



Volume 18 • Issue A

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# Living Large at Lac La Hache

## 2018 CHRISTIE SCREECH

*Our theme this year is Lac La Hache. Most of the content was written by Randy Christie (the I); Mom and Dad, therefore, are Bill & Kay Christie. I did edit some of the other contributions to "correct failing memories."*

**I**t's still dark but I couldn't sleep anyway because I knew the next two weeks were going to be the best ones of the whole summer... we were heading to Lac La Hache.

Dad had already packed up the old Ford Galaxy; an overflowing roof rack with Uncle Tom's red canoe perched precariously on top. Every empty space stuffed with what we would need for our two week adventure.

The journey was an integral part of the adventure, every landmark of the route building the anticipation of the destination: the turn at Hope, seven tunnels (can you hold your breath through China Bar?); the quirky little mountain at Cache Creek; 70 Mile House; 100 Mile House; 108 Mile Ranch; the first glimpse of the lake (damn it's a long lake); finally the turn off!

A left into the old Saw Mill; weave around the Beehive Burner; over the wood chips and through the corridor of heaped up logs and discarded mill machinery; the harrowing, rutted access road through the dense forest, breaking free to the final slope, past the two towering fir trees, revealing the rustic cabins perched upon the hill looking over the realm we were to claim as our own private magical kingdom.



*Sandra, Freda, Uncle George & Tippy in front of screened patio sleeping quarters.*

The car doors flying open, we race out to see whether the iconic elements of our playground were still intact: tire swing which could be launched to dizzying heights over the hillside, check; outhouse with his and hers holes (the girls got a porcelain seat), check; the giant anthill by the door of the outhouse, a seething three-foot high mound of fir needles and ants, check.

Racing down to the beach, past the campfire and onto the dock, a little askew perhaps but still structurally sound. Gazing out, in the bay the swimming raft beckoning us to dive in immediately and enjoy the refreshing water. The reeds on the left providing

a protective shroud to our swimming hole and to the right the old boat house stuck in the bull rushes. Across the lake on a little peninsula, a cabin fashioned from an old VW Camper and the railway tracks where the rumbling freight trains and iconic bud cars made their daily transits.

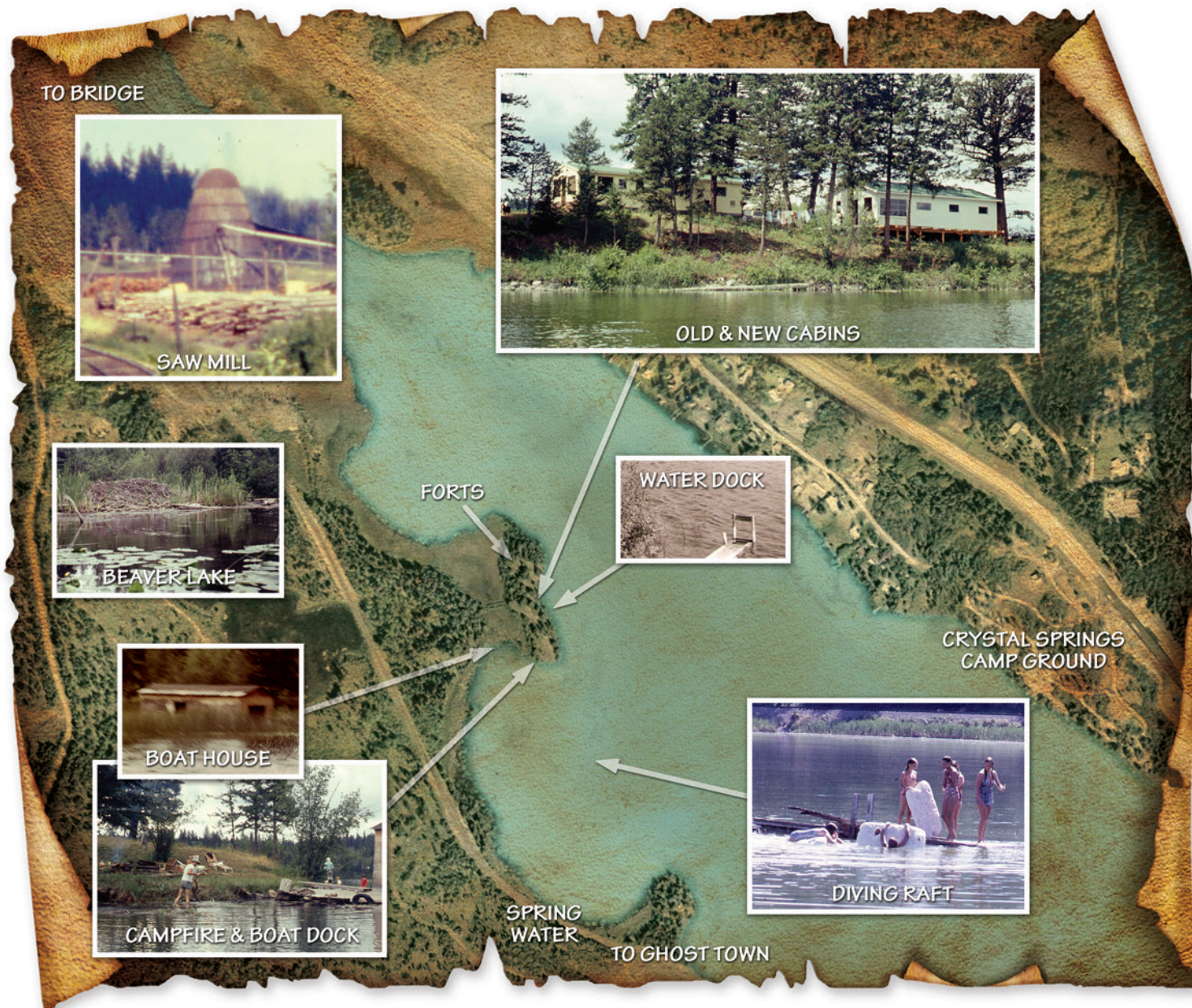
In a word, paradise!

## In the Beginning...

In the early 1960's Uncle Bob Wood discovered this get away from one of his contacts in Forestry and convinced the family they should pool their resources, taking out a 99-year lease.

Initially there was only one cabin,





a rustic little habitation with one bedroom, a kitchen with a sink but no running water. The fridge, stove, heater and lights running on propane. The best feature, however, was the large screened in porch over looking the lake. Cots and mattresses could be hauled out there making it the most wonderful sleeping quarters.

A few years later the men folk arrived with hammers and saws (hand tools, there was no electricity) to build a larger cabin. Three bedrooms and an indoor bathroom with a real toilet – although flushing the toilet required several trips to the lake to get buckets of water.

A large kitchen allowed the aunties to create the most sumptuous meals, served on an eclectic array of mismatched plates and cutlery donated

from a dozen different sources.

The living areas were furnished with assortment of cast-off furniture which doubled as extra sleeping spaces and made a terrific communal space where the conversation (screeching) and laughter continued unabated.

The picture window provided a spectacular view of the lake. It wasn't a high-end resort but it wasn't camping in a tent either.

With this infrastructure in place the site was able to provide for several families at a time, often with other trailers and tents used to handle the overflow.

Although it was plumbed, for several years water had to be brought up from the lake in buckets. Hot water was

boiled on the stove. Later a water tower was erected and a pump liberated us from the water hauling chore; even then however, drinking water was accessed by rowing across the bay to fill water jugs from a cool spring by the railway tracks.

The lack of running water also meant that lake doubled as our bath tub and laundry facility. Sandra remembers the benefits of floating Ivory Soap in that regard; until it floated under the dock of course.

We would often row across the lake to the Crystal Springs Campsite where we could get bread, milk and of course, Popsicles. Sandra points out that this adventure always occurred during the parent's cocktail hour.

But most significantly, the extra cabin





brought with it a plethora of cousins to share this amazing playground with. As I remember the cast of characters who participated some of our adventures it's clear we must have had several families together at one time.

The lack of electricity meant that a lot of our evening entertainment consisted of board games, cards and Parcheesi. Somehow; without the benefit of TVs, cellphones, computers, electronic games or any of the entertainment fluff that inundates our society today, we managed to have fun—the kind of fun that endures in fond memories that last a life time.

### Our Aquatic Playground

The lake, as you might imagine, was the centre of most of the activities. Eminently suitable for swimming and warmed by the

Cariboo sun, it ensured endless hours of water activities.

Mind you, there was the small problem of leeches. An afternoon of swimming was generally followed by an inspection to see how many of the black worms were clinging to our bodies. A salt shaker left at the beach took care of them in a hurry, and as disgusting as they were, I don't recall anyone actually dying from them.

