

Ladies and gentlemen,

Today, we gather under the gentle embrace of time to celebrate a beacon of love, my dear mother, on her special day. Each year is a petal, each memory a bloom, crafting a garden of moments that flourish in our hearts. I remember mornings bathed in golden light, where her laughter danced through the air like the song of a lark. Her touch was the sunshine, warm and soothing, guiding me through shadow and storm. Under her watchful eyes, love was a constant, as sturdy as the oak, as endless as the sky. With wisdom spun from the silver threads of life, she wove stories that painted the world with wonder and taught us to cherish each fleeting moment like a soft flutter of butterfly wings. Her hands, though gentle, were steadfast anchors during turbulent tides, and her heart, a lighthouse, illuminating the path to compassion and grace.

Together, let us raise our voices in a symphony of gratitude for the gift of her presence. For she is the muse of our lives, the poet of our past, and the creator of a legacy we hold dear.

Happy birthday, dear mother. May your days be a tapestry of joy, filled with love, light, and the sweet music of cherished memories.

Thank you.