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Eulogy for difficult mother

Heartfelt Eulogies Funeral Poems When a loved one passes, most assume their death brings sadness and loss. Not always. If your relationship with the departed was difficult, writing their eulogy will be even more challenging. We recommend keeping the eulogy short and positive, yet truthful. There are many ways to express difficult relationships while keeping the eulogy upbeat. First, read the following opening and closing examples written about difficult people. Next, download our How to write a eulogy in 7 steps template in WORD or PDF. Following our step-by-step guide means you'll have 500 words written in no time. Hand to heart - I thank you all for being here. We didn't expect such a turnout. For many who knew our beautiful, feisty daughter her diva-like behaviour was intolerable. But in our home, we managed Alison as a very honest person who wore her emotions on her sleeve. If we asked her a direct question, she gave a direct answer. While she said she 'didn't give a shit' we did. And we never gave up on her. Born 24 June 2000 -Alison arrived into the world making her presence felt. She was a noisy baby, a tantrum-filled toddler and a nightmare little girl - yet we surrounded her with unconditional love... Only after I had my own kids did I finally understand dad worked seven days a week so I could play. While sorting my father's possessions, I found his old diaries. I didn't know he started work at fifteen in a canning factory. His own father was an alcoholic. The small wage dad earned, was given to his mother so she could put food on the table. When growing up dad was the quiet sultry figure too tired from work to play ball in the yard. To my brother and I, he was a ghost who appeared at meal times; an enigma who we tiptoed past in fear. But unbeknown to us, dad loved us deeply. He worked seven days a week, so we could play and go to college. There is so much dad left unsaid; so much love left unspoken - a mistake I won't make with my own boys. Dad, if you can hear me, I love you, I forgive you, and I forgive me... Speaking about my father is difficult. He was a force of nature, a storm of a man. During his last days, if God himself appeared as a burning bush in his hospital room, Dad would have advised the Lord himself of his legal rights and how he alone could get him off any resulting arson charge. Dad was the most tenacious man I knew, and as a boy, I feared him because I did not understand him... No, my mother was not perfect, but who in this world is? What I can say is my mother was perfectly herself - the warrior, the teacher, and a woman of great integrity. For that, I am ever grateful. Rest in peace mom. So very tall and so very rude was the stranger's view of my husband. But many of you rang to say how much you loved him. You remember the fabulous dinner parties and his strange experimental recipes. But I have to say, the recipe for his sea urchin guacamole tacos goes with him to the grave. Yet, the majority tell me of my husband's capacity joy. And I hope joyful is how you will all remember him. Alison, you certainly caused no end of trouble. But give me the chance to raise you all over again, and I'd take it. I am honoured to be your Mother, and I love you with all my heart. May the angels keep you safe, and you my darling, may you give the angels some peace now and again. In honor of Mother's Day, I would like to share a tribute to my mother that I read in front of friends and family 3 ½ years ago at her funeral. I sat down to write this eulogy a couple weeks before my mother died. I was in a rocking chair next to her bed, keeping her company as she dozed. Initially, I thought this would be the hardest thing I would ever write. But the truth is, as I watched her sleep, I took comfort in knowing she was lost in a dream-world instead of plagued by her dark reality—and the words poured out of me like I too was lost in a world of dreams. Dreams that brought me back to the imaginary games we played when I was younger, hearing her cheer me on from the sidelines during my soccer games, secrets confided, lessons learned, I loves yous exchanged, her beaming pride, our best friendship, arguments that exhausted both of us, and the reconciliations that always brought us back together. And below you'll find the final result. When I was little, my mother and I played a game before I went to sleep. The rules were simple. We would take turns saying that we loved each other more than something. For example, she would say, "I love you more than a soccer ball." And then it was my turn. It was my task to return the sentiment by saying that I loved her more than something larger than a soccer ball. "I love you more than the kitchen table." And so on. We would continue in this vein until the game was over by default with someone saying the magic words, "Well, I love you more than infinity!" When the game was over, we'd kiss goodnight, and I would sleep. What I didn't realize at the time was that my mother was teaching me about shapes and sizes and how to use my imagination. The game was about learning to comprehend the magnitude of my mother's feelings for me as much as it was about being together and laughing about the goofy things we came up with—"I love you more than a tennis racket." "Well, then I love you more than a gorilla." And so forth. My mom was a genius at finding games and activities I enjoyed that would teach me valuable lessons and important skills. I confronted the challenge of comprehending another enormity or type of magnitude later in my childhood when my father died. And again, my mother was there at every step along the way to make sure I was coping with the various emotional phases I went through during the process. For a while, the gravity of his death was too overwhelming and to try to contemplate what my mother went through too much. Years later, it still scared me, but I knew that I wanted to make sense of it and its effect on my mother. And then, when I was a little older, I figured it out. I felt pride. How incredibly strong was she? Did I know anyone stronger? She never gave up; she put her entire being into raising me, providing for me and finding a home for us at Georgetown Day School where I could learn, grow and stretch as far as I could stretch. And this is why, when my mother was sick and most concerned about how her willingness to fight would impact me, I tried several times to convince her that those lessons had already been taught, the wisdom imparted. But she continued to worry and concern herself mostly with how I would handle this—how I would move forward after this devastating loss. The toll it would take and the tears I would