

Maureen's Acknowledgments

You are my daffodils, only stronger.

You provide me with encouragement, comfort, and calm during these difficult and extremely challenging times. You help me stand a little taller and let me lean on you when I droop under the pressure. You are my daffodil garden who support and love unconditionally and with abundance.

You are my daffodils who started "Mondays for Maureen" and leave me thoughtful gifts, messages, cards, flowers, and reminders about the comfort and joy that comes with a good book, a cup of hot tea, and a cookie. You are my daffodils who take us out for dinners with pizza and warm cookies or brownie sundaes.

You are my daffodils who sit with me while we watch for hours as the chemotherapy drips into my body. You are my daffodils who bring me to appointments, take perfectly detailed notes, and keep the doctors on their toes. You are my daffodils, my medical team, my Miriam Fain 3 superstars, who tirelessly seek help for your patients. You are my daffodils who text *Just want you to know I'm thinking of you and love you . . . Stay strong and positive* right at the very moment I walk home from chemo and collapse in tears. Or to say *Good night; tomorrow will be better*. I wake up and open your texts or letters or cards just as I'm wondering how I'm going to get through it all.

You are our daffodil sons, and daughters-in-law, who make us proud. You are our daffodil grand-darlings who make us smile. You are our daffodil nieces and nephews who continue to share your lives and invite us along for the joy ride.

You are our daffodil oldest friends who never stop trying. You are my children daffodils, who fill my mailbox, and my heart, with your beautiful art, cards, and messages of pure love and concern. You are my daffodils who make me smile when I see you smile, when we meet at the library, in the market, at the theater, in the neighborhood. You are my daffodil support group, brought together under sadness, joined together in love, each of us bearing heartbreaking conditions as we watch our loved ones decline with Alzheimer's and dementia. You are my daffodils who invite us out of the cold and lovingly mull the fresh mint and serve up a tall mojito while we watch the birds and sunset over the Gulf.

You are my daffodils who reach out in prayer, think of me in church, and bring me closer to God in seeking His comfort. You are my daffodils who sit with me, hold my hand, and tell me you're proud of me. You are my daffodils who keep including my family and me in your lives, in your thoughts, prayers, gestures of kindness. You are my daffodils that help me and Buddy and our family find pleasure in many, many of the good days. You are our daffodils . . . only stronger.