I remember Don Layfield challenging Mike Christie to a swimming race across to the campground. Off they went with the rest of us paddling boats across as escort vessels.

We managed to amass an small armada of boats and water toys over the years. One of the earliest were some large Styrofoam blocks, which not only made wonderful sunbathing devices but also erstwhile boats, surfboards and jousting platforms.

Uncle Jimmy built us one of his iconic guppy boats; the virtually unsinkable little craft gave us the liberty to explore our watery domain.



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We also discovered another use for the guppy. Hauling it onto the dock and filling it with water, meant we could throw the ubiquitous Squaw Fish we caught into the little boat to swim around.

Later that night, while sitting around the campfire, we would be charmed to see the mink coming to pilfer our catch. Sliding up on dock, they would dive into the boat; coming out with a fish in their whiskered maw, chomping it down then going back for another.

Soon a plastic row boat and Uncle Tom's red canoe gave us the ability to range faster and farther, the lake yielding up more fascinating places to explore, including a ghost town nestled beside an awe inspiring waterfall.

Dad, being ever creative but used to vacationing on a budget, found interesting ways to amuse and

potentially drown us. One year he rented a boat and 10-horse outboard from the campsite. Fashioning a surfboard from a piece of plywood and tying it to the boat he dragged us around the lake to our intense delight.

The fun was elevated to a higher level; however, after Uncle Tom and Uncle George invested in a speed boat. Then they patiently (maybe not so patiently) taught us all how to water ski.

When Uncle Tom was at the wheel of the boat it was generally one part exhilaration, two parts terror; as he delighted in making the journey as

perilous as possible. God help you should you decide not to let go of the rope at what should have been the end of your turn. He wasn't averse to driving through the reeds to make sure you were thoroughly whipped for your insolence.

In this era of hyper safety-conscious parenting, I am still amazed that we all survived the entertainment our crazy Uncles provided for us. At the same time, I am brought to tears thinking about how rich our lives were because they provided us with a childhood that was remarkable in its richness and pure amusement.

And the contributions of our Aunties can't be understated either. At times as an adult I had considered renewing the lease on the property but then I thought about the amount of work they put in.

Consider, they had to maintain a tribe of kids, in the early years many of whom were still in diapers, without running water, electricity, washing machines or any of the other time-saving conveniences we take for granted.

Yet my fond remembrances were of the animated voices and laughter that filled the cabins as their tireless efforts, however under appreciated at the time, allowed their brood to pack their days full of endless adventures.

Of course the prolonged and close proximity to our aunties allowed us to assess and exploit those special qualities they all possessed. For instance you knew once Auntie Lorraine arrived, a basket full sweet Saskatoon Berries and the tiny little wild strawberries that grew wild on the hills, would be



*Around the Campfire – Auntie Helen with a Clobbering Stick, 1969*



magically transformed into the most delicious pies.

## A World to Explore

The lake wasn't the only source of recreation of course, there was a vast outdoor playground to explore; and explore we did. Largely we were left to range far and wide over the territory.

The area behind the cabins was terrific for building forts; the discarded mill equipment providing interesting building materials.

A trail off the access road let to a slope filled with Saskatoon Berry bushes and then carried on through a beech grove to the railway tracks. The railway provided a corridor to host of interesting places; and of course gave us an opportunity to place pennies on the track; the train elongating them into interesting jewelry.

Heading north on the track, past the Beaver Lake, you came to the mill and all its fascinating activity. Further on was the old wooden bridge across the river and the weir regulating the lake depth.

To the south you could stop at the creek for a cool drink of water before carrying on to the waterfall and ghost town; the old buildings frequently offering up discarded treasures such as books, pages yellowed with time and other remnants of a once lively village.

Dad would sometime take us on more adventuresome explorations up the untrammelled hills, instilling as he did my life-long love of hiking.

But the territory also stimulated my inner biologist, as the numerous creatures kept me spell-bound for hours. I was constantly poking sticks in groundhog holes and prying up rocks to find out what critters would come out.

There were snakes and snails, dragonflies and damsel flies, skeeters that defied the water with the surface tension on their feet. We would take buckets of the red ants by the outhouse and dump them on a black ant nest to watch them engage in battles.

At the right time of the year the tadpoles all completed their transition to tiny froglets and the ground would turn into a seething boil of frogs leap-



## Don't Get It Done Too Fast

Jean Weighill relates a story about a work party that had gone up to remove a tree that was growing into the side of the new cabin.

The objective was to go up on one weekend, assess the situation and prepare the tree to be removed in small increments over a period of other trips – that allowed for the beer drinking and carousing to extend over several iterations.

Unfortunately, for the success of that plan they brought John Weighill along on the first trip, who being of a more pragmatic bent, went over to the mill and asked if he could borrow a chain saw.

They asked why it was needed. After John explained the situation the mill hands thought it was too good of an adventure to pass up; therefore, they followed John back to the cabins with all the appropriate equipment.

Soon they had the tree all rigged up with cables and come alongs. The tree was brought down in short order. This was all fine and dandy except it removed the excuse to come back and have another guys weekend away.

It did, however, create a space for the water tower; thus eliminating the odious chore of hauling water up in buckets and consequently more frequent flushings of the toilet.

ing into the forests. On the return trip of one of the vacations I filled the ashtrays of the car with the frogs as well as glass jar I hid under Dad's car seat.

Once a chipmunk got trapped between the cabin door and screen door, on opening the door the rodent leapt onto my head, I'm not sure which of us was more terrified as I went screaming through the cabin and out the other door.

My fascination with all things nature didn't escape the notice of my cousins, with Sandy Wood ascribing me the moniker, Ted Peck the Outdoorsman; which, unlike some of the other nicknames I was given by my other cousins, I kind of wore as a badge of honour.

## A Room With A View

Somewhere along the line the uncles figured out that guy's week away could be more virtuously described as a "Work Party"; thus it became an annual event to head up to do some cleaning during spring break. There was generally some utility to the events as the rats typically found their way into the cabin during the winter and some serious removing of rat droppings was necessary before the women folk arrived a couple of months later.

I can remember one of the early trips up was made in Uncle Peter's old Carryall. I made a bed for myself in the back with the luggage, but it wasn't all rest and relaxation. It was my job to crack open the beer and hand it up to



the drunks in the front, with the odd coke for Uncle Tom.

A couple of my school friends joined my Dad, Bob and I for Spring Cleaning. We arrived to a particularly rat littered cabin which required several hours of cleaning just to make it habitable. At the end of the day I set up a bed in my favorite spot, on the sofa in front of the large picture window overlooking the lake. I loved that spot because you could prop up your pillows and watch the moonlight shimmering off the lake and listen to loons make they mournful calls to one another. It really was a magical way to drift off to sleep.

There I was in a state of semi slumber when I realized I was not the only one taking in the romantic view. Sometime in the midst of dozing off a rat decided to share the enchanting view with me and had hopped up onto my belly to take in the sight. As I regained consciousness the rat and I locked eyes, and he gave me a look as if to say, "Isn't it lovely?"

### Antiseptic Annie Versus the Rats

Unfortunately, not all of the clan were lucky enough to share in the paradise that was Lac La Hache. The Henschel's, in particular, were not able to take advantage of it; primarily of course because Uncle Russell worked summers at Playland but also because Auntie Anne, suspected quite rightly I suppose, that it might not meet her standards of hygiene.

Nevertheless, one year my father persuaded her that his god-daughters deserved the benefits that only Lac La Hache could offer. With much misgivings, I imagine, she bundled her precious daughters onto a bus headed for the Cariboo. Christy believes the year to be 1969 and as she recalls the trip was destined for failure even before they arrived as she and her sisters got carsick on the bus ride up.

Now as fate would have it this was a year that, although the rodents mess had been cleaned up in the spring, the pesky critters had returned and re-pooped the premises. Our family (the Bill Christie's), having arrived a few hours before Antiseptic Annie, and

I let out a scream. The rat leapt into the air, scurrying down the cabin and behind the stove. Dad and my friends rushed out of their rooms to see what terrible fate had befallen me. Realizing the existential threat against our safety, we loaded the pellet gun for a mid-night hunting adventure. Carefully pulling out the stove and freezing the rat in the beam of the flashlight (Robbie Forbes having previously educating me on the efficacy of the pit lamp) we asserted our position at the top of the food chain.

We may have won the battle but I'm sure I slept with one eye open for the remainder of the week.

### What's that You're Smoking?

As we got into our teen years, Lac La Hache became a great place to bring friends along, particularly as it meant we could take the bud car up which added another layer of adventure. Thus it

was that one year, my friends Denny and Brian and I took over the old cabin as our lair. We had also brought along a package of cigarettes which upon arriving we hid under the mattress of the bed.

