

Epitome of Love (Mom's Song)

To: Mom

From: Robert Harrison

I love you with all my heart, Mom.
Merry Christmas !

April morning, Rex Hospital light. First breath, I saw your smile, changed both our lives. You called me your first true love, your son. Then you grew our family, made it a home. Will and Camp by my side, And all the stories you'd unfold. From Grandma Kaye and Granddad Don— Christmas magic in Wake Forest, feeling I belong. Gene, John, and Fran, They loved me like their own. Every heart in this family. Beats because of you, Mom. You showed me how to build a life. With grit and kindness intertwined. Watched you shine in Raleigh, lead the way. Taught me working hard is never enough— You gotta lead with love. Merry Christmas, Mom, you're the heart that pulls us through. From Wake Forest to Charlotte skies, You've held the family glue. Stacking rocks or shooting hearts—I'm always thinking of. How you taught me, how you raised me. You're the epitome of love. Momma-Dukes, you're the epitome of love. Morning rides to elementary, waving as you'd go. Cupid arrows flying back, Just so you'd know. You picked me up when life got heavy, never let me fall. Drove me to ECU, You were there through it all. And now when I feel lost or small. I hear your voice, reminding me. The best days are still to come. You built your dreams, you built our hope. You're steady through each high and low. The reason we believe in better days. And even though Gene's gone, His laughter fills our home. He's here this Christmas—he's never, ever gone. Merry Christmas, Mom, you're the heart that pulls us through. From Wake Forest to Cali sun, You've held the family glue. Stacking rocks or shooting hearts—I'm always thinking of. How you taught me, how you raised me. You're the epitome of love. Momma-Dukes, you're the epitome of love. So here's to all you've carried, To all the love you give. To every sacrifice you made. So your family could live. And if I ever doubt myself, I just look at you and see. How strong, how bright, how boundless. Love is meant to be. Merry Christmas, Mom, you're the heart that pulls us through. From Wake Forest to everywhere, We're grateful, me and all your crew. Stacking rocks or shooting hearts—I'm always thinking of. How you taught me, how you raised me. You're the epitome of love. Momma-Dukes, you're the epitome of love. Merry Christmas, Mom— You're the epitome of love.

Swoonsong