

A letter to Iris from her daughter, Anne Ewing Cole

Dear Mom,

I'm having Peter read this letter to you because I'd fall apart if I read it out loud. I think I got Dads emotional genes, sorry.

It's so fitting that your name was a flower, so lovely and beautiful. And your voice, ahh, your voice...just pure splendor. You had such a strong, independent and intellectual soul. You gave up your musical career to start a family with Walter. Of course for that, I am grateful and you rarely looked back. Family came first.

Summer after summer, you took me to my Junior golf tournaments all over Western Pennsylvania. You sat patiently in the clubhouse for hours, needle pointing and chatting with the other parents. You wouldn't have had it any other way, always full of loving support and encouragement.

You welcomed all who entered your life, never judgmental and always positive. You were successful in everything you did, including motherhood. I know I'm partial, but truly, you were the Best Mom Ever!

My sorrow is so deep mom, but know that your memory will live in my heart forever.

Love, Anne