



Volume 22 • Issue A

March 2024

It's Official... The Christie's Have Gone to the Dogs

A common theme through this issue of the Screech was the preponderance of dogs acquired by the clan this year. As such we have asked Dean Martin to assemble a cast of Celebrity Roasters to encourage us to toast to our furry friends.

[Gentle swing music fills the air. The camera sweeps over a glitzy audience, capturing eager faces and glamorous attire, (a close up of Gorgeous Auntie Janet) before settling on the grand, star-studded dais. The mood is festive, anticipatory.]

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to a very special edition of the Dean Martin Celebrity Roast! Tonight, we gather in the illustrious ballroom of the Burnaby Lake Clubhouse, a place no stranger to stars, yet none as bright as those we celebrate this evening – our four-legged friends, the distinguished members of our beloved clan.

[A chuckle ripples through the audience.]

Announcer: This year, the pages of our family's Screech have been filled to the brim with tales of tail wags, playful barks, and the kind of unconditional love only our furry companions can provide.

In honor of these paws-itively wonderful additions, we've summoned a constellation of celebrities to share, roast, and toast the adventures and misadventures that come with our canine family members.

[The music dims as the announcer's voice grows warm and inviting.]

Announcer: And now, without further ado, allow me to introduce the man of the hour, the king of cool, the toastmaster general himself – Mr. Dean Martin!



A Dog with Granny and Uncle Jimmy and an earlier incarnation of Uncle Mac

[Applause and cheers fill the room as Dean Martin steps into the spotlight, his signature drink in hand, exuding the effortless charisma that Uncle Mac displays at the Vancouver Golf Club.]

Dean Martin: Thank you, thank you. Oh boy, let me tell ya, when they told me we were doin' a roast all about our dogs, I thought, "Well, that's just paw-fect!" Because, folks, what's better than coming home to a wagging tail, a face full of licks, and a buddy who doesn't care if you sing off-key? As long as you're not off-key on pouring their dinner, of course.

So tonight, we're here to celebrate the ones who've filled our homes with more joy, more laughter, and yeah, maybe a few more chewed-up shoes than we'd like.

But hey, that's family. And speaking of family, we've got a lineup of celebrities here who are just itching to share their stories. From Maltese crossings to Labrador retrievals, it's gonna be a howlin' good time.

So, let's get this show on the road. Or should I say, let's unleash the fun? Here's to our dogs, the real stars of tonight. Salute!



Valetta keeping company with Unc, Granny & Aunt Jenny

Ladies and gentlemen, if you think Gorgeous Auntie Janet caused a stir when she introduced Valletta to Granny, just wait until you see our next guest. Much like Auntie Janet brought a touch of high-class pedigree into the Christie household with that Maltese, this lady has been mixing up the comedy scene with her unique blend of high-octane humor and flamboyant style. She's a legend who can turn any frown upside down, with a wit as sharp as the lineage of Granny's Maltese.

Buckle up, because just like Valletta brought unexpected joy and a bit of chaos to the Christie family, this woman brings laughter and surprises wherever she goes. Please give a warm welcome to the dazzling, incomparable Phyllis Diller!

Phyllis Diller: Oh, what a treat! You know, comparing me to Auntie Janet? I must say, I've been known to turn a few heads myself, although it's usually because of my hair. But tonight, we're here to talk about our four-legged friends and the joyous pandemonium they bring into our lives, much like I do to a quiet room. The story of Granny Christie, Uncle Jimmy, and Valletta is a sitcom episode that even I couldn't dream up! Let's dive into this canine caper, shall we?

Folks, let's start with Granny Christie, the sweetheart, the matriarch, the woman who probably thought "West Point Grey" was a new shade of yarn for her knitting

collection. She gets Valletta, a Maltese with a pedigree fancier than my first wig!

And what happens? Uncle Jimmy, bless his heart, takes the dog to Lasqueti and the dog runs off for a little "love vacation." If you ask me, that dog had more excitement in one heat cycle than Granny had watching all her soap operas combined!

Before you know it, Valletta's throwing a mixer for all the local mongrels. I haven't seen that kind of action since my last garage sale! That was followed by Auntie Ann charging through the Island handing out VD pamphlets to the dogs.

Valletta, oh Valletta, the Maltese madam of Lasqueti, a tale of romance, adventure, and unexpected motherhood. She had more suitors than Auntie Janet had admirers, and that's saying something.

Returning to Hastings East in "shame"? Honey, that dog came back like she owned the place, birthing her litter with an audience like she was the star of her own reality show. "The Real Housepets of Hastings East," set in Granny's TV room.

And then Valletta gets "dog-napped" by a hippie. Uncle Jimmy was frantic as he began to scour the Island looking for her. Let's give a round of applause to Uncle Peter, showing up armed and probably more upset about missing his cocktail hour than the actual rescue mission.



Valetta gracing Uncle Jimmy lap

Granny, Uncle Jimmy, and Valletta, a trio that's given us more drama, laughter, and love than any soap opera could. Granny's love and kindness, Uncle Jimmy's adventurous spirit, and Valletta's escapades have made sure the Christie family tales are more entertaining than anything on TV. And to think, all this fuss over a dog who just wanted to spread a little love around Lasqueti.

In the end, folks, it's clear: in the Christie household, the pets don't just add to the family; they steal the show! Now, let's raise our glasses to Granny, Uncle Jimmy, and Valletta – may their stories continue to entertain and inspire us, one paw print at a time. Cheers!

Dean Martin: Before we welcome our next roaster, let me share a couple of tales from the family archives that remind us just how much our four-legged friends are a part of our stories, sometimes with a twist that's as unexpected as a punchline.

You know, the Royal Eight grew up with a family dog affectionately known as "Brown Dog." Now, Brown Dog was a fixture at the bottom of the stairs in the Dundas Street home, so much so that one day, after lying there a little longer than usual, someone decided it might be a good idea to check on him. Turns out, Brown Dog had passed on to the great dog park in the sky, right there on his favorite spot.

And then there's the story of Svendo, a sizable Woods family dog. Poor Svendo was hit by a car, and thinking him gone for good, Uncle Bob and Uncle George undertook the solemn duty of digging a grave in Granny's backyard. But as they were about to lay Svendo to rest, Granny noticed him moving – Svendo wasn't quite ready to leave just yet, waking up with



Tippy succumbing to Granny's affection

what I imagine was quite the surprised expression on his face. They say cats have nine lives, but it seems Svendo was out to prove dogs weren't far behind.

Transitioning from those heartwarming and eyebrow-raising tales to our next roaster might seem like a leap, but trust me, if anyone can bridge the gap between sentimental and sharp-tongued, it's this man.

Ladies and gentlemen, if you thought Uncle George had opinions and wasn't afraid to voice them, our next guest could give him a run for his money. The only difference? Uncle George loved to brag about his offspring, while this man... well, he spares no one.

With a tongue sharper than a double-edged sword and a wit that could cut glass, he's the man who can turn roasting into an art form. If Uncle George was a blowhard about his family's achievements, our next roaster blows harder, but with jokes that'll have you gasping for air. Known as Mr. Warmth, but we'll see just how warm he can be tonight. Get ready for the incomparable, the unstoppable, Don Rickles!

Roast for the Layfield Clan:

Don Rickles: Ah, the Layfield clan! What a bunch I've got here. First off, let me say, I heard how much Uncle George loved to talk. I would've liked him. We could've had a contest to see who could fill a room with hot air faster. But let's talk about what really matters here: the dogs.

Tippy, the son of Veletta, a dog so brave he'd chase after his own shadow off a cliff. That's the Layfield spirit, isn't it? Courageous to the point of needing a rescue squad on standby. And Don, bless your heart, screaming "TIPPY" as he



Sam, the perfect present for Auntie Helen

over the bluff. Don, the only thing that would've been more dramatic is if you had leaped off after him singing "I Will Always Love You."

And then there's the Samoyed, "Sam". A beautiful, fluffy creature, too pure for this world, now shedding on Auntie Helen's cloud in doggy heaven. I'll tell you, if there's fur in heaven, I hope they've got good vacuum cleaners.

But let's not forget the golden retrievers, gifted by Don's wife, Brenda. One even starred in "Airbud." From the sounds of it, those dogs had more talent in their little paws than most actors in Hollywood. I guess it's true what they say: every dog has its day, and apparently, a SAG card to boot.

The Layfields, a family that's had more dog drama than a daytime soap opera. But through it all, you've shown that love, laughter, and a few furry friends can make any family story worth telling. Even if half of it is barking mad.

So, here's to the Layfield clan. May your days be filled with joy, your yards free of holes, and may every dog you welcome into your home be as unforgettable as the last.

Dean Martin: Ladies and gentlemen, hold onto your drinks, because our next roaster is a man who knows how to fill a room with laughter, just like Billie Forbes knows how to fill a truck bed with dogs and folks on Lasqueti Island. Much like Billie, he's got a way with stories that can make you blush, laugh, and think all at the same time.

But, folks, I've got to warn you, unlike Billie's off-color tales, this man's humor is something we can actually broadcast. With a career that spans decades and a wit as sharp as a fisherman's hook, he's a true legend of comedy. He's been making people laugh since before some of us were born, and he's not about to stop tonight. Let's give a warm welcome to the one, the only, Milton Berle!

Milton Berle's Roast for the Forbes:

Ah, the Forbes family and their dogs. What a pack! Living on Lasqueti Island, where the men are as tough as the roads they build and the dogs... well, the dogs are just happy to be along for the ride.



Tippy at Lac La Hache with Uncle George, Sandra and Freda



Diesel and Gus amusing humans on Lasqueti

Especially if that ride involves an old pickup truck and a chance to outrun a few seagulls along the way.

First up, we've got Billie Dog, the yellow lab with a love for anything that can be thrown. Balls, sticks, net corks—you name it, she'll fetch it. And jumping into the pickup truck? That dog's got more hops than a brewery. Billie Forbes, you've met your match in enthusiasm. Though, I hear Billie Dog's stories are a bit easier on the ears.

Then there's Gus, the black bouvier. Following Billie like a shadow, except when he's snoozing in the truck, dreaming of his next adventure.

And Diesel, oh, Diesel. The pup who thought a puddle of water and diesel fuel was the perfect spot for a roll. From then on, smelling like a fuel station was his trademark. Diesel, you're the living proof that sometimes the best names are the ones that stick—literally.

The Forbes family dogs, they're more than pets; they're legends in their own right. Much like their owners, they've got stories that could fill a book. A very muddy, slightly smelly, but utterly heartwarming book.

So, here's to the Forbes family and their canine companions. May your trucks always have room for one more dog, and may your island adventures continue to be as wild and free as the tales that accompany them. Cheers!

Dean Martin: Ladies and gentlemen, our next guest is a man who's entertained troops, presidents, and just about

everyone in between. Unlike Uncle Bill Colbourne, who's known for his crankiness and sudden sentimental tears, this man keeps the whole world laughing with him, not at him. With a career that's as legendary as the stories of Uncle Bill's emotional rollercoaster at family gatherings, he's a master of bringing joy and laughter wherever he goes. And speaking of rollercoasters, wait until you hear about the Colbourne's dogs. But first, let's give a warm welcome to a true American treasure, the one and only Bob Hope!

Bob Hope's Roast for the Colbournes:

Thank you, Dean, for that introduction. Now, onto the Colbourne clan. Uncle Bill, a man so cranky he makes a thunderstorm look like a sunny day at the beach, yet he cries at commercials. It's like if you mixed

a cactus with a water balloon – prickly on the outside but full of tears.

And then there's Pugsy, the little pug that could scowl just like Uncle Bill. I bet they had staring contests to see who could look the grumpiest. But honestly, in a grump-off, my money's on Pugsy.

They also had Leah, the corgi with legs so short, she made the Queen's dogs look like they were on stilts. Royalty really does come in all shapes and sizes, doesn't it? I'd say Leah was the queen of the Colbourne household, but with Uncle Bill's dramatics, it sounds like they had enough royalty to start their own dynasty.

Now, let's talk about the new additions: Hazy and Maple. Ellen decided a puppy was the way to go, and Hazy became a Californian at heart over Christmas. I



Leah contemplating bailing on Barb and Auntie Mo at Lac la Hache

guess you could say Hazy's living the dream better than most of us, soaking up that West Coast sun.

And Stew, oh Stew, becoming a puppy grand-paw and dad all at once with Maple coming into the picture. It's like he decided if he's going to deal with one set of puppy eyes, why not double the trouble? Maple (Syrup) Colbourne – with a name that sweet, the dog's got to be stickier than a pancake at breakfast.

