



REMEMBERING

Marion Mabel Shepherd

April 10, 1927 - January 23, 2024



Tribute from Nunes-Pottinger Funeral Service & Crematorium Ltd.

The Nunes-Pottinger Funeral Service & Crematorium Staff send our condolences to family and friends.

Tribute from Endrená Shepherd

Relation: She is my grandmother

When I was first introduced to my grandmother, there was a concerted effort to get me to call her "Grandmama" (thanks to the characters from "Bewitched", I believe). Unable to pronounce the mouthful, I instead called her "Mama". It stuck; my brother Sandy and I have referred to Marion as Mama for all of our lives.

Right from the start, she was my favourite person. Always gentle and kind, and endlessly, ACTUALLY interested the lives of all of her grandchildren. Mama and Granddad were a devoted, and important part of our foundation. They attended every event they could; Christmas concerts, recitals and shows and performances of every kind. They were there on birthdays and holidays, and you could always count on Mama to have her camera ready to capture the event; the thousands and thousands of photos and slides are evidence of her keen interest in capturing and keeping bits of the memories she was immersed in.

Mama was never loud-- you'd have to stress her patience reeeeeeeally far to get a harsh word out of her. She was peaceable in the very safest way for a child; no sudden movements, always ready for a cuddle, and ever ready with a Mr. Wiggly bar for the tiniest hunger pang. She always had time for us; she had a special voice she used with very small children, and would sing to us as we swam together with her in the pool or the lake. (She could never remember the songs when I asked her later). She baked and cooked in a way that I have not seen before or since; she could fill the kitchen (and consequentially, the freezer) with pies and jam whenever a particular fruit was in season. Every Christmas, you could expect your very own thistle-printed shortbread to be included with your gifts.

She loved birds, and would never pick a favourite, no matter how many times I asked. She read voluminously, and was in her book club for a record number of years before she could no longer keep up, and had to drop out. She loved shoes and handbags and lipstick, and would not leave the house without being well-put together. She did NOT like wearing hats. She was very sensitive to smell, and the slightest whiff of something unpleasant could ruin her appetite. She got seasick easily, but still

gamely cruised the world with Gordon.

In her last years, she spoke often, and candidly about her young life in Invermere. How her tiny, Scottish mother (also named Marion, but nicknamed "Minnie") would sing all throughout the day as she went about her tasks. How her gruff dad would loosen up when he would play crib with her and Gilbert. How Gil talked her into helping him wash his hair with rainwater before he went on a date, so that it would be extra soft. How Edith so loved the children she taught. How Mary found love late in life, and was never able to have the children she desired. How after the peas and raspberries had been picked, she'd run barefoot, down to the lake with her brother to cool down.

She gave us all so much love and devotion, committed so much of her time and energy to loving and caring for the people in her life. She was selfless, and completely, truly kind, right to her very core. I will never not miss her.

Tribute from Sandra Smith

Relation: family friend

Mrs. Shepherd was a soft spoken, kind lady and good friend to many including my mother. Condolences to all of the family. Endrené, what a beautiful tribute. I know she appreciated all that you did to help her stay in her own home.

