

Requiem Eucharist & Celebration of Life



Rosemary Prue Feasby, ALCM
25 January 1941 – 1 December 2020

St. Michael's Church - Hamilton, Ontario, Canada
28 May 2022



Welcome to St. Michael's Anglican Church
Thank you for joining us today to celebrate Rosie's life.
We hope that it is a positive and meaningful
experience.

While some of the restrictions have been lifted, we
have agreed to abide by certain guidelines while we are together in the church.

Please give each other space. While we are not required to have 2 metre distancing,
it is preferable to give some distance to each other.

Please keep your mask on while you are in the church buildings.

Please stay in your seating area. If you need to use the washroom, please go to the
back of the church and a sidesperson will show you where they are located.

Please do not leave your seat and visit with other people at their seats. Following the
service feel free to chat outside the church.

The only area open currently is the church itself. Everyone must enter and exit
through the main church doors. Only assigned staff and volunteers may be elsewhere
in the building.

Participants

Presiding celebrant and Homilist: Archbishop Colin Johnson, Rosie's rector in Ajax

First Reader: Sophie Elizabeth Nicholls Jones, Rosie's daughter

Second Reader: John Sutton, Church of the Redeemer, Toronto

Deacon & Gospeler: Father Jon Forbes, Rector of St. Michael's

Thurifer: Archdeacon Michael Patterson

Presenting the elements at the offertory: Anne Young, Carmen Galloway,
Anne Washington

Prayers of the People: Monique Gill, Richard's daughter

Director of Music and Cantor: Dr. Richard Birney-Smith, Rosie's partner

Cantor for Psalm: Richard Cunningham, former Te Deum Singer

Cantor and Handel soloist: Noëlle Lumsden Smith, Richard's daughter

Soprano soloist (Deep River): Juliette Jackson, Grace Church, Milton

Bagpiper outside after the service: Aaron Hauck, Richard's grandson

Sidespersons from St. Michael's: George Foster, Gwen McArthur, Alan Olsen

The Celebration of Rosie's life will continue immediately after the service at
Quatrefoil, 16 Sydenham Street, Dundas.

**Requiem Eucharist & Celebration of Life
for
Rosemary Prue Feasby**

Organ: Sinfonia from Cantata #106 - *God's Time is Best* Johann Sebastian Bach
Piano: *Aria* Anna Magdalena Bach Notebook

Richard's harpsichord recording of this piece was playing in Rosie's room at the moment of her death.

Organ: *For all the saints who from their labours rest, we thee by faith before the world confessed, thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest. Alleluia!*

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Chorale Prelude on *For all the Saints*

Flor Peeters

Welcome and Territorial Acknowledgement

[Stand as you are able]

Entrance anthem (sung in Latin):

Requiem aeternam: Rest eternal grant unto her, O Lord,
and may light perpetual shine upon her.

Celebrant: The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with you all.

People: **And also with you.**

Celebrant: Let us pray

O God, the maker and redeemer of all, grant us, with your servant Rosemary and all the faithful departed, the sure benefits of your Son's saving passion and glorious resurrection; that in the last day, when you gather up all things in Christ, we may with them enjoy the fullness of your promises; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you in the unity of the Holy Spirit, God for ever and ever.

Amen.

The Proclamation of the Word [please be seated]

First reading: Wisdom 3.1-6

. . . the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no torment will ever touch them. In the eyes of the foolish they seemed to have died, and their departure was thought to be a disaster, and their going from us to be their destruction; but they are at peace. For though in the sight of others they were punished, their hope is full of immortality. Having been disciplined a little, they will receive great good, because God tested them and found them worthy of himself; like gold in the furnace he tried them, and like a sacrificial burnt-offering he accepted them.

The Word of the Lord. **Thanks be to God.**

Cantor sings, then all repeat:

My Shepherd is the Lord. Nothing indeed shall I want.

