

Ladies and gentlemen,

Thank you all for gathering here to celebrate a truly momentous occasion: my mother's [milestone age] birthday! I know, I know, she doesn't look a day over [slightly younger age], and she'll remind you of that every chance she gets!

Now, many of you know my mom as a loving, caring, and incredibly generous woman. But today, let's talk about the real heroics--like how she survived raising me! From the teenage angst that could rival even the most dramatic soap opera, to the questionable fashion choices that should have come with a "Do Not Try This At Home" warning, mom handled it all with the grace of a ballerina and the patience of a saint.

Remember the time I tried to cook dinner? Let's just say, after that small kitchen fire incident, fire extinguishers became a standard feature in our kitchen, with mom always ready to swoop in like a superhero. Ah yes, nothing says love like your mom saving you--and the lasagna--from imminent doom!

And who can forget her unwavering support at my sports games? You'd swear she was getting a cut of my non-existent endorsement deals because she cheered louder than anyone. Mom's the only person I know who could turn a little league game into a Broadway production!

Mom, you have been the glue that holds our family together and the comic relief we didn't know we needed. You are the warmest hug on a cold day and the laughter that fills our home. Today, we celebrate not just your years, but every heart you've touched and every life you've warmed--with the possible exception of those poor plants in the garden. Seriously, how do you make even succulents give up?

So here's to you, mom: may your birthday be filled with love, laughter, and maybe just one night where you don't have to remind anyone to pick up their socks off the floor.

Happy birthday!

Love you always!