So here's to the Colbourne family and their pooches. May your days be filled with laughter, your eyes with tears of joy, and may your homes always be filled with the kind of love only a dog can bring. And, if you ever feel too cranky, just look at Pugsy and remember, it could always be worse. Cheers!

Dean Martin: Ladies and gentlemen, our next roaster is someone who could give Auntie Ann a run for her money in the hygiene department, except she prefers her gloves long, satin, and nowhere near a bottle of bleach.

While Auntie Ann, bless her heart, was known for her pristine cleanliness and was lovingly nicknamed Antiseptic Annie, our next guest has been known to clean house in a different way, by sweeping through Hollywood and leaving no star unroasted.

A legendary comedienne who can deliver a line sharper than any scalpel Auntie Ann ever wielded, and with a wit that's certainly not naïve. So, buckle up, because unlike Pebbles the poodle, this lady's about to roll in nothing but the finest comedic gold. Let's give a warm welcome to the one, the only, Joan Rivers!

Joan Rivers' Roast for the Henchels:

Oh, where do I start with the Henchels? First off, Auntie Ann, "Antiseptic Annie." Honey, the only thing we had in common was our love for gloves, except mine were to hide my age, and hers were probably to scrub it away. She was so clean, I heard she sanitized her soap. Can we talk? If cleanliness is next to godliness, then Auntie Ann was practically running heaven's health department.

And then there's Pebbles, the toy poodle with a passion for cow pies. From antiseptic to Annie's nightmare. Pebbles, darling, rolling in cow pies? What were you thinking? You're supposed to be a poodle, not a fertilizer spreader. I guess every family has one member who rebels

by going completely organic.

Oh, but wait, how could I forget one of Pebbles' most... charming habits? This little poodle, in addition to her adventurous spirit in the great outdoors, had a particular affection for... let's say, expressing her love in a very physical way. Yes, Pebbles was quite the leg-humper. And there was Auntie Ann, ever so gentle, ever so polite, in her sweet, antiseptic-clean voice, telling Pebbles to "please stop that." Can you imagine? "Antiseptic Annie" trying to sanitize not just the germs but the manners of a frisky poodle. It was like watching a live episode of "The Manners and the Mutts." Only in the Henchel household, folks.

Now, let's talk about Russ. Ninety-three years old and still kicking – literally, probably kicked a few doctors in the ER. They thought he had a stroke and wouldn't make it, but surprise! Here he is, beating his grandkids at snooker. Russ, you're not just

using up your nine lives; you're borrowing from every cat in the neighborhood.

And let's not forget about the younger generation, Vanessa and Cody, juggling work, a high-energy dog named Tex, and taking care of Russ. Tex, a rescue puppy with a love for destruction. Sweetie, eating stuffed animals and digging holes? What are you training for, a spot on a reality TV show for delinquent pets?

Then there's Lauren and Ryan, somehow managing to work, play soccer, and hike with their dog, Franklin. Franklin, you're doing more cardio than I do walking from my dressing room to the stage.

So, here's to the Henchels: a family that's cleaner than a surgery ward, tougher than a week-old steak, and more loving than a puppy with separation anxiety. You guys are the real deal, showing us that family, resilience, and a bit of craziness make life worth living. Cheers!



Pebbles proving hygiene isn't as important as being cute and cuddly

Steroids inquiry launched as senior local college student out performs players a decade younger

Russian interference is suspected

It is very bittersweet writing the Layfield Ledger for 23/24. A year of such highs, and such lows, that even as I write this, I have tears running down my face.

The year started off with Sandra dropping Don and Brenda off at the airport for a planned two-month vacation in Mexico. They changed up their plans this year and decided to try Mexico instead of taking the trailer to Arizona. They rented an Air BnB in Cancun and spent two months enjoying the sun and sand. While they were away, a very happy Facetime took place with Maddie and Daniel announcing that they were expecting not just one but two precious little darlings. Such joyous news.

On February 28th Don and Brenda returned from Cancun and shared tales of what a wonderful time they had. Don talked about going longer next year because it was so warm and sunny and extremely relaxing. Who knew that 3 weeks later, I would get a phone call that gutted me?

Don had passed away from a massive heart attack. Breaking the news to Doug and our cousins, and especially calling Don's friends, whom he had known since childhood, was one of the hardest things I have had to do. The next few months went by in a blur. We said goodbye to our brother on May 21st at a beautiful service attended by so many who cared for Don.

Summertime was upon us, and life got busy around the property. So many times, something was tweaked, and I would think to call Don, but I realized that I couldn't. Slowly, the days started to get easier, and with the impending arrival of

2 little boys, the dark clouds parted, and the sun came out.

September 27 was such a happy day with the safe arrival of Hudson and Myles. Once again, our hearts were happy.

Doug and Jacquie

Doug continued working at Metro Ford but has finally decided to retire on March 24th, 2024. We will see how long his retirement lasts before he gets antsy and goes and finds something new to do.

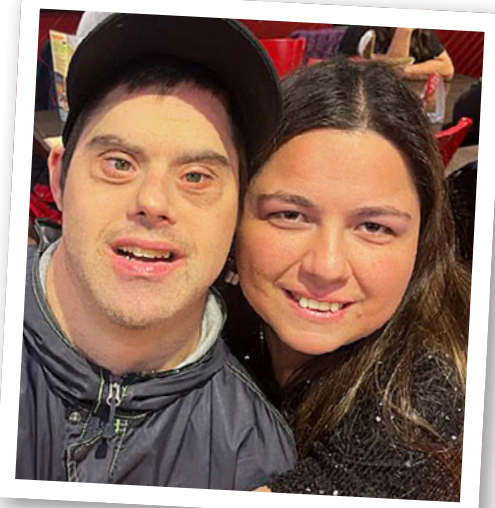
He is enjoying coaching his grandson's baseball team and they had a remarkable year with a 20-1 win/loss record. They capped the season off by winning the League Tournament. Grandson Channing was also chosen MVP of one of the games, a very proud moment for Grandma and Grandpa.

Bradley has moved to Pitt Meadows and enjoys evening tea and goodies while watching the Bachelor and other reality TV shows upstairs with his caregivers. He is still bowling with a score that most of his family cannot beat.

Brenda

Brenda is doing OK. As we can all understand, moving on is difficult. Some days are really hard and she does her best to get through them.

Brenda got a dog this summer, a puppy, actually. She finds the distraction healthy, as the pup's quirky behaviors make her



laugh. Good thing Brenda has loads of dog training experience to fall back on. She also went on a cruise to Hawaii with her neighbour and enjoyed the trip very much. That same neighbor and Brenda invested in a snow blower this winter, which is a good thing because it was needed.

Carol

The big news this year was the arrival of Carol's first two grandsons, Myles and Hudson. Much love and excitement are felt by the whole family, and Carol is always willing to help Maddie and Daniel out with caring for the boys. Carol traveled to Cuba this January to celebrate her 60th birthday with Charlie in the warm sun. In May, she is traveling to Portugal with her friend Sheri to hike the Camino Trail. She can share her experiences with all of us next year.

Jettie and Brett moved to Cloverdale, and she started a job share so she could go back to school to upgrade her teaching credentials, possibly moving to middle or high school.

She also helped coach the Douglas College basketball team in the spring. In the fall, Jettie returned to the roster as a fifth-year player, where she excelled. She was awarded the title of "PAC West Athlete of the Week" in January for her outstanding play. Congratulations!

Brett finished his PDP in December and started working as a teacher-on-call the following week.

Maddie continued working at RCH in the Psychiatry Ward as long as she was able to,





Dean Martin: Ladies and gentlemen, before we continue down this laughter-laden memory lane, let's take a moment to honor a family whose heart and humor are as legendary as the tales we share tonight. The Tom Christie family, a clan where love, music, and a pack of loyal mutts make up the fabric of their rich tapestry.

Uncle Tom, a fireman tough as nails but with a heart that melted quicker than a marshmallow at a campfire. And Auntie Lorraine, the sweet melody in the family's symphony, whipping up love by the spoonful and tunes by the heartfelt.

Now, to give us his unique take on this wonderful family and their canine companions, we've got a man who knows how to deliver a punchline with the precision of a firefighter cutting through a four-alarm blaze. Unlike Uncle Tom, he might not rush into burning buildings, but he'll sure light up this room with his wit. A member of the legendary Rat Pack and a master of the comedic craft, please welcome the incomparable, the hilarious Joey Bishop!

Joey Bishop's Roast for the Tom Christie Family:

Thank you, Dean. It's great to be here, although I gotta say, following these heartwarming and fiery tales is tougher than trying to sneak a cat into a dog show. Now, let's talk about the Tom Christie family. Uncle Tom, a man so tough, I heard when he walked into a room, even the flames simmered down to a whisper. But let's face it, his heart was so big, if he wasn't putting out fires, he was lighting up rooms with his own brand of kindness.

And Auntie Lorraine, the family's sweet note in a world full of noise. A fabulous cook, they say. I visited once, hoping for a meal, and all I got was a symphony of flavors that had my taste buds dancing more than Dean after his second martini. And her musical talent? Let's just say, if love was a melody, she'd be a hit single every time.

Their dogs, now there's a pack. Mutts, they say, just like the family. But if you ask me, every Christie mutt is more like a badge of honor—unique, full of character, and impossible not to love. Sugar, Fluffy, Tina, Tigger—the names alone sound like a lineup for a pet talent show. And that story about Sugar trying

to outrun the BudCar? A Christie legend, proving once again that overestimating one's own athletic prowess isn't just a human trait in this family.

Then, when Uncle Tom passed, they brought home Tom Tom, a little Westy named in his memory. Now, that's love. Naming your dog after a loved one is a Christie tradition, it seems. I was thinking of adopting a dog and naming it after myself, but then I realized, "Joey" would probably end up being the only dog that could talk back to me.

In closing, the Tom Christie family, folks. A blend of toughness, tenderness, and tails wagging to the beat of their own drum. Here's to you, a family that proves, whether through fire, song, or the loyalty of a four-legged friend, love is the true melody that keeps us all together. Cheers!

Dean Martin: Ladies and gentlemen, get ready for a man who knows a thing or two about not getting any respect. Unlike Uncle Bill, who was known for his immaculate lawn and his "one-punch Willie" reputation, our next guest has been dodging punches his whole life, mostly from life itself!

But just like Bill, he's got a heart of gold and a knack for showing love in his own unique way. Bill showed his love by fixing up things around the house, and our next roaster? He fixes up our spirits with his humor, even if it's at his own expense.

A man who could make a statue laugh and who knows how to turn any situation into a punchline. Please give a warm, respectful welcome to the one, the only, Rodney Dangerfield!

Rodney Dangerfield's Roast for the Bill and Kay Christie's:

Ah, it's great to be here. But then again, at my age, it's great to be anywhere! Now, let's talk about the Christie family. I tell ya, I get no respect. But Bill? Bill gets respect. One punch and you're respecting him from the ground looking up. Me? I tried that once. The guy I punched helped me up and apologized to the floor for my face hurting it.

And Kay, what a sweetheart, raising kids and putting up with Bill's handyman projects. I bought a tool belt once. My wife said it was the most useless thing in the house, and we own a pet rock.

pending the arrival of her babies. Daniel started a new job helping homeless people who require medical attention in the Tri City area. Both of them have fallen so in love with their boys. The gadgets out there nowadays are so advanced; the boys have monitors in their cribs, which allow Daniel to watch them on his phone even when he is not home.

Emily and Draven moved to Poco near Minnehada Park and the trails. It's a beautiful area, but much to her surprise, Emily has frequently encountered bears on her walks.

Draven returned to work as an EA in the Coquitlam School District, and Emily is working for an insurance company, learning the ropes as an underwriter. They live quite close to Maddie in Pitt Meadows, which has been a great help to Maddie and Daniel when trying to look after their two babies.

Sandra

I am still doing daycare for the 2 boys. Connor is in Preschool 5 days a week, so that leaves just Ronan in the morning. Watching a two-year-old and trying to plant close to 100 dahlia plants and the veggie garden can be a challenge. He tried to be helpful, but we had a lot fewer plants at the end because he pulled them out.

Amanda is still at RCH looking after the blood letters in the lab.

Christina is busy home-schooling her two oldest and needs a large calendar to schedule all their activities. Her littlest, Tim, is doing great. All the doctors are pleased with his progress, and hopefully, most of his surgeries are done for a while.