The Lord is my shepherd; there is nothing I shall want. Fresh and green are the pastures where he gives me repose. Near restful waters he leads me, to revive my drooping spirit. **My Shepherd is the Lord. Nothing indeed shall I want.**

He guides me along the right path, he is true to his name. If I should walk in the valley of darkness, no evil would I fear. You are there with your crook and your staff; with these you give me comfort.

My Shepherd is the Lord. Nothing indeed shall I want.

You have prepared a banquet for me in the sight of my foes. My head you have anointed with oil; my cup is overflowing.

My Shepherd is the Lord. Nothing indeed shall I want.

Surely goodness and kindness shall follow me all the days of my life. In the Lord's own house shall I dwell for ever and ever.

My Shepherd is the Lord. Nothing indeed shall I want.

Words: The Revised Grail Psalms, © 2010, Conception Abbey and The Grail

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Second reading: 1 Corinthians 15.51-57

Listen, I will tell you a mystery! We will not all die, but we will all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable, and we will be changed. For this perishable body must put on imperishability, and this mortal body must put on immortality. When this perishable body puts on imperishability, and this mortal body puts on immortality, then the saying that is written will be fulfilled:

‘Death has been swallowed up in victory.’ ‘Where, O death, is your victory?

Where, O death, is your sting?’ The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Lord of the Lord. **Thanks be to God.**

[The smoke of incense is a symbol of our prayers rising to heaven. The celebrant will now bless the incense and the Gospel Book. Stand at the sound of the organ.]

Gospel acclamation (Common Praise 712 vs 1)

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia! **Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!**

Speak, O Lord, your servant is listening, You have the words of everlasting life.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia! Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

Music: Marty Haugen © 1987 GIA Publications

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The Holy Gospel: John 14.1-6 [Please face the Gospeler.]

The Lord be with you **And also with you.**

The Gospel according to John. **Glory to you, Lord Jesus Christ.**

(Jesus said) ‘Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house there are many dwelling-places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also. And you know the way to the place where I am going.’ Thomas said to him, ‘Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?’ Jesus said to him, ‘I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.

The Gospel of Christ. **Glory to you, Lord Jesus Christ.**

The Homily

The Apostles’ Creed [Please stand]

Let us confess the faith of our baptism, as we say,

I believe in God, the Father almighty, creator of heaven and earth.

I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord. He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit and born of the Virgin Mary. He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried. He descended to the dead. On the third day he rose again. He ascended into heaven, and is seated at the right hand of the Father. He will come again to judge the living and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Spirit, the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

[please be seated]

Vocal solo: I know that my Redeemer liveth

George Frideric Handel

I know that my Redeemer liveth

And that he shall stand at the latter day, upon the earth.

And though worms destroy this body yet in my flesh shall I see God.

For now is Christ risen from the dead The first fruits of them that sleep.

The Prayers of the People

Leader: Let us pray.

[stand, kneel, or sit as is your customary posture for prayer]

Almighty God, you have knit your chosen people together in one communion, in the mystical body of your Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Give to your whole Church in heaven and on earth your light and your peace.

People: **Hear us, Lord.**

May all who have been baptized into Christ's death and resurrection die to sin and rise to newness of life, and may we with him pass through the grave and gate of death to our joyful resurrection. **Hear us, Lord.**

Grant to us who are still in our pilgrimage, and who walk as yet by faith, that your Holy Spirit may lead us in holiness and righteousness all our days. **Hear us, Lord.**

Grant to your faithful people pardon and peace, that we may be cleansed from all our sins and serve you with a quiet mind. **Hear us, Lord.**

Grant to all who mourn a sure confidence in your loving care that casting all their sorrow on you, they may know the consolation of your love. **Hear us, Lord.**

Give courage and faith to those who are bereaved, that they may have strength to meet the days ahead in the comfort of a holy and certain hope, and in the joyful expectation of eternal life with those they love. **Hear us, Lord.**

Grant us grace to entrust Rosie to your never-failing love which sustained her in this life. Receive her into the arms of your mercy, and remember her according to the favour you bear for your people. **Hear us, Lord.**

[All stand; the presiding celebrant addresses the people:]

The peace of the Lord be always with you. **And also with you.**

[Please greet those around thou with a non-contact gesture.]

