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Eulogy for my mother

Freda Ann Niach

Tuesday 14th December. St. Josephs Cathedral
 funeral.

Thank-you all for joining with our family to celebrate my mothers wonderful life and to farewell her today. It is sincerely appreciated.

My mothers life was one epitomised by love

- Love for her husband and her family.
- Love for church and religion.
- Love for life.

Although elderly when she died, Mum was never old.

She always looked younger than her years
 she always dressed in a manner that belied her
 years and until recently her mind was always young.

Her love for my father and her family was indeed unconditional and in her view, none of us could do any wrong - irrespective of whatever trouble we got ourselves in to.

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and my brother & I surely did get into trouble in our younger days - but - there was always someone else to blame.

Mum was immensely proud lady, not proud of material things - which she didn't care about, but proud of her Lebanese heritage, and very, very proud of her large extended family which we were so fortunate to be part of.

Not one day passed for me, when she didn't ask me about "The Kids" as she called them.

Their lives and achievements were a key focus for her, and she always said "Children bring love with them."

Well Mum, we were very proud of you - as well.

You commanded respect and we as a family did our best to show it. - and hopefully we did.

We hope we never let you down, although in my heart I know I may have from time to time, but I will never forget the times you bated me out, in so many ways.

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Mums extended family; her sisters, brothers, aunts and uncles and many cousins were an important part of her life, and things would have been so much easier for us, if only we knew which ones, she was in or out of speaks with at any one time. - But she loved them all - with mum they were "one in sorrow - one in joy".

Mum loved her church and her religion, and had a particularly strong connection with the blessed virgin Mary.

She prayed constantly and had a cure all for all ills - it was simple -

- Have a cup of tea
- Take 2 Disprin
- Say 3 Hail Marys.

This was her fix-it for everything - from a head cold to the worlds greatest problems, and this simple philosophy stood her in good stead all her life, and maybe those of us bound up with complexity can learn from such simplicity.

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Mum had strong religious beliefs and convictions. Her faith was unconditional and she applied simple understanding of its meaning.

She loved the Dominican Nuns, who taught her and me, and I have vivid memories of taking boxes of chocolates to the nuns who taught me in the school that was once next door to this church.

Tempting though it was, I never got to eat the chocolates, but I do remember mum following me down Carroll St, on the way to school with my breakfast in her hand, to make sure I ate before school. - But that only went on until I turned 16, and this devotion to family went way beyond this for my sisters Katherine and Paulette.

Mum also loved the many priests who visited our house, all associated with this cathedral. I remember them well and can name them all. And as Michael has said, we must thank again, Father John, for his constant attention

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and ministry to mum and dad over the past years.

His worthy counsel, endless kindness and patience will never be forgotten.

And Mum loved life.

She loved shopping

she loved going out

she loved a wee gamble - and good on her for that.

she loved life and she told me so on many occasions.

Last week when she was dying, ~~and~~ ^{and} hardly had any strength, I took my young grandson to see her.

She opened her eyes, struggled to sit forward and put her hands together in prayer, to let us know she was praying for him, and true to her faith in the blessed virgin,

I know what that prayer was -

"Ya udra Duchloch" which was one of her favorite prayers, and literally translated from the narovite rite means -

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"Holy Mother, watch over and bless him"
That was her prayer for all of us.
Farewell mang, you leave us with
Many treasured memories.