

*Thousands of candles can be lighted from a single
candle, and the life of the candle will not be shortened.*

Happiness never decreases by being shared.

Buddha

Anna, my classroom was next door to your mom's. We taught grade three together at B.L.T. and she was the quarterback of our grade three team. We quickly became close in those first few months of school. We were known as "The Grade 3 Team" - Jeannie, Jennifer, Rhonda, Sharon and myself. We would meet weekly to plan our lessons for the following week - that was your mom's idea - and often got together outside of school.

When I arrived at B.L.T. two years ago it was easy to see what a firecracker your mom was. She was a confident, hard-working, inspiring teacher. Our classrooms shared a door and often your mom would come flying through that door with a thought or a laugh to share. I knew I could walk through that door to seek advice or an answer to a question. I knew I would get a confident, practical, truthful answer. She spoke her mind and that was something I admired in her. She didn't do it in a way that was arrogant or self-important. You just knew that when Paula spoke it was from the heart and it was honest.

She loved to dance at staff parties and brought enthusiasm out in those around her. She was loads of fun and I'll always think of her when I hear the song "Bootylicious". She loved to dance, especially to that song.

Your mom inspired those around her in many ways. Through her art, her professionalism, her leadership, her thoughtfulness and her considerate ways. I know your mom will always be with me throughout my teaching career and in my personal life. Although I knew her for only two short years I have memories I can carry forever.

Glenna-Rae MacNeil

Anna,

I worked with your Mom at BCT for 6 years. During those years, she became a close friend and for 2 years, we were neighbours. We would chat over coffee every morning at school, we went dancing, we went to movies & restaurants, and our phone conversations seemed to last forever. We even watched TV together ("Lost" was one of your Mom's fav. shows)!! She and I always had something to talk about. Your Mom would often make fun of me (for too many things to mention in this journal) and she always gave great advice (even when I didn't ask for it!).

I remember one summer day when you were 7 months old, Paula and I took you and Cody for a walk. It was during that ~~year~~^{walk} when I realized just how in love with you she was. You see, for 5 years your Mom and I were in a "we have no kids" club with very few members. She left that club so far behind when she got pregnant. Her new mission for me was to then join





her new "I'm a mom
and loving it" club.
Anna, she wanted
everyone else to be in
love with another
human being as she
was with you.

My sister, Carrie, was due to
have her first baby just after your
1st birthday. During my sister's
pregnancy, your Mom was over-
whelmingly generous with baby
clothes and accessories. This is not
surprising since your Mom was by
far the most giving and thoughtful
person I have yet to meet. Just
before Christmas, you and your Mom
stopped by my house to drop off
a gift for Carrie and the baby. I
want to share the note with you.

"Congratulations and
good luck!! All I can
say is there is no
love like it. Once he
or she looks into
your eyes, you'll
be a goner."

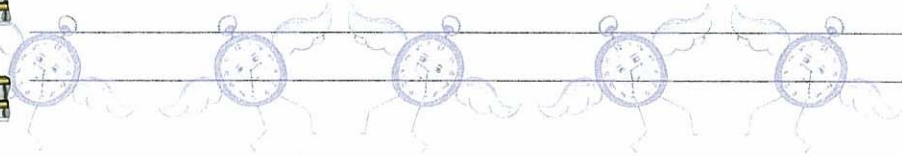


Over the years, I learned many things from your Mom. She taught me to be more thoughtful about special occasions in others' lives, to bring little gifts to the host/hostess of parties, to send funny notes to colleagues, to spend time solving problems rather than just talking about them, and to love your friends and family.

Your Mom touched my life in a very special way. I think of her every day and I miss her more than words can truly express.

During the happy times in your life, take comfort knowing that your Mom is smiling down at you. During the harder times, draw on the strength that she passed on to you.

Jennifer Surratt





Dear Anna,

The last time I saw your Mom it was a cold day in December. She was pushing you in your stroller and stopped to chat. The sky was beautiful and blue and a few snowflakes were falling. As we were talking, you pulled your hat off and dropped it on the ground. Paula bent + picked it up. As she put it back on your head she tweaked your nose and made a silly baby sound to you. You smiled. A few minutes later you pulled your hat off again. Paula said, "The little fart won't leave her hat on!" This time, as she replaced your hat, she gave you a kiss on the forehead. I remember thinking, "There is more warmth in that kiss than in all the hats in the world."

Anna, your Mom loved you very much. She still loves you very much. Keep your hat on! Love, Hal Mooney

Dear Anna,
From what
I've heard and
seen about your
first year, you are
feisty and fun like
your mum!



At staff meetings she
was the one who asked the
questions that needed to be
asked, that others had been
thinking about but didn't
feel comfortable asking.
And she would keep asking
until she got answers. And
if she wasn't satisfied with
the answers, she'd ask more
questions! I admired her so
much for that! She was
smart and witty too. I
admired these qualities too.

At staff parties, your mum
was the life of the party! She
would sing and dance
into the wee hours of the
morning. She was a very
active member of our social
committee. She was a vital
part of our staff.





Anna, your mum was also a wonderful and well-loved teacher. Two extra things that she did were an after-school art program and a playground clean-up program she called "Enviroflyers". Your mum also served as our union rep. and the liaison person between the parents and the staff. She gave up the last two of these responsibilities after you were born. You kept her pretty busy!!

Your mum was artistic and created beautiful things. I asked her about choosing colours for my home. I brought the paint chips to school to get her opinion. The colours in my kitchen will always remind me of her.

Your mum gave me a denim bag to carry my music in because the one I had was falling apart. I love that bag. It reminds me of your mum too.

One of your
mum's favourite
songs was "Annie's
Song" by John Denver.
Another song she
loved was "I will
remember you" by
Sarah McLachlan. I sang
it at your mother's funeral,
as well as a song that I love,
"The Olde Irish Blessing."



Anna, I loved your
mum and will always
remember her. She loved
her friends and family,
especially you!

Anna, love life and
live life to the fullest.
Your mum sure did!

Lots of love from
Susie Quackenbush.

I WILL REMEMBER YOU