The Preparation of the Gifts [remain standing]

[The Communion elements of bread, wine, and water will be presented by volunteers who regularly read to and fed Rosie in hospital.]

Offertory Hymn: O God our help in ages past (Common Praise 528)

**O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast, and our eternal home:**

**Under the shadow of your throne your saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is your arm alone, and our defense is sure.**

**Before the hills in order stood, or earth received its frame,
from everlasting you are God, to endless years the same.**

**A thousand ages in your sight are like an evening gone,
short as the watch that ends the night before the rising sun.**

**Time, like an ever-rolling stream, soon bears us all away;
we fly forgotten, as a dream dies at the op'ning day.**

**O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
still be our guard while troubles last, and our eternal home!**

[please remain standing – the thurifer will cense the people]

God of mercy, accept the worship we offer you this day. Increase, we pray, our faith, deepen our hope, and confirm us in your eternal love. We ask this in the name of Jesus Christ the Lord. People. **Amen.**

The Great Thanksgiving

The Lord be with you. **And also with you.**

Lift up your hearts. **We lift them to the Lord.**

Let us give thanks to the Lord our God. **It is right to give our thanks and praise.**

Blessed are you, gracious God, creator of heaven and earth; we give you thanks and praise through Jesus Christ our Lord, whose victorious rising from the dead has given to us the hope of resurrection and the promise of eternal life. Therefore with angels and archangels and all who have served you in every age, we raise our voices to proclaim the glory of your name.

All sing (Common Praise 719)

**Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of power and might, heav'n and earth are full of
your glory. Hosanna in the highest. - Bles-sed is he who comes in the name of
the Lord. Hosanna in the highest. Hosanna in the highest.**

We give thanks to you, Lord our God, for the goodness and love you have made known to us in creation; in calling Israel to be your people; in your Word spoken through the prophets; and above all in the Word made flesh, Jesus your Son.

For in these last days you sent him to be incarnate from the Virgin Mary, to be the Saviour and Redeemer of the world. In him, you have delivered us from evil, and made us worthy to stand before you. In him, you have brought us out of error into truth, out of sin into righteousness, out of death into life.

On the night he was handed over to suffering and death, a death he freely accepted, our Lord Jesus Christ took bread; and when he had given thanks to you, he broke it, and gave it to his disciples, and said, “Take, eat: this is my body, which is given for you. Do this for the remembrance of me.”

After supper he took the cup of wine; and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, and said, “Drink this, all of you: this is my blood of the new covenant, which is shed for you and for many for the forgiveness of sins. Whenever you drink it, do this for the remembrance of me.”

Therefore, Father, according to his command, **we remember his death, we proclaim his resurrection, we await his coming in glory**; and we offer our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving to you, Lord of all; presenting to you, from your creation, this bread and this wine.

We pray you, gracious God, to send your Holy Spirit upon these gifts, that they may be the sacrament of the body of Christ and his blood of the new covenant. Unite us to your Son in his sacrifice, that we, made acceptable in him, may be sanctified by the Holy Spirit. In the fullness of time, reconcile all things in Christ, and make them new, and bring us to that city of light where you dwell with all your sons and daughters; through Jesus Christ our Lord, the firstborn of all creation, the head of the Church, and the author of our salvation; by whom, and with whom, and in whom, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, all honour and glory are yours, almighty Father, now and for ever. **Amen.**

As our Saviour taught us, let us pray,

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name, your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as in heaven. Give us today our daily bread. Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us. Save us from the time of trial, and deliver us from evil. For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours, now and for ever. Amen.

This is the bread which has come down from heaven.