We figured we had better wait until the adults went to sleep before sneaking a smoke, so we kept an eye on the other cabin for the lights to go out. Finally it went dark and we went into the bedroom to retrieve our cache. To our horror the cigarettes were gone! I had a panic attack thinking we were busted for sure but we were never called out for it but I was scared the rest of the trip something was coming.

The next spring cleaning I was up there with Dad again and I noticed he was smoking a square cigarette. Puzzled, I asked, "Dad, what's that you're smoking?"

"Oh", he replied, "One of your cousins



*Auntie Mo on the hide-a-bed Auntie Anne was able to sterilize.*

recognizing the potential calamity that would arise should she step foot in such a disaster area, immediately flew into action. All hands on deck, sweeping, washing, scrubbing, in a valiant effort to erase all evidence of said rodents.

Alas, our best efforts were not nearly sufficient to meet her level of cleanliness. After enduring a ten-hour bus ride with puking girls and upon seeing the humble dwellings she nearly fainted on the spot.

Of course, being a sensible and pragmatic woman, she would have never considered sleeping on a mattress that a rat may have touched and whose fabric couldn't be sterilized.

Luckily, there was a vinyl-upholstered hide-a-bed; which at the very least she could clean with a healthy

dose of Lysol. Once purified, it may have been sufficient to give rest to her tortured soul; except, every time she rolled over, she could hear the little rat droppings falling out from under the bed onto the floor.

Whar with the rat poop, plethora of insects, leeches in the lake and other wild life (all the things I found most engaging about the place), she spent her whole vacation freaking out. Not surprisingly, she never returned.

Sadly, I don't think she ventured inside the outhouse; which likely could have used a little disinfecting.



must have hid a pack of cigarettes under the mattress last year. I found them while I was cleaning up.” You see, I was the good kid—it was always my bad cousins that were getting into trouble.

Another year, I remember being up there with Doug and Don. We were considering some nefarious deed and had come up to cabin to flesh out our conspiracy. We were laughing and chortling as we devised our escapade only to discover that Auntie Helen had decided that the bedroom in the old cabin was a good place to escape the screeching of her sisters and get an afternoon nap. Another caper foiled due to lack of attention to detail.

## The Killer Bees

The end of the dirt road that led to the cabin was pushed through a shallow swamp, which the old boathouse had drifted into and got stuck. Most years the lake was so high that the quagmire was impassible but one particularly hot year the level of the lake was lower so Danny, Craig and I figured we could make it across the marsh to the boathouse.

Like Indiana Jones, we the intrepid explorers, followed a winding trail through the labyrinth of cattails, over logs and past dens of venomous rattlesnakes to the temple of doom.

Then something went wrong, we were about to experience the curse of the swamp. I in the lead, felt a sharp pain and yelled out. Another sting convinced my legs to get moving and I blew past my startled cousins in headlong dash to escape the black marsh of horrors.

I heard Danny call out, “Randy, what’s



*In 2011, all that remained of the cabins were a few roof trusses. The outhouse on its side showing the double-deposit points, even the giant anthill was gone.*

wrong?” as a swarm of mud wasps descended upon him and Craig.

Soon they were hot on my heels. The three of us yelling and screaming, ran past the cabins and onto the dock, then into the lake, imagining the swarm of angry hornets was still circling in a cloud above our heads.

I remember feeling guilty, as our mother’s dabbed ammonia swabs on our wounds to remove the stings, that although I was the one who stepped on the nest, I got off relatively lightly; it was my hapless cousins that received the full brunt of the attack.

## All Good Things..

Alas all good things come to an end. The Dirty Thirty aged and the Royals lost their enthusiasm to continue maintaining the place; and let’s be honest, prosperity led to more attractive and less demanding vacation options.

The lease lapsed and the cabins were abandoned. I took a trip back in 2011 and stayed in one of the better appointed cabins in the renovated Crystal Springs Campsite.

Renting a canoe, I paddled across to reacquaint myself with the site that held such



a profound place in my heart. All that remained of the cabins were a few roof trusses. Old propane appliances littered the ground. I found the remains of the dock in the reeds but all evidence of the boathouse was gone.

I went up the old trail up to the railway track and through the now abandoned mill. The road back to the cabin was nearly impassible with fallen trees and mosquitoes the size of small birds.

During the nostalgic paddle back and now looking at it with adult eyes, I was struck by two discordant thoughts: I was once again struck by the wild beauty of the location but also the distinct lack of the creature comforts we take for granted now. It must have been a lot of hard work providing that playground for us.

It filled me with a renewed appreciation of how fortunate we were to have been born into such an amazing family. It really wasn’t until years later that I came to realize that sacrifices that were made, the love that was shown and the opportunities we were given, were truly unique experiences. For this, and all the other blessing bestowed upon us, I am so grateful for the generation that raised us.





# Gorgeous

Gorgeous. She was that inside and out.

Whether she was leading us through the lagoon at Lasqueti to uncover sea treasures, transforming luxurious fabrics into Janet Wood creations, travelling to exotic locales, becoming a rose Queen or sipping the newest craft beer with her grandkids, Gorgeous Auntie Janet had an insatiable passion and curiosity to live a life of colour, adventure and pizzazz!

As Patty shared at the Celebration of Life, "All of us carry a favourite image of our Gorgeous Auntie Janet. It no doubt makes you smile, she was a tad outrageous. She became an expert on many fields of interest and had the ability to convey her excitement and knowledge to others in a series of academy award worthy performances. This was her forte. The girl had some style!"

Style, fashion, culture, music, nature, travel, and people. It was all on her list. She was an expert. Or at least that's what she told us, and we believed her. Time spent with Gorgeous Auntie Janet was priceless. You would learn, laugh a lot, and see things just a little differently. She made you feel good

about yourself just being with her.

Cousin Gord recounted when she travelled to Thailand for his wedding and entertained his friends with many colourful stories, "One of her charming qualities was finding everything so bloody interesting and every excursion a real adventure, she reminded me of those blasted French and their endless childlike enthusiasm until she had a few cold beers and mellowed out with some more familiar Scottish shenanigans."

As Alex said in his beautiful speech at her celebration of life, "Gran gave us so much of herself that I know all five of us are proud of. Her sometimes light approach to this earth, how welcoming she was, her style and flare, deep appreciation of beauty both in nature and in the human spirit, but above all that her penchant for laughter and her humour."

I can hear that deep throaty, loud, laugh, cackle, outburst...even now as I



write. It was unforgettable.

I bet Michelle heard it when she stayed at Gorgeous Auntie Janet's back in the day and our dear aunt put rocks in her bed for a little laugh or possibly terror! Even later in life when Michelle had the pleasure of rooming with Gorgeous Auntie Janet at a hotel in Thailand... Michelle revealed, "She stole the chocolates the maid left on my pillow every single night!"

Alex shared, "How could you not remember the laughter and her fast and loose approach. When Jilly was



*Sandy, Lois, Tina Janet Bob & Helen*



*Janet at Kersley (Quesnel) 1952*



in high school Gran commissioned to make outfits for Jilly and her best friend Hannah for a school dance. The outfits in question were inspired by a popular hip hop video at the time and Gran insisted that the skirts just weren't short enough."

Christy Herndier remembers the gorgeous one with Cigarette in one hand, can of beer in the other, her very loud cackly laugh and bad language, coming from the pure Henschel family this was unbelievable. We loved her dearly and miss her so much!

When Bob was making Auntie Culture he asked Janet what she thought the secret of the closeness of the Christie clan was. She was quick to reply, "know how to laugh at yourself, and don't take yourself too seriously." No one could argue that she didn't practice what she preached. Auntie Janet was and always will be, the undisputed star of the family. And now the twinkle of her eyes sparkling in the sky as she tends to the rose garden of the great beyond.

Lois recalled that one day her mom was staying with her, it was really hot day and suddenly she disappeared. "I searched her until I found her, totally naked in a diaper pulling the weeds! Several times I've asked her to come inside because it was too hot outside, she refused! So, I went to get a beer and said to her "Beer Time" she ran up

slowly inside my house. She borrowed a cool sexy dress and was happy! Whew, my backyard is very private – No one saw her, thank god!"

Singing Christmas Carols on the stairs at Granny Christie's house on Dundas Street definitely stood out in our memories. As Patty said... "While we are confident that Auntie Janet had never sung a note on key she did lead us in carols with the confidence and expertise of a renowned choral conductor. She'd point to various cousins and then signal for each to bring up the volume, soften the tone, and liven up the chorus. She would throw her whole body into the performance. We were so busy watching her that we were never self-conscious of how we sounded (editor's note: screech-like). She made us believe that we were a wonderful and melodious choir. When the song came to a close she would call out, "That was marvelous." She made this fun, and where most teenagers would cringe or roll their eyes at such a practice, we looked forward to this time with her each and every Christmas."