Randy Remember Growing up with his Cousin Don

Don was always going somewhere, and I loved going along for the ride.

He was only 6 weeks older than me, but as he was born in December, that meant he started school a year before me; therefore, he was always just a little more worldly-wise than I. As kids, we spent a lot of time together because we not only lived close to each other but often, our family vacations at Lac La Hache and Lasqueti overlapped.

Entering our teen years, Don's "going somewhere" reach started to expand because he could then bicycle up to visit his cousins Randy and Patty. This was no small feat, as anyone who has driven up Mariner Way can imagine. But for Don, the effort of climbing the hill was surpassed by the thrill of passing cars on the way down.

I remember, one Saturday morning, he pedaled up to the top of the hill for a wrestling tournament at Centennial High School. The bike ride had made sure he sweated down to the right weight class. I met up with him at his girlfriend Melinda's house we walked to the school for the weigh-in. As we chatted along the way, I was blown away by just how competitive Don was.

He came by that competitive Christie gene, honestly, I guess. I recall one year at Lac La Hache, he challenged our cousin Michael to a swimming race from the cabins across the lake to Crystal Springs. Don more than held his own against his cousin, five years his elder. I paddled the rowboat furiously behind them, trying to keep up.

When Don turned sixteen and got his license, his world, and consequently his cousin's world, expanded even further. He laid claim to his mother's Chevy Nova and hitched up the speed boat, and the adventures began in earnest.

Every available weekend it seemed we found ourselves somewhere on the water. One of the most convenient places to go water skiing was on the Pitt Meadows Slough. When the tides were high enough, there was just enough water to get up on the skis and head down the river to where it widened just enough for the boat to turn around and bring the skier back to the launching point.

An extra layer of fun occurred when we introduced the kneeboard to the available skiing apparatus. The kneeboard had a flat bottom, and the lack of a keel meant the

rider was largely at the mercy of the one driving the boat. It was particularly entertaining during the hairpin turn as the one driving the boat was able to whip the skier at an incredible velocity around the corner. More than one of our friends, unable to hold the rope at that speed, found themselves being launched up the slopes of the dyke and into the cow pasture beyond.

Indian Arm was another favourite boating destination, and it frequently led to unexpected adventures. One day on our way back to the boat ramp, we saw someone waving his arms on the rocks by Ioco. Fearing he may be in distress, we went over to lend some assistance. As it turned out, he was a sailor off a Korean freighter anchored in the harbor waiting for a load of grain. He and a few of his mates had caught some crabs, which they were cooking on the beach and invited us to dine with them.

Being still young and relatively naïve, we took them up on the offer. In retrospect, it was obvious what was really going on. These sailors, having spent several weeks trapped on a ship with only themselves for company, had spotted some alluring female forms upon a passing boat and were looking to make their acquaintance.

Seizing the opportunity, they extended an invitation to the impressionable young ladies for a tour of their freighter. An offer two of our gang, Cindy and Wendy, later went back and accepted. The RCMP, having received frantic phone calls from worried parents, picked up the stowaways three days later, who by that time had been dumped unceremoniously on Barnet Beach. The Police officers, based on the pet names they ascribed to our hapless friends, seemed to think they were engaged in the world's oldest profession.

One summer, Patty, Don and I found ourselves on Lasqueti Island, where we were introduced to Tansy girls who were spending the summer in their cabin just past Olsen's point. These two had all the ingredients of every adolescent boy's wet dream. Imagine, if you will, Darcy and Desiree Tansy were twin sisters, the daughters of a supermodel. Their nicknames were Rusty and Busty. I'm not sure which was which because they both had long amber hair and filled out their bikinis very well.



Back home in Coquitlam, these two young ladies would have been way out of our league, but on Lasqueti Island, there wasn't much suitable competition for their attention. As fortune would have it, Uncle Peter had just purchased a very fast in-board runabout. One of my tasks that year was to paint the name "Lasqueti Gofer" on its hull because it was intended to "Go fer dis and go fer dat."

Don, not being one to waste an opportunity, discovered it was very effective for going fer two damsels stranded in an isolated cabin on a very small island. We spent a delightful couple of weeks relieving them of their boredom as best we could. When I finally finished painting the name on the side of the boat, it included a silhouette of a "busty" water skier and the tagline, keep your tips up.

As we moved into our adult years, Don and I went out our separate ways. I rarely saw him except at the Christmas Eve dinners where he was dutifully carving the turkeys. However, one day I arranged a mountain climb for our hiking group and decided to stop in at the Home Restaurant in Maple Ridge for breakfast first. There was Don with a group of his school friends who had maintained this tradition since high school. Don invited me to join him, and it was great catching up.

After that chance encounter, every so often, I would intentionally schedule a hike with the hope that Don would be there again. They were a very consistent group, and I was always welcome to join his gang. It was clear that Don had never lost his enthusiasm for life. He was always "going somewhere," and I'll bet it brought great joy to those who went along for the ride.

Note: I have been informed the Tansy girls weren't actually twins but I refuse to alter my memories to conform to facts.



Riley enjoying the view from a backpack.

Now, onto their dogs. First, there was Erasmus, one of Sugar's pups. Bill being a literary guy named him after some fancy schmancy religious figure. The dog's so smart, one day he decides to play boot-stomp in the basement, causing Randy to run to the neighbour's house thinking there was an intruder.

Then there's Muffin, the Maltese escape artist. Every time Muffin ran off, you'd hear the family yelling, "ere Muff," sounding like a bunch of Brits lost in a

snowstorm looking for their earmuffs. My dog ran away once. Found him at a pet psychologist's office claiming he felt neglected because my wife's lap was more comfortable.

Speaking of adventures, let's talk about Randy and Carolann's elderly Search and Rescue poodle, Riley. They take him on mountain hikes stuffed in a backpack, like a little furry mountaineer, for when the climb is too steep or the trail too daring for his seasoned paws. That dog has seen more peaks than most people, and he's doing it in style. My idea of hiking is walking to the mailbox. If I had to carry my dog in a backpack, the only thing we'd be searching for is the nearest bench to rest!

Meanwhile, Dave and Jen, they went from yappy chihuahuas to breeding French Bulldogs to fight inflation. Now, there's an investment strategy Wall Street hasn't thought of yet. I asked my accountant if I could write off my dog as a dependent or an investment. He said, "Only if he can bark out stock tips." If those Frenchies start paying dividends, I'm getting in on that action. Maybe I'll trade in my stocks for socks - at least the puppies can play with those.

In all seriousness, the Christie family is a testament to love, kindness, and a touch of mischief. From boot-stomping dogs to runaway Muffins, elderly poodles on high-altitude adventures, and Frenchies turned investment strategy, it's clear there's never a dull moment. And Bill, keep swinging, buddy, but maybe stick to the hammer and nails.

Cheers to the Christie family, the kind of folks who make this world a brighter,

funnier place to live in. I tell ya, with a family like that, who needs respect?

Dean Martin: Ladies and gentlemen, our next roaster tonight is someone who knows a thing or two about enjoying a good drink, but unlike Uncle Mac, he's made a career out of pretending to enjoy it a bit too much.

Mac, as you know, struck gold in the oil and gas, living a life as rich in generosity as it is in spirits. And speaking of spirits, here's a man who's turned the act of indulging in them into an art form. He's a comedic genius who slurs his words more carefully than most people choose theirs, a man whose liver is probably as fictional as his inebriation.

With a heart just as big as Uncle Mac's and a bar tab that's entirely fictional, please welcome the hilariously tipsy, the perpetually plastered, Mr. Foster Brooks!

Foster Brooks' Roast for the Mac and Bonnie Christie Family:

Thank you, Dean. *hiccup* It's wonderful to be here... I think. Now, let's talk about Uncle Mac and Auntie Bonnie. Mac made a fortune in oil and gas, which explains why he's always so... *hiccup*... "refined." And let me tell you, their generosity is so vast, it makes the Grand Canyon look like a crack in the sidewalk.

Well, Mac, you and I both know the best way to appreciate a fine wine is to open it and let it breathe. If it doesn't look like it's breathing, give it mouth-to-mouth *hiccup*.

Now, onto Trinket and Trouble, the toy poodles. The only creatures that can make more noise than Uncle Mac when he's found the bottom of a bottle. These pups are like living alarm systems, except you can't find the off switch.

And just when you thought the house couldn't get any louder, in comes Tasha, the German Shepherd, strutting around like she owns the place—which, let's face it, she probably does. *hiccup*.

Let's not forget the newest addition, Cody, the Havanese pup, turning the Christie household into his own personal kingdom during the lockdown. Amazing, really Mac can run a company, but he can't seem to outmaneuver a pint-sized furball when it comes to who rules the roost.

In all honesty, Mac and Bonnie, your generosity knows no bounds. You've started a scholarship fund that's helped



Erasmus accepting a little love from Randy

Forbes Family invades hunting camp to offer new Grandfather Child Rearing Advice

Julie creates custom costumes disguises for “Christie Cult”

Craig Christie

Another year has zipped by in the Craig Christie Camp. Craig Turned 60 on July 19th and celebrated in grand style as 100 friends and family were in attendance to roast him.

The next day, July 20, his daughter Kasandra gave birth to a baby girl, Alexis Jordan. Craig appreciated that the newest Christie member waited until he was 60 years old before making him a grandpa.

Kasandra enjoys being a mother and continues to live in sin with her partner, Alex. Kasandra and Alex have had the best year of their lives to date, welcoming their perfect baby girl, Alexis Jordan Price, to the world.

Alexis is growing so fast. At six months old, she is already over 23 lbs. She is a wonderful baby, and she no longer cries every time she sees Grandpa Craig. Kasandra and Alex thought they were getting a bit too much sleep, so they started their own construction business this year and also got a new German Shorthaired Pointer puppy - Fritz!

Maria made the trip to BC for Dad’s 60th birthday and the arrival of her new niece. She continues to hone her skills as a registered nurse out east on the rock. One couldn’t help but notice that living in Newfoundland has resulted in a new Newfie Vocabulary.

Some of the more interesting phrases are

- “Ow’s she cuttin’, me Pa.
Translation: How are You, Dad?

- “Stay where you’re to, ’till I comes where you’re at”.
Translation: Stay there until I arrive.

- “Whatta ya to b’y.
Translation: Where are you at?

Maria also continues to live in sin with her partner Nolan. They did manage to get engaged this year. Stay tuned for future announcements.

Like most years, we set up a fall friends and family camp in the bush for people to work on their hunting and fishing skills. Similar to previous years, cousin Bill Forbes, along with his grandson Jesse, invaded the camp. Bill promptly demanded he be elected mayor of the camp located close to the McGregor River northeast of Prince George, BC.

With Thanksgiving fast approaching, Bill attempted to teach his grandson how to hunt. It seemed, however, that Jesse showed more interest in the young girls in camp than Gramp’s new laser vision binoculars. The end result saw camp members, including Gramps, mislead young Jesse into overindulging. Poor Jesse couldn’t handle the education, and the next day, he was sick and basically rendered himself useless to go hunting. I’ve heard that these events could potentially lead to the next Christie Screech movie titled “Bad Grandpa!”

Dan & Elaine Christie

Cruising, pickleball and golf are once again the theme for Dan & Elaine. This past year, they hit Denmark, Norway,



Scotland, Iceland, Spain, Italy and a Panama Canal cruise ending in Vancouver.

Finished the year off with two months in Arizona with a great pickleball and golf community.

Jaki is doing well in Kelowna at TD Wealth and loving her dog Beans!!

Susan & Colin

Colin and Susan remember meeting 20 years ago on Feb.15, 2003, and then celebrated 20 years of marriage on Jan 02, 2024.

Susan continues to enjoy dancing and now sings. On September 23, she joined the Soundwave Choir in Nanaimo. Colin booked a cruise, and on October 15th, on the beach in Waikiki, Hawaii, along with Deb and Mike, Susan celebrated her 70th birthday. Now in her 70s, she officially joins two other “dirty 30” ELDER cousins at the top of the cousin chain.

Their Granddaughter Merle reached the ripe old age of 5 the day after her Oma in Canada turned 70. Merle is learning to say Happy Birthday and I Love You in English; she’s such a bright light!

Michael travelled to Nanaimo to celebrate Christmas with Susan and Colin. To their delight, he cooked turkey/yams/brussel sprouts for what has to be the smallest Christie family Christmas dinner in history. LOVELY, FUN, CHILL and MEMORABLE!

