Memorial Tribute for a Mother

My name is Bryce Moore and I am the son of Tricia Moore. It's my honor to tell you about the exceptional woman I was lucky enough to call "Mom."

Patricia Mae Ford Moore was born to Frank and Mary Ford on May 25, 1972. Most people know she grew up in Palm Springs, but not everyone knows she was actually born in a small town nearby called Cabazon. Apparently they had a gift shop at a truck stop there that was shaped like a dinosaur and she talked about that gift shop like it was Disneyland. We finally visited Cabazon when I was around 11 or 12 and it was a heck of a disappointment.

That's just how my mom was – she always thought everything was more special than it was. That's probably why both my sister Tammy and I thought we were incredibly special and were appalled to realize the entire world didn't feel the same way. But when we'd walk through the doors to my mom's house, the rest of the world just melted away and we were special again. I imagine that's how my dad Ethan felt too, and that's probably part of the reason they stayed together until he died in 2012.

My mom may never have had a glamorous career and she didn't ever pursue any education beyond her high school diploma, but she was well-respected within our community. I can't tell you how many times I'd come home from school to find a room full of neighborhood women, laughing and sipping coffee. At the center of the group, of course, would be my mom looking happy and comfortable.

I've never met anyone else who had such a knack for making friends as my mom. As I look out at all your faces today and see the pain of loss that I also feel, I'll say what my mom would probably say if she was here sitting among us: "Isn't this just the best gathering of people? What a lovely memorial service!" And then she'd tell me how handsome I look and then go join a group of ladies in the back and have to eventually be shooed out by the people who run this place.

Both Tammy and I are so pleased to see so many of you here who understand what a special person my mom was. We're grateful that you've joined us to honor and celebrate her life – a life lived simply and with great zest. She proved you don't need to pursue some great calling beyond loving the people around you to make a sizable impact. Let's carry on her legacy by making the people around us feel special – and by making friends wherever we go.