St. Maarten one Christmas, felt something drop in my stomach, only to find out that I was pregnant with you. You were very active, kicking so early, much to the surprise of my doctor who said, *"This can't be real."*

You were raring to go, holding on and bouncing that the paediatrician declared that you were going to walk earlier than Kimi did. But just at a few months old, you were hospitalized with the cruise-ship virus. Then, meningitis came calling. You lay in that hospital cot with fever of 106 for 8 days. At first the doctors couldn't diagnose what was wrong — they did a spinal tap, drained your stomach and fed you through your nose.

Six babies around you died.

I watched doctors and nurses cry. They gave up on you. They said, "There is nothing we can do."
But you survived. On the 8th day you gave a little smile in the corner of your mouth and I knew you were back.
God wasn't ready for you yet!!

You took so long to walk and talk, I feared that the meningitis had severely affected your development.
But nobody was going to hold you back. You were never going to be just Kimi's sister. You always wanted to one-up her —

- bigger trophy than her in primary school,
- a fatter award for Remarkable Teen,
- and more subjects than her at CXC.

When I asked, ***"Zidane why are you doing so many subjects?"***
You replied: ***"Mom, some people compete at sports. This is my Olympics."***
You did piano, masquerade, dance, Taekwondo, debating and joined several clubs at BHS, often taking executive roles.

I wondered where you got the energy from.
You couldn't sprint but competed in the distance races and walk-a-thon, always trying to come in the top 15, even when your shoes hurt your toe and ripped off your toe-nail. You never gave up!
But on your softer, caring side, you never liked when persons were being bullied whether by adults, teachers or children.

- You were always willing to assist your classmates with maths, labs and other projects.
- You taught my students at C.T.C.S. basic embroidery, how to mend clothes and sew on buttons.
- Even me — pushing me to become familiar with Technology and Mandarin, saying, "Mom it will help to strengthen your brain."

You were always pushing yourself and others to go above and beyond.
When we were last in New York and Dad got sick, you wet paper towels, freeze them and place them on his neck and forehead. Your mantra was, *"Mom you can't always depend on Man. You have to learn to do things for yourself."*
But,while you were the strong, self reliant kid — you were also the soft, cuddly baby, who always wanted to sit on mom, dad, Kimi and even Deku.
You gave strength to, and drew strength from your family. You would say,
"Mom, Kimi is not here now, it's okay to say I'm your favourite."
Such a Diva! — **My Diva!!**

I LOVE you Zidane. I'm so sorry that you were all alone in Taiwan without Mommy to sit and hold you.
But until we meet again little Rainbow…
I'll hold you in my heart.

Fly with the angels baby.
Love You Zee Zee 💜💙💛💚🩷🤍




Poetry


















"God will work it out, one thing I know, one thing I'm sure, God will work it out." ***— Maverick City***

Zidane lived and loved life freely and fully, without apologies. She was wise beyond her years and insanely brilliant. With her quiet demeanour and bright smile, she always lit up any room she stepped into. She accomplished so much in her 25 years of life, leaving her trademark in every institution. She would have been a force to be reckoned with. May her soul rest peacefully.
Gone far too soon.

Love always,
Ralph, Loreen and Shinelka Ottley

Zi, it's hard to believe I have to say goodbye. I'll always cherish the memories, laughter, and good times we shared. Now you and my mom can have all the fun together. Rest peacefully, cuz. You'll always be loved and never forgotten.

Chloe

This is a tough tribute for me to write because I really wish there was more time. I really wish there was more time to have conversations. More time to talk things through. More time to rationalize and to contextualize the important things in life and in academic and career pursuits.
However, one thing I learned about time is to appreciate what is given and cherish the moments that you spend with somebody, whether it is here in Saint Kitts and Nevis or a few months in Taiwan.
《士紫丹》, my little cousin, rest on.

Diandre



As a toddler and preschooler, Zidane was my hairstylist. She would stand behind me on the sofa or bed with comb and brush and style what little hair I had on my head. When she outgrew this, she replaced it with a big smile and a warm hug for Uncle Gene.
Zidane's smile filled whatever room she entered with light, warmth and love. May we let her memory always kindle a flame of happy remembrance in our hearts.

Uncle Gene

When I moved into my house in June 2008, Zidane and her sister would come by every Easter and summer and spend their whole vacation with me. They loved my house so much they called it "Four Seasons." I will always remember the fun we had.

Zidane once climbed on the table and started spinning, and from that day we called her "Spinneroony." She, her sister, and Brem's daughter even took over my cellar and made it their little dollhouse. I would go to St. Kitts, and we would pack up the car and come over to Nevis on the Sea Bridge. We called it our ROAD TRIP! Every time they came, we would go hiking to Saddle Hill and explore different places together.
One night, I woke up feeling something in my bed, only to realize it was Zidane. She had been sleepwalking and ended up in my bed. Today, that is one of those memories that makes me smile.



My dear Zidane, "Mouth of the South," I love you dearly and will miss you greatly. Thank you for all the laughter, love, and beautiful memories. Gone too soon, but never forgotten. You will forever have a special place in my heart.

Uncle Mol

Zidane — a beautiful soul gone far too soon.
A spirit of brilliance, whose presence brought light to those fortunate enough to know her. A remarkable mind, filled with intellect, curiosity, inquiry, and an enduring desire to discover and understand.
Yet, beyond her brilliance was an even greater gift — her heart. Zidane possessed a sincerity that was genuine, a kindness that was effortless, and a capacity for love and compassion that touched the lives of so many.
And then there was her wonderful sense of humour — clever, distinctive, and sometimes so wonderfully layered that you needed the collective knowledge and experience of the members of the "Round Table" just to understand the joke. Those moments, those conversations, and that laughter will now become treasured memories.
There are simply no words adequate enough to explain the heartbreak of losing someone so close to us, someone so gifted and with so much more life yet to live.
We will miss Zidane deeply. We will miss her brilliance, her warmth, her laughter, her kindness, and simply the gift of her presence. Yet, even amid the profound sadness of her passing, we give thanks for the privilege of having known such a beautiful soul and the privilege of being part of who we are.
May God, in His infinite wisdom, boundless compassion, and everlasting love, receive Zidane into His eternal care. May He grant her everlasting peace and bring comfort and strength to every heart that now mourns her.

