

Remembering My Mother in 50 Words



By Aviva Eales

At around 4:00 p.m. on August 30, 2019, my mother Lorelei passed from this world and into the next. A few hours later, with Hurricane Dorian barreling down on Florida, my husband and I made hasty preparations to evacuate. Mourning my mother was put on hold, my grief stowed away like treasured mementoes in a box.

For three months, I considered how best to honor her memory, but no mark of respect seemed adequate. But on the evening of December 5th, I could wait no longer. Simplicity was best, I realized. So, I wrote my tribute and kept it simple—a loving profile of my mother in a mere 50 words.

As inadequate as these words may sound, I do hope that through this portrait you will comprehend, even a little, what made my mother so remarkable, complex, and dearly loved.

A Portrait of Lorelei in 50 Words:

Mother

Daughter

Maverick

Survivor

Traveler

Walker

Athlete

Helper

Giver

Friend

Doer

Trier

Baker

Tailor

Pianist

Vocalist

Humorist

Performer

Puppeteer

Reader

Writer

Worker

Learner

Student

Teacher

Historian

Introvert

Perfectionist

Intellectual

Trekker

Nerd

Thinker

Feeler

Dreamer

Laugher

Encourager

Messianic

Believer

Citizen of Heaven

Redeemed
Transformed
Purposeful
Powerful
Peaceful
Loved
Happy
Whole
Free...

When I reflect on my mother's life and what she brought to this world, her lasting legacy will not be her sharp mind, ambition, originality, creativity, or kindness. It will be her lifelong faith in Yeshua Ha'Mashiach, the Hebrew name for Jesus the Messiah—the Son of God.

The name that was on her lips. And in her heart. And who she now sees face to face. And thanks, partly, to her influence, one day I will see Him too.

Thanks, Mom.

I love you.

So, so much,

My oldest and dearest friend.