I know Helen, Lois, Sandy and Tina will miss her the most.

Helen – "It took a while to figure out what was wrong. I was sad, and couldn't get better. I just couldn't call or later see her to say, HI MOM LOVE YOU! Like I did for the 61 years my life, from wherever I was in the world. Her reply was always I love you too. Right



up till the day she died. I miss her sweet voice, her comfort, her love."

Lois shared – "I have so many great memories of my mum when she stayed with me at my house during her lovely vacation for 5 years. She also loved spending time with her siblings when they would come to visit and have lunch at my house. I will always love my mum forever!

Tina – "She was a force and gift of nature, nothing could ever stop the ever-astonishing Janet. Her relentless curiosity that took us on so many amazing paths of knowledge. Her cackle. Her sparkling, cheeky eyes. What a mentor, I miss her so much daily."

Yes, we all will miss her but she will be with us always.

She was so many words, yet we only need one to capture it all - gorgeous.



Janet & Bob Wedding 1955



Janet & Helen Roller Skating 1952



## What's that on your Jeans, Sandy?

### Tina

Oliver kids are thriving: Jillian is still the Press Secretary for The Green Party of BC, hoping she will pop a child/grandchild soon. She and her hubby Chris are awesome.

She flits around the province with Andrew Weaver and divides her living time between Vancouver and Victoria. Chris's on-line payment business is thriving and if you need such services, just get in touch with me!

They bought a property with their cousin (other side) in Nelson BC, so thank God, are following in the family tradition of owning dirt!

Alexander thrives in Montreal, works for John Fleuvog in retail and is eying to do his Master's degree in Urban Planning – a long time passion of his.

He will spend this Christmas with his partner, Declan's family in the Montreal area and promises to visit Vancouver in the Spring or Summer, or I will just have to go there for one of his legendary hugs.

He continues to beautifully express his hilarious self through both stand-up comedy and his youtube stints, which are ironic and hilarious: his Twitter and Instagram handles are Earth clan a must watch!

Politics and being engaged did not evade these Oliver's! Sophia completed her first degree in Medical Sciences on the Dean's List at U Western, with two specialties: Interdisciplinary Medicine and Anatomy. She aced the M-CAT, but is taking a gap year.

Sophia survived the Indonesian tsunami (her mother almost didn't not hearing from her when we had such sketchy news). Now she is working at BC Children's Hospital in Vancouver, and empties her mother's gas tank on call – and will start Medical School at some point.

I am blessed, grateful, as we all are, to be sure. I will admit to having had a rough run this past year. I moved three times (come to my beach house, any time, you are always welcome! And I cook!)

I lost my dear Bella Rose, Jack Russell Terrorist in November last year, and that was catastrophic after 18 years of companionship and fierce protection, only to have this biggest devastation and uncategorical loss of my dear, dear Mom, the amazing and Gorgeous one, on January 4th.

I don't think we ever recover from such loss, it just becomes part of our fabric, another layer of life we wear and bear.

Dear Patty took me in at Lasqueti,

I kind of needed to pay homage to my amazing Mom and remember all her botany lessons there (and Marg – remember the terrifying stories about the Tea Pot House?! Needless to say, Patti, Carol and I were kids again, with Bob/buoy, splashing and frolicking in the surf.

I am doing fine. Some of us are going to cause a stir in Scotland in the Fall...

God bless this family!

### Lois

It was wonderful to see all of you at gorgeous JAW's Celebration of Life. I've missed listening to mum's news about her family. Mum and I were the same personality & behavior – she was so warm and supportive and I have the same experience in my Deaf community. Now, the Deaf people call me 'Gorgeous Lois'! It feels right. I learned so much about her from the many people who spoke about her so lovingly.

I am on a long-term disability until age 65 (I'm 61). My life has been anything but boring without a 9-5 job. I have been involved as volunteer for Norwest Deaf Outdoor Club as Fundraising Coordinator and as the Curling Club treasurer – I love playing the curling game every Sunday. Over the last several months, my dear labradoodle dog and I enjoyed babysitting several dogs or cats at my house while friends were out of town.

Last August I went to Alaska with my good friend, Sara. There were over 150 Deaf people and 10 sign language interpreters on the trip. We traveled to Anchorage, Denali National park, and many small towns. My greatest wildness animals adventure was seeing maybe 50 healthy happy Husky dogs in their tiny cozy home. I enjoyed hugging them, one of puppies tried to chew my new hearing aid, oh gosh, tough sharp teeth. It was a fabulous trip with FRESH AIR. Ahhhh, so nice compared the smoky air in the Vancouver area this summer.

Lastly, I pampered & worked on JAW's 50 roses. My mum has been nagging me in my mind to be PERFECT when pruning each of her beloved roses. I do still feel funny without her but glad that she is always in my heart. I think I need some help from my gorgeous male cousins to





repair JAW's trellis & lattice fences sometime this Springtime!

### Helen

Its been a tough year for my family. We all miss mom.

For me, It took awhile to figure out what was wrong. I was sad, and couldn't get better. Something significant was missing from my life as I just couldn't call mom to say, "Hi mom love you!" Like I did for the 61years my life. Her reply was always, "I love you too," right up till the day she died. I miss her sweet voice, her comfort, her love.

I bought a place in Maricopa, Arizona. Where I plan to stay for 6 months every year. Mom would've loved it there. I've taken up golfing again at the Duke Golf course which is just 10 mins away. Maybe now I might need her clubs back from Auntie Mo, Ha Ha. Mom is with me now every time I tee off. I can clearly hear her timid voice, "Now keep your eye on the ball, plant those feet, don't look up and whack it!" And it sails down the middle of the fairway. I miss mom but she is with us everyday.

Christie and boyfriend Mike are living in Victoria with new kitten Sonic who is 5 months old. Christie is enjoying working on an orthopaedic trauma unit at Victoria General. Stefan is living in Kelowna while completing his degree at UBCO; he is coming down to spend Xmas with the Christie and Mike in Victoria.

## Tina Remembers Lac La Hache

Gail Jefferies and I would head out north in to the bush and build endless forts, believing we were creating habitats for foxes and indigenous critters, we would spend hours upon hours, day after day, creating these forts. My dear Dad would stealthily creep up on us - ostensibly "teaching" us how to "stealthily sneak up like an Indian" - of course scared this bejeezes out of us, but he would then help build our outposts. Patty recalls these forts became quite elaborate, often complete with all the comforts of home such as the "dump stump".

The evenings around the campfires taught us valuable life lessons too; such as, learning how to toast a marshmallow to perfection. First the ideal switch needed to be selected and carved to point (the two pronged poker allowed for greater control). With the implement prepared we were ready to roast said childhood comfort, staple, summer food, on the roaring fire by the dock. Sometimes you were able to produce the ultimate treat with a golden hued crust around warm liquid centre; however, far too often you got the "loser" ribbon when your damn marshmallow aught fire. Damn that lack of finesse!

One year we were the first to open up the cabins. During the winter some assholes had come over, probably crossed the lake on ski-dos, and shot their guns through the cupboards in the little cabin, shattering all the dishes. A further bullet was shot through the other cabin, the trajectory of the bullet being easily discerned by the holes through the outside walls and each of the inside bedroom walls.

As traumatizing as that was to discover, it necessitated a trip to Williams Lake with Mom - always an exciting outing (there were actual toilets) - to find a thrift store to get more dishes! It also meant we could buy more green peppers for Lois who was addicted to them.

One evening after dinner Mom took us on one of her endless botany, flora and fauna walks up to the rail tracks, by the Beaver Lake. Dad was demonstrating his forestry profession as well, teaching us about trees. Coming upon a beech tree, he peeled back some of the bark; whereupon a bat flew out and got tussled up in Helen's long hair - who needs alcohol when you have such trauma/drama? The adults sobered up immediately (rabies could have been a concern) and the situation was mitigated - who knew bats have such sticky wings?

One particular character-building summer at Lac La Hache, the ever frugal Mother Janet bought Sandy a pair of jeans, probably on sale at \$1.49 at Woodwards. He did not particularly fancy these denims and quite unexpectedly they ended up down the famous outhouse hole. There was the Gorgeous One, red broom stick in hand, kneeling over the outhouse hole in a prudent effort to retrieve said jeans. I cannot recall if Sandy received pain and punishment for the mysterious act.