Rest peacefully, Zidane. Your light will remain in the hearts and memories of all whose lives you touched.
Uncle Gairy, Auntie Vesha, Danika, Charlize and Meleina

Where should I start? I have so many fond memories of you. However, at this time, I will share just a few of them.
I clearly remember meeting you for the first time at the JNF Hospital, just about two days after you made your shining entry into this world. I was particularly enamoured with your sweet eye and felt that it uniquely enhanced your already cute appearance.

I also recall my times of babysitting you and your big sister, Kimi, while your parents attended evening classes. These opportunities arose because I was living at your home on weekdays while attending Teacher's College at CFBC. At that time, I had the pleasure of bathing and dressing you, preparing sandwiches for you and ensuring that you ate them (though you were quite a picky eater), watching you and your sister play, and having little chit-chats in which you often made statements and followed them up with, "Ain't it, Tamisha?"

As you grew, it was a delight to see your radiant smile, receive your warm, gentle hugs, observe your fashion sense, hear you talk about your goals and endeavours, and see your stunning educational achievements.
Zidane Soleil Rainbow Knight, my sweet, intelligent, darling cousin. I can say much more, but I'll end it here for now.
Zi Zi, my beloved Cuz, baby girl, brilliant lady, beautiful rainbow; I will always love and remember you.

With sincere love,
Your Cuz, Tamisha

The first time I saw Zidane was in 2005; the Uncle Delbert trip. Everywhere we went, she was sucking her finger. I told her to stop sucking her finger. When she didn't, I bit her. She smacked me on my jaw with all she had. That is Zee. Don't mess with her.

Tessa was telling me how great Kimi was doing in school, so I decided to send her a gift. I couldn't send one for Kimi and not Zidane. I addressed Kimi's gift to 'the brightest student in St. Kitts.' Well, that didn't go over too well with Zidane. Her response was, "Kimi the brightest student in St. Kitts? When I see that Uncle Arkee, I going to have a few words with him!" Don't underestimate Zidane.

Zee is tight with money, even if it's not hers. I was going to buy her a tablet for school. I told her to choose what she wanted. "Oh no, that cost too much, Uncle." "Zee, I don't mind. I am paying for it." "No, it cost too much." Zee has a limit on what she is going to spend on a certain item.

I called her once and she didn't answer, so I called Kimi to inquire about her. "Mommy, Uncle Arkee called me on my birthday to ask about Zidane and didn't even wish me happy birthday. They love Zidane."

The last time I saw Zidane, I was coming back to Texas and had some money that I didn't spend so I decided to give her some. I can still see her in her short white jeans pants. She looked at her mother and tapped her back pocket where she had the money. Her mom asked her how much it was, I don't think Zidane ever told her. Don't mess with Zee and her finances.

Zidane Rainbow Knight, your Uncle Arkee loves you and always will.

Losing you feels like losing a piece of my own history. You weren't just family — you were a friend, a confidant, and one of the few people who made every visit to St. Kitts feel like home.

In your 25 years, you lived more fully than most people do in a lifetime. You always had a book in your hand, and it said so much about who you were: curious, thoughtful, and always somewhere between the pages of a good story. You lived like you loved — wise beyond your years, kind to a fault, and unforgettable.

True to your name, you were a Knight in every way that mattered — fiercely protective of the people you loved, brave beyond measure, and full of quiet strength. You fought battles that many of us never saw, and even in your hardest moments, you never stopped loving the people around you.

Your loss leaves a space that can never be filled, but we choose to remember you — not by the way you left, but by the way you lived: with a book in your hand, a smile for everyone, and a heart that gave far more than it ever asked for.

The dearest memories I will remember are when we used to go by Auntie Teen & Uncle Billy to chase the goats and sheep. Every time Mama Ruth would get her barrel full of candies and snacks, you, Kimi and I would always sneak out a few pieces when she's not looking.

Rest easy now, Z. Your story was beautiful, even if it ended too soon. You were deeply loved, and you always will be.

Gone but never forgotten.
Dennisia & Barba

Zidane and I were age-mates, born just four months apart, and growing up together was one of the best parts of my childhood. From primary school to high school, from dance class to the days spent by "Lozac Road Granny," and of course our unforgettable sleepovers, we made so many wonderful memories that I will cherish forever.
At school, I was always ready to defend my cousin. A simple "Awu lef me cousin!" was enough to settle the matter.
I am so sad that she is gone, and I wish we could have one last conversation. Our lives were only just beginning, and I was looking forward to cheering her on as she accomplished so many beautiful things.

I will love you forever, my cousin.
Charlize

Gone from our sight, but never from our hearts. Your beautiful smile, loving spirit, and cherished memories will remain with us forever. Though we miss you deeply, we find comfort in the love and moments we shared.

Rest peacefully, dear Zidane. You will always be remembered and forever loved.

With love, **Cousin Addis & Sy'Nijah**

Our precious Zizi, you were a beautiful gift from God—one of His sweetest blessings. Though our hearts are broken, we choose to hold on to our faith and trust in God's perfect plan. We may not understand why He called you home so soon, but we believe that His ways are higher than ours, and His love never fails. You were our rainbow, even on a sunny day—a light that brought joy, love, and beauty into the world. Your time on earth may have been brief, but the impact of your life will remain with us forever. We thank God for every moment we were blessed to have with you, for every smile, every memory, and every precious moment we shared. We take comfort in knowing that you are now resting peacefully, and trust that you are now in the presence of the Lord. We hold firmly to the promise that one day, by God's grace, we will see you again.

