

My Dear Daughter, Tifani,

There simply are no words to heal the profound sorrow of my loss of you. I will no longer hear your voice on the phone saying, "Hey, Mom, What cha doin"? I won't ever see another Milne philosophy from Pooh, a silly quip expressed in a meme to my cell phone or a new portrait to cheer me up from missing you because you live far away. You won't make me your famous chicken pot pie. Visits won't happen...mother/daughter trips and lunches won't happen. I want you back...I will always love and miss you!

But...in the lyrics sung by Josh Groban, I find my closing message to your spirit:

*"Through the darkness
I can see your light
And you will always shine
And I can feel your heart in mine
Your face I've memorized"*

I'll always cherish you... Hugs,

Mom