One day, Marg and I decided to see if we could catch the attention of the guys who worked at the mill. We packed a lunch of cheese sandwiches and other fixings. We set out along the railway tracks and past the mill before setting up our picnic lunch under the trestle bridge. Despite our best efforts, we came home bewildered, that no one seemed to take notice and appreciate such babes!

"La cucaracha" played a big part of our lives up there: on the white Styrofoam Floaties, hours on end, bouncing back and forth on said floaties, until we flailed and failed and dumped in to the lake. It was childhood bliss.





## Plies, Pubs and Prizes Lock up your logs

*The Colbourne Clan had a busy year with lots of travel, new opportunities and major milestones!*

### Bill and Moira

It is apparent that Bill and Moira did nothing noteworthy this year as their children failed to include them in the family write up. They did however join Helen and Kay on a cruise to Tahiti.

Unfortunately, their luggage didn't arrived on day 4 of their trip; so the travelers were forced to wear the same ginch for days. Nasty!

For the formal dinner the cruise staff presented the ladies with gorgeous matching gowns. Moira was quite miffed when she was asked to return



*Say Yes to the Dress... Destitute Cruisers in stolen gowns.*

the gown the next day. She wanted to keep it as she looked so stunning in the outfit.

On the home front, Bill keeps threatening to install a gas fire place as soon as they run out of firewood. Needless to say, Moira has been caught stealing firewood in order to keep the home fire burning. Lock up your logs family.

### The Hodges

The girl squad of Christina, Grace and Anne traveled to Ontario to "FAF" Fun Camp... that's Favourite Auntie Freda Fun Camp!! With swimming across the lake kayaking up a storm, and games galore it was action-packed and tons of fun!

Christina has developed an interest in cooking which is making her mother and FAF proud! She also continues the family tradition of highland dancing and field hockey. Grace won a creative writing contest in New West in the Spring, also made the regional field hockey squad and entered the challenging IB program this Fall. Anne continues to perfect her ballet attending a summer intensive ballet program in Victoria this summer. She is in Grade 11 and thinking about her last year in high school next year!

Barb is working full time and loving it, Mike is healthy and happy!



### Stewart & Jackie

In the Stewart Colbourne family, Ellen graduated from Lafayette College and Jackie and Stew and G&G went for the graduation in May! Ellen was awarded Female Athlete of the Year and there was not a dry eye in the town. Ellen was back in Vancouver for a bit and then got the opportunity to play field hockey and work in Germany so off she went! She is living in Hamburg and enjoying life in Germany.

Stew and Jackie visited this Fall and posted pics from a few German bars, I mean countless bars, okay from every bar!

Oliver is working at Herschel and graduated from a Data Analytics Program program at BCIT. He visited the Moro's and his FAF this Fall and Cole and Marco are trying to get him to move to Toronto!



*Christina, Grace and Anne at "FAF" Fun Camp*



Stew and Jackie celebrated their 25th anniversary and Stew was promoted to Assistant Chief of Burnaby Fire Department and Assistant Chef at home!

### The Moro Clan

Freda and Joe also celebrated 25 years together and set off on a vacay to Fogo Island to sample some Newfoundland Screech and chase some icebergs!

Cole finished his post graduate program at University of Toronto to



### Goodness, Gracious, Great Balls of Fire!

Among the best memories of Lac La Hache were sitting around the campfire rehashing the heroic deeds of the day. Of course, we were under a curfew, as the wardens needed their time to drink and carry on without the distracting influences of children under foot.

So it was that, one sultry evening Doug & Don Layfield, Stuart Colbourne and I found ourselves trundled off to the kid's cabin far too early. The old cabin, in my mind was the more interesting of the two, it was smaller, with only one bedroom but a large covered and screened in porch which we dragged our cots out onto. It was a wonderful place to sleep with the cool breeze and chirping crickets to help you doze off.

This night, however, we weren't ready to doze off, being still wired from the day's adventures. One of us (I'm going to guess Doug) noticed that the coals of the campfire were still glowing, and suggested we spark up the fire again. Cawling out of our sleeping backs, we snuck back down to the campfire area.

become a certified Physician Assistant and is now working at Toronto General Hospital in the organ transplant clinic.

Marco took a year off from university and is working full time with a television production company hoping to return next year. So the entire Moro clan, plus Cole's girlfriend Maegan are all living in Toronto and the house is not big enough!!

### The Matthews

Mag the hag is moving to the next chapter of her life; read: working less and traveling more!!

Meaghan is in second year of nursing at BCIT and loving it! She and Brian moving back to the lower mainland. Jack left the west coast for the east coast attending the Royal Canadian Coast Guard College and is enjoying life on the sea, albeit a bit chillier than BC. Bruce is perfecting his squash skills at Vancouver Lawn and all is good on the Matthews front!

We piled some more logs on the coals but by then they were too cool to restart a fire. However, we being lads of unusual intelligence, as well as very resourceful, noticed the 40 gallon drum of gasoline that was used to fuel the ski boat. Siphoning off a coffee can full of gas, we sprinkled a few drops on the logs and soon had a roaring fire going again.

Things were going well until we heard the screen door snap shut with a bang, followed by footsteps pounding down the path in the darkness. Emerging into the glow of the fire, stormed Uncle Bill Colbourne with a scowl on his face. He informed us play time was over and that we were to return to the cabin immediately.

Picking up the coffee can, imaging it to be full of water, he threw it on the fire in an effort to extinguish it. The resulting explosion blew us backwards off the benches. Regaining our senses we scurried rapidly back up to the cabin, leaving Uncle Bill with a dazed expression on his face and no doubt singed eyebrows.



## Milestones for 2018

### Celebrating 60

Susan (Henschel) Adams

### Celebrating 40

Alicia Forbes

### Celebrating 30

Jillian Oliver

Lauren Herndier

### Celebrating 20

Marco Moro

Craig Houghton

Taylor Forbes

### Born 2016

Brooklyn Rose Biro

Merle Gretchen Mariel

Huber (Riel)

Everett Zade Forbes

Guinchard



Brooklyn & Santa



## THE BIG MAC TIMES

### Muay Thai'd & Mai Tai'd in Malaysia *Sh\*t Shovelling at the Cadillac Ranch*

#### Mac & Bonnie

The Christie's were never innocent. We popped our cherry on the boat over and looked back with no regrets. You can't ascribe our Rise to any single event or set of circumstances and You can't lose what you lacked at conception. It is with this mindset, and big backpacks filled with courage that Mac & Bonnie with their faithful consort Mel Shannon continued the Christie's quest for new lands, venturing down the paths less travelled in the area, called Asia. They snorkelled the Great Barrier Reef, slogged their way through trails in Papua, New Guinea & Solomon Islands, reciprocated the high-jacking of Hong Kong, rickshawed the side streets of Vietnam, Muay Thai'd & Mai Tai'd in Malaysia and imbibed a few Slings in Singapore.

Mac has almost added Golf to his retirement package as he prefers to focus training for his real Decathlon: walking Tess obediently emptying the dishwasher; monitoring his stocks; assisting family members; thinking about going to gym; selling NDL business; reading novels; chauffeuring & nursing his wife, watching all sports and High seas cruising/pirating. The Blind Bombshell Bonnie is just happy as heck that marijuana was legalized just in time for her 3 eye surgeries, she never thought she would have better visions while having less focus? Dr. Phil explained to her that by simply keeping positive and inhaling deeply that miracles can happen. She has

since been able to focus in on planning more events like the cruise of some recent Tahiti adventurers, a cruise around the continent of Africa, to host a Birthday Bash for Mac turning 80 and to wish everyone a really groovy Christmas and New Year.

#### Joanne & John

2018 was a hectic year for J & J. Prepping kids for school and university, managing a puppy, and a water damage ordeal that put the house in chaos for the entire summer, they really needed a break. They recently celebrated our 20th anniversary with a vacation to the Caribbean on a "posh" yacht for 7 days followed by 3 days in NYC, with a few Broadway shows. J & J met several fellow travellers and quickly became great friends. They concurred that raising children was even harder than cruising but are very content that one has succeeded in leaving the nest to a University not so far away. Joanne continues her crusade of curing the facial irregularities of the west side, while criss-crossing town to endless field hockey matches in her spare time. I think she may wish Danielle didn't inherit the sixth sense of scoring so many goals so every team wants her time. John has been so successful in growing the business of NDL that the attractive company has been sold to a new owner with him and his partner services

included in the deal. He hopes his new boss like his ex-boss sees the Whistler cabin as an office as well?

D & D are both excelling at their schools with Derek enjoying his first term living on campus at Quest University in Squamish. Derek did his research and we were all excited that he chose such a dynamic and forward-thinking place for the next chapter of his life. Derek spent the summer working in Whistler driving an ATV for an outdoor adventure business, he worked hard and had a lot of fun. At Quest, Derek has found many friends from all around the world and has also joined the Sea to Sky Axeman Rugby Club. His team is comprised of athletes from Pemberton to Squamish and is following in the footsteps of many successful Christie Rugby players.

