

Read at my mothers funeral -

My mother led 4 lives.

① Born to a circus family, she led an exciting, physically active but emotionally bare young life. Alcohol eased the pain.

She married my father young. When she described falling in love with a dark eyed Irishman she still had a twinkle in her eye. I was her first born. The marriage lasted only a few years after I was born.

② Through 2 more marriages and a son she spent the next 20 years trying to do right by me and the people she loved, all the while fighting the hold that alcohol had on her. I was fortunate to have her parents to be there when she collapsed under the weight of it all and lost herself to the bottle. People who know her now say she must have been a pistol when she drank but she was just a sad shell of a woman. Somehow I knew ~~she~~ growing up that she couldn't help it.

I believe that God looked at Mom and said "You've had a rough time of it and you deserve some joy and peace." After sobering up she met the love of her life Andy Merle Throop. He was the finest man I ever met (till my husband). He brought peace, security, and enduring love to her life. And for that I am eternally grateful. She had Sue and adopted my brother. She took care ~~of~~ of foster children and thrived with sobriety and Andy. She called ~~me~~ him ~~and~~ (my sweet Andy). When he died almost 20 years ago she went to an AA meeting the evening of his funeral and I knew she would be OK.

④ After Andy died she was strong enough ~~to~~ to go on helping others and enjoying life. I can't begin to thank all the people here who were a part of it. In the final analysis all of us will be judged by the amount of happiness we have brought to ~~others~~. I think my mother deserves the blue ribbon for that. I know everyone can remember some witty remark she made that will make you smile. Each day of our lives ~~we~~ we make a deposit in the memory banks of our children. Mine is very full.