

TO THE MEMORY  
OF MY MOTHER,  
WHOSE HOLY LIVING  
DIFFUSED BRIGHTNESS AND FRAGRANCE  
ALONG THE CLOUDY AND DUSTY  
PATHS OF DAILY LIFE,  
TO THE PRAISE OF THE SAVIOUR,  
WHO HAD REDEEMED HER,  
AND WHO ENABLED HER,  
FROM CHILDHOOD DOWN TO ADVANCED AGE,  
TO BE A WITNESS FOR HIM.

*shers who  
from their*