Continuing with school and athletics, Danielle has had an amazing 2018 so



*Derek's Graduation with Bonnie & Mac*



*Derek, Danielle and Dylon*



far. Danielle, entering Grade 12 was elected as House Captain at Crofton and has embraced the responsibility of organization and motivation wonderfully. Danielle also got a job in Whistler this summer and enjoyed having her own money. When school began in September, Danielle continued as one of elite field hockey players in British Columbia. Her Crofton team had incredible success this year and she scored clutch game winning goal game after game. She has a pack of Universities wanting her brain and field hockey skills in their programs.

## Gordon

G-Sport & D-Bomb have had some challenges this year. Gordon Carlos not for the first time has had a revolution (not of his own planning) affect his business. Structural plans & most permits completed he was researching contractors to build the El Santuario Resort when the ruling Sandinista Party decided to ransack their country of Nicaragua. This writer has just returned to Nicaragua to assess the situation and when the economy and tourism may be ready to advance their project. He enjoyed his first summer in BC for almost 20 years doing renovation work and visited his son in London and Scotland in the fall. D-Bomb/Dylon has detonated his new life with his partner Amy Hill in South London this year working at the Croydon Hospital and she as

an accountant at PWC. They both work long hours in the big city but have managed to balance that with a variety a relaxing, long weekends around Europe. Dylon was mimicking his grandfather's life with hard work, almost scratch golfing and top-flight rugby until a month ago when a bad tackle tore his MCL and partially his ACL in his knee. He will fortunately not need surgery and they will visit Vancouver for New Years and his grandparent's birthdays but has been relegated to snow shoeing not skiing.

## Michelle

Mercurial Michelle, the ole ranch hand managed to survive the summer's fire season, a renovation that made her a suite downstairs, and a crash course on tractors. Her beautiful cat was not as lucky as while Michelle was dog sitting an English Bulldog it managed to take its life. She does not take set backs lightly though and rebounded by filling one of her horse stalls with a permanent horse named Fox whom she saved from a similar sad fate. So, her steep learning curve has increased to not only snow plowing but to sh\*t shovelling and hay bale shifting. She has trained and started riding her new family member. Cousin Bill visited in the fall taking her and Kelowna's newest Christie, Colleen out for a fun dinner. She wishes everyone a Foxtastic



Christmas & a wonderful new year and is always up for any Family visits to Cadillac Ranch.

We all wish you a joyful Christmas Season and the best in the New Year.



*Gordon and Bob Christie on a Sawdust Pile, Lac La Hache, 1975*





## Remake of Grease: Rated “R” For Scenes of Nudity & Coarse Language

### Russell

Grandpa Russ had a fairly quiet year – no hospital visits. He still enjoys his gardening and playing snooker. He and Daryl made a couple of trips to Qualicum Beach to visit Jamie and Steve.

### Constable's

Island life is very good, it has been just over 2 years since Steve and I made the move to Qualicum Beach. Steve remains very busy looking after our 6 acre property and our 2 rental units. I am still working full time from home for Leavitt Machinery. It is very nice just walking 10 steps to my office loft, and not having to deal with stupid lower mainland rush hour traffic. We had another busy year with more than 90 visitors staying with us this past year.

Steve is still enjoying his bird photography hobby, patiently awaiting for the late arrival of the birds this year. We traveled to the North end of the Island for the 1st time, and found a perfect campground on the water just outside of Port McNeil. We still enjoy the live music scene around Qualicum, and went to some new venues in Chemainus, Courtenay, Cumberland and Parksville this year. The talent of musicians on the Island is quite amazing, and most visitors look

forward to the bands we are able to see. (Including my Dad who can still party pretty good at 88 years old)

We both enjoy kayaking, biking and walking the many beautiful trails very close to our home.

Scott is still living in Poco and working for Pheonix Truck and Crane. He became the proud owner of a cute little Morkie named Peter, which he found at a breeder just a few minutes from our house.

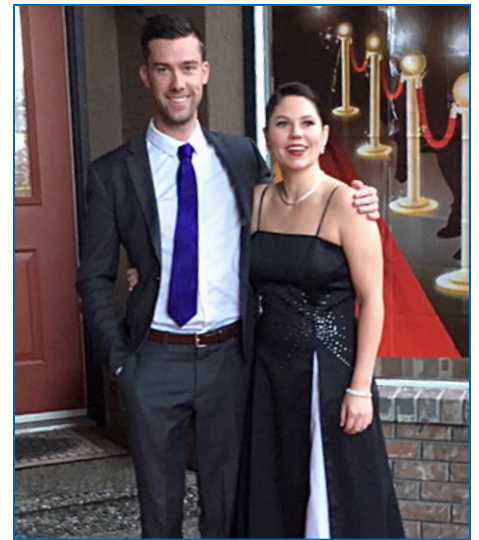
Sarah and Andy finally tied the knot after more than 10 years of dating. They had a very small ceremony at Alta lake in Whistler on December 28th, 2017, followed up with a big party at Old Orchard Hall in Port Moody on December 30th, 2017. Both days were amazing, Sarah looked stunning and Andy was a very handsome groom.

Christmas and New years will be very busy, the kids, Andy's parents and brother will be coming over for 5 days over Christmas, and then another group of friends coming over for New Years.

### The Adam's Family

2018 has come and gone in a flash. Here are some family updates.

Eric turned 31 in April and spent most of this year finishing up his education at BCIT. He wrote his final exam in



*Oscar Night*

November and is well on his way to becoming a CFP (Certified Financial Planner). He is currently working with Rob in White Rock and is looking forward to traveling Europe next spring.

Adrienne is 29 and continues to work for Hilti. She is thinking about a career in Law and will pursue that in 2019. She lives in Vancouver with her boyfriend Jeff.

Dave is 28, He is in his 5th year with Vancouver Fire and Rescue. He lives in Kits with his girlfriend Stef. They have rented a place at Whistler for 2 months and plan to enjoy the ski season to the fullest.

Julia is 25 and graduated from Med School last year. She has just finished writing the American Medical Licensing Exam and is hoping to get a residency in the USA. She is living with her boyfriend Wes on the island.

Rob and Susan traveled Peru this October and had a wonderful trip with 5 other couples on a country wide tour. Machu Picchu and Lake Titikaka were some of the highlights.

Susan went on a surgical mission to Antigua, Guatemala in November and loved the experience.

Both are still working. Susan as a casual at RCH and Rob at Manulife Securities. Susan while attempting a triple axel skating last October, fell rather ungracefully and tore her rotator cuff and will have surgery in December. Will be sidelined from golf and other fun stuff for a few months next year.

Looking forward to a speedy recovery and an adventure filled 2019.



*Sarah & Andy Wedding*



## Herndier's

Our big family news of the year-Vanessa and Cody finally tied the knot on October 18th in Oahu, Hawaii on the beach at Waimaloa Bay. It was a small family ceremony, only 10 of us at the wedding, and we all spent a fantastic 10 days together.

Daryl is still enjoying retirement ( hopefully I will be joining him in a year) spending lots of time in his camper on many fishing and camping trips. He is always available for doing handy work & repairs for friends & family.

We both enjoy our spring golfing vacation in Phoenix – this year we met up with Danny, Elaine and Craig and had some fun golf and dinners. We also love our summer week on the island visiting Jamie & Steve and then going to Lasqueti Island. This year Patty and Steve were with us. Not sure what was in the wine – BUT WHAT HAPPENS AT LASQUETI STAYS AT LASQUETI!

Vanessa and Cody are both working and taking children to soccer, preschool, skating,

swimming, etc, so we have the absolute joy of helping out and babysitting as much as we can.

Lauren and Ryan are very busy, Ryan is still away working up north, but manages to come home every month or two. Lauren is still working for Dr Chui, and is also working for another ortho at night. She still does some catering. She has gone back to playing women's soccer and does yoga and works out at the gym, but still manages to spend time with her nephew and niece.

Wishing you and yours, a happy and healthy 2019.



Top: Vanessa & Cody's Wedding in Oahu; Below: On the deck at Lasqueti

## Remembering Jeannette Sabourin

We will fondly remember our dear family friend, Jeanette Sabourin. Our lives are forever enriched by her kindness, warm smile and genuine good nature. Jeanette passed away peacefully on October 12th at the Chartwell Carlton Care Residence.

She will always be remembered for her love of life, her willingness to volunteer her time to help others and her competitive spirit. Jeanette was an accomplished bowler who achieved a 200+ game. She also enjoyed playing golf with great determination, like many Christies she loved to win!