Those who eat this bread will live for ever.

The gifts of God for the People of God. **Thanks be to God.**

Cantor (singing in Latin):

Agnus Dei: Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world, grant her rest.

Agnus Dei: Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world, grant her rest.

Agnus Dei: Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world,
grant her rest eternal.

The Communion: All baptized Christians are invited to receive communion. Please follow the instruction of the celebrant regarding covid protocols. Remember to observe physical distancing as you approach in single file up the centre aisle. Feel free to kneel or sit while awaiting your turn.

Music during Communion

Traditional African American Spiritual: Deep River

Anonymous

Deep river, my home is over Jordan. Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground. Oh, don't you want to go to that Gospel-feast? That Promised Land, where all is peace? Oh, deep river, my home is over Jordan. Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground.

Juliette and Richard offered this spiritual during communion at Grace Church, Milton, on 10 February 2019, the Sunday after Rosie's attack, when we only expected her to live for a few more days.

Communion Hymn: His battle ended there (Common Praise 213)

All sing: **His battle ended there, death was overcome.**

Jesus, alive again, wore the victor's crown.

**Clearly sin had failed, goodness had prevailed,
alleluia, alleluia; alleluia, alleluia.**

Dread powers of death and sin had him in their hold.

When Jesus rose again all their plans were foiled.

**Jesus lived again, triumphed over sin,
alleluia, alleluia; alleluia, alleluia.**

Dead in the grave he lay; mourned by every friend.

Those dark and fearful days then did reach their end.

**God raised him to life, victor in the strife.
alleluia, alleluia; alleluia, alleluia.**

He burst the chains of sin, opened death's dark jail.

God filled him with new life, life that could not fail.

**Right before their eyes Jesus did arise,
alleluia, alleluia; alleluia, alleluia.**

**Lord, by the pains you bore in your darkest hour,
free us from fear of death, and from all sin's power.**

**May we with you live, to you ourselves give,
alleluia, alleluia; alleluia, alleluia.**

Words: African Chewa hymn Music: Angoni war song

Paraphrased & Adapted: Tom Colvin

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Piano: St. Paul's Rose

Richard Birney-Smith

Rosie's birthday occurs on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul: January 25th. It is also Robbie Burns Day. Rosie thought that the juxtaposition of saint and sinner suited her well. This piece, played in public for the first time today, tries to capture both by including a quotation from Burns' *My love is like a red, red, rose*. © 2021 Richard Birney-Smith - Streamed by permission of the composer.

Prayer after Communion

Let us pray. [Standing, the community prays in silence.]

Almighty God, we thank you that in your great love you have fed us with the spiritual food and drink of the body and blood of your Son Jesus Christ, and have given us a foretaste of your heavenly banquet. Grant that this sacrament may be to us a comfort in affliction, and a pledge of our inheritance in that kingdom where there is no death, neither sorrow nor crying, but fullness of joy with all your saints; through Jesus Christ our Saviour. **Amen.**

The Commendation

Give rest, O Christ, to your servants with your saints, where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.

You only are immortal, the creator and maker of all; and we are mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return. For so did you ordain when you created me, saying, "You are dust, and to dust you shall return." All of us go down to the dust; yet even at the grave we make our song: Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Give rest, O Christ, to your servants with your saints, where sorrow and pain are no more, neither sighing, but life everlasting.

Into your hands, O merciful Saviour, we commend your servant Rosemary. Acknowledge, we pray, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive her into the arms of your mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light. **Amen.**

The archbishop will bless the people; the deacon will dismiss them.

Deacon: Let us go forth in the name of the Risen Christ. Alleluia, alleluia!

People: **Thanks be to God. Alleluia, alleluia!**

Organ recessional: Victory!

Richard Birney-Smith

Music © 1967 Richard Birney-Smith – Streamed by permission of the composer

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!