The Christie Fraser Clan realizes that none of us know when our time is up. With the unfortunate loss of 2 more Christie family members in 2023, we commit to being grateful for and celebrating each and every day with dedication to the well-



Alex, Kasandra and Alexis



Dan & Elaine Cruising

being of self and others with kindness, compassion and decency. Hopefully, with this approach, the goodness inherent in each of us will spiral outward into this crazy, mixed up and chaotic world and lead to some more civil and positive outcomes!

Happy New Year, everyone, and if any of your cousins need advice, feel free to talk to one of your three elders. Is it still a truth that wisdom comes with age?

Colleen Houghton

I (Colleen) had many trips back to Vancouver to attend funerals, celebrations & retirements. I flew to Prince George for brother Craig's 60th then off to Coquitlam for my 40th Grad Reunion. I had lots of visitors come and stay in Kelowna and housed my friend and her family during the devastating West Kelowna wildfires in August.

Kristi (31) continues to work at Kelowna General Hospital. She found time to get some travel in again and went backpacking in Costa Rica and Nicaragua. She attended the Shambala Music Festival in Salmo before recharging in Las Vegas.

Kevin (28) keeps Kelowna as his home base while working full-time at Jack Bruce Mines outside of Smithers. His schedule of 2 weeks on-off has lots of benefits. Kevin travelled to Mexico twice and spent most of the Summer in Osoyoos, boating and getting away from the wildfires.

Craig (25) lives in Maple Ridge with his girlfriend Megan and works at Kingston Construction. They take lots of fishing & camping trips and are looking forward to travelling to Mexico for a family vacation.

Mike & Debbie

Here we go! Another great year for the Mike & Deb Christie Family!

Mike continues to enjoy retirement with all the health issues that come along with getting old! Deb & Mike joined Susan & Colin on a cruise from Vancouver to Honolulu to celebrate Susan's 70th birthday. Thankfully no Covid!

Deb continues to work hard along with Jeff & Jen. The Christies Real Estate Team, which we're lovingly called, always appreciates working with family and friends. We are always available to you.

Julie & Marko, and the girls had a good year. Unfortunately, Jules ended up unemployed during the writers' and actors' strike in the States, which affected most productions here in Canada.

They managed to pull through it, and she is now employed on the cult series "The Last of Us!" in the costume department, where she has found her calling. Leia is a budding soccer player and, keeping in the Christie tradition is quite a goal scorer! Indie loves gymnastics and swimming and is becoming proficient at both.

Jen & Chase moved from their east end 100+ year old money pit (watch the movie "The Money Pit") for a good laugh. As it turns out, they sold and have moved to a great house in Coquitlam, just a few steps to the in-laws and a short drive to Gigi & Papa's, which makes helping with after-school pick-up occasionally a much easier drive. Wyatt is playing hockey at Burnaby Winter Club, and well, I guess I am a little biased, but I will one day support his whole family with a job in the NHL!! Go Wyatt Go! Lennon has recently started ringette and is an equally accomplished star on her team.

Jeff and Lauren have now moved in together, and Gigi and Papa are hoping for a few more grand babies down the road!

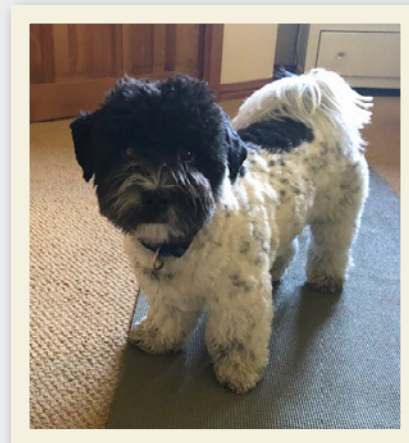
Everyone is healthy and happy, and looking forward to a fantastic year in 2024!



Mike and Deb's beautiful crew

Roast, Continued from page 7

countless family members. It's like you've struck oil in the hearts of all those around you, and for that, we're all incredibly grateful.



Cody planning a Hostile Takeover

Just remember, Mac, next time you decide to celebrate with a little too much of that liquid gold, make sure Cody's there to guide you home. He's the only one in the house with a sense of direction after a party at your place.

So here's to the Christies—may your hearts be as full as Uncle Mac's glass and your home as warm as the laughter you bring into our lives. Cheers! *Hiccup*.

Dean Martin: Ladies and gentlemen, what a night it's been, filled with laughter, love, and a little bit of liquor. I hope you've enjoyed this wild ride through the lives of our cherished families and their four-legged companions as much as I have. We've heard tales of courage, comedy, and canines that could only come from the kind of kinship that ties us all together.

From the mischief of Maltese to the faithfulness of diesel smelling labs, tonight's roasters have reminded us that family, whether two-legged or four, is what makes life's journey worth the ride.

So, here's to the memories we've shared, the laughter that's echoed, and the tales that will continue to wag long after we say goodnight. May your homes be filled with happiness, your hearts with love, and your glasses... well, at least half full.

REMEMBERING DON LAYFIELD

The Duck's Last Run

Donald Malcolm Layfield, born December 26, 1960. He was the second child born to George and Helen. Don grew up on Glen Drive in Coquitlam with his big brother Doug. A few years later, with the arrival of Sandra and Carol, the family was complete.

In those early years, Glen Drive was considered rural. It was a vast playground with forests going for miles behind the property, a large gravel pit where everyone would swim and, in the winter, strap on their skates and have a grand old time.

The early 70s were a time of freedom, and Don embraced that time. Our family had one car, so if we wanted to go anywhere, we had to walk or ride our bikes. Don would be gone all day and would come home when Mom stood on the porch and called our names. Each neighbour had their own signal for kids to come home, and luckily for us, mom was blessed with the Christie voice so you could hear it from a long distance away.

Don started his athletic career playing local soccer. Luckily, Glen Park was close by, so he could ride his bike to practice. All of this bike riding would come in handy later on in his athletic endeavours. We then all started our swimming careers at Glen Pool. Early morning practices and then off to school, which was a block away. Competitions were held in Coquitlam, Port Moody and Port Coquitlam. Those were early morning wake-up calls, and sometimes, we were not quite awake.

I remember Dad telling the story (numerous times) that he was watching Don get ready to race, and as he stood behind his block, he pulled off his sweatpants and realized he had forgotten to put on his swimsuit. The way Dad told the story, Don actually had mounted the block and was ready to race, but I think Dad embellished the story just a bit. (Not Uncle George!!)

Patty tells of swimming up at Lasqueti when we were all still training for swim meets. The boys would swim across the bay with Patty, Carol and Sandra swimming behind, and when she said behind, she meant way behind; the boys were on their way back, and we weren't even half-way across. Once again, these early lessons in swimming would come in handy later on in a couple of aspects of his life.

After Glen Elementary, he moved on to Mary Hill Junior Secondary, where he found two sports he loved, wrestling and



volleyball; he excelled at both and would continue these sports when he moved on to Poco High. Much to Mom's dismay, he continued wrestling. She tried to put weight on Don, but Coach Ross encouraged him to maintain a low weight so he could wrestle at a lower weight class. Auntie Pat would refer to Don's weight class as the 98lb weaklings. Poco was also an important time for Don, as this is where he might see some of his buddies who became lifelong friends and introduced him to a place called Tulameen.

Like most Christie cousins, Don spent time working at the PNE. He spent only a few summers flipping burgers when, thanks to the Forbes clan, the fishing industry called his name. We're not sure how much he loved fishing, especially heading north and travelling between the tip of Vancouver Island and the Charlottes (Haida Gwaii). He spent a fair bit of time with his head over the side of the boat.

As mentioned before, Don's swimming talent came in handy. Don and Dan Jeffries were in the skiff on the west coast of Vancouver Island when something went wrong. I think the motor conked out just as they got swamped by a wave at the entrance to Nitinat Lake. It seemed like they were heading to Hawaii. As the legend goes, they attempted to swim to shore, pulling the swamped boat. They were both exhausted and hypothermic and had to be airlifted out.

One benefit of the fishing industry was that Don was able to join the UIC ski team. He spent his winters at Whistler in a cabin and would ride up the mountain with the lifties. Don often said nothing beats being the first one on the hill carving a path in the fresh powder. He loved skiing and especially loved skiing with his cousins.



Margaret, our official family jock, remembers travelling to Whistler during her university reading breaks to go skiing with Don. Once they reached the top of the mountain, he'd say to her, "Keep up, Mag, I ain't waiting." Then he'd blast down the mountain. With Patty, he took a different approach; he saved the more challenging runs till last because he knew if she crashed, that would be the end of the day. Patty remembers packing Doug's old Mazda with as many people as possible and heading to Baker or Hemlock fortified with wineskins full of Harvey Wall Bangers.

The mountains weren't the only place Don loved to ski. The Alouette slough was where he would skip school to go water skiing. Don was very focused on becoming a really skilled water skier. He made sure that we all knew how to run the speed boat so that he would get several runs each day.

Freda recalls learning to drive the speed boat on one of many of the family vacations. It was Don who taught her the skills to operate the boat while towing a skier. Now, later in life, her family has a speed boat of their own, and Don's lessons have served her well. I remember Don telling me that the old couple, who walked along the dike by the slough, jokingly told them it would be nice if they drank more beer instead of the hard stuff; you see, you get more money in return from beer bottles. I'm not sure if Don switched, but they always left their bottles in a neat pile for the couple.

Don even went to a water-skiing school in California with some of his buddies to learn how to barefoot ski, use the kneeboard, and jump-start on his slalom ski. He eagerly shared his newfound knowledge with us when he returned. While many of us could slalom ski and even jump-start

from the beach, very few could complete the run, as well as Don.

Randy remembers Don describing a perfect run as "one where you didn't get wet, and the ski glided gently onto the sand at the end of the run

without scuffing the bottom, with the skier running safely up the beach without doing a face plant." It's harder than you think.

Don started working at Carnoustie Golf Course, where he picked up his love of golfing. It helps when you work at a golf course to become an excellent golfer. Here, he met Dar, who would have a huge impact on his future. I'm not sure who first suggested triathlons, but the two of them trained hard and competed in numerous events. Don had the advantage of all those years of swimming, as well as the miles he put on riding his bike. I remember watching him out at Cultus Lake, coming out of the water with a big smile. Through Dar, he got a job at the newspaper, where he spent the bulk of his working career. He climbed up the ranks and became the Ad Manager. He was also a valued member of the Tri-City Chamber of Commerce, working diligently to arrange the Blue Mountain Teddy Bear Picnics and the Festival du Bois in Maillardville. In 2015, he was awarded the Chamber Member of the Year. We're pretty sure his gift of the gab served him well in all those roles and was a key to his success.

In 1995, Don met the love of his life, Brenda. He got a readymade family when he married Brenda. He got a son, Lea, who later would bless them with three grandsons. They had 28 years of marriage and plenty of adventures. They had recently taken up kayaking and would trailer down to Arizona for the winter.

Not just an athlete, Don was also an excellent craftsman; there wasn't much he couldn't build. He totally renovated every piece of his home. Why buy cabinets when you can build your own? He also loved to build for others. Whether they needed a new porch, furniture, or arches for their weddings, he was the one to ask. He would say, "Draw what you want," then he would take the drawings, tweak them, and, in the end, build some-



thing better. Each of his nieces received jewellery boxes with secret compartments, and Amanda and Christina received beautiful pirate chest toy boxes.

Cooking was another of Don's passions. At our Christmas Eve celebrations at the clubhouse in Burnaby, you could always find Don in the kitchen dutifully carving turkeys for the mob. We remember Don in that kitchen, a huge smile on his face, chatting with everyone as they arrived with their food and families. It's a wonderful memory.

Rick Halas from the Tri-City News remembers Don's retirement party, where Don showed up with his BBQ and proceeded to cook and serve the entire staff of 20 a lovely steak lunch.

Don's second home was Tulameen; he started going up there in the late 70s with his buddy Darren. On one trip up there, they saw a pack rat, and without thinking, Don grabbed the shotgun and killed it. Not immediately registering that the rat was on the roof and shooting it would put a hole in the roof, so that was probably the beginning of his woodworking passion: fixing a shotgun blast through the roof. Later on, he rebuilt his friend Gary's entire house and spent Tulameen days cooking feasts for everyone. Even the police knew about his feasts. One would frequently see police cars, fire trucks and ambulances parked out front so they could share in the dinner Don would cook.

The day after Don passed, I received a call from the Newspaper. They wanted to run an article about Don. I was surprised by the call because I knew he worked there but did not realize the impact he had on the community. Reading the heartfelt condolences and stories was so moving, and I realized it wasn't just our family that was

grieving; a whole community who loved Don had also felt this loss. It lightened my heart to know he was loved by so many.