"*Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his faithful servants.*" — Psalm 116:15 ❤️ 🙏🏾

Always loving you,
Auntie Kaye, Devron, Stetson, Kaori & DJ

I can still recall the many moments we shared — playing in the backyard with the dog, enjoying board games and card games, the laughter, the joy, and the love that filled every space when you were near. The world saw you as an intelligent young lady, but to us, you were so much more than that. Now that you are gone, we will miss your light, your infectious smile, your jokes, and your warm humour. Your quick wit — so much like your grandfather Lee — bold, outspoken, yet always respectful, was a gift to everyone who knew you. A bright light has been extinguished. You were truly one of a kind, and no one could ever replace you. We love you, and we miss you more than words can express.

From your family in Saba,
Uncle Teddy (Rev. Liburd)**, Aunty Eunelda, Cousins Isaiah, Seth and Micaiah**

My sweet cousin, since I heard the news, I've been in disbelief that I'll never see your beautiful face again. While your time here was far too short, the memories we made will last a lifetime.

I keep replaying so many memories in my head, those days when you and Kimi would come to Nevis and we would make movies all throughout and outside Uncle Mol's house. As kids, we wanted to be movie stars, writing scripts for our movies even though we mostly just freestyled the plot.

I remember our Easter vacations, when we would always have Easter egg hunts and have such a grand time together. I remember us playing Mario Brothers on my Wii until all hours of the morning. I remember coming to Saint Kitts and playing all sorts of video games on the desktop.

So many beautiful memories to last a lifetime.

The world lost an intelligent, beautiful, humble, and disciplined young lady, but heaven gained an angel. I miss you so much and will always cherish the memories we shared. Love always. 🫶
Breandra

Today, I say goodbye to someone who will always hold a special place in my heart—my beloved cousin Zidane.

One of the memories I will treasure most is from when you were almost two years old, and I had the privilege of helping you learn to walk. I remember holding your little hands, encouraging you to take those first steps, and celebrating every little bit of progress. I never imagined then just how precious those moments would become.

You grew from that little child taking uncertain steps into someone who touched the lives of so many people. Your presence brought memories, laughter, and love that I will carry with me always.

It is difficult to say goodbye, but I am grateful for the time we shared and for the memories that can never be taken away. I will always remember those tiny hands in mine and the joy of watching you take your first steps.

Rest peacefully, my dear cousin. You may no longer be walking beside us, but you will forever walk with us in our hearts.

You will be deeply missed, lovingly remembered, and never forgotten.
From William, Esha and Emontine.

Girl, you were quiet to some people, but because you felt safe around us, you would chat it up.

Remember Jouvert? You'd be begging to go home before the music even started, and I'd pretend I didn't hear you. And every time we got you out the house, you were halfway to Granny's before anyone else was ready. That was so you, and I wouldn't have changed it for anything.

Then sleepovers came and you were a whole different person. Laughing, doing the most, staying up way too late. Those nights were some of the best of my life.

I think about you every day. I miss you more than I can say, and I'd give anything to have you back, even just for one more sleepover.

Love you always, Zi.
Meleina

My Zidane: My Soul My Joy
She has left me and is still with me. I still feel her presence, which anyone felt that came to know her.
Zidane was one of the brightest shining stars in my life. She was filled with hope and aspirations.
When I was around her, I got the feeling of someone about to make the future better.
She has left us, but only in the physical. Her soul and presence will always be with us, with me.
For the rest of my life, I will carry her with me.

The loss of Zidane, my Zidane, has left a hole in my life, but the memory of her will fill that hole.
Uncle Ian

Another star in the Knight sky is gone, but like le soleil, the memory of Zidane provides a warmth that soothes our aching souls.

As the rain eases and the sky clears on this dark time, we know she watches over us, lingering in the rainbow, reminding us that sadness doesn't always last.

We love you and we miss you Zidane. Rest well.

Leanne and André

My beautiful cousin Zidane had a light around her. There was something about her presence, her energy, her charm, that stayed with you. There are losses for which words simply feel inadequate, and this is one of them.

I will always cherish the memories of the time Zidane spent volunteering with me at the museum. I will remember our conversations, her personality and her presence. At the time, they were simply part of the rhythm of being around each other. Today, they feel infinitely precious. They are memories that will stay with me always.

It is difficult to comprehend that someone whose light seemed so bright is suddenly no longer here. But perhaps that is also the gift of a life like hers: the light does not simply disappear. It remains in the people who knew her, in the stories that will be told about her, in the laughter and conversations we will remember, and most of all, in the hearts of the family who loved her beyond measure.

To her devoted parents and sister, and to the entire Knight and Liburd families, I am holding you close in my heart and lifting you up in my prayers as you navigate this almost inconceivable loss.
Your cousin Toni

Today, I remember my cousin, Zidane, with love and gratitude, and with sadness that someone so young has left us far too soon. She was quiet, but behind that quietness was a remarkable intelligence, and an unexpectedly sharp wit. She did not need to say much to make an impression. Sometimes a single observation from her could make you think and make you laugh at the same time.

During my last two election campaigns, I had the privilege of working with her in my constituency office. Alongside her father Stan, she spent many hours working through statistics and the electoral list. She went on to take charge of the statistical analysis of my campaign, bringing insight and understanding to work that was central to our decisions. She was the youngest person in the room, yet she commanded it. Quiet as she was, when Zidane spoke, we listened. She understood the numbers, could explain what they meant, and earned our respect through the quality of her work. And just when you thought she was focused entirely on the figures, that sharp wit would catch you off guard.

Election campaigns often draw attention to the people at the microphone. Today, I want to honour Zidane, whose thoughtful work and willingness to help made such a difference behind the scenes. But my gratitude goes beyond that work. Despite her own personal accolades and achievements, Zidane wanted to do even more for our country. Through her work with me, she sought another avenue through which she could help bring about positive change. I am deeply grateful for the trust she placed in me, and for the opportunity to help carry her ideas and contributions forward.

