

Bye MooMoo

I haven't brought myself to actually post this yet. I keep going over and over it and for some reason I just couldn't do it until now. I really dont want to do it but I want to remember how I felt, I want my kids to know how loved their moomoo was.

My sweet mother went to be with God at 12 on Sunday August 21st. I had been debating going up there all morning and right when I had decided to go my dad called me with that news. It hit me like a bag of bricks. Even though we had been expecting it, it had happened. She was gone and the fact that I would never see her again or hear her voice made it hard to catch my breath. I still can't understand why this happened to her. She was the best. Just one amazing women that anyone would have been in the presence of true happiness when meeting.



After my dad told me the news, I knew it was time to tell the kids. I just needed to do it. Matt was fishing that day and as much as I wanted to tell him, I didnt have the heart to call and tell him the news until after his weigh in. My husband loved that woman as much as I did and I knew it would've affected him and ruin his day. I wanted him to be able to have fun with his dad before I told him the news. I felt like I needed to do it by myself with my babies. I sat them down and I was already crying. They knew something was wrong. I cry often a lot lately and whenever I cry, they cry which is why it's very hard to let all my emotions out. I hate hurting them. I literally have the most feeling children in the world. I told them I needed to talk to them about something. I turned off the tv and we all sat on the couch together. They simply asked me "whats wrong momma?" I then told them "Y'all know how moomoo was really sick? Well, she went to heaven earlier and we won't be able to see her anymore but we can still talk to her as much as we want". They lost it, I lost it. They started screaming saying they wanted their moomoo. I just held them and they held me while we all cried. Then Jocelynn looked at me and said "Does this mean you won't have a mom anymore?" I replied "Yes, baby. But I know she'll always love me and I will always love her". I started bawling again because Jocelynn said she was so sad for me. We sat there longer and continued to cry, then we prayed to God and then to moomoo. After about an hour I made them realize its not a bad thing. As much as we will miss moomoo, we are glad she is out of pain and cancer free. She is living her life but in heaven now and one day we will see her again. They got better throughout the rest of the day but me? Not so much.



My mom was my best friend. I have said it on here so many times but she was. She was also the best mom in the world. I wish I could talk to her right now because she would tell me everything is going to be ok. I have a couple voicemail on my phone from her and I wish I could put them on here, it just shows how selfless she was. One of them is right after she was diagnosed with cancer. She was calling me to check on me and see how I was doing, after SHE had been diagnosed. Like I said selfless. I listened to them the week she went to heaven but haven't been able to since, I am just not stable enough to listen to them right now. As much as I want to.

That Thursday night we had a visitation where family and friends could come pay respects to us. There wasn't a body because mom didn't want that. We had discussed all of that previously and she just wanted people to come and be happy instead of sad. Which definitely didn't happen because it was very hard. It was so hard seeing everyone from our past, when we were kids and moms past. It was just extremely hard. Talk about a loved woman, there was so many people who came to pay their respects. I could not believe how many people showed up.

I made a video collage of pictures of mom for that night. Talk about difficult. I just ended up crying that entire day. When we got home I just loved on the babies, they sure do make everything better.

I thought I was better on Friday morning but when we got to the grave site I was wrong. It bothered me tremendously that my mom was in that casket. A *box* about to go in the *ground*. It just made it so surreal and I panicked. I felt like my heart was going to come out of my chest it was beating so hard and the tears started to roll. It hit me in a very intense way that day that she was never going to be in my life again. In my children's life again. Never will I hear that beautiful contagious laugh one more time, or be able to call her when I didn't have anything to talk about. That hit me. My sweet daddy did the service by himself. He did an amazing job and held it together. I couldn't believe how well he did, he spoke very kind words of her and told a story I didn't even know about my mom and it made all of us feel good. He told us that when they lived in Houston he would come home from work to find mom making huge pots of soup. She told him she was going to take it down to the homeless. He got mad, he got frustrated because it was dangerous and it was a lot of money. But as usual mom got her way, so he drove her. Mom took huge pots of soup to some street (I can't remember but dad said it) and handed out bowls of soup to these homeless people. The police pulled up and told her she cant do that and she replied "Well, who's going to take care of these people? I am not leaving". That was mom. I love her so much and always will. I'm going to miss her like crazy and selfishly want her back but on my selfless side I do know she's cancer free and out of pain.



I love you momma, I hope you are rejoicing with the Lord and feeling great living in a beautiful place.







