

Introduce self + family

It's my privilege to share a little bit about my mom with you this morning.

Sherry Dupre...

- Loved polka dots, leopard prints, roosters, and the color red
- She cherished her heritage, speaking Cajun French whenever and wherever she could
- Old cars and convertibles held a special fascination for her
- She always watched CBS Sunday Morning, 60 Minutes, and Lucky Dog
- She was an avid bargain shopper, and she liked Dollar Tree the best
- Her favorite foods were almond joy candy bars, Meche's apple fritters, kumquats, fresh figs, and any vegetable, especially if it was fresh out of the garden
- She disliked her middle name, though I'm not really sure why
- She preferred her coffee brewed in a well-seasoned percolator
- If you needed her to, she would back your trailer, hem your pants, balance your books, or refinish your furniture
- She loved to gather with friends - for parties, for breakfast, for anything really
- She always had her fingernails and toenails polished, and she loved to wear sandals or go barefoot
- She was always ready to experience new things and new places, and was seldom shy around people, though I'm told she was shy as a young girl
- She had a soft spot for animals, especially dogs.
- She liked to rearrange furniture. She called it "playing house." And she didn't just rearrange her own furniture. If she found herself in your home with a few hours to kill, and even if she had *just* met you, you might come home to find everything in a different place. Just ask my husband, Ed.

- Most of all, Mom was a woman of action, and in searching for a single word to describe her, I chose a verb, an action word, and that word is NURTURE

To nurture is to care for and encourage the growth or development of someone.

Mom first nurtured her sisters and best friends, Jan and Cindy. She helped care for them after their father's sudden death at age 35. Mom was 15, Jan was 8, Cindy was 2. She helped raise them while their mother worked long hours as a nurse. Their bond as sisters was as close as any I've ever seen.

She nurtured her friendships, many of them lifelong. Friendships with cousins, with high school classmates, with a stranger she met on a park bench, with ladies who played pokeno or painted, with people in boat clubs, car clubs, singles clubs, and mardi gras krewes, and with ladies who love to dress in red and purple.

She nurtured her neighbors...on Sunny Lane, in Little Farms, in Washington, on Robinhood, in River Trace, and Oak Alley. She checked on them, brought them to doctor appointments, watched to make sure their homes were safe from flood waters, collected their mail, and shared meals with them.

She nurtured her husbands, pouring immense effort and love into each of her two marriages. She bonded with her sisters-in-law, step-children, step-grandchildren, and mothers-in-law. She felt love for those in-laws, just as if they were blood family.

She nurtured her children....Dexter, Desi and I were so lucky to have her unconditional love. As a mother, she was supportive, reliable, loving, and fiercely loyal. She always had something delicious to feed us, and we grew up with the ritual of beignets on

Sunday mornings and cornbread on Sunday nights. She never missed a dance or piano recital, t-ball game, or brownie meeting. She knew our friends and opened our home to them always; some people called our house the "Kool-Aid" house because it was always the fun place to be, and that was because of her.

She nurtured her grandchildren, Jonas, Gill and Eli, loving them with every ounce of her being. She would get on the floor to play with them, rocked them to sleep, read them books, let them taste her beer, taught them to poc eggs at Easter and gave them a special Christmas ornament each year. And she attended every birthday party and grandparents day, despite having to travel 800 miles one way to do so.

She nurtured her beloved dog, Scooter, spoiling him rotten; he gave her 11 years of true joy and was with her until the very end of her life.

And even in her struggle with ALS, she nurtured others who are afflicted with this tragic disease by donating her DNA, her brain, and her spinal cord to ALS research. Her selfless gift will help scientists in their quest for treatment and a cure.

Mom's ability to nurture was so strong it wasn't even a decision; it was instinctual. She had natural compassion, empathy, and generosity of spirit, more than anyone I know. She was, and continues to be, someone I seek to emulate, and I know that we are much better off for having had her in our lives.

Thank you for being here with us today to celebrate her incredible nurturing spirit.