She was also my cousin, and I will miss her quiet presence, her bright mind, and the humour she shared with us. Her life was far too short. The love, pride, and appreciation we have for her will endure.
Rest peacefully, Zidane, and thank you.
Jonel Powell

Your sudden loss was like a doubling of my life. From now and forever, everything I do will be for both of us.
You were my first God-baby, my daughter, and my forever heart. I watched you grow into the beautiful young woman you became, and I celebrated every reward and blessing life brought your way. I was a proud godparent, always hoping that somehow, in some small way, I had made a difference in your life.
You soared, my baby girl. And I was blessed to witness it.
We celebrated our birthdays together, sharing that special date whether we were near or far. Those memories are precious, and they will forever live in my heart. But that date will never be the same again.

Rest peacefully, my baby girl. Your heart is at peace now.
Goddy Randerleen loves you always. Forever in my heart.

My Sweet Zidane, You were so aptly named by your parents. Often reserved, your smile lit up your whole being. It was sunshine after a dark night, a rainbow quietly promising better days ahead. May this memory be a blessing to your family and to all who will forever love you.

Rest now. Love always,
Goddie Kirsten and the Hodges (formerly of New Pond Site)

Z Zealous **I** Intelligent **D** Devoted **A** Affectionate **N** Neat **E** Efficient

My godchild, my friend's youngest child. Your passing was heartbreaking for many of us who knew and loved you dearly. My children and I have fond memories of you from your formative years when your family would visit Nevis during the summer vacation. We would have picnics at Oualie Beach. The food, fun and games are memories that cannot be erased. The Easter egg hunt by Muriel's house is one the children would never forget as it was their first experience. My dear Zidane you may have left us physically but your memory will never leave us. May your dear soul rest in eternal peace.

Goddy Jackie Mitchell

You were not only my cousin and my godchild, but also my friend, my student, and someone whose presence brought laughter, joy, and love into my life. You were a beautiful soul, always ready with a funny story, a big smile, and that laughter that could light up any room.

I will always remember that special dinner at the restaurant with you, your sister, and your friend during your vacation trip home. We were all dressed up, smiling, laughing, sharing stories, and enjoying each other's company, with our stomachs full and our hearts even fuller. It is memories like these that I will hold close to my heart forever.

I see you, and I hear you in those memories. I know the loving soul you were, and I know that your laughter and your stories will continue to live on in the hearts of everyone who knew and loved you.

And one day, when we meet again, I know you will have another story to tell me. I'll be smiling, listening to you, and watching you laugh heartily at your own story, just like you always did.

Take care, my sweet spirit, until we meet again. Perhaps in another universe, another place, or another time, our paths will cross once more.

Until then, keep smiling, keep laughing, and keep telling those stories.

You will always be my cousin, my godchild, my friend, my student—and a beautiful soul I will never forget.
Dwight Simmonds

Z ealous
I ntellectual
D etermined
A dorable
N imble
E cstatic

Zidane, my godchild, I will miss her smile and laughter, her wit, and the determination she exhibited to achieve her goals. May her rest be peaceful in Jesus' arms.
Goddie Danie




















CAKE


BASSETERRE HIGH SCHOOL

Birthplace of Champions

Tribute to Zidane Soleil Rainbow Knight

It is with a heavy heart that I extend condolences, on behalf of the management, staff and students of Basseterre High School, to the family and loved ones of Zidane Soleil Rainbow Knight. There are losses that are difficult to put into words, and the loss of a young life, with so much still to offer, is one of them. We mourn the young woman she had become and the future she should have had the opportunity to experience. As a school family, we are grateful that part of her journey was spent with us and that we had the privilege of seeing her talents and potential unfold.

Zidane gave Basseterre High School much to be proud of. Consistently among the very top students in her class, she approached her studies with discipline and determination. I had the privilege of teaching Zidane mathematics, and I remember her as far more than an exceptional student. She had a natural curiosity that made her want to understand not only how to arrive at an answer, but also why the answer made sense. She listened carefully, thought deeply and approached each challenge with a quiet confidence and determination that left a lasting impression on me. Her questions often revealed the depth of her thinking, and her willingness to keep working until she understood something reminded me that teaching is not only about imparting knowledge; it is also about being inspired by the students entrusted to you. Zidane was one of those students who made her teachers proud.

In 2018, she graduated with 14 CSEC subject passes, 13 Grade Ones and one Grade Two earning the top CXC performance at our school and nationally that year. Her Principal's Award for Excellence was a fitting recognition of the hard work she had put in. Yet, as outstanding as those results were, they tell only part of her story. Her teachers spoke very highly of her as a well-mannered and hardworking student. At the Birthplace of Champions, Zidane gave us every reason to celebrate both her achievements and her character.

Part of what made Zidane an exceptional student was not only her academic achievement, but also her willingness to give back and serve. Through Interact, her service as Treasurer of both the Student Council and Health & Wellness, and her representation of BHS in debating competitions, Zidane showed a willingness to get involved and make a contribution. Her recognition as a Remarkable Teen in Performing Arts in 2018 reflected the magnificent range of her abilities.

Zidane was not an athlete by any stretch of the imagination, but she still took part in school sporting activities, including the steeplechase and walk-a-thon, often finishing among the leading girls in the latter. Always neatly dressed and well presented, she was once described by former Principal Mrs. Morton as "a little butterfly." It is a tender image to hold on to as we remember the schoolgirl who became part of the BHS legacy.

To Zidane's family and loved ones, please know that your loss is felt by the Basseterre High School community. No tribute can take away your pain or make sense of a life ended so soon. We can, however, assure you that she is remembered with affection and pride. Her contribution to our school was greatly appreciated, and the example she set will remain with all who knew her for years to come. As we mourn, may you find some comfort in knowing how highly she was regarded by those who taught her and shared in her school journey.

Rest peacefully, Zidane. You will always have a place in the heart of Basseterre High School.

Damon Bacchus
Principal

Some lives remind us that significance is measured not by the length of years, but by the purpose, promise, passion and potential carried within them. A young woman whose mind moved quickly, whose interests stretched widely, and whose presence was unmistakably her own. That was Zidane Knight.

Zidane entered the Clarence Fitzroy Bryant College (CFBC) in 2018, pursuing advanced level studies in Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Economics and Physics, and graduated magna cum laude in 2020. Her academic journey reflected discipline, intellectual ability and determination, laying the foundation for the further studies she would later pursue abroad.