Ensuring good weather for family events was Jeanette's responsibility. If it rained then she was teased that her prayers were not heard. A beautiful person, she was always a joy to be around.





## Willy moves to New Uptown Digs

### Randy

David and Jen are kept hopping getting their brood to and from their multitude of activities, appointments and schools. A highlight of the year for the kids was being able to join their cousins and aunts and uncles at Lasqueti.

Ron and Janelle were stuck in the dismal wastelands of Edmonton for another year, but made the best of it. Jeremy and Jackie have been embracing their Native heritage by going to school at Amiskwaciy Academy, and are swimming competitively again. Jenelle has been volunteering at the Ben Calf Robe Society, which supports Indigenous families with education and social services. Rob was deployed on many exciting military exercises to places like New Mexico, USA and Grafenwoehr, Germany.

This year, Sean continued his ascension to world ruler by starting his

MBA. While most of his time is now spent studying, any free moments that he may now have is usually spent crying and questioning his life choices. To continue this theme of self-loathing, Sean and his father will be preparing for their first ever full marathon in the new year.

Beth is excited to be nearing the end of her Midwife training in the new year followed by her wedding in Mexico in May. Darryl meanwhile is quickly ascending the ladder to the executive suite at TD Bank.

Randy meanwhile is escewing the benefits of retirement and rcontinuing



to ramp up his water remediation business with expanding operations in Oklahoma and Florida scheduled for the New Year.





## Buchanan

As I flip through my 2018 calendar – yes, I’m still that old school that likes to write everything down with pen and paper – the one consistent monthly jotting is ‘Cheryl to Coquitlam.’ And thus describes 2018 for us. A large portion of my time was walking together with my mom and brothers as our dear dad’s health declined. We are very delighted with his new home at the Maddison Care Center because we know he is safe, and my mom can rest somewhat easier.

The monthly trips from Calgary to Coquitlam are certainly not a hardship, as I can often fit in a quick trip to Victoria to visit with my girls, or catch a Friday Night Fires concert in Vancouver for whom my son is the drummer.

Adam decided BC forests would have to do without his protection this year and moved from Kamloops to Vancouver to pursue his artistic side. His band is getting some good attention, as well he’s joined his Uncle Bob in the film industry as he acquires new skills in film editing.

Sarah has loved living and working in Victoria. She enrolled in a course at UVIC to get her ESL certification as she feels the travel bug calling her again. She’s hoping to head to SE Asia sometime in the new year.

Nicola continues as a dental assistant in James Bay, and had the joy of helping extract her sister’s wisdom

teeth. We were thrilled to have Nicola and her boyfriend Chad visit us in Cochrane at the end of the summer for some mountain adventures.

Mark continues to teach, write, speak, travel – and sometimes our paths cross. He should have two, maybe three, books published this coming year.

We are excited to have all our kids home for Christmas this year and are counting the days until then.

## Boss is Back

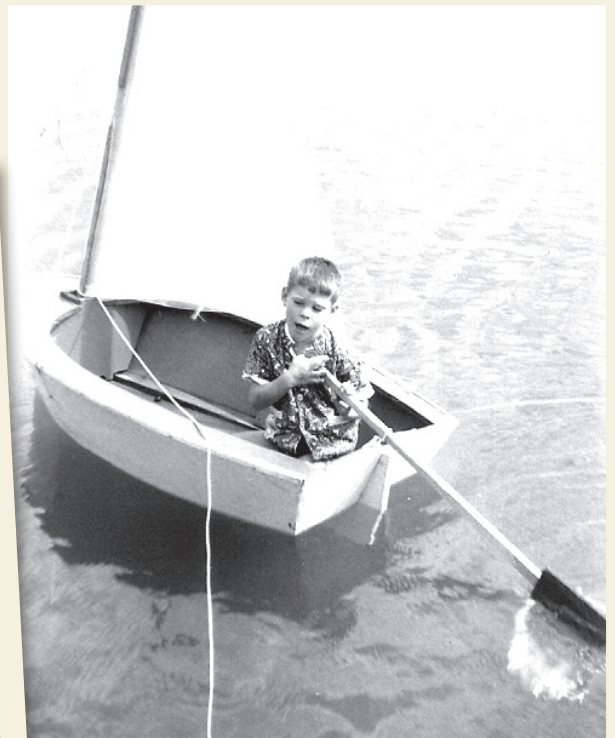
It’s been another year logging air miles for Bob and Ross on their regular flight path between Vancouver and Montreal. On Bob’s Spring visit to Montreal they did another road trip to visit friends in New York. Thankfully this month Ross returned to Vancouver for good, after spending the last four years convincing the National Film Board he actually belonged in Vancouver. He’s started a new position as the business development and audience engagement manager for Western Canada.

I’ve kept himself busy all year long saving the world through film in my gig as the



President of Reel Causes Society. It’s been another very rewarding year working causes such as the Wilderness Committee and Reconciliation Canada.

I’ve also joined a group of guys and an organization called Rainbow Refugee to sponsor a young gay man from Burundi who has been living in a refugee camp in Kenya. We’ll be welcoming him to Vancouver just five days before Christmas and look forward to helping him make a safe new home here in the New Year.





## Your Exclusive Ash Spreading Specialists

### Bill's Family

We had an eventful 2018 at Lasqueti and were once again prepared to embrace the Christie families as they continued to visit our place in False Bay. 7 out of 8 Royal families were our guests this past year.

Two families came to scatter their loved one's ashes, in both ceremonious and unceremonious manners. We were stunned by how behaviour digressed and simple word games like wheel of fortune and scrabble were discarded for more unsavory ones. Survivor Lasqueti saw one unwelcome guest unanimously voted off the island.

Scenes of nudity and excessive alcohol consumption made our parent's afternoon cocktail hours seem like tea parties. A policies and procedures manual was introduced as a safeguard for the protection of our property.

We are thrilled that our Lasqueti homes continue to be enjoyed, though it is clear that what happens on Lasqueti should stay on Lasqueti.

### Mother

Mom continues to live at a senior's complex care home in Nanaimo. She loves to go for regular walks with Jean.

She celebrated her 89th birthday in good form this October. A group of family members wheeled her along

the sidewalk to a nearby pub for lunch. She visibly enjoyed herself at the lunch held in her honour and we were thrilled when she took joy in holding the newest great grandchild. We repeated the lunch ritual in December to celebrate with the Forbes Family and Jane & Barb.

### Biro

2018 was a huge year of changes for all Biro family members. Everyone in the family flipped jobs. In March after returning from a wonderful vacation in Maui with Bill & Georgia, PJ and kids, and cousin Carol, Patty and Steve purchased a new business. Retirement lasted as long as that first morning beer. They eagerly embarked on learning a new trade and began creating wooden contoured nautical charts. You can check out the website if you haven't already seen them. [www.woodencharts.com](http://www.woodencharts.com)

Robert changed employers in the spring as well. He resigned from his chief mate's position with the Canadian Coast Guard and took a similar position with BC Ferries based out of Nanaimo. This has proven much more convenient to get to work from his home in Cedar.

Nicole gave birth to their first child,



*Jean on her honeymooning at Lac La Hache in 1969*

Brooklyn in early May. Yahoo! The Biro Family finally has a girl. She is a delight.

We barely finished celebrating the joy of welcoming a new family member when in June we all said a final good bye to Steve's dad who passed away after losing his battle with cancer.

Bruce and his girl friend Brie both resigned from their teaching positions in the Victoria area and moved to Qualicum Beach. Bruce was hired at his former elementary school in Bowser and Brie took a position teaching high school French in Nanaimo. They are actively searching for the perfect home



*Forbes' family Christmas lunch at Grand Hotel in Nanaimo*



*Violet, Cameron & Pietro*



to purchase in the mid-island area.

In July Kevin resigned from his job with Paladin security in Victoria and joined another security firm on the mainland as a canine handler. He lives in the Fleetwood area of Surrey with his dog, Dax. Kevin's main work involves guarding the Kinder Morgan sights in the Lower Mainland area. He doesn't expect to see any relatives on the protest line in 2019.

## Weighill

Despite early predictions of impending doom, Jean and Aggie have managed to live in the same house for two years without major bloodshed! It helps that Aggie continues to escape to Africa for a few months each spring and Jean spends equal time with the grandkids in Ontario.

2019 is shaping up to be a big year as Ag will start a year's sabbatical from her teaching duties at VIU, of course she will need the recovery time after leading Auntie Helen, Carol, and Jean on a Safari to Kenya and Tanzania in June.

