

Words of Remembrance Example

(Times New Roman, 12 Pt. Font, Single Space)

I would like to thank you all for coming here today to celebrate the life of my mother, Rita.

My mother was a strong, hard-working, spiritual, loving woman, that cared deeply for her family and friends. She lived for her family, and her friends became an extension of her family. Her instinct for intense love and compassion was one she was born with.

Rita was a baby-boomer, born right after World War II to Anthony and Elenore Russo. She was the oldest of 5 daughters and she became like another mother to all of them, even to her sister Julie, who was only 14 months younger than her. She was very proud of her family and her Italian – Catholic upbringing.

Her parents owned THE bakery (to them it was the ONLY bakery in Rochester). Her family lived directly above it and it always smelled like an Italian heaven. She worked there practically from birth. This is where she learned her incredible baking skills. She was famous for her cannoli's and this caught the eye, and appetite, of a certain man who later became her husband, Joe Esposito. He came to the store everyday for two years before asking my mother out on a date. Her response, "What took you so long?"

She and Joe were married for 53 years and had three amazing kids, me being one of them. I was the only boy with two older sisters who love me just as my mother did. My mom was the epitome of love and taught us by example how to live a life of strength, passion, and love.

When my grandparents retired, my parents took over the bakery. Everyone knew my mom and everyone loved her. With my father's business background, my parents grew THE bakery and added stores around the Rochester area. True to her Catholic faith, the stores were always closed on Sunday.

After retiring, my parents loved to travel. They went to Italy, the Holy Land, and cruised at least twice a year with their best friends "Uncle" Carl and "Aunt" Sue. My mom loved a good margarita. "Salt, on the rocks, little ice". She said they went great with Italian cookies.

My mother never missed a Sunday mass or a Bills game. She was the greatest Billiever I know. Sundays were her favorite day of the week. Her motto, "Sundays were made for Jesus, Family, and Football". Every Sunday her house was packed with 9 grandchildren running around and tackling each other in front of the TV as we dined on spaghetti, homemade sauce, warm Italian bread, and the "dessert of the week".

I could talk about my mother and all the beauty she brought to this world forever. Every day with her was a gift. She cared for my father, even when she was sick, and she always showered her children and grandchildren with hugs and kisses. She loved deeply and passionately and lived a life to be proud of. We'll miss you mom and we're so grateful for the joy you brought to this world.