One lecturer remembers her as a quick thinker who approached mathematical challenges with creativity, confidence and with more than one way of finding a solution. That intellectual agility was complemented by a personality marked by boldness, responsibility, respect and honesty.

Zidane also embodied the written word and the spirited exchange of ideas. As a member of the College's Literary and Debating Society, she brought thought, precision and presence to the debating floor, representing CFBC with her teammates at the 2019 Leeward Islands Debating Competition. It was yet another space in which her intellect found expression and her distinctive voice was heard.

Yet Zidane was never defined by academics alone. She was spirited and confident, principled in her dealings with others, dependable in her responsibilities and deeply invested in the institutions and communities to which she belonged. She knew her own mind and brought both thoughtfulness and conviction to the choices she made.

And then there was another side of Zidane — the dancer. Amid equations, theories and calculations was a young woman who could exchange the precision of mathematics for the freedom of movement. She also had an abiding love for anime. It was another expression of her curiosity and individuality, revealing a young woman whose interests extended far beyond the classroom. There is a gentle poignancy in knowing that this love of anime formed part of the vibrant personality of someone whose own academic journey would later carry her to Asia to continue her studies and pursue her ambitions.

CFBC extends heartfelt condolences to her family and loved ones. We remember Zidane with pride. She was a scholar, a thinker, a dancer, an individual of character and a cherished member of the CFBC family.

Her story was one of intellect and imagination, discipline and expression, mathematics and movement. The spaces she occupied were made richer by the mind, character and individuality she brought to them, and that is how Clarence Fitzroy Bryant College will remember Zidane Knight.

Moyia Rowtham, PhD
Interim President
Clarence Fitzroy Bryant College

Gone too soon. Gone too soon. Gone too soon!
Life has taken you away from us to far beyond the moon.
First, I heard the name, Zidane Knight, as the State Scholar of our Federation.
Yet, it wasn't until a few years later, I met you during a Statistics Week presentation.
But only one year later, you became a part of my team — "The Statistics Dream Team".

Zidane, small in stature, but tall in might.
Bright-eyed and focused — no job was too menial or too hard in your sight.
You are truly missed and will sincerely be remembered.
May your soul rest in eternal peace.

Carlton J. Phipps
Former Director of Statistics

How do you find the words to honour a young life that ended before its story was finished?

Today, we stand together with heavy hearts as we remember Zidane Knight, a young woman who was once part of our CFBC Literary and Debating Society and who left her own special mark on our debating family.

Zidane had a quiet brilliance about her. She was the kind of young woman who noticed the little details others might overlook. She was meticulous, thoughtful, and detail-oriented. When something mattered to her, she gave it her attention.

As a debater, she brought that same quality to the floor. She approached debating thoughtfully and understood that it required more than simply speaking. It required listening, thinking, analyzing, and paying attention to detail.

But Zidane was so much more than a debater. She loved anime. She loved dance and music, and she was a musician. She was creative, curious, talented, and wonderfully unique. Zidane was many things, and that is what made her uniquely Zidane.

Although she became a past debater, she remained a part of the story and legacy of our Society. The people who pass through our debating family leave something behind, and Zidane's presence is now part of that history.

Today, we remember her not simply for the years she spent with us, but for the person she was, the talents she possessed, the interests she pursued, and the individuality she brought into the lives of those around her.

To her family, we extend our deepest sympathy. Thank you for sharing Zidane with us and allowing her to become part of our CFBC family. May the memories of her talents, her personality, and the moments you shared bring comfort in the days ahead.

To her fellow debaters, remember Zidane in her fullness. Remember the young woman who loved anime. Remember the dancer. Remember the musician. Remember the meticulous young woman who cared about the details. Remember the debater who once stood among you and contributed her voice to our Society. And most of all, remember Zidane for the person she was and for the memories she gave us.

Zidane, you left us far too soon. We still had conversations to have, music to play, dances to dance, and dreams to pursue. But we will hold on to the beautiful memories you have given us.

From all of us at the CFBC Literary and Debating Society, thank you for being part of our family.

We will miss your presence. We will cherish your memory. And we will carry a little piece of you with us wherever we go.

May your family find comfort, may your friends find strength, and may those who knew you always remember the special young woman you were.

Rest peacefully, Zidane. You came into our lives for a short time, but you left a lasting mark on our hearts. You were one of our own. You will always be one of our own. And you will never be forgotten.
CFBC Literary and Debating Society











As I now pause to reflect on Zidane, I do so with a heavy heart. There is a deep sense of loss — loss of promise and far-reaching possibilities, as Zidane was a young woman naturally positioned for optimal success.
After being in the classroom for over 30 years, I have interacted with many students. I have remembered students for different reasons. However, some simply leave a warm, lasting impression. Zidane was one such student for me.
Zidane was polite, respectful and loving. She was effortlessly brilliant and intrinsically motivated to learn, and thus a model student whom I admired.
Present reality is far from what I envisioned. It is incredibly difficult to fathom this tragedy, and it feels grossly unfair. Nonetheless, I choose to remember her smile and affectionate nature and remain thankful for moments shared. May God cradle her in His loving arms so that her sweet soul may rest in eternal peace.

Ms. Caines

In Loving Memory of Zidane Soleil
Zidane Soleil was an absolute joy to have in French class. She approached her studies with an inspiring dedication and precision, always completing her assignments with excellence. While she carried a wonderfully serious disposition when it came to her work, whenever she smiled, you completely understood her middle name, Soleil, which is French for sunshine.

In this difficult time, as we say goodbye, we take comfort in the promise of peace and light: "The Lord is my light and my salvation—whom shall I fear? The Lord is the stronghold of my life—of whom shall I be afraid?" — Psalm 27:1

May her bright spirit live on in our hearts, and may she rest in eternal peace. Que son âme repose en paix éternelle.
From your loving French teacher,
Madame Claudine

It is with a heavy heart that I pay tribute to Zidane Knight, a remarkable young woman whom I had the privilege of teaching and knowing.

