

**EULOGY - GLENNA MOORE**  
**Marty Moore**

On behalf of the Moore Family, thank you for attending. The generous outpouring of love and support in recent days, make that months, has been extraordinary. For me it personifies the affect my mother had on people – she was extraordinary.

While none of us are saints, we all have qualities that are larger than life. My mom's **engaging personality, contagious smile, and dependable friendship** were hers.

As a child, Mom was not the “cool” mom, but she was always there to play chauffeur, and always arrived with snacks in hand. She celebrated everything we did, including the first year 3 of us were in college and returned home for Thanksgiving. The house was decorated with posters, balloons and crepe paper in each of our school colors. Silly as it was, we all loved it, and it was pure Mom.

She may not have been the cool mom, but she was definitely the cool grandmother. “Gigi” loved driving her grandchildren, Blair and Hannah, around in her racy convertible, or even backing into their mom's car with it at TBarM one day. American doll, Yahtzee, and Uno were new hobbies for Gigi – and she loved every minute.

Our mother always seemed “Mom” to us, but I remember well the day I realized she was a woman. In 1994 at a bridal shower for Jackie, I looked around the room at all of her close friends. The room was huge! Big Spring ladies, college roommates, bridge club members, tennis partners, and of course, beauty shop friends. I was amazed at the kinship, laughter, occasional brassy talk, and realized I wanted my mom to be my friend. Dominoes group – you are not forgotten; she just had not started playing yet.

In our adult years, we children all formed friendships with Mom. Her best friend, of course, was Dad. And I will always remember the one piece of relationship advice she gave me “Try to out love one another”. It is evident she practiced that in all of her relationships and friendships.

My mother's mom, Margaretta passed away from cancer in 1965. Sometimes Mom would express her grief and openly wish her mother was here. Glenna was only 28 when her mother died, yet I had 37 wonderful years with my mom. I cannot complain – I'm lucky. We all are lucky to have known her as long as we did. Dad, you were the luckiest.

On Friday, as I pictured Mom hugging her mother for the first time in over 40 years, and the huge smile on her face, I finally smiled. Someday, we'll get to hug Glenna again.