As Cousin Patty spoke at his memorial, her ending passage touched on how we all felt. "It was an incredible time to grow up, particularly with one of our favourite cousins. I wouldn't trade those years for anything. We easily remember the wonderful times that we spent with Don and all our families. We cherish the memories of our earlier and more carefree years and are beyond grateful for the goodness and love that Donald Duck brought to our lives. The world needs more Donald Ducks."

We sure will miss that smile. Knowing he is up with the rest of the family, smiling and telling stories, makes my heart start to heal.

With much love, Sandra



Port Coquitlam Woman accused of Manipulating Prize Draws at Senior's Complex

Bob booking time for a new documentary around a suspicious death



Kay Christie

The WJC clan experienced tremendous change in 2023 in both the physical and symbolic ways with the sale of 706 Newport Street in the summer.

Kay, eager to embrace retirement living while still in good health, decided to sell the family home that had been hers and Bill's legacy for almost 70 years. Kay now resides in Aspira Astoria Retirement Living and absolutely loves receiving phone calls and visits from family.

All would be well; however, she has been winning more than her fair share of 50/50 draws. This has not gone unnoticed by the other residents of Astoria. Thus far, withering looks have not resulted in violence.

Buchanan

Home. That was our theme for 2023. I (Cheryl) spent most of the year travelling between our temporary home on Keats Island, BC, our permanent home in Cochrane, AB, and our eventual home in Enderby, BC. We spent spring and summer packing and moving mom (Kay) from 706 Newport, her home (and ours) of 64 years, to her new home in Astoria, Port Coquitlam. Saying goodbye was hard, but we are grateful

for all the years and all the memories of that place.

Our recovery program for Indigenous women – New Story Community – continues to grow on Keats Island. Later this year, we plan to launch a second site in Alberta. Recovery is hard work! It takes courage and fortitude to face the hurt and trauma that lies beneath the addiction, but the women who come into New Story amaze me with their willingness to do the hard work and their resolve to walk the journey of recovery. Not only are they being changed: I am too.

This fall, I hired a full-time director and assistant director to run the Keats Island location so I could concentrate on laying the groundwork for our Alberta location. Mark continues to teach at Ambrose Seminary but is thrilled to be granted a Sabbatical in the coming fall. We plan to fully engage in the building of our North Okanagan retirement home. This fall, we had a wonderful week in Mexico, with Sarah & Wini joining us.

Sarah & Wini started a one-year around-the-world trip last January, beginning in Australia and then going to Asia, Europe, and North America. They are slowly making their way down through Central



and into South America. They've been to 22 countries so far, with a lot still to see. But one year wasn't long enough: they're extending their travels for at least another six months. Adam, Nicola & Chad are joining them in Panama at the end of January, and I'm joining them in Ecuador in February.

Adam began working as the BC Wildfire videographer last winter and, this summer, documented some of the most terrifying fire activity ever seen in the province. His footage was often used on wildfire news updates. He has moved back to Kamloops, but this position takes him all over the province. When not chasing





fires, he's putting together educational or promotional videos for BC Wildfire, or finding other interesting things to shoot.

Nicola and Chad are the only non-nomadic members of the Buchanan family. They work hard and enjoy all the great camping that Vancouver Island offers. This fall, they hosted their siblings and partners for a weekend in Sooke, while Randy, Bob and I had a sibling's weekend on Lasqueti to send our father's ashes out on the waves. We are thankful for Bill, Jean & Patty for hosting us, and providing the perfect sunset cruise for WJ Christie's final voyage.

Randy

After considering all the options, we decided that sneaking off to Whistler and eloping was the best way to solemnize our relationship. We met on a mountain, and our friendship grew, tackling other summits; therefore, we knew that we wanted to be united in a place indicative of who we are as a couple.

Meanwhile, my water business moved forward in dramatic ways in the past year. We have our first operating prototype for turning Fat, Oils and Grease (FOG) removed from restaurant grease traps into source material for BioDiesel and other green fuels.

Dave and Jen: The David Christie clan is celebrating a special year for their oldest son, Brandon, who will graduate high school in 2024 while simultaneously completing his first year in a university electrical program.

Adding to the excitement, the family is eagerly planning their first vacation to Disneyland and Super Mario World later this year.

Rob and Jenelle: The Robert, Jenelle, Jeremy and Jackie Christie Clan is back in North Bay, Ontario, where Robert is working at the Canadian NORAD sector as the commander

who is keeping our skies safe from... well, balloons mostly.

Jenelle organizes the lives of several small people on a daily basis, getting Jeremy to and from college, Jackie through her volunteer work at the Humane Society in preparation for vet school next year, and all the myriad of activities their international student from Japan, Yura, is involved in.

Sean enjoyed joining his father's business enterprises in 2023, where his incredible handsomeness, conscientiousness, and humility is a tremendous help to his poor old dad who needed some assistance with the financial and administrative components of his work.

Sean was also excited to join the Christian non-profit organization Barnabas Landing at the end of the year; this organization has a connection to his Auntie Cheryl, who is engaged peripherally with Barnabas through her work with New Story.

Beth and Darryl spent the year enjoying the beautifully mundane process of watching young Ellie grow in her first calendar year of existence. In between reading the same books over and over again (and watching Moana over and over again), they got back to BC in the springtime to show Ellie off.

The family also did a road trip to Kentucky, where Beth attended a work conference and Darryl attended several rounds of golf and bourbon tasting. Beth went back to work in November and they can't wait to see what year two of Ellie's life has in store!

Bobby Love

I spent most of 2023 working on two of my own documentary projects that received money from Bell to develop. This does not mean Bell will make them - just that they liked the idea. Now, I'm trying to sell



them to cable companies and streaming services like Netflix. That process started in May at the Hot Docs Film Festival in Toronto, and I stayed with cousin Freda. I highly recommend this B&B. Extras like a late-night pick-up from the train station upon arrival, a well-stocked fridge, and great meals make it likely I'll be back for another visit this year.

I also spent much of the year on a documentary series for Amazon about a suspicious death in the Kootenays in 2010. It was fascinating to work on a project that focussed primarily on police investigations and the legal system. It has all the good stuff: small-town gossip, undercover agents, and even an anonymous jailhouse snitch. It also involved traveling to Roatan, Honduras, to interview the accused murderer on camera. I cannot really recommend Roatan (it feels really dangerous) or hanging out with narcissistic, misogynist psychopaths. But it was an exciting adventure nonetheless.

The other highlights were, as is often the case, two short but ever-so-sweet visits to Lasqueti: once with friends and once with family to take Dad fishing one last time. He would be pleased to know we got plenty of delicious prawns in the boat before we sent him over the side.

And, of course, we said goodbye to 706 Newport. It ended up being sort of a long, drawn-out goodbye that gave us all a chance to digest the changes slowly. What a lot of wonderful memories were stirred up while digging into all the crevices and corners of the house. It also revealed that Dad was a tool-hoarding pack rat. With Deb Christie & kids. on board as our realtors, it was a real family effort that got the job done. And I grew a giant pumpkin.

Controversial Colbourne Crying Gene Spreads through Christie Family like a Virus

Margaret accused of attaching it to the mRNA spike protein

Moira

The matriarch of the family had a year filled with ups and downs. She thoroughly enjoyed getting the chance to celebrate her 87th birthday and Dad's 90th with family by their sides. They spoke at length of what a joy it was to be surrounded by the Christie and Colbourne Clan at that time.

Sadly, just a few weeks later, she lost her life partner, Bill, and we lost dad. It was tough, but as spring arrived and the family came together to send him off in style, she was buoyed up by the love and support of us all.

Never one to slow down for too long, Moira travelled to Ontario in summer for a visit with the Moros, then to Cranbrook in the fall to see the Oddy's, Ontario, in October to watch Gracie play field hockey and finally rang in the New Year's at Muldrew Lake with Freda and crew.

While she is waiting patiently for the pitter-patter of great-grandchild's toes, she is happily settling for the scratch of puppy paws thanks to Kobe, Tuxie, Hazzy and Maple.

The Matthews Crew

While 2023 was a very difficult year coming to terms with those we lost, Bruce and I have been very grateful for the support of our wonderful network of family and friends. We were so lucky to be able to share travel time with Jackie & Stew in Italy, our squash "family" in South Africa and our many ski days both at Whistler with Meag & Brian

and on a February road trip with Jack. These moments and memories were "life-charging" for us!

Bruce and I continue to be involved with our racquet club Boards - the ongoing "drama" of senior (and by that, I mean "old people") sport comparable to the first years of our kid's foray into kindergarten and grade 1 recreational sport!! Clearly, NONE of these people would wear the black Loser Ribbons that we so proudly pinned on our T-shirts after yet another raucous Christie Olympics!!

Meaghan and Brian are currently living on the North Shore, with Jack randomly dropping in during his coursework at BCIT's Marine Nav Center. Meag continues her work at St. Paul's Emerg, and has added some "sanity" in the form of part-time shifts at BC Children's Emerg to hopefully balance things out.

Jack's Coast Guard position has him stationed in the Central Region of Canada's "Coast" (AKA Great Lakes & St Lawrence), but keeps the Kits apartment that he shares with Cousin Oliver as "home". Fingers crossed for a West Coast posting in the future.

Barb and Mike Hodges Family

Needless to say, 2023 started out rough, losing Dad at the start of March, but the family rallied around and was a great support to us all. Dad's celebration of life was a wonderful sendoff, and it was great to be together, sharing stories and memories.

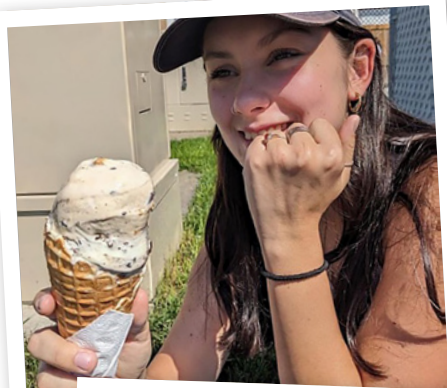


Mike and I were pleasantly surprised that Gwen and Grace both chose to come home for the summer, working hard and saving their pennies for school. The house was very full indeed. Gwen continues her studies at UVIC, expecting to graduate in the winter of 2024. Following that, she plans to continue her pursuit of a career in healthcare through training as an EMT.

Grace returned to Montreal in August, very happy to have secured off-campus housing in the heart of Montreal's McGill ghetto. She also continues to play varsity field hockey, so Granny and Barb took a road trip to Toronto to see her play and get a quick visit in with Freda and the Moro clan.

Christina is in her final year of high school and has her sights set on moving on to university. Her passion for writing is leading her to pursue a career in film, hoping to get into script writing and development. She continues to participate in the Air Cadet





program and received the Royal Canadian Legion Medal of Excellence for her exemplary community service.

Barb and Mike had a quiet year, staying relatively close to home. Still, they definitely are keeping an eye on the travel exploits of the siblings and waiting for the post-university time to begin their own travelogue.

Stew Colbourne Family

2023 was filled with highs and lows, and we are grateful to our family and friends during the tough times.

Stew and Jackie had a wonderful time biking through Puglia with Marg and Bruce and France with a group of friends. Both the Italians and French knew how to do food and wine well; good thing there was a lot of biking to balance it out.

Ellen had a great year teaching kindergarten and decided she was ready

for the responsibility of being a puppy mum. Hazy (IPA) Colbourne moved in with us in October 2023 and is a great addition to our family. Hazy visited California over the Christmas break and decided she is a warm-weather dog.

Oliver is continuing to enjoy his work life in Supply Chain and has been on the 30th birthday party circuit for himself and his friends. Oliver had a great year with a nice balance of work and travel, including trips to Nashville, Ottawa and Quebec.

Stew and Jackie loved being puppy grandparents so much, they thought (not clearly), why not get our own puppy? At the end of December Maple (Syrup) Colbourne came to his forever home (the lineage is getting a little strange here, at 60, Stew became a puppy Grand-paw and a puppy Dad)!

The Moro Clan

It was definitely a tough year losing Dad, but I am so happy that we were able to celebrate his 90th birthday in the best way!

A wonderful Italian dinner, his absolute favourite pasta, some tiramisu (always) and then the next day, an afternoon party with many cousins and close friends. He was so incredibly touched by the party and the outpouring of congratulations on reaching that milestone.

We were all so happy that his celebration of life was just that... a true celebration of an incredible life.