In September Pietro started French immersion and Cameron discovered Google translate. Not only is he using it to help Pietro with his homework but has also discovered new ways to introduce the word fart into any sentence and in multiple languages.

Violet is doing much better since her surgery to upgrade her designer derrière. She's now demanding equal bathroom time and the mornings are complete chaos.



*Patty & Cameron 1972*

In 2019 Cameron and Dorianna plan on completing the ultimate marriage test by moving into Dorianna's parents house while they renovate their home. Thoughts and prayers can be sent via email to Cameron, in the hopes that he survives.

## Bill Forbes Family

This was the year for travel in Bill's family. In January Bill and Georgia traveled to Maui where they were joined by several family members. Georgia tried her hand at surfing and Bill and Steve played old farts baseball at the local park twice a week.

In late August Bill hopped on his Harley and rode across the country. Georgia chose to fly. They rented a motor home in Toronto and toured the maritime provinces for the month of September. They sampled countless craft beers, visited every museum they could find and had the time of their lives.

The return trip for Bill was not so pleasant...the weather did not cooperate and he was met with freezing rain, howling winds, snow, sleet and when he finally made it safely home, he dusted himself off and stated that he did not need to do that trip again.

Fishing this summer turned into another family affair. The Lasqueti Sons was once again crewed by Bill, Trevor, Taylor and Elliot. You can thank them for the sockeye.

This past June Trevor's daughter Maiah and Alicia's daughter Caitlyn both graduated from high school in Parksville. Both beauties are attending Vancouver Island University.

The other grand kids as usual are full immersed in the sports experience; hockey and baseball. PJ got a huge opportunity this year to share the coaching reigns with Scott Niedermeyer. PJ admits to having a huge man crush but as usual he takes his coaching position SERIOUSLY.

Pete's hockey team is making a trip to California at spring break for a tournament and to attend a Ducks game in Anaheim where Niedermeyer's jersey will be retired.

Alicia continues to involve



*Cailyn & Maiah*

herself in her sons' activities....sports, sports and more sports.

## Rob Forbes

2018 proved to be an interesting year for the Rob Forbes Family. All three of our children made residency and job changes.

Elliot moved into an apartment in Courtenay and returned for a season of commercial fishing. Heather and Chris moved from Guildford Island to Victoria. Heather is working for a non-profit group and Chris has taken a position with the Canadian Coast Guard. Kelly and Tim moved to Lions Head in Ontario and is working as a Federal Park Warden at the Bruce Peninsula National Park.

Rob and Coral traveled to Regina to see Kelly's graduation from depot and then again to check out her park in Ontario, while there they visited the Niagara Falls area. Coral is almost retired again. She traveled to Peru to trek the Inca trail to Machu Picchu with Summits of Hope. Rob as usual continues to play with his big boy toys and chop wood. He is going to be 65 in February and is looking forward to collecting from the government.

But the most exciting news is that we are grandparents! Heather and Chris are had a baby boy, December 14, Everett Zade Forbes Guinchard.



## Come to the Lac La Hache Health Spa... Leave with a New Body!

### Doug

Doug continued working at Metro Ford, and at the Westwood Plateau golf course. His niece Madison took advantage of his connections and finally bought herself a new vehicle (some tears were involved, in order to get the price lower) and some cousins and siblings managed to squeak out a few free rounds of golf.

Jacquie decided in August that it was time to retire from working at the daycare. Now she has more time to play with and look after the grandkids. Both Channing and Avi, love to come to Nana's and Papa's house on the weekend.

### Don

January started with Don and Brenda once again off on their travels down south. This time it would be for 3 months. While away, their big furry dog Aragon passed away. There is talk of getting a new dog, but I think they are enjoying the freedom of coming and going without worrying about an animal.

They have now taken up kayaking

and are loving being out on the water. When home, Don continues building things for people and renovating other people's homes, and Brenda has started crocheting and donating blankets and hats, etc to the hospitals for premature babies. They also enjoy going and watching their grandson Colton play rugby.

### Sandra

I continue working in Port Coquitlam and have also started tutoring an Autistic boy each day after work. Decided it was time to do a big clean up at the property, and with the help of Kevin, managed to knock back a good chunk of blackberry bushes. We needed to make a nice play area for the grandkids, because Christina brought



their trailer out and decided to camp out in the back field for a week.

Amanda and Shaun announced they are having a baby boy in the new year, so spent some weekends up in Squamish helping her redo the kitchen, babies room and guest room. Shaun was busy training for the Squamish "50" and in August we all went up and cheered as he ran 85 km through the mountains of Squamish.

On top of all that he was busy taking



Jettie & Brett Engagement



Sherry & George



Emily at Tantalla Castle





*Doug & Sandra 1974*

courses and training to become an Industrial Paramedic, and is now up in Fort St. John keeping workers safe.

Little Miss Sherry has started walking and is so much fun, watching her explore new things, as she is no longer a baby and is now a toddler getting into everything, George has started Kindergarten, and when asked what he is learning, he replies, "we don't work at school, we only have fun". I am so glad he loves school.

### **Carol**

Carol started her countdown to retirement. Each day she let me know



*Madison Graduating*

how many more days left she had to work.

Madison graduated with a Bachelors Degree in Science in Psych Nursing, and is now working at Nicola Lodge a care facility.

Jettie was accepted into PDP and has started her teacher training up at SFU, and just before Fathers day, Brett got down on his knee and proposed to her. The family is thrilled.

Through her studies at Douglas College, Emily had the opportunity to go to Scotland and do some of her schooling abroad. She had a great time traipsing through the hills of Scotland, and then headed to Europe and explored France and Italy.

### **Helen**

As for our Mother, she has just returned from a relaxing trip to Tahiti (minus the 3 days that they had no luggage). She is now in the process of planning her trip to Africa. Not sure how many more places she has on her bucket list to see, but I can foresee, many more trips in her future.

So from all of the Layfields, we wish each and everyone of you a Very Merry Christmas and wishing you Health and Happiness in 2019



*Don and Sandra Waterskiing 1974*



## Tom & Lorraine Enjoying Lasqueti Once More

### Susan & Colin

First and foremost, us five siblings finally honored the request of our parents to have their ashes spread on Lasqueti at the end of June with the much appreciated help of our Forbes cousins who all attended. Cousin Bill skippered his boat out to Mom and Dads favorite fishing hole on the chuck.

We were each armed with shot glasses, roses and ashes for each of us to say our final goodbyes to our very special parents who we all loved so much.

Afterward back to the A-frame to plant some flower bushes in the old dinghy in front of Auntie Pats cottage and more scattering of ashes there and down at the beach where Mom loved to swim. It was a lovely and intimate affair and we extend our heartfelt thanks to Patty, Jeannie, Bill and Rob for helping us make it happen.

### Colin and Susan

We had our usual busy and eventful year (winter in Puerto Vallarta, summer on Ruxton) but significant events defined 2018.

Susan joined the ranks of her elder cousins (Jean and Bill) and became an official senior citizen on October 15th and even better than that, the day after, her son Michael became a first time father to a baby girl in Munich, Germany. Subsequently she traveled there in early November to give her a hug.

Oh What a feeling! She now has official bragging rights at future family functions.

### Mike and Debbie

Another eventful year for the Michael Christie Clan. In January, Deb & Mike holidayed in Cuba with 20 friends whilst Jeff was off to Peru for 4 months for an adventure/vacation. While he was away, our family grew once again! On Feb 17, 2018, Julie and Marko welcomed their second daughter, Indie Rey Bajic baby sis for Leia. We are over the moon with our beautiful new girl Indie, 10 months, and our smart, talented and gorgeous 3 other grandchildren, Lennon 2 years, Leia and Wyatt 3 years

### Houghton's do some traveling:

Kristi (26) & Brett traveled to Thailand & Vietnam in January and was met up with Kevin and his girlfriend Cassie. Kristi & Brett bought their first house in Kelowna and will get possession in January 2019. Before the big move they traveled to beautiful scenic Iceland and got engaged. Kristi is still working at Kelowna General Hospital and also worked part time this Summer at Kitsch Winery.

Kevin (23) has been working hard at Kingston Construction and has added another ticket to his Resume as a heavy duty machine operator. He traveled to Thailand and Vietnam but would rather be surfing at his favorite beaches



Top: Lennon, Wyatt, Leia Christie

Below: Indie

in Tofino. He is still racing dirt bikes, but suffered a crash this summer and broke his elbow.

Craig (20) left his job doing abatement removal and is working full time at Kingston Construction with the rest of the Houghton men. Always busy riding bikes, skateboard, snowboards or spending time with his lovely girlfriend.

Colleen traveled to Kelowna in late June and never left. She is now working full time at Royal LePage and loving it.

