

Purple Butterflies for Kerry

She faced a life of storms and pain,

But always rose, again, again.

For her kids, she fought each day

With faith and love, she found her way.

In red and purple, bold and bright, She sang her heart out every night. Off-key but full of joy and flair A karaoke queen beyond compare.

She loved music, loud and free, Each song a thread in memory. Though loss had carved a silent part, She held her children in her heart.

Her faith was deep, her spirit wide, With every tear, she still had pride. Now free from pain, her soul takes flight In purple wings, in morning light.

So when you see a butterfly, In violet hues against the sky, Think of Kerry, soaring high Still singing, strong, and close nearby.



MCCARTNEY FAMILY FUNERALS