

In Loving Memory of Alice Aviogana Irish

January 27, 1944 - October 27, 1994

A Mother is Special...

A mother is special.

She's as soft and graceful as a butterfly,
yet as strong and courageous as a grizzly bear.

Her heart is large enough to hold
everyone's pain and joy.

Her hands are always gentle and soothing.

Her arms are always warm and tender.

She works hard to make a home feel like home,
and she strives to make life pleasant
and comfortable for those she loves.

She never fails to go that extra mile to
make the holidays happy and memorable.

Her job is the most difficult and
demanding ever known to any human being,
yet she's fully dedicated to the task.

She's always there for her family,
guiding them and keeping them safe from harm.

She owns a magical way to raise spirits
and make everything feel better.

And her sympathy, unselfishness
and forgiveness are unending.

All that anyone is or could ever hope to be
can be attributed to a mother.

She instills the teachings
that will last a lifetime.

She sows the seeds of virtue and morality,
and in the process, she opens up love
and vast horizons.

She's always watching and hoping that
her children's goals will have meaning.

She always listens and tries to understand
even when it's difficult to do so.

She's a true friend in every sense of the word.

She's noble and sublime,

and holds all the beauty of a golden day,
yet even during the storms,

she always shines bright like an evening star.

Her name should be honored well,
for she's the closest thing to God on earth.