Marco graduated from Toronto Metropolitan University (formerly Ryerson) with a Bachelor's degree in film and worked most of the summer shooting an independent short film. He continues to work on several projects as he tries to kick-start his career in film. He and his girlfriend Sara had a wonderful holiday exploring Portugal in the Fall.

Cole and Maegan are continuing to work as Physician Assistants in Hamilton, and both have moved into new roles... Maegan joined the Juravinsky Hospital, and Cole moved into a new department (interventional radiology) at St. Joseph's. The two had many amazing trips last year that took them to Maui, Iceland and lots of weekends at the cottage.

Joe and Freda are continuing to work. There is no retirement on the horizon yet, but they are making sure lots of time is spent at the cottage and a few great trips, too!

REMEMBERING UNCLE BILL Randy Reminisces

One of my favourite childhood memories features both Don Layfield and Uncle Bill.

The setting is an evening at Lac La Hache. As was tradition following a great day of fun, sun and water skiing, Dad would light a campfire, and we would share our tales of glory while toasting marshmallows. With the backdrop of frogs croaking and crickets chirping and the rising moon reflecting over the lake, it was a magical experience.

Far too early; however, the wardens called the fun to an end, so they could carry on their evening libations without the distracting influences of children. So it was that, one sultry evening, Doug & Don Layfield, Stewart Colbourne, and I found ourselves trundled off to the cabin far too early. 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. Crawling out of our sleeping bags, we snuck back down to the campfire area.

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. After 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 with a scowl on his face. He informed us playtime was over and that we were to return to the cabin immediately.

Picking up the coffee can and imagining 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.

Barb Hodges Reminisces about her Dad

William Henry Colbourne

February 18, 1933 – March 6, 2023

It's never easy to say goodbye, but 90 years is a life well lived indeed. In March 2023, just a few weeks after celebrating his 90th birthday, Dad died peacefully at home.

There are not enough words to describe Dad, but we'll try: loving husband, amazing father, best grandfather IN THE WORLD, dedicated brother, supportive uncle, hockey player into his 80's, long-time hockey coach, skilled sous chef, dedicated 'Habs' fan, cyclist, golfer, skier, season ticket holder to the Titans, football referee, and committed community volunteer.

Dad was born in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, where his love of hockey was forged, skating on the frozen ponds and rivers of his hometown. At a very young age, his grandfather would take him to the river behind their house to teach him to skate. He lived on his skates. As the winter got colder and the snow on the roads became hardened and icy, Dad skated the 3 blocks to and from school. After school, it was hockey at one end of the rink for the boys and the girls figure skating at the other end. On weekends, Dad skated on the river behind their home, and the neighborhood boys would gather to play hockey. He would go home for lunch, eat with his skates on, and then head back out for another game.

Back in the 1940s, you couldn't play hockey in the summer, so trips to BC to visit his Grandma and Grandpa Smith were in order. In 1943, at just 10 years of age, Dad and his younger sister Geraldine



took the train to BC to spend the summer. Granddad put the two of them on the train and asked the sleeping car porter of their coach to look out for them. He also told Dad to take care of his sister, and Dad did. Deanie says he never let her out of his sight. When they got to Field, BC, in the Rockies, the porter said it was a long stop and they could go and get some ice cream. They were in line for their cones when the train started to move. Dad grabbed Deanie's hand and they raced back down the hill to the train. The porter saw them and laughed; he assured them they were just adding an engine and there was no need to worry. They got their ice cream.

In 1944, with his father serving overseas, Dad and his family relocated permanently to BC to live with his grandparents. He graduated from Burnaby South High School and the city of Burnaby would eventually become his home.

In 1953 Dad's friend, Gordon Eddy, convinced him to visit this crazy house on Dundas St because there were a lot of girls there. Mom was sitting in the dining room, doing her homework. She looked up and Dad caught her eye. He came back a couple of days later to visit, but being too shy to ask her out on a date in person he went home and called, inviting her to go skating at Queen's Park. When she returned home after the skating trip, it was past her regular curfew. Good old Auntie Janet, thinking she was rescuing

Mom from trouble, pulled her inside and slammed the door on Dad. Needless to say, Janet was full of apologies when Dad returned the next day, after discovering Mom had permission to be out late. Well, Dad was persistent and they married in May of 1956. Dad had the reputation of being so thoughtful, as he remembered to get Mom a dozen roses every year for their anniversary. Little did anyone know it was actually his friend George Wong who would remind Dad each year to make sure he stopped at the florist on the way home.

In 1960, after returning from an extensive trip with the Canadian Field Hockey team, Mom and Dad decided to start their family. Not ones to waste any time, the four of us were born within five years. Mom and Dad both loved to travel and weren't about to let 4 small children get in the way of their wanderlust. Growing up our summers were filled with camping trips with the Oddy's, fishing trips to Lasqueti, jaunts up to Lac La Hache, and countless driving trips across the country. Initially, we were in the old station wagon, which Dad would kit out with a mattress in the back for us to fall asleep on, as we wound our way over the many miles of highway. Eventually we graduated to the camper, which, while providing a significant upgrade to the comfort level of our camping experience, had a definite down-side to the "locked-in-a-box" situation we often found ourselves in when Dad decided he could knock off "just a few more miles" and the 4 of us



REALLY needed a bathroom break.

Growing up Dad was not just there; he and mom were very involved in all our activities, whether transporting us, coaching us, watching us, cheering for us, or crying with us in happy times and disappointments. Dad was the ultimate “Super Fan”: while a die-hard Habs supporter, he was also a Canuck fan, a Team Canada fan, an “any Canadian team in the NHL finals” fan, and an any Canadian kid on an NHL team fan!! Oh, and then there’s every grandchild, friend of a grandchild, niece, nephew, that played on pretty much any sports team fan.

When you are little, your world is pretty small and your family is at the center of it all. For many years, we actually thought that everybody cried, and they cried for every reason: sad, happy, laughing; Dad always cried, and certain highly charged situations made him REALLY cry! Watching Walt Disney on Sunday nights was just about guaranteed to set him off. While we often cried with him, Dad took it to another level. In an effort to hide this sensitive side, which men of his generation weren’t really supposed to show, Dad had perfected the old gritted teeth growl. It wasn’t until Marg got to high school and Dad was coaching some of her classmates that she learned others actually found these gritted teeth intimidating!

It’s no secret that hockey was Dad’s true passion; from playing pond hockey in Moose Jaw, to coaching young players such as Stew, Ryan Walters and Jack McIlhargey. He was also heavily involved at the administrative level, co-founding the Burnaby Minor Hockey Association, sitting on the executive of BC Amateur Hockey and serving as the General

Manager of the Grandview Steelers. In recognition of his valuable contribution to ice hockey in Burnaby, Dad was inducted into the city’s Sports Hall of Fame in 2004.

In between the sports and the children, Dad had a long career at BC Tel (Telus) in the engineering department, retiring at age 60.

In retirement, Mom and Dad continued their active lifestyle, travelling to all parts of the world with family and friends, whether it was skiing in Colorado, hiking the Great Wall in China, visiting friends in Cranbrook, Scotland and Australia, fishing at Lasqueti, or kayaking at Muldrew Lake. Family trips with the entire Colbourne clan to Alaska, Hawaii, Mexico, and Ontario are cherished memories we will hold forever.

Dad developed a few other passions over the years as well. He embraced all things Scottish – bagpipes, Highland Games and dancing. Much to mom’s dismay, once Jimmy Reid’s closed on Granville St, he insisted on regular trips to the north shore to replenish his haggis & black pudding supply. As well, he was an avid photographer. He was often seen with a camera around his neck, making us all pose for photos. He documented every trip and family gathering. Mom’s linen closet became the storage area for countless slide trays, so if anyone still owns a slide projector, feel free to drop by and borrow a few. Dad also loved music; from Glen Campbell and John Denver to Pavorotti and Andrew Lloyd Webber, and everything in between. He especially enjoyed Christina’s piano concerts after Sunday dinners at the Hodges. Following his retirement, Dad also took up cooking and loved to follow the celebrity chefs.



Trips to Toronto would involve an extensive session at Freda’s kitchen table planning out the meals for the week, a trip to St. Lawrence Market to purchase the food, with a pea-meal bacon sandwich to tide him over. Then, back to Humberside to prepare the feast. He was a phenomenal sous chef.

Dad loved people; and he loved sharing experiences with people. Once Dad befriended you, you were friends for life. Even in his later years, when he wasn’t able to do many of the activities that had so richly filled his life, he looked forward to those times when he could connect, on a walk or a visit, or over the phone. He felt immense gratitude for his family and friendships and how these people enriched his life.

In his final weeks, Dad got to watch one last field hockey game; Barb could hear him cheering ‘Go Bears’ from the sideline. Sadly, Barb was playing for Falcons at the time, but our dear friend’s daughter Maddy was playing for the Bears, so we let him get away with that one. We were also fortunate to mark Dad’s 90th birthday with a last-minute get-together at the suggestion of cousin Patty. Freda was in town and a number of the Christie clan members made the trek to Denbigh St to spend the afternoon celebrating Dad. Mom and Dad both were so pleased to be able to visit with everyone that day.

While he might have been an “outlaw” in the Christie Clan, he loved you all!



Bill and Marco kayaking

REMEMBERING UNCLE BILL

Bill Forbes Reminisces about Uncle Bill Colbourne

Jean, Robbie and I were the only nieces and nephews in the family. Uncle Bill and Auntie Mo would often take us to their house for sleepovers whenever we visited Vancouver.

They even took us camping. Camping was new to us. We didn't need to camp at Lasqueti as we lived in the wilderness, and our lifestyle was primitive in comparison to city life. I recall one camping trip Auntie Mo and Uncle Bill took us on to the Okanagan.

Uncle Bill did his best to show us the ropes about camping. He taught us how to set up the tent and neatly lay out our sleeping bags and all that jazz. Unfortunately, we encountered heavy rain on this trip.

Uncle Bill instructed us not to touch the side of the canvas tent. I bet you know what happened. I touched the sides of the tent with my dirty little fingers; this resulted in a steady drip of water. Don't think that we were invited back camping after that. I was pretty surprised that Auntie Mo and Uncle Bill had children at all after looking after us.

Patty Remembers Uncle Bill

About 25 years ago, I became a member of the local minor hockey association executive. I volunteered to be a division coordinator as a trade-off to get my nephew, PJ, in the door as coach of my son Robert's team. I moved quickly up the executive ranks and found myself in the Vice President's position. I was tasked with many duties and had many questions about how to complete them properly.

Right away, I contacted our cousin Stewart, whose email address started with hockeydad, confident that he would be able to assist me. That was a bust; Stewie passed the buck and me on to Uncle Bill. I remember making the call. Auntie Mo answered the phone, that's good for at least 45 minutes of chitchat. Eventually, I got up the nerve to ask her if I could please speak with Uncle Bill.

Once he was on the phone, I told him about my new executive duties. I explained that some of the procedures in place didn't sit well with me and would he help me get things in better shape.



He, of course, had his little rant, "What kind of Mickey Mouse club are you running..."

You get the drift. Shortly after, though, he followed up with, "I know a guy. He's the provincial representative of that area and also sits on the Canadian Hockey Board. I'm going to call him right now. Give me a chance to explain your needs and then you call him."

That's exactly what happened. Uncle Bill was the guy in Minor Hockey. He knew lots of other guys who became invaluable to me as a volunteer. His name had a lot of pull and credibility. I am grateful for his assistance and continue to be impressed by his expertise.

The Crying Gene? Is it a Colbourne thing?

Or is it something that the Christies didn't have initially, but now younger generations of Christies have developed? Something like what came first, the chicken or the egg?" So, is it a gene? Or is it a behaviour?

At Uncle Bill's celebration of life, his nephew, Scott Ormiston, touched on this topic. I think we all know that if Bill were here today, he would be shedding a tear – Tears of happiness that we have all come together today to celebrate his life. I doubt there is anyone in this room who hasn't seen Bill shed a tear, typically tears of happiness when he has been overwhelmed emotionally. But I think we all know it never took much for Bill to get the tears going.

I swear there is a Colbourne cry gene that runs through the family. I know this because, over the years, there has been plenty of evidence. Stewart can attest to this. Like his father, he has the Colbourne cry gene. As do I, so please bear with me should I have any difficult moments. I do have many memories of Bill shedding tears at family gatherings, usually when he was talking with pride about his kids or grandchildren.

