

# A TRIBUTE TO MY RAY OF SUNSHINE

While I will be speaking more in-depth about Rhys' amazing and yes, beautiful life of strength back at Dad's during afternoon tea - I briefly wanted to share with you here. This beach is where I would bring him to play on many a day and he absolutely loved the Turtle Playground. In fact he loved the water and swimming.

You will notice the sun emblem here today.

Rhys was my sunshine. I use to sing "*You are My Sunshine*" to him every night at bedtime. The sun is power. It warms us and it burns. It feeds the plants which we could not live without. Yet for all its power it cannot make so much as a rainbow by itself. For it needs rain to create colour. As are the colours of the rainbow, Rhys was my world of colour, will be forever, my sun power and my sunshine.

Another symbol is the butterfly. I have learnt recently that when a butterfly is struggling to get out of its cocoon and you cut the cocoon to help it, the butterfly dies.

You must let the butterfly struggle, to push itself out of the cocoon because the struggle forces blood into the wings so it can spread them and fly. The same went for Rhys, and now even myself, as the struggles he went through were necessary to make him strong and be able to survive what he endured during his 20 short years.

His name is Welsh for warrior and he certainly lived up to that title.

My words to you all are to be happy, we never know how much time we have left. Laugh at the confusion, smile through tears, if you can, be strong and keep reminding yourself that everything happens for a reason.

He may not always be with us but even if we're far apart – Rhys is with us – right in our hearts.

Born fighting on March 8, 2001 he continued right till the end on September 14, just 20 years of age.

I know you are close Rhys, even today, and I want you always to remember you were stronger than you believed.

Always keep me in your heart for you will always be in mine.

My mind still talks to you and I look for you in everyday nature, a cloud, a butterfly, a bird. My heart still weeps and it always will but my soul know you are at peace – finally.

I now have my own personal angel watching over not only me, but over all those here who love you. I will walk in the rain but always wait for the sunshine.

If you are unable to attend afternoon tea and other tributes, I have printed out copies of mine in full. Please share with those you know could not attend as he deserves to never be forgotten. There also is a memory book to sign and or share your favourite memory of my wonderful boy. You also can leave your email for my full tribute if you'd prefer.

I also just wanted to say this that I read recently: "You will lose someone you can't live without and your heart will be broken and the bad news is that you never completely get over the loss of your beloved. But this is also the good news. They live forever in your broken heart that doesn't seal back up. And you come through. It's like having a broken leg that never heals perfectly – that still hurts when the weather gets cold, but you learn to dance with the limp." From Anne Lamott

As I scatter part of his ashes, please take a handful of sunflower petals and pay your own tribute by throwing them into the sea. I'll also ask Helen to play his songs.

Love you buddy. Mum