

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
MARIAN GWILLIAM

FEBRUARY 23, 1930 — MAY 17, 2024



Celebration of Life

2:00 p.m. on Tuesday, May 21, 2024
Kelvington Legion Community Center
Kelvington, SK

Officiating
Jim Lissinna

Eulogist
Rick Pickering

Guestbook Attendants

Donna Fernwalt and Elaine Sloan

Ushers

Murray Fernwalt and Ardis Chipeur

ANNOUNCEMENT

Please join the family for a time of fellowship and refreshments following the service

Marian Eileen Gwilliam (nee Dalgleish) was born on February 23, 1930, near Creelman, Saskatchewan, the oldest of three siblings. She is predeceased by her parents, Ethel Jane (nee Pruner) and William Robert Dalgleish, as well as her two brothers, George and Robert. She is also predeceased by her husband, Henry Gwilliam, who passed in 2004. Beloved mom to Bill Gwilliam, Joanne Nicklas (Gord), Gail Fidelack (Darryl), Wesley Gwilliam (Bernadette), Allison Tokarchuk (Lloyd), Heather Radawetz (Richard), and Myrna Pickering (Rick); Grandma to 23 grandchildren, and 34 great-grandchildren. Mom passed in the early morning of May 17, 2024, at Kelvington Hospital, surrounded by the love of her family.

As a young girl born near Creelman, Saskatchewan, at the beginning of the Depression (1934), her parents headed north by team and rack to get away from the windy, dry, unproductive prairie land. The Pruner/Dalgleish wagon stopped in the area of Lintlaw, Saskatchewan, where her dad had chosen to settle.

Mom grew up going to Sask. Valley country school. Her favorite memories were playing with her two brothers, caring for the sheep and other farm animals, and enjoying special times with her dear Grandma Pruner. High school was finished by correspondence, and then she went on to Normal School where she received her teacher's training. In 1950, she took her first teaching job at Batestown School (NW of Kelvington).

They met on the side of the road... Marian and Henry... as they were pushing the car mom was riding in out of the ditch. In 1952, there were wedding bells, followed by seven babies over the next sixteen years. Mom's life was filled with hard work, sacrifice, smiles, housework, chores, cooking, raising her family via frugal ways, making school lunches, growing garden produce, and more smiles. As kids, we will never forget the chocolate cake with brown sugar icing, apple roll dessert, breakfast pudding, dough dogs, strawberry slice, berry pies, and the smell and taste of her homemade buns that were ready as we ran home from the school bus. Many of our clothes were hand-sewn by mom (or hand-me-downs) until we reached high school.

We will also think of mom every time we pick saskatoons, look at a massive garden, dig potatoes, or have a Sunday night chicken dinner. Mom will also be remembered for showing great tolerance for all the critters that were brought into her house—from baby calves, coyote pelts for skinning (along with their fleas), muskrats that made their home in a bedroom upstairs (and then got moved downstairs), fish, turtles, guinea pigs, rabbits, and almost every little animal kids could sneak in. We even had a couple of horses that spent the night in the porch waiting for kids to awaken Christmas morning! Once her seven children were off on their own, Mom enjoyed her trips with Dad in the motorhome. Most summers they would get away for several weeks and usually their excursions would involve visiting their family and grandkids while exploring more remote areas. During the spring and fall, Sunday afternoons often resulted in a "crop tour" drive. Mom also spent time with her hobbies: sewing, making quilts, painting, and working a more normal-size garden.

Mom started a new chapter in her life when she moved from the farm into an apartment in Kelvington. Her initial resistance soon turned to afternoons of puzzles and visiting with unending company that dropped in. She finally admitted it wasn't that bad. She considered herself lucky to maintain her living independence for as long as she did, and she was grateful for the support of her family and community. Mom always spoke fondly of everyone. The Friendship Club gave her a rare opportunity to get together with a group of women friends in her younger years, and later she enjoyed meeting with her fellow members of the Red Hat Society.

Marian was the glue that held her family together, and she truly thought the world of each and every one of them. She loved it when they visited and enjoyed keeping track of and sharing what different families were doing. We are going to miss her terribly.

Miss me - But Let me Go,
When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set far gone
I want no rites in a gloom filled room!
Why cry for a soul set free!
Miss me a little - but not too long
And not with your head bowed low!
Remember the love we once shared.
Miss me - But Let me Go!
For this is a journey we all must take
And each must go alone
It's all a part of the Master's Plan
A step on the road, to home
When you are lonely & sick of heart
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows in doing
good deeds
Miss me - But Let me Go.

Acknowledgement

The family wishes to extend their gratitude to the friends, family, and the care team who took time to help mom and make her more comfortable in the last few years of her life. Thank you all for your love & kindness during this sad time. Your thoughtfulness is appreciated and will always be remembered ♥

ARRANGEMENTS ENTRUSTED TO

Tompkins
FUNERAL HOME
& CREMATORIUM



IN LOVING MEMORY

Marian Guillian

1930 - 2024