



Adele Graham

September 10, 1923 - November 16, 2020

“Don’t ever forget that I was a Farmer’s daughter”! We won’t Mom. We remember that you grew up on a farm near Arthur, Ontario. You and your siblings, Alvin, Olive, and Mervin, were all talented athletes. Both girls and boys played several sports such as hockey and baseball. Your parents Grace and Will, were hard working people with senses of humour. Visitors dropped into the farm regularly, even during the Depression. Your outgoing Mother always had food and laughter available. When you were 14, you met the love of your life, George, while he and his father shingled your father’s barn.

It was at eighteen that your wise Mother drove you to the bus station in Guelph, so that you could move to Toronto. And so, you would come to know your own “wings” as we have ours. You lived with your much loved, older sister Olive, (right around the corner from where one of your Granddaughter’s lives now). You worked at GE and waited for the boys to come back from War. You wanted to do your part and so volunteered at Christie Street where severely burned soldiers were treated. During this time, you also lived through the tragic death of your sister. You were so young, heartbroken and initially by yourself.

You possessed the capacity to adapt to an ever- changing world and to the many stages and events within our family. You and our father helped to build a new church in Clarkson, where we grew up. It began with three couples and

grew into a large church community. Eventually, you designed your dream home in Caledon and moved in after your three kids were launched. Many celebrations ensued at this beautiful home, (it took three architects before one agreed to build the unique round house, with the panoramic views of the Caledon Hills). You lived through ski doo and sauna parties, annual baseball games with high school buddies, birthdays, anniversaries, "capture the duck" Spring rituals, the annual blessing of the raft and long talks in front of the fire. It was in this fireplace setting, where you and Dad encouraged young friends to pursue their dreams, especially if this meant getting more education. Many dreams were blessed there and later realized.

You lovingly moved through the shocks of Boomer divorces, the various antics of Jamie and Rob as they tested and challenged your daughter's boyfriends, (sorry about the pond water in the car and your ruined long gown). You welcomed sixty or so teenagers into your basement for a regular high school drop in. Young philosophers, poets, musicians and spiritual seekers were all given space, acceptance and encouragement.

You learned to not freak out when your sons would come home with camp stories such as, "Mom, I fell down a cliff with a bear and it was really cool!" You calmly responded to pumpkins being stolen at Appleby College, football games being won and lost in the mud, starching white shirts and pressing grey flannels and of course, welcoming boys into our home whose families lived on the other side of the world.

You were the encouragement and council for Dad, as he built up Ostrander's Jewellers. You and George travelled the world and always returned looking even more in love than before you left. There was much fun to be had in other settings as well. At an après Curling party at what used to call the Seigniory Club, you took off your curling clothes and then decided to attend the party in your long underwear! ("Well darling, I was wearing more than most women there!") As noticed by your niece Gail, you pretended to be Ester Williams

while swimming at your Marco Island location, (great petal bathing cap by the way). You loved nature and insisted that you could hear the grass growing in our Canadian Springs. You studied yoga before anyone else we knew, and you adored every kind of dance whether it was partying in the Rec Room with friends or attending Ballet productions.

In the 1972 Russia Canada hockey series, you and Dad were there every step of the way. You were in the midst of this history making event of a generation! In the midst of all of this excitement in Moscow, you and your friends stood up to Soviet intimidation by singing "Jingle Bells" in front of the Russian Guards, being alert to any possible ill treatment towards your friends and tolerating with some grace, soldiers going through your personal items. You and Dad were experiencing some of the last gasps of the Cold War.

You were fierce in your love for family and friends. You lived without your Love and our generous father, for many years as he died at his 67th birthday party. You lived without George with ever developing grace, for over 30 years and it was impressive to watch. You stayed keenly interested in world events, spirituality and social justice. You continued to be one of the most interesting people in the room, for many, many years to come.

We will miss your beauty, curiosity and riotous sense of humour! You have left behind three children, Patricia and Carl with Suzannah Wesley, Jamie and Chris with George Wesley, Kyle, and Lindsay and Peter with new baby Bobby and Rob and Julie, with Chiara and Rob. You outlived all your friends and family within your generation and admitted that once in a while this was a lonely place to be.

You were at home with family and caregivers as you left us on Monday. You were loved into your passing, as you were so loved in life.

As to where you are right now, you would say, "Oh Honey, I don't know! I am

curious about it though. I will get back to you on that. What I do know for sure, is that I have had an absolutely wonderful life!” Thank you, Mom, for all you have been and for all you have given to so many. We will miss you terribly and always. Say hi to Dad.

A Celebration of Adele’s life will take place at a later time.

Tribute Wall

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“ Dear Trish I noted with sadness the death notice for your mother, Adele, in the newspaper today. I remember many conversations with her after church and her dignified composure, beauty and lovely smile. I wish I could have known her better. Having lost my own mother and my husband, Bryan (Whitfield), more recently, I have a great sympathy for what you are going through. Take care of yourself and know you are loved and thought of at this sad time. Mary Beth Aspinall (your friend from Emmanuel (formerly George Street) United Church

Mary Beth Aspinall - November 30, 2020 at 02:01 PM