




In Loving Memory of

Elizabeth June Puccini

20th April 1943 – 19th April 2026





*She was the heart in every home,
The quiet strength we'd always known,
A mother's care, a guiding hand,
The kindest love in all the land.*

*A stepmother who gave her love
So freely, like the skies above.
No lines were drawn, no love was small,
She made more room and held us all.*

*A grandma with the warmest smile,
Who made each moment feel worthwhile,
In every hug, in every meal,
She showed us love so pure and real*

*She loved her kitchen, pots in hand
Creating magic, carefully planned,
A pinch of this, a stir of care.
And somehow love was always there*

*She loved to shop, to laugh, to see
The simple joys of family
And in her chair at end of day
Her favourite show would drift and play*

*But more than all these things we knew,
Was how her love so deeply grew.
For every child, both near and far,
She loved each one for who they are.*

*Though now we say goodbye,
And wipe the tears from weary eyes,
We know her love will never end
In us, her heart will always bend*

