



Our Rose

Mum, it is the nineteenth of August and your birthday today and there is so much, to you, we have to say. You've loved us and guided us and given us an example and to have had you in our lives we are forever thankful.

Born and reared in Claudy as one of eleven. You always wanted children and we were the lucky seven. You married Peter on 19th April 1965. You became Mrs Rogers then and our family it thrived.

You had Martin, Jackie, Julie, Micheal, Pearse, Colin and me. I'm Tina, your youngest and always the baby. Our childhood was blessed and it was all down to you. You've given us happy memories and someone to look up to.

With your red, auburn hair you looked every inch the Irish cailin. You were kind and gentle and a sight to be seen. You radiated maternal warmth wherever you went and those that knew you were glad that you met.

Well known in Draperstown and beyond. Gortnari and Drumderg had never seen such a woman. You were a good neighbour to all and an excellent friend but we were the lucky ones who had you all to ourselves.

You were famous for your beautiful homemade scones and the customary welcome that was delivered to all. When the turf was being gathered or the silage cut you'd pull out the table and the house would be stuffed!

You'd serve up a fry, that was fit for a king, to the boys. They'd praise the Lord for the feed they'd get to enjoy. Then, there was the meals you'd make in the chip van. You worked hard and did your best, no matter, the occasion.

I loved walking up and down the Moss Road with you. It was our time together that I came to value. We'd hold hands and talk and put the world to rights. You were interesting and funny with so much insight.

Life hasn't always been easy but you bore your troubles with grace. You believe God walks beside you and have an unwavering faith. You seek out the good in everyone you meet, say your prayers, go to Mass and good counsel you keep.

You needed to be strong in the spring of '88 as tragedy struck along with the cruel hand of fate. Pearse was taken from us and with him he took part of your heart. It's every mother's worst fear from her child to part.

He saw how you kept his things in their place. His trainers never moved from our fireplace. He has watched over you now for thirty five years and he is with you always and never disappears.

Through your grief and suffering you were still a mum in a million. Had you fallen apart you could have been forgiven. But you kept going for our sakes, even on the darkest of days. Our mother's love you never took away.

Over the years there have been plenty of changes. Most of us are local but Michael's in Australia. You have 21 grandchildren now and a great grandson. They all mean the world and are a wondrous gift from above.

You live in your fold and love being surrounded by others. It must remind you of home and being a busy mother. We all still keep you on your toes all the time and visit you regularly or see you on the phone through FaceTime!

There have been many adventures along the way with lots of days out and trips away. There's been runs to the hospital and orders for 'new parts'. The one never needing replaced, however, is your heart.

Your needs are simple but your spirit is huge. A smile from you can light up a room. You are cherished in your community by both young and old. They are captivated by the charm and goodness you hold.

In eighty one years you've had a wonderful life. There's been joy, laughter and tears and sacrifice. You've moulded us into the people we are. You were the glue that bound us wherever we were.

You shaped us and supported us and still do to this day. You've given us time, love and energy and for us you pray. We couldn't have got better and have been more fortunate than most. You are our mother...our friend...our protector...our beautiful Rose.

By Fionnuala Cassidy

