

April 29, 2023, Funeral Service for Gail Elizabeth  
McCallum Croskery Turnbull  
Christ Church Bells Corners, Ven. Kathryn Otley  
Celebrating

Words of Remembrance by Anthony Turnbull (Tony)

Good afternoon

Mom was one of those people that you didn't forget and I hope I have enough words that are adequate to allow that to happen on this particular time.

I made a few notes and of course I'm going to ramble a little bit for anybody that knows me.

I want to thank you all for coming today from far and from close, those that are watching online as well, family and friends from all over the world.

Mom has been fighting a fight for the last 15 months and she did it with the Armour of God and held her sword high as the Warrior Queen and that was an image that I could see...so...

We spent a lot of time in different places and a lot of places became very special, particularly Lake Louisa, Florida. Jamaica held a special place. Montreal as well.

We started off in '62, I was born and soon after my father passed away. Mom and I spent some time in Jamaica with the Croskery family which is a connection that I am so glad has been maintained in my life and carrying on.



In April '66 Brian became my Dad and we got married apparently because there was a little 3-year-old that made it very clear that he had a big question on his mind to Auntie Marj and saying, "Are we married now?". So, it seems that was one of the memorable parts of that day!

Mom had some awesome achievements, one of them that I was just proud of her in completing and that was in May of 2021, she got through all the

courses that gave her the Masters of Devinity and that was something to behold.

She loved her children but her grandchildren she loved even more. Any contact from the grandkids she loved it, she absolutely loved it.

Lake Louisa, Florida, Montreal, Mississauga, Ottawa-Wherever she was was a special place. Her faith became part of where she was. She joined communities, groups, events. She was always baking something for somebody somewhere and telling us to leave it...not for you! That was fantastic to see.

She had a lot of online friends with the pandemic through different groups: Lay Readers, Compline through the church here 3 days a week that she was leading on Fridays, and it was quite special to her to do all of that.

Central to all of it was family and love. She has touched so many lives. All of you here in some way or other know Gail and that speaks volumes.

There were times where, I'm sure some of you will understand...Sweet Adelines; Capital Showtime Chorus: The things that I remember from that are the bright smiles; and sequins everywhere. And the pancake makeup of course. They travelled around and they had great times and they made beautiful music. There was one Christmas where Andrea and I participated; they had family as part of it; Boy, that was something else...that was hard to keep up with!

I had a conversation with Mom recently, it was a text conversation. I happened to mention that tomorrow is not promised. She replied, "Yes...and today is a gift. That is why it is called the present."

So, do what Mom did. Find a cause that means something to you. Time, baking, whatever it takes...Sewing, knitting, anything like that. Make a difference because she did.

Thank you.

Remarks by Julie Langlois

WE TOO OFTEN LET HAPPINESS GO BY; THINKING EVERYTHING HAS TO BE RIGHT IN ORDER TO ALLOW OURSELVES IN IT. IN ALL OF TODAY'S READINGS WE ARE REALLY REMINDED THAT HAPPINESS IS AN EXPERIENCE AND ALL WE HAVE IS NOW TO EXPERIENCE IT.

I TRY AND REMIND MYSELF THIS DAILY. I ASKED GAIL IF I COULD READ SOMETHING ON THIS DAY AND SHE GAVE ME THIS....A GOOD REMINDER I THINK

A LIFE WELL LIVED IS A PRECIOUS GIFT  
OF HOPE AND STRENGTH AND GRACE,  
FROM SOMEONE WHO HAS MADE OUR WORLD  
A BRIGHTER, A BETTER PLACE  
IT'S FILLED WITH MOMENTS, SWEET AND SAD  
WITH SMILES AND SOMETIMES TEARS  
WITH FRIENDSHIP FORMED AND GOOD TIMES SHARED  
AND LAUGHTER THROUGH THE YEARS.  
A LIFE WELL LIVED IS A LEGACY  
OF JOY AND PRIDE AND PLEASURE,  
A LIVING, LASTING MEMORY  
OUR GREATFUL HEARTS WILL TREASURE

Author unknown

GAIL, THANK YOU FOR YOUR OPENED ARMS AND KINDNESS IN THE DIFFICULT MOMENTS. THANK YOU FOR YOUR SMILE AND LAUGHTER IN THE HAPPY MOMENTS. THANK YOU FOR ALL OF THE EXPERIENCES WE SHARED TOGETHER.

[Remarks by James Turnbull](#)

LETS GO BACK TO APRIL 16 1966; MOM, GAIL, MARRIED DAD, Brian Turnbull, MY BROTHER TONY WAS THERE.

STEPPING FORWARD TO APRIL 16, 1967, A PRETTY SIGNIFICANT DAY BEING MOM AND DAD'S 1<sup>ST</sup> ANNIVERSARY AND THE ARRIVAL OF ME, A GIFT.

APRIL 9, 1971, MY BROTHER PETER IS BROUGHT INTO THE WORLD, ONE WEEK SHORT OF MOM AND DAD'S 5<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY.

IT WOULD SEEM THAT SUMMERS SPENT AT LAKE LOUISA WERE VERY REPRODUCTIVE

NOT WANTING TO TAKE A CHANCE OF HAVING ANOTHER BOY; IN 1973; MOM AND DAD ADOPTED MY SISTER MONICA TO ADD AN INTERESTING DYNAMIC TO OUR FAMILY

FAST FORWARD TO APRIL 16 2006; I WAS GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY TO INVITE MOM AND DAD TO TRAVEL TO ITALY WITH JULIE AND I. THIS ADVENTURE WAS FULL OF EXCEPTIONAL MEMORIES. GETTING LOST IN THE VATICAN MUSEUM, ABSOLUT FANTASTIC MEALS TOGETHER. MOM WALKING UP TO THE TOP OF ST PETER'S BASILICA WAS BY FAR HER MOST MEMORABLE MOMENT DURING THIS ADVENTURE. OUR ITALIAN VACATION LED TO MANY MORE YEARS OF MEALS SHARED AS WE MADE IT TRADITION TO HAVE AN ITALIAN DINNER TOGETHER ONCE A YEAR AND REMINISCE ON THAT TIME

JULIE AND I HOPE THAT DAD WILL AGREE TO CONTINUE THIS CELEBRATION WITH US

THIS BRINGS US TO APRIL 16 2023. JULIE AND I SPENT THE WEEKEND WITH MOM AND DAD. CARSON TRAVELLED FROM TORONTO TO SPEND SOME TIME WITH US WHICH WAS "COOL". TONY AND PETER CAME OVER AND WE GOT A GREAT PHOTO OF ALL OF US



OVER THE COURSE OF THE WEEKEND; I ASKED MOM IF SHE HAD ANY WORDS OF WISDOM OR PASSAGES SHE WANTED TO LEAVE WITH ALL OF US. THIS IS WHAT SHE GAVE ME TO READ:

A NATIVE AMERICAN PRAYER

I GIVE YOU THIS, ONE THOUGHT TO KEEP

I AM WITH YOU STILL, I DO NOT SLEEP

I AM A THOUSAND WINDS THAT BLOW,

I AM THE DIAMOND GLINTS ON SNOW,

I AM THE SUNLIGHT ON THE RIPENED GRAIN.

I AM TH GENTLE AUTOMN RAIN.

WHEN YOU AWAKEN IN THE MORNING'S HUSH

I AM THE SWIFT UPLIFTING RUSH...

OF QUIET BIRDS AND CIRLCE FLIGHT.

I AM THE SOFT STARS THAT SHINE AT NIGHT.

DO NOT THINK OF ME AS GONE --- I AM WITH YOU STILL

IN EACH NEW DAWN.