I taught Zidane Integrated Science, Chemistry, and Biology, and throughout those years, she consistently demonstrated exceptional intelligence, curiosity, determination, and a genuine love for learning. She was an outstanding student who always pushed herself beyond the ordinary.

What I admired most about Zidane was her perseverance. She willingly attended school on weekends and during vacations because she had taken on four additional subjects. Despite the demanding workload, she remained committed to her studies and to completing 36 additional SBAs, never giving up. She was also generous with her knowledge, always willing to assist and encourage her classmates. She was always prepared to contribute and give of her best.

But Zidane was more than her academic achievements. She was creative, cheerful, confident, talented, and full of life. Whether she was dancing, acting, designing, conducting an experiment, or helping a friend, she brought enthusiasm and excellence to everything she did.

Zidane's life was far too short, but the impact she made will remain with all who knew her. It was truly a privilege to be her teacher, and I will always remember her determination, her brilliance, and the beautiful spirit she shared with others.

Rest peacefully, Zidane. Your brilliance, your beautiful spirit, and your memory will forever live on in our hearts.
Kimberly Crawford Johnson

My first personal interaction with Zidane more than a decade ago was what I can only describe as a lightning bolt moment – a sudden connection that became irreplaceable in a split second.

And then there was her laughter — those beautiful little chuckles that seemed to begin in her eyes and explode into moments of inspiration, discovery and amusement. It was laughter that carried warmth, purity and joy. It was uniquely Zidane.

I find myself holding tightly to these memories now. Time can never erase them and I will never willingly surrender them. God now has her in His keeping, and I have her vaulted forever in my heart. Rest gently, my sweet girl. Your light will never be forgotten.
With all my love, Michelle-Ann Neil

One of the earliest memories I have of Zidane is the time we had to choreograph a dance for Ms. Jeffers' class during our first year at Basseterre High School. We chose to dance to Go by Flow, the fourth opening song from Naruto. I and a few others in our group had no prior experience as dancers, but Zidane had. She had gone to dance classes for years prior and it wasn't something that intimidated her nearly as much as it did me. Ideas came immediately to her and she got to work right away.

I remember her patience as she guided my arms and legs to the right positions that she helped arrange; a series of poses loosely inspired by martial arts and combat to match the theme and beat of the song. If I made a mistake, she was able to laugh it off and if I forgot a move, she would gently remind me.

The final dance must have been less than 30 seconds overall, but it felt so much longer. I conjured Zidane's voice in my mind, talking me through the movements one more time and before I knew it, it was over.

I still appreciate her enthusiasm and understanding in those moments and I have cherished that memory for years. I find that those traits would follow her for many years to come.

The same patience was present when she helped me with a math problem I could not figure out and her sense of humor remained when we would share a joke between ourselves, sometimes during class (never in Mrs. Knight's).

Though Zidane isn't with us anymore, I know that she will remain with a lot of us in little ways.

She is with me in my camera roll in the photos she took when I wasn't looking, to leave photos for me to find.
She is with me in the jokes and memes we used to make and share.
She is with me in the way I choose to walk through this world.

Zidane, you will forever be in my heart. With love,
Micah

I'm Rossy Castro, a former primary school classmate of Zidane Knight. I had the privilege of meeting and sharing classrooms with Zidane for 4 years. I was deeply saddened by her passing, and I extend my condolences to her family and fellow friends.

My last interaction with her was last year. Her mom visited my mother's salon and I got the chance to speak with her again through a phone call. I was truly happy to hear from her after so many years had passed.

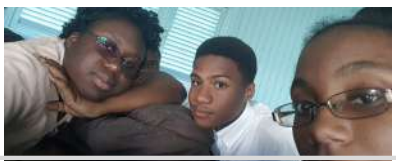
I'll always remember her as a kind, bright, calm-spirited and brilliant individual. I really admired her intellectual abilities and outstanding academic performance. She was truly an inspiration to me.

As I reminisced about the memories we shared, I remembered two sets of pictures I took while we were in primary school: one from a cruise ship excursion and another from a school event titled "Reading Rocks!". We celebrated reading by dressing up like rockstars. It was such a fun experience and the pictures I attached reflect the happiness we shared during those moments.

Her impact will always remain and she will never be forgotten.

May God bring comfort and consolation to her closest family and friends. --- Kind regards,
Rossy Castro




The first time Zidane made me laugh was when she told me she had watered the hotel's plants with the soy milk they were giving us during quarantine. That was when I knew she had a character of her own.
I had known of Zidane long before I actually met her because of her academic success back home. I could only imagine what it must feel like to be someone that intelligent. So when we arrived in Taiwan together, I honestly didn't expect that we would become friends. She had this reserved and shy aura about her, and I wasn't sure how we would connect.

Most of my friendships are built around people who share a similar sense of humour to me, and somehow, Zidane fit right in. I could always tell she had something she wanted to say, even when she was quiet. Sometimes after school, we would invite her over to our house just to relax, since it was something she rarely got the chance to do. But somehow, she would always end up picking up her iPad and quietly studying anyway.
Whenever we were feeling overwhelmed, my roommate and I would take her on our night walks. And although she didn't seem like it at first glance, Zidane was actually quite open-minded when it came to trying new things. Surprisingly, even partying! Although that was a one-time experience, and apparently one time was enough.
I have to say, I had a really good first interaction with Zidane, and she truly turned out to be one of a kind. Although we both became incredibly busy with our degrees and life became more hectic, I'm grateful for all the time we did get to spend together.

Looking back, I think what I'll remember most about Zidane isn't just how intelligent or hardworking she was, but the little things: the soy milk plants, the late-night walks, the random conversations, and watching her somehow find a way to study in literally every situation.
It's strange to think that someone who was once such a familiar part of our everyday lives can suddenly become someone we can only remember through the moments we shared. But I feel lucky that I got to know Zidane beyond the person everyone knew for her intelligence and achievements. I got to know the funny, quiet, stubborn, curious and sometimes surprisingly adventurous person behind all of that.
I hope she knew how much the people around her appreciated having her in their lives. And I hope that whenever we remember her, we remember her not only for what she accomplished, but for the laughter, the memories and the little moments she gave us.

