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Family and friends, thank you for being here to honor my mother, Patricia Anne “Tricia” Morgan.

She was born on November 21, 1962, and left us at 61. A span of years that feels far too brief, and yet somehow full—full of service, of steady love, and of a quiet courage that shaped our family.

Tricia grew up in Boston, where she learned to walk fast, speak gently, and keep moving when the wind cut cold. She studied nursing and spent three decades at bedsides, where her calm strength steadied anxious hands and hurting hearts. Later, she became a nurse educator, passing her craft to a new generation and teaching them that skill is essential, but compassion is nonnegotiable. If you ever worked alongside her, you know—she believed that kindness is never wasted, and she lived that truth daily.

At home, she was a widow who carried grief with grace. She was our mother—James and Sophia’s—who showed us what resilience looks like when no one is watching. A beloved sister, and a doting aunt, she held a web of family together with soft words and precise advice, the kind that cleared the fog without raising a storm. I learned humility and resilience by watching her lead our family—never loudly, always decisively, with a dignity that made every room feel safe.

I will always remember my high school graduation. The moment I found her in the crowd by the sound of it—no one cheered louder. When I reached her, she had tears in her eyes and pride written across her face. That look stayed with me. It told me that effort mattered, that character mattered, that love shows up when it’s asked and also when it isn’t.

Her hands were gentle. They knit warmth into scarves for hospital gift drives,

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one stitch at a time, the same way she knit hope into long nights on the ward. She relaxed with crossword puzzles and found quiet beauty in classical music, letting Bach or Brahms fill the spaces she kept so calm for the rest of us.

Faith, for her, was lived in service. Each evening she lit a candle and prayed for others—by name, by need, often before they ever asked. That small light felt like a promise: that someone was holding you in her heart, even when the day had been hard. It was her way of saying, “You’re not alone.”

To her students and colleagues—she believed in you and expected you to lead with empathy. To our family—she gave us steadiness, a compass that points to what is right even when the path is complicated. To her friends—she offered a listening ear and the kind of practical kindness that changes a week, and sometimes a life.

What will we miss most? Her gentle hands, her precise advice, and that unmistakable feeling that when Tricia was near, everything would somehow be okay. We will miss her presence at the table, her quiet humor, the way she noticed who needed a seat, a sweater, a moment of care.

And yet, today is not only a day of sorrow. It is a day of gratitude. Gratitude for a life that lifted others. Gratitude that our family carries her lessons forward—James and Sophia, in the choices we make, the patients we meet, the neighbors we greet. Gratitude that every nurse she mentored will feel her hand on their shoulder when they choose gentleness over hurry, dignity over convenience.

If you are looking for a way to honor her, begin where she began: with kindness. Call the person you’ve been meaning to check on. Offer patience when it’s hard. Teach someone what you know, and do it with compassion. Light a candle this evening for someone who needs it. In this way, her prayer continues, and her light keeps traveling.

Mom, you taught us that strength can be soft, that service is a form of love, and

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that kindness is never wasted. Your legacy is alive in every room you made feel safe, in every scarf wrapped around a stranger, and in every nurse who now leads with empathy because you showed them how.

We love you, Tricia. We will carry your calm, your courage, and your kindness forward.

May your memory be a blessing, and may we be worthy of it.

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