On a personal note, as a young fella growing up in the 60s and 70s, boys were often told, "Big boys don't cry." I must say that witnessing my Uncle Bill shedding a tear gave me permission to show emotion and let a tear flow.



THE BIG MAC TIMES

The Graduates and the Royal Wedding

Paparazzi coverage of 3 high profile family events propels Derek's new film career to the top.

Mac and Bonnie

January 2023 started off with a "Crash," - Malcolm had a fall and broke his arm, but being a resilient Christie, he managed to go on an Australia/New Zealand cruise a few days later with Bonnie and Michelle.

All three caught Covid before entering New Zealand but recovered quickly and had a wonderful trip.

In April, Bonnie and Mac celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary with a fun dinner and celebration in Whistler.

Joanne and John

The McBean family had a few trips to Toronto to visit John's family, which culminated, unfortunately, with the passing of John's father in November.

Derek graduated from Trent University with an English & Science degree! He will be relocating back to BC with plans to travel and work in the film industry as a writer.

Danielle is currently at UBC and continues to play Varsity Field Hockey - the team started off strong but finished 2nd again this season. Danielle will be graduating in 2024, with a Sociology/ Arts degree. As she has one more year of eligibility as a Varsity Field Hockey player, she hopes to return to UBC

for another year.

Joanne and John celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary in the fall and embarked on a Backroads Hiking and Wine touring trip in Italy. Both have been taking Pickleball lessons and are up to challenge any cousins with a match at Burnlake court.

Michelle

The fall saw Michelle returning to the Lower Mainland from Kelowna to settle in Pitt Meadows with all her farm animals. Auntie Mo went out for a visit and was promptly recruited to help with the unpacking. Can a gal have too many clothes?



Gordon

Dylon made it out for a few visits to Burnaby/Whistler last year and is currently preparing for his upcoming nuptials with his long-time partner, Amy, in June 2024. He is working hard as an Emergency Doctor in London and his golf game is impeccable.

Looking ahead to 2024, the highlight for the Mac & Bonnie Christie family will be the trip to Ireland for Dylon and Amy's wedding. Never ones to miss a celebration, Auntie Moe and the Jeffries crew will be tagging along to share in the festivities.

Attending Derek and Danielle's graduation from university will also be a definite highlight for 2024.



National Film Board and Harvard Medical School's release Remarkable Documentary Russ stars in "The cat came back the very next day, thought he was a goner."

Russell

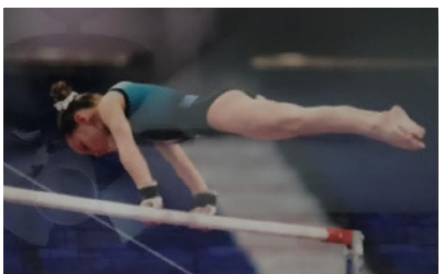
The oldest member of the whole family, Russell, lasted another year. We celebrated his 93rd birthday in August with his 98-year-old brother, Arthur, and his 96-year-old sister, Isobel. He continues to thrive in the basement suite of Vanessa and Cody; they do an amazing job caring for him. He loves working in the garden but, in his eagerness, seems to harvest the crops before they are ready.

He continues to use up his nine lives but thankfully always bounces back. He visited the emergency ward on many occasions this past year. His latest was on Dec 27th, as he had passed out and was unconscious for 7 hours. The doctors thought he had suffered a stroke and would not survive; however, after eight days in hospital, with many tests done, he miraculously survived.

We are pleased to report he is now better and beating his grandkids playing snooker at the pub!

The Herndier's

After faithfully listening to Dr. Bonnie for the last few years, Christy and I broke out of the safety of our neighbourhood.



We started by taking a westbound Panama cruise to San Diego in February. Amazing! This was followed by golfing with the Adams in Phoenix in April. Numerous camping trips and a Bourbon sampling trip at Lasqueti with Patty and Steve rounded out the summer. This is just a little research work for the Bourbon Tour 2024 to Tennessee and Kentucky.

Cousin Bill is also in training, acquiring a taste for Bourbon and prepping for the trip. The fall brought us to Spain, Portugal and Morocco for a month of intense sightseeing. Too many cobblestones, wine, beer, food. Is there not a tradesman in Europe who knows how to put down a flat surface to walk on?

All three countries have fascinating cultures and sights. Back from Europe, I had one more trip in store, which was to assist in bringing 128 deserving children to Disneyland for the day with Air Canada's "Dreams Takes Flight." Such an emotional, amazing event to participate in.

Vanessa and Cody have hectic lives, both working full time, caring for Grandpa Russ and their dog Tex, and running around to different sporting events with Jack and Mila. They had many camping vacations with friends and several road trips for Mila's gymnastics competitions. She continues to excel at the sport, winning lots of gold medals. She is a true Christie and does not like to lose. Jack is playing lacrosse and soccer and loves to swim. They both love to play crib and other games with Great Grandpa.

Lauren and Ryan lead very busy lives, both working and playing soccer. Lauren also works nights at a restaurant in Fort Langley. They love their dog, Franklin, and take him on many fabulous hikes.

Their home has been open to many friends and family who have needed a place to stay for a while. Lauren and Ryan are the best aunt and uncle, spending lots of time with the kids. Their VRBO condo in Playa del Carmen, Mexico, will be completed next month, and they are welcoming visitors.

2023 was a good year, and we wish everyone a very healthy, happy, fun and safe travels for 2024.

The Adam's Family

Hot off the press and top story for the Adams crew, Rob and Susan became Grandparents for the 1st time.

Eric and Alysha welcomed Olivia Lynn Adams on January 10, 2024, weighing in at 7 lbs 13 oz. Parents and new additions seem to be making it look easy.



Dave and Stef not to be outdone by their older brother, announced their pregnancy with Adam's baby #2 expected in February 2024.

Adrienne was officially "called to the bar" in May and is now working for Clarke-Wilson downtown. She is still living in East Van with her partner, Jeff. They are three blocks from 2457 and just a few blocks away from Bobby Love.

Julia is still working as a General Practitioner in Port Alberni, where she is finishing off her two-years return of service. As she was considered a foreign graduate, she had to do "payback." She is hoping to return to the Lower Mainland in September and will be looking for a job placement and moving in with her partner, Vince.

Rob and Susan are accepting their new role as grandparents and sticking close to home, awaiting the birth of baby #2 in February. Last year took them to Phoenix for sun and golf, and then a longer trip in September to Sicily, Crete and Paros. They also had a new roomie, Will Fox, who stayed with them for eight months while he was doing



his work co-op in Langley. The Adams' basement is open to any other fantastic relative looking for somewhere to hang out while completing schooling. (Only accepting absolutely fabulous people like Will. The bar is pretty high.)

The entire Adams family is looking forward to a camping trip to their favourite place, Christina Lake, this summer. Let the chaos begin. (Chaos: complete disorder and confusion).

Constable Chatter

Jamie and Steve continue to enjoy the island life, living high on the cliff overlooking the Salish Sea in Qualicum Beach. 2023 brought them the birth of their second granddaughter, Charlotte.

Sarah and Andy moved their family over to the Comox Valley in 2023, which gives the grandparents easy access to Sadie and Charlotte.

Jamie and Steve continue to enjoy camping and discovering new places on and near Vancouver Island.



Volume 22 • Issue A

February 2024

The Christie Screech will published until Bill C-11 shuts it down.

Editor in Chief:

Patty Pooh

Publisher:

Robert Christie
(aka Bobby Love)

Mis-Managing Editor:

Freda Colbourne

Mis-Managing Editor in Training:

Barb Hodges

Associate Editors:

Craig Christie
Daryl Herndier
Sandra Shaw

Fact Checker:

Bill Forbes

Roving Reporter:

Stewart Colbourne

Fake News Reporter:

Christy Herndier

Hostess with the Mostest:

Looking for the Member with the
Largest Rec Room

Art Director:

Ted Peck, the Outdoorsman

Download a PDF Version of this and
past issues of the Screech at:
christieclan.ca/screech

Get lost we're full!

BC Ferries Captain rejects moving trucks heading to Nanaimo

Bill and Georgia Family

Bill has finally decided to start the process of retirement. He's putting his seiner, The Lasqueti Sons, up for sale. We'll call it downsizing.

Bill enjoys spending time taking road trips on his motorcycle, and frequent hunting trips to Lasqueti and Prince George. He consistently keeps the family and extended family freezers full of salmon, halibut and prawns, to which we are all grateful.

Bill convinced Georgia to take a trip to Mexico in December, but the consensus is that "you just can't beat Hawaii." We're guessing that Georgia is not planning any future trips to Mexico.

She and Bill, however, are keen to join Patty, Steve, Christy and Daryl along the Bourbon Trail and country roads of Tennessee and Kentucky. While Bill is in search of some blue suede shoes, we're not confident he can be trusted in the Civil Rights Museum. Perhaps some coaching beforehand would be wise. This will make for an entertaining trip.

PJ and Jen – 2023 was a busy one for us. Peter's hockey team won a berth in the provincials for the second straight year. Peter spent the summer beating his dad at golf, got to take his first hunting trip on Lasqueti this past fall, and earned a spot on the South Zone AA hockey team.

Kaiya finished her playing days and hung up the cleats for a job at Winners to focus on schooling. Personally, I'd have kept playing sports on Mom and Dad's dime!

Amy spent the year on far too many teams, so we've narrowed it down to no more than three currently. Amy got to play in both Softball A and B provincials. Amy also was the only underage player to get a spot on the AAA Okanagan Lakers this past fall.

She'll be competing in the Esso Cup, which her team is hosting in April this year. She'll also be back behind the plate and hitting dingers for her Langley Fusion A ball team this summer.

Jen and I spent the past year driving the kids to all their activities. Gratefully, we were able to escape them for a week and join Mom and Dad down in Huatulco, Mexico, in December. One minor police incident aside, the trip was great!

Alicia and Family – Katie is now in her third year studying Criminology and still loves it; she plans to head to UVIC for law studies after she's done her bachelor's with VIU.

Will is in third-year Engineering; he completed his first 8-month CO-OP at John Deere in Abbotsford and was grateful enough to stay with Susie & Rob Adams for the time he was there. I



am incredibly thankful to them both for opening their door to my middle child; he had a fabulous time inside the office as well as Susan & Rob's.

Jesse graduated Ballenas with shockingly high marks and was on the Honour Role for his Grade 12 year. He went to the University of Big Set Bill all summer at the campus of Lasqueti Sons; he had quite the time with G-Pa and they have been inseparable since.

This year, he'll be at the campus of Lasqueti Isle to test out prawn fishing; there are talks about going to VIU in the Fall of 2024 to take Heavy Duty Mechanics, so we'll see where that chat takes us.

Alicia, same old, same old, filing GST and payroll just wouldn't get done without her, LOL.

Trevor's kids continue to be busy. Taylor fished with Bill during the salmon season in July alongside his younger cousin, Jesse. Taylor also works for a towing company, which transports logs along the coast of BC, Washington and Oregon.

Maiah started 2023 with a photo shoot opportunity in Mexico and then returned to her job at the Qualicum Beach Café, where she expertly serves up the most delicious cocktails in the area! Be sure to check it out if you're in the area.

Maiah continues her passion for highland dance and performed in the Victoria Highland Games last spring. Youngest son Naden graduated from high school in June and also works at the QB Café under the watchful eye of his sister.



PJ, Will, Katie, Alicia, Jesse, Peter, Georgia, Bill, Amy, Jen, Maiah, Naden Forbes



Coral, Everett, Heather, Maeve, Autumn, Kelly Forbes

Rob and Coral's Crew

Our crew was grateful for the love and support of the extended family this year as we navigated our first year without Rob. We honoured his memory by spending time on the water, sharing good food, and fostering a love for wild places in his grandkids.

Kelly and Tim The highlight of their year was the birth of Autumn Grace Garnett on Oct 29th. Maeve is thriving in her big sister role, while Kelly and Tim are getting their workouts, keeping up with their two-spirited girls.

Another addition to the family was Fisher Forbes, Coral's new golden doodle puppy, who joins his dog cousins, Pemba, Livia and Hubei.

Everett started kindergarten and is enjoying gymnastics, Lego and art. His favourite place on Earth continues to be Lasqueti, which he visited multiple times this year, along with trips to Ucluelet and Bamfield.

Coral and Heather continued to garden enthusiastically, both at Lasqueti and in their home gardens. Tim has joined the annual family garlic growing competition, which obviously Coral has never lost.

Elliot kept a toe in the fishing industry, sharing his tuna bounty with Jenice and the rest of the hungry crew.

