

A Eulogy for My Mother
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November, 26, 2007

My mother was always her father's daughter.

Her father, Joe, lived a wonderful life, filled with the wealth of faith, love, family and friends. Had he not lived this life, each of us would have been a little poorer.

His life made a difference!

Like her father, my mother made a difference in her life. She taught everyone she touched lessons about life and each of us is far richer because of it. In the end, she taught us some of the hardest lessons to learn: to see adversity as a gift from God and to have faith in His purpose. Not to take life for granted and to make the most out of what you have been given.

My mother lived a wonderful life, filled with the wealth of faith and grace, love of family and friends and a kind and compassionate heart, giving to the end. She chose to see her illness and all of the adversity in her life as a gift.

For the rest of us, we are far richer because of her and the life she lived. Her life itself was a true gift to us all.

We shared this poem by Father Ryan in the last year of her life and she enjoyed it, one of the few things on her fridge.

*But God is sweet
My mother told me so
When I knelt at her feet
Long - So long ago
She clasped my hand in hers
Ah! The memory stirs
My soul's profoundest deep
No wonder that I weep!*

*She clasped my hands and
smiled
Ah! Then I was a child
I knew not harm
My mother's arm
Was flung around me*

*And when I knelt
To listen to my mother's prayer
God was with mother there
God is sweet
She told me so
She never told me wrong*

*And through my years of woe
Her whispers soft
And sad and low
Sweet as an Angel's song
Have floated like a dream*

To my mother, T, the richest woman I have ever known, we love and miss you. God keep and protect you.