# Memorial Tribute for a Mother

My name is Your Name and I am Deceased's Name son/daughter. I'm honored to take a moment and tell you about the life of my incredible mother. It's a life that should be celebrated and remembered as one filled with laughter and love.

Deceased's Name was born on date in Sherman Oaks. Uncle Mike tells me that she was always a precocious kid, getting into mischief and sometimes really making my grandparents pull their hair out. My mother was only a teenager when she was lucky enough to fall head over heels in love with the man who would eventually be her husband – my father Tim.

Never one to waste time, my mother married my father on June 16, 1964, the day after she turned 18. My Aunt Laurie has told me many times that she never saw a more beautiful bride than my mom. When I look at pictures from that day, my mom looks radiant and happy.

Happiness was a big theme throughout my mother's life. My mom wanted a home filled with laughter and love, so she filled it with kids and pets. I came first, then my sister Pam was followed by my brother Jack and the youngest, Marie. Our house was always buzzing with activity, and even in the midst of the chaos, my mom would just smile. No matter what was going on, and no matter how busy things got, mom was always ready to give big hugs – they type of hugs where you felt like you were the only kid in the world.

Anyone who's been to my parents' house knows all about the passion my mom had for bringing in shelter pets. I tried to count how many pets came through our home during the course of my time living there, and it was too many to count! She never made them stay off the furniture, and she always taught us about the importance of loving things that other people considered unlovable. She had an extraordinary ability to give love.

After Marie graduated high school, my mom decided that she wanted to pursue a career as a veterinary assistant. It didn't shock any of us since she loved animals so much. I remember asking her if she was nervous about going out and getting a job after having spent so much time raising us, and she just smiled and said, 'Sweetie, it's never too late to follow your heart.'

I know that's how many of you met my mom – whether it was through Dr. Miler's veterinary practice or because of her volunteer work at the Humane Society. My dad used to jokingly refer to her as Dr. Doolittle because she seemed to be able to talk to animals.

My mom always had enough love to go around, whether to my dad, us kids, her seven grandkids or the perpetual gaggle of pets that lived in her home. You have never met a more patient, loving woman than my mother. I celebrate her life with you today, and I look forward to the day when I'm reunited with her at the pearly gates and can get another one of her amazing hugs.