Heather started a new job with the Ministry of Mental Health and Addictions and is enjoying that challenge.

Shockingly, she's the only member of her generation currently on a soccer team. Her

team even won their league cup this year, and she's currently the top scorer!

She's actively recruiting Kelly to join her team despite the challenge of commuting from Ucluelet. All in all, it was a good year with lots of reasons to be grateful.

Weighill Clan

2023 was another year of travel for the Weighills. Jean headed to Woodbridge for Violet's first communion and the whole crew headed to Niagara Falls for a long week of family bonding and adventure. Jean and Aggie headed to South Africa for a

Barb Waugh

A shout-out from Somerset. Barb Waugh continues to enjoy life at Somerset House on Dallas Road in Victoria. She enjoys the activities offered at the residence and is a frequent participant in the morning fitness classes, afternoon art classes, poker games, and evening bingo and trivia nights.

She's made many new friends and takes advantage of everything that is offered. At 89, she made the decision to sell her car and make regular use of the local taxi service.

Barb enjoyed a weeklong visit with her niece, Sarah, this fall who travelled from England. She is looking forward to celebrating her 90th birthday in grand style this June. She's booked an Alaskan cruise on a smaller vessel. Sarah and her husband, Michael, are returning to BC to accompany Barb on the voyage. The final destination on the trip is just a short distance from Barb's home in Victoria as she disembarks the ship at Ogden Point.

Each year, Barbara looks forward to reading the Screech and enjoys all the stories the new generations share. Cheerio.



Violet, Dorianna, Brooklyn, Scotlyn, Nicole, Cameron, Pietro, Robert and Aggie

pandemic-postponed holiday. Jean tolerated the wildlife safaris and penguin visits but made Ag cage dive with sharks alone!

The summer's highlight was the Weighill and Biro Clans gathering on Lasqueti and passing Island traditions to the next generation. Captain Rob took us all fishing and helped Pietro catch his first salmon and drive the boat. Seeing the kids playing on the beach, catching crabs, and having dance parties on the deck brought back fond memories of summer adventure on the Island with our cousins and the members of the Dirty Thirty!

Cam and Dorianna: September was the start of grade 3 for Violet and grade 6 for Pietro. Aggie made a quick trip to Ontario for a conference but took advantage of the work trip to do the Oasis Toronto Zoo 5K with Pietro while Dorianna and Violet cheered them along the route. Cam headed to New Brunswick during a hurricane watch to avoid doing the run!

Jean avoided the wet of November by spending a couple of weeks in Arizona visiting cousin Helen.

Aggie wrapped up her 19th year of teaching at VIU by leading a field school in New Zealand and presenting at the World Leisure Congress. Jean took advantage of Aggie's staying on the North Island for a holiday to escape winter and Christmas in Ontario! Pietro and Violet showed their love for Nana by sending

her Zorbing (think giant hamster wheel) downhill in Rotorua. It was the perfect way to end the year, as she and Ag enjoyed the winter and summer solstices in the southern hemisphere!

2024 is set to be more of the same! Cam and family are off to Jamaica in February and then to Nana's for spring break. Aggie is heading to Hawaii in April for work before returning to celebrate her 50th with family and friends. In May, Dorianna, Pietro, and Aggie will head to Florida to attend Hogwarts, while Nana, Violet, and Cam get into trouble in Woodbridge. Ag will be home for a day before returning to the Yukon for another research project! No one knows what trouble Jean (aka Nana) will get into with all that unsupervised time!

Biro Family

The Biro family continues to thrive with a new addition to the clan: Isla Wren Biro. Firstborn for Bruce and Brie and granddaughter number 4 for Patty and Steve! Visits to Patty and Steve's, also known as "The Farm," were all the rage in 2023, with lots of family gatherings to celebrate birthdays and show off the new baby.

The family was able to get together over the holidays for their second annual Christmas brunch, hosted at Bruce and Brie's house.

Patty and Steve were able to play Santa for their grandchildren with Brooklyn

(5), Scotlyn (2) and Kalista (2) very much into the spirit of the holidays, with Isla (6 months) learning from her cousins. As the youngest, she was spoiled. Big surprise!

Robert and Nicole spent 2023 enjoying the wilderness and camping life with their two kids, Brooklyn and Scotlyn. The two of them bought an RV and spent the better part of the year venturing around the island camping with the girls. They rent it out as a side hustle as well; however, there are no family discounts.

Brooklyn started Kindergarten this September and received a glowing first report card. She continues to highland dance and has even taken off the training wheels on her bicycle.

Scotlyn, who turned 2 in September, is very active with swimming and gymnastics. She's got a fantastic sense of humour and is certainly not shy about sticking up for herself. She's very clear about her dislike for dogs and her love for treats! Hilarious kid, for sure.

Rob and Nicole finished off the year with a trip to Puerto Vallarta. A well-deserved vacation for Nicole, who has to put up with Rob and all of his BC Ferries stories. Robert's big news this year is that he became a captain. We're all very proud of him.

Bruce and Brie spent the summer of 2023 as new parents, bringing Isla into the world on July 19th. A happy and



Biro Family Kevin, Kalista, Brie, Bruce, Isla, Yvonne, Patty, Steve, Robert, Brooklyn, Scotlyn and Nicole

healthy baby, 9 lbs 5 oz, she quickly stole the hearts of her parents, cousins, aunts, uncles, and grandparents alike.

Luckily, both Brie and Bruce were off for the summer so they could enjoy their time together, as well as use a team defence strategy for nap times, diapers, crying and feeding.

Bruce went back to work in September, still teaching in the Nanaimo School District, however, in a new position. Upgrading from teaching elementary, Bruce moved to one of the high schools, taking on a full-time PE position as well as acting as the school's Athletic Director.

Brie, very much enjoying her mat leave, is doing an excellent job raising Isla. The two have kept up with their own sports, going on group walks, doing yoga, swimming lessons and baby movement classes. Isla has mastered playing with her toes and rolling onto her belly.

The family of three will be enjoying some travelling in 2024, with Brie taking Isla to Vegas in January, the three of them going to Arizona in March, and a road trip planned for June.

Kevin turned 30 in April and the Biro's hosted a party to help him celebrate. The party theme was Red Neck/Trailer Trash.

Big surprise: we all dressed up in our finest flannel for the event. Uncle Bill showed up in one of his most politically offensive T-shirts. Party on!

Kevin is still working as a K-9 Security Manager while being a dad to daughter Kalista, who turned 2 in June. He spends his days trying to hire competent staff, and even out of desperation tried to hire his father to work a few shifts by bribing him with a trained German Shepherd named Kano. Dad took the dog but not the shift work.

Kevin recently returned to school, looking to pad his resume by completing a bylaw officer course. When not working, Kevin is with Kalista, a busy little girl who loves to play.

The two go to the pool, go skating, ride bikes, play at the ball field, and are regulars at any available playground. Kevin and brother Bruce also spend their time coaching U19 baseball in Parksville and playing beer league baseball in Nanaimo.

Patty and Steve have kept busy in chart world but always have loads of time to

hang out with the four granddaughters. What a treat! We are over the moon to welcome Isla into our lives.

We had a wonderful summer venturing over to Lasqueti, which continues to be our favourite place on Earth. It was so much fun when Kevin took Kalista over for the first time.

Robert's family had a great vacation at Lasqueti with Jean's family, along with Kevin and Kalista. Lasqueti continues to be a place where cousins can hang out. Carol slipped over for a day trip and got to go prawning with PJ.

In August, we were joined by Christy, Daryl, Lauren and grandkids Jack and Mila. In September, Randy, Carol Anne, Cheryl and Bob also came to scatter Uncle Bill's ashes. This turned out to be a very special evening. Lasqueti does not disappoint.

The Lasqueti Arts Council asked the Forbes Family for permission to show Auntie Culture and the Royal 8. After clearing that with Bob, the date was chosen: October 15th, our mom's birthday. Very cool.

Helen Wood was approached for the loan of the coveted tea cups made famous in the movies. To our delight, she offered up the whole set. We are so grateful.

The audience loved the personal touch as much as they loved the fly cemetery, chocolate chip cookies and shortbread that Jean and Patty served up.

They were blown away by the movies. It turned out to be a wonderful afternoon; Jean and Patty cried throughout the film, as did many others in attendance. We urge you all to take another look at those wonderful films that Bob gifted to us. Whoever has the largest rec room could host a family movie event... is that you, Doug?

For 2024, we're dusting off our golf clubs and taking a road trip to Phoenix in March. In May, we're taking a hillbilly trip to Nashville with Christy, Daryl, Bill and Georgia.

Many trips to Lasqueti will happen in addition to highland dance recitals, swimming, softball and afternoons at the Parksville Beach Park with the grand girls.

FYI: We're happy over here on Vancouver Island, but don't get any ideas about moving over... we're full.



Milestones for 2020

Deaths

Uncle Bill Colbourne
Don Layfield

Celebrating 90
Barbara Waugh

Celebrating 60
Carol Layfield
Barb Hodges

Celebrating 50
Aggie Weighill
PJ Forbes

Celebrating 40
Rob Christie

Celebrating 30
Stefan Arlotti Wood
Jettie McLaughlin Sakaki
Cole Moro
Meaghan Matthews

Celebrating 20
Grace Hodges

Celebrating 10
Isabella Christie
Jack Dahm

Births in 2023
Charlotte Hamilton
Isla Biro
Alexis Price
Hudson Manyk
Myles Manyk
Autumn Garnett

Births in 2024
Olivia Adams
Frankie Louise Adams
Evelyn Oliver Browes

TALES OF THE WOODS

Film Student planning horror movie set in Vancouver

Working Title: *It happened in the Woods*

Helen's Family

Christie & Michael, after nine years, decided it was time. They were over for a lovely Christmas, leaving Boxing Day. The next day, Dec 27th, they married privately on the shores of Comox Lake, their backyard of Cumberland.

True to the spirit of their extreme outdoor life, they Christened the ceremony with a bone-chilling dive into the lake! Michael had melted down some family Italian gold and made their wedding bands. They have always been a beautiful couple. I'm so happy!!

Stefan continues his very private life up in Kelowna and Kitimat. That's all I was allowed to say. He's doing well. Proud of him.

I still split my time, retired five months in Maricopa, Arizona, with all the nonstop wonders it brings AND our Beautiful BC. I still work (hobby) semi-retired casual - in Chronic Pain & Cystic Fibrosis (CF) Clinics. I have Peace in my life now.

The sudden passing of some vibrant members has saddened the Clan side of the family. Patty spoke at Cousin Don's celebration and struck a chord.... there were 30 of us... now we're 28!!!

That was too early to hear!

Reflecting on both Robbie & Donald's Celebrations of Life... was the joy of their grandchildren, nieces/nephews running free with Joy. Unaware of the loss we were going through. That's the circle of life we live in. Our blood lives on through that new generation.

That was us all those years ago, attending the numerous Christie functions. Screaming, laughing, crying, running happy. Instead, we now only get together for our passings.

Tina's Gang

Life is moving along for the Oliver's:

Jillian is still a prominent figure and TV commentator for the Green Party on Chek TV. Jillian gave birth to a baby girl, Evelyn Oliver Browes on February 15th. Now there's a sibling for 3 year old big brother Eric.

Jillian and hubby Chris, still reside in Nelson BC and one of them or both will take over the world there, but happily, probably peacefully and definitely greenly.

Alexander has made a massive jaunt across the Atlantic to Berlin and is undertaking his Master's degree in Film and Acting at Catalyst Arts & Technology. He is loving the challenge and creative work, albeit finding permanent housing there is a bit challenging. As he did last summer when departing Montreal, he may bless his mother with a summer stay in Vancouver.

Sophia continues to thrive in the computer coding world and worships her fabulous dog, Miss Frankie. He keeps her active while she continues to battle the effects of Multiple Sclerosis. She is astonishing in her resolve to battle and survive this nasty disease, plays in an adult women's soccer league, and lives life to the fullest.

This old bat survived and never got Covid and continues the West Side Real Estate battle while loving living in her newly renovated cozy home in the heart of Kitsilano: all are welcome any time to visit; some of you may be up to par to actually stay over in the guest room...

Life is good; embrace it while you can!

Sandy aka Alex

Sandy Wood, who now goes by Alex Wood, is in Long-term Care at Holy Family Hospital in Vancouver. He is doing well. Tina is in close contact with his care providers.



Christie & Michael's Wedding



Helen, Jean and friends hiking in Arizona