I'll always be grateful that I got to know you, Zidane. You were truly one of a kind, and you will be deeply missed.
Devon

Zidane was a ray of sunshine. Although I spent more time with her in my later years of high school, I often remembered that we had met much earlier, during our formative years in primary school. We met at taekwondo class. Even at such a young age, she always found some way to make me laugh or smile, whether with a joke or a funny quirk here and there.

Being blessed to share more time with her in high school was truly the icing on the cake. Zidane would always find a moment to dance, a moment to strike a bold vogue pose, or a moment to get serious and inspire me and others to buckle down and focus on the task at hand.

I wish I had one last chance to say thank you for sharing those timeless memories with me. My favourite memory is her writing her signature in our books without our consent. Truly, I don't think she needed to! Such a unique signature is now without its scribe, and so it lives on in our notebooks and hearts as a priceless artefact.

To the sunshine and colourful spirit you are, Zidane, you are cherished, loved, and missed.
To a great mind, a wonderful being, a beautiful soul, Zidane ☀️🌈 Knight.
Whitnie

To my beloved baby Zidane Knight: You're in a better place now. You'll be missed, my sweet girl.
I remember when Zidane was younger, she never liked her vegetables, and no one could make her eat them except me. So her mom and dad would bring the vegetables to my house so I could feed her.
Zidane was such a sweet and intelligent young lady. You'll definitely be missed, my sweet girl. XOXO.

Your second mom (babysitter),
Gillian Martin

Zidane, you were like a little sister to me. We didn't talk as much as I wished we had but I was blessed to be around you many times throughout your life. I watched you grow from a free-spirited preschooler into the beautiful, intelligent woman you became.

When you were younger you seemed so shy and quiet, similar to the way I was. I'll always remember visiting the house at evenings and seeing you do your homework without any fuss or fight. You aimed for excellence from a very young age and all I did was silently watch. Who knew a 16-year-old could be positively influenced by a 5-year-old? Go figure.

As the years passed by, I watched you accomplish more and more and I began to realize that you were becoming what I call a "silent leader." You didn't have to be the loudest person in the room — you simply carried yourself with grace and determination, quietly showed others what was possible and I loved that about you. And as strange as this may sound, although you were many years younger than me, there were many times I looked up to you. You tested limits and pushed the boundaries in a "slightly bossy" yet respectful manner — the kind of woman empowerment I admire.

The world is crazy and it might get crazier. I wish you were here to help continue leading it in a positive way. Nonetheless, I'll forever be grateful that our paths crossed the way they did and for the gentle impact you had on me. I'm going to miss you and I'm sorry that I never got the chance to spend more time with you to have more conversations and get to know you better.

Thank you for being a silent leader. Thank you for being an inspiration to me and to others. Thank you for simply being you...

I love you Z, rest peacefully. Love,
Big sis Marcy.

Zidane, some people come into your life as friends, but somehow become family. You were that for us.

We grew up across the fence from each other — me, Najia, you and Kimi — and so many of our childhood memories have you in them. Our parents trusted your family so much that they would send us to Nevis for the summers, and your home became a second home to us.

We were always getting into something. I remember the four of us climbing the trees in the backyard while Mr. and Mrs. Knight called for us, only for us to hide in the trees. I remember us singing the Wonder Pets theme song at the top of our lungs and climbing the walls like Spider-Man, jumping onto that little mattress. We were just kids, laughing, playing, and growing up together, never knowing how precious those moments would become.

Two years ago, we saw you again in New York. It was brief, but I am so grateful we got that moment. At the time, we didn't know how precious it would become.

We wish we had more time, but we will always have the memories we made.

You will always be our childhood sister, and a piece of our childhood will always belong to you. Rest peacefully, Zidane. Until we meet again, we love you always.

♥ Forever and always in our hearts,
Devonna & Najia







Zidane Knight came into my life first as someone I knew from a distance. She was the legendary Knight sister from whom I could barely get a hi or bye. Maybe our glasses prescriptions were too close, or maybe I was getting the dreaded cold shoulder. But after years of surviving constant abuse from her sister, I was eventually invited into the Knight home — either out of friendship or pity, though I always choose to believe the former. The first words Zidane said to me were, "You're a lot less nerdy than Kimi makes you sound." Just like that, she quickly became my favourite Knight sister and, in time, someone I loved like a little sister of my own.

Zidane was always a spark. She loved laughter, carried happiness with her, and was deeply proud of her family. I can still picture her and Kimi racing through their old house while Mrs. Knight chased them with a spray bottle like they were overgrown cats. The joy and laughter were palpable. That bond shared among them was something to envy. Zidane's pride in them was impossible to hide. She might try to say, "Yeah, that's Kimi's trophy," or "My dad did this back in the day," without much excitement, but the widest grin in the world would give her away.

She was brilliant, but she was so much more than that. Zidane always had a story to tell, eagerly waiting for you to catch the punchline while doing a terrible job of holding back her own laughter. She loved what she loved, no matter how weird or niche, and she was never afraid to be herself. She could be wonderfully cheap, she followed her own interests (including the anime tastes we shared), and she socialised on her own terms.

I also had the privilege of tutoring my adopted little sister as best I could. What struck me was not only her brilliance, but how diligent and careful she was in seeking to understand. She was detail-oriented, driven by a desire for excellence, and willing to toil into the early hours solving problems long after everyone else had fallen asleep. Zidane chose the path she wanted in life and fought for it with independence and ambition.
That is how I hope her legacy will be remembered: as a young woman who was unapologetically herself; independent, ambitious, joyful, and fiercely devoted to her family. I will continue to treasure the stories, the laughter, and the happy memories we shared.