cry... Over the last 10 months, I have grown accustomed to having a sick mother and while I was in shock for several weeks after her diagnosis, I learned to be her caretaker while I was in DC, her caretaker while I was in Philadelphia, and although I doubted my strength from the beginning, I learned to have a terminally ill mother, go to class, have fun with friends and live my life. I am writing this before her death and know that my strength and her strength will get me through this. As my mother always said to me, it's amazing how strong you can be when you have no other choice. There are really no words to describe my closeness with my mother. I know this because the slow, agonizing decline of the disease forces even the most optimistic and hopeful to think about and plan for this day. And as such, you start thinking about what you might say during a time like this. And after unsuccessfully putting pen to paper several times, I realized that there really are no words. There are only feelings, indescribable feelings. Feelings that make my heart burst and my whole being melt. Because my mother was my insides. She is my insides. My guts. My confidence. My bravery and my strength. My sensitivity, my compassion, my loyalty and even my laughter. She was everything. She was my mother, and she was my father. If I had to conjure up one life lesson that she would want me to carry for the rest of my life, it is this: Seek advice from others, but always trust myself. She believed in me, and she believed that I always knew what was best for me. And if I had to conjure up a second lesson or personal desire of hers, it would be a plea for me to have a daughter—and for that daughter to play sports. I'm not sure Mom could've been any happier than when she was cheering from the sidelines at my soccer and lacrosse games. I miss you, Mom. I will trust myself, Mom, and I will be fine. I love you more than infinity. Can you hear me at the back? I have to ask because we were at the wedding last week and mum was sending smoke signals from the back of the room because she couldn't hear me....Ministers, family, friends and to the thousands of well-wishers who in the past few days have sent their messages of condolence and sympathies, thank you for coming to pay respect to my mother, Miriam.Those of us who knew her well knew that mom was never more than a deepin' meaningful conversation or an emotional story away from having a good ol' cry, so as her only son you'll understand if I shed a few myself.As I speak to you I have to begin by thanking a few people, that's what mom would have done so I'd like to say, I want to thank the friends and family who have rallied around and given us great strength in this dark time. Your organization and your willingness to pitch in is greatly appreciated by dad and me. Monsignorakhrin for your guidance and compassionate words I know. Mom was inordinately proud of your achievements and hopeful for what your future might bring.To the calibre family for the beautiful flowers here in the church today for deer, and Eve rain and the wonderful musicians for sharing the music with us, and to my stepbrothers and your families, my cousin's, our neighbours, to my beautiful wife, Jennifer, for stepping in at a time of crisis and keeping the show on the road.Ma'am would have been so proud and grateful to see all the family come together and muck in so thank you all.the Marines we know many people across the length and breadth of this country have their own personal experience of and relationship with, Miriam and the many versions of her that there are. the mother, the wife, the sister, the aunt, the stepmother, the mother-in-law, the friend, the colleague, the journalist, the radio host, the social commentator, the activist and the architect. Each of these versions of Marian touched us because she had great empathy and her curiosity made all these selves very genuine, the woman I knew behind all these selves, was a shy lady who was as happy reading a book in silence, as she was sitting around the dinner table in the small areas of the morning with friends, laughing, joking, singing when she could remember the words, debating the politics of the day and generally sorting out the world's problems, one dinner party at a time.The lady who liked being in bed during a storm, listening to the wind and rain crashing against the windows with the duvet pulled up to her chin, a classy lady with soul in the truest sense. She had a razor-sharp mind, she was patient, she was compassionate and she was great company at home,the matriarch was deeply protective of her family, mom was not a strict mother luckily for me but she would let me know when I was being foolish, her own mother, my granny, was a wonderful stoic religious woman who had sent mom back to school after her Leaving Cert because she thought mom was a bit too young and probably a bit too wild for a university, the result for us was that mom gave us great freedom, she respected good efforts, she rewarded independent thinking, she believed we should continually educate ourselves. she loved to debate things just for the sport of it. she believed that respect was always deserved and not just earned, and when it was lost there was room for forgiveness. nobody is always good and nobody is always bad.one of her favourite songs was a revolution by the Beatles, in it the line "you say you want a revolution, yeah we all want to change the world." this is the challenge that she. accepted her activism and her charity were real because she lived the problems she tried to fix. her work with the Irish Hospice Foundation and the work of friends in Ireland were fueled by her experiences with my sister Sinead and the death of her own mother. she had the courage to step up to life's challenges publicly and reflected on them privately. mom taught me that if you want a revolution, you can start one by challenging people, by finding commonalities, and by finding within people their humanity and their capacity to improve.stand up straight, she'd say, look him in the eye and go from there.mom lived many lifetimes in her life, her legacy to me is to travel to learn to live a life that's full of love and her spirit will live on when the next generation of her family is born next month. Jenny and I will try to raise our child to have courage, curiosity and kindness, virtues that Marian espoused.thank you ma'am, we love you and we'll miss you terribly eulogy for difficult mother from daughter. sample eulogy for a difficult mother. how to write a eulogy for a difficult mother. how to write a eulogy to my mother. how to eulogy for mother. how to start a eulogy for mother

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