*The strife is o'er, the battle done, now is the victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung: alleluia!*

*Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee, from death's dread sting thy servants free,
that we may live and sing to thee: alleluia!*

Rosie's ashes will be interred in Dundas at a not- yet-determined date.

Remembering Rosie

Rosie and I met on November 22nd, 2009: the Feast of St. Cecilia, patroness of music. Her first rather shy words to me were “Excuse me, sir, do you have a minute?” I replied, “I have all the time in the world.” Neither of us realized that this exchange signalled a new beginning for both of us.

In October 1939, Winston Churchill described the Soviet Union as “... a riddle, wrapped in a mystery, inside an enigma.” Little did anyone know that he was also describing the as-yet-unborn Rosemary Prue Carpenter.

Rosie was brilliant and knowledgeable yet had difficulty finishing a sentence before changing the subject. She said that it was because she thought very quickly. 😊 She had great curiosity and was always learning. She was an indirect communicator who often left me wondering what she was really meaning. She often seemed, when listening to the news, to believe in vigilante justice rather the presumption of innocence and yet she was one of the most kindhearted people on the face of the earth.

She was proud of her musical accomplishments in vocal competitions, operetta, symphony chorus, and musical theatre. She was particularly proud of her ALCM degree (Associate of the London College of Music) but forewent a professional musical performance career because she was unwilling to submit to the casting-couch auditions so often expected in those days. She followed her other love: teaching children.

Rosie attracted people like a magnet. They simply loved her. She could never understand why. Often they would confess their inmost thoughts, failings, and weaknesses. You’ve probably heard how people confess their secrets to total strangers sitting next to them on an airplane. Well, Rosie didn’t need an airplane to cause people to share a conversation or confidence. 😊

Rosie could have a conversation with anyone. She was the perfect companion for me who often can be aloof, preoccupied, or disinterested. I could just stand or sit there while Rosie carried the ball. Numerous people said to her “What have you done to Richard? He is so much nicer now.”

She was a Canadian citizen who always described herself as “a Brit.” She said that she could not live in England anymore, but her roots were deep. She still faithfully watched Doc Martin, Heartbeat, Midsomer Murders, and other British shows, whether new or repeats. She was a voracious reader of newspapers and books. She was also a puzzler: especially crosswords and jigsaws.

And we travelled, oh did we travel together. We visited museums, cathedrals, and castles and ate together. New York City, Hartford, Boston, Martha’s Vineyard, Washington, Baltimore, Jacksonville, Atlanta, Denver, Detroit, St. Louis, Kansas City, London, Southwick, twice to her family home in Dorset, Salisbury, Old Sarum,

Bath, Wells, Glastonbury, Paris three times, Giverny three times, Rouen, Caen, Arromanches: the Beach where her father landed shortly after D-Day, Mont St-Michel, St-Malo, Orléans, Nîmes, Aix-en-Provence, Avignon, Versailles, Nancy, Strasbourg, Reims and dozens of other places along the way.

The Art Gallery of Ontario, the Royal Ontario Museum (She loved the dinosaurs.), the Milwaukee Art Museum, the Ripley Aquarium with her grandson Tait, the Art Gallery of Hamilton, the High Museum in Atlanta, both Tait Galleries in London, the Cloisters in New York City, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Detroit Art Institute, the Nelson Gallery in Kansas City and the Marmottan Monet in Paris to name a few. But it was not all high art. We also did the Motown Museum in Detroit (where she knew most of the lyrics by heart), the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, the Negro Leagues Baseball Museum and the Jazz Museum in Kansas City.

We shared Turner, Monet, Whistler, John Singer Sargent, Rembrandt, Cézanne, Mary Cassatt, Berthe Morisot, Chagall, Tom Thompson, A.Y. Jackson, Lawren Harris, Georgia O'Keefe, Jackson Pollack, Bourdelle, Zadkine, and hundreds of others neither of us had ever heard of. We've also purchased art from Ontario-artist friends: Rob Roi, Wayne Allen, and Gerard Brender-à-Brandis.