Goodbye, Zidane. I will always be grateful that the legendary girl I once knew only from a distance became my favourite Knight sister and someone I was proud to love as family.
Xavier-Jon Bass

It's now 12:08 a.m. I'm sat here in the dark, dragging my feet along the overgrown paths in my mind, trying my best to hold it together. I should be reviewing something, studying something, and I've got work in the morning.
As I sift through the long-lost memories of our childhood, there are moments when I want to laugh out loud at your antics and your dry humour. The way you would tell a joke and leave us waiting for a punchline that never came. The way you would get on my nerves and make me want to scream. Just your presence… Just…

As I put pen to paper… well, fingertips to keypad, I've come to the realization that I'm stuck. My thoughts are frozen; no words are adequate enough to describe what could have been said, what should have been said before you left.
I guess I took that for granted, huh? At first you were just Kimi's little sister, then you became Kimi's bratty little sister, and somewhere along the line you became Zidane.

So I'll start with a poem and maybe end with a letter, and before you laugh at my poor attempt at being a wordsmith, I just want you to know that Kimi made me do it.

"Dear Zidane… I'm still waiting on the punchline. I'm still waiting to laugh."
Joeann

My favourite sister, My darling, The light of my life. My Zizou, My Zidane.
Remember how we'd try to get you out on your birthday? How we'd all descend on the house, dressed up and ready to go, with confetti and cake and balloons, hoping you'd grace us with your presence long enough to let us sing to you?

I remember the last time we were all together for your birthday, when, despite all our begging, you refused to put down your mandarin class homework. So, *naturally*, we all went out anyway.
We spent the night with an open seat for you at the table, and talked and joked and remembered like you were right there.

Yeah, baby.
It will feel like that for a while.
KK









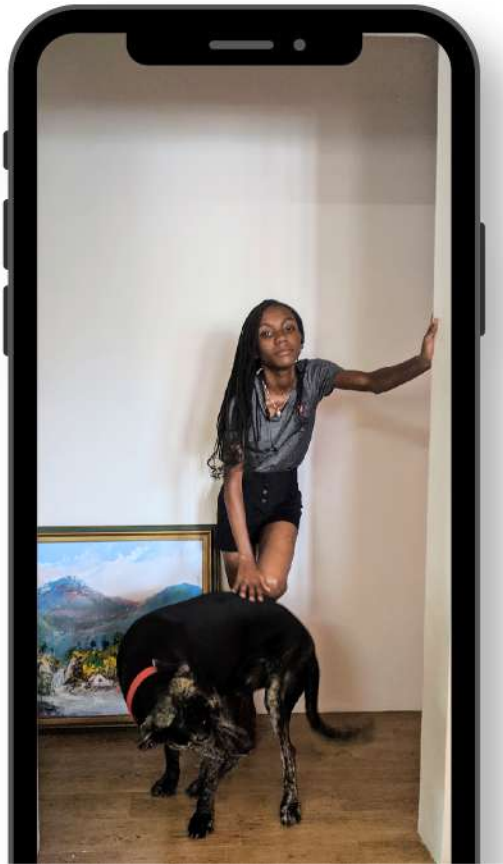




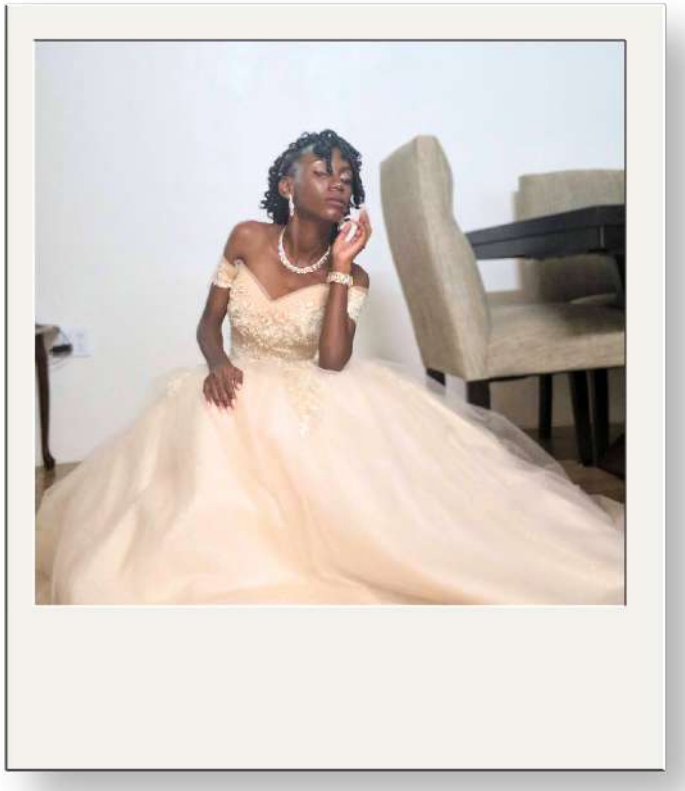











Runaway Ghaut
If you drink from this basin
you will return
Vibes
Good






















DELTA
AIR LINES













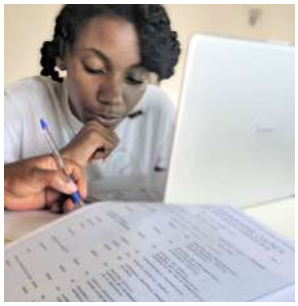

























I have set my rainbow in the clouds, and it will be the sign of the covenant between me and the earth.

Genesis 9:13

We would like to thank all who have stood beside us for the outpouring of kindness, love, and support during our time of bereavement.

Your prayers, comforting words, and thoughtful acts of care have meant more than we can express. Thank you for holding our family in your hearts and for helping us honour the life and memory of our beloved Rainbow.

THOSE ENTRUSTED TO BEAR HER

GERSHON KNIGHT
ISAIAH LIBURD
KEANIE BROWNE
DR. ELISHA THOMPSON
ADRIAN WILLIAMS
XAVIER-JON BASS
DIANDRE OTTLEY

...be brave, my sunshine.



ZIDANE
SOLEIL RAINBOW
KNIGHT

15 July 2001 – 5 September 2026

Booklet by quelbay media

For digital photos, tributes and more, visit:

www.keepremember.ing/Zidane

We remember her with joy