

Tribute to My Baby

Good afternoon everyone.

Today, as we are here to honor the memory of my beloved husband, I want to talk not just about the pain of losing him—but about the joy, the love, and the incredible life we shared together for many years.

Charles was only 41, but he lived those years with more love, strength, and heart than many do in a lifetime. He was my soulmate, my other half, the love of my life. From the moment we met at the park, I knew there was something different about him. His warm smile, his kind heart, the way he made me feel safe—it was like the universe knew we were meant to find each other.

For almost 14 wonderful years, we built a life full of love, laughter, and unforgettable memories. Together, we raised three beautiful children, and there wasn't a day that you didn't pour your heart into being the best husband and father you could be. His greatest passion was his family. No matter how hard he worked—and he worked very hard—he always made time for us. Whether it was a quiet evening at home, a fun day out with the kids, or simply holding my hand when I needed it most to always make me feel safe, my baby was always there.

I still remember that one day that still brings a smile to my face when we found out we were expecting. I'll never forget the joy in his voice as he said, "My baby is going to have my baby!" That was Charles—joyful, loving, and full of life. That moment, and so many others, will live in my heart forever.

Charles wasn't just my husband. He was my safe place, my greatest supporter, my perfect man. And while nothing can take away the pain of losing him, I find comfort in knowing that his love still surrounds us—in our childrens, in our memories, and in the legacy of kindness and strength he leaves behind.

I want people to remember Charles the way he truly was: a strong man with a tender heart, a provider, a protector, a friend. A man who loved deeply and gave selflessly.

Charles, you will always be my favorite memory. I will carry you with me for the rest of my days. Thank you for loving me. Thank you for loving us.

Thank you for being our hero and show us the love you have for us in everything you did, thank you for all the nights we put down our phones and say is family time and just hug each other and give our good night kiss as part of the most important time of the day.

I love you. I miss you. And I will never forget you.

This is not a Good Bye this is until I see you again..

I will love you forever...

With love your Wife..

to my dad

We are here today to honor the life of a man who was more than just a father—he was a pillar of strength, a beacon of faith, and a source of unconditional love. My dad was a man who lived his life with purpose, devotion, and generosity. On June 23rd, 2025, I lost someone who meant so much to Me, but we are left with the legacy of his love, his hard work, and his unshakeable faith in God. My father was a super hero which he has made me learn all the important things in life as he had guided me towards the goals in life.

My Dad was a man who believed in the power of hard work. His hands built not only the life we now cherish but also the foundation of our values—values that we carry with us every day. He never shied away from putting in the effort, whether it was at work or at home, and he did it all with a quiet strength that inspired everyone around him. He didn't need words to show his commitment; his actions spoke louder than any sermon ever could.

But it wasn't just hard work that defined him—his faith was the compass that guided him through every season of life. Dad's faith wasn't just something he talked about—it was something he lived. And it was that very faith that made him the loving, caring, and compassionate man he was. and his love for his family were the cornerstones of his life.

I think we all have moments that stand out when we think of Dad, but for me, one of my favorite memories will always be when we went roller-coasting together. It was a day full of laughter and fear, and yet there was something so comforting about having him there beside me. His calm presence and that infectious smile made even the scariest moments seem manageable. That day, more than any, I saw the playful side of him—a man who could balance both strength and tenderness, seriousness and joy.

My Dad wasn't just a hard worker and a man of faith; he was a spoiler. He always found ways to show his love, whether it was through little gifts, and a lot of kisses, or just giving us that extra moment of attention when we needed it. He loved unconditionally, and in his eyes, his family was the center of his world.

To say we will miss him is an understatement. We will miss his laughter, his wisdom, and that quiet strength that always made us feel safe. But even as we grieve, we find comfort in knowing that his legacy will live on through us. In the love he gave, in the values he instilled, in the faith he shared, and in the countless memories we hold close.

Papa, you may no longer walk with us, but you will forever be in our hearts. You've shown us how to live a life full of love, faith, and purpose, and for that, we are eternally grateful. Rest in peace, Daddy. I will love you always, and I will carry you with me, now and forever.

I miss you and I wish you was still here with us.

Out of my eight children, Charles was the quiet one. The soft one. He didn't need to raise his voice to be heard his presence spoke for him. There was a calm strength about him, a gentleness that drew people in and made them feel safe, seen, and loved.

Charles faced his battle with cancer the way he lived quietly, bravely, and with incredible grace. He never sought pity or attention. He simply endured, day by day, with a strength that humbled all of us. Watching him fight through pain with such dignity broke my heart, but it also reminded me just how extraordinary he was.

Though Charles didn't say much, he taught us so much. About patience. About resilience. About love that runs deep and doesn't need to shout to be real. He made a lasting impact on everyone who knew him.

I will always be proud to be Charles' mother. And while I'll miss his quiet presence every day, I carry his spirit with me the softness, the strength, the love.

Rest now, Charles. You are finally free. And you are forever loved