Rosie loved cemeteries. We visited the graves of Sarah Bernhardt, Chopin, Edith Piaf, Jim Morrison, Modigliani, and Oscar Wilde at Père Lachaise in Paris, the Kennedy family graves and the Tomb of the Unknowns in Arlington (Virginia), the Canadian War Cemetery at Bény-sur-Mer in Normandy, numerous British cemeteries of the Great War in eastern France, and many ordinary small-town churchyards and cemeteries.

We attended concerts together: Beethoven on period instruments in Carnegie Hall, the Mozart Requiem in Boston Symphony Hall, the Fauré Requiem in St-Germain des Pres, the Duruflé Requiem in Notre-Dame de Paris, and organ recitals in Nancy, Paris, and elsewhere. Let's not forget local favourites: the Strata Vocal Ensemble, Valerie Tryon, David Braid, and the Nota Bene Baroque Players.

Rosie was a devoted mother and grandmother. Her daughters – Claire and Sophie – and her grandchildren – Jonathan, Emily, Tait, and Eden - were constantly on her mind and in her heart. In 2017, Claire, Sophie, Rosie, and I flew to England to celebrate her stepmother Yvonne's 90th birthday. Rosie often said that Yvonne would outlive her. None of us believed that Rosie's prediction could ever come true.

There will be a Book of Remembrance at Quatrefoil. Please take a few minutes to write down your memories of Rosie. Serious or frivolous, please tell us how this special human being touched your life. Or send to birney-smith@rogers.com - rbs



Rosemary Prue Feasby **January 25 1941 - December 1 2020**

Obituary for Rosemary Prue Feasby (as published on 8 December 2020):

Rosemary Prue Feasby (née Carpenter) died peacefully, with her daughters by her side, at St. Peter's Residence at Chedoke in Hamilton, Ontario on the evening of December 1, 2020. She was 79. Rosie, as she preferred to be called, is already deeply missed by those who knew her.

Born January 25, 1941, in Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England, Rosie was the daughter of the late Kathleen Lee and Jeston Carpenter. The family lived near Birmingham for her early childhood before moving to Dorset.

Rosie spent much of her life immersed in music, first as a student and then as an accomplished singer and pianist. She was also a dedicated and highly regarded school and piano teacher.

Earning degrees from Newton Park College in Bath, England, and the London College of Music, Rosie sang with the Bournemouth Symphony Chorus. She performed in numerous stage productions, including *The Mikado*, *Iolanthe*, and *The Yeoman of the Guard*, with both the Bournemouth Gilbert and Sullivan Operatic Society and the Toronto Gilbert and Sullivan Society. She was mischievously proud of being cast as the tart Ado Annie in Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Oklahoma!*

Rosie was taught to see the world through the eyes of a child—a skill she never lost. Her love for children was palpable, and she thrived educating them. Rosie was a teacher at Montessori schools in England and in Canada, after immigrating in 1977. Later, she ran a Montessori-based daycare and taught piano to dozens of students out of her house in Pickering, Ontario. Children of all ages were drawn to Rosie. Their connection remained long after leaving her classroom or home, some well into their adult years. She retired to Dundas, Ontario, in 2007.

A vibrant, passionate and multi-faceted individual, Rosie was a seeker who challenged herself to learn more or find a fresh perspective. She was a voracious reader of newspapers and books, always ready to pass along a clipping or a good read. Art galleries, museums, concert halls and theatres were her stomping grounds. Crosswords, jigsaw puzzles and candid chats over a dry martini filled her downtime. Rosie enjoyed music of all kinds from Bach to Handel; Ella to Miles; Peter Gabriel to the Rolling Stones. She loved to garden and cook and was a whiz at Jeopardy. Christmas and Halloween were her most cherished times of the year.

As a respected member of St. James Church in Dundas, Church of the Redeemer in Toronto, and most recently, St. Michael's Anglican Church in