

Ladies and gentlemen,

We gather here to celebrate the life of a remarkable woman, my mother. She was a beacon of joy, her laughter often filling the room with an infectious warmth. I remember our weekend baking sessions, where flour would dust our noses and we'd end up with more sprinkles on the floor than on the cupcakes. Those moments were filled with her vibrant energy and her nurturing spirit, reminding us all to find joy in the simplest of things.

Her garden was her pride and joy. Watching her tend to her flowers was like watching an artist at work. She always joked that plants were better listeners than people, and maybe she was right. But her real masterpiece was her ability to gather us all, nurturing not just her plants, but our hearts as well, with her kindness and love.

Let's remember her not with tears but with smiles, as she would have wanted. For she taught us to embrace life fully and to cherish each moment, just as she cherished every blossoming flower and every giggle shared. Thank you, Mom, for showing us what it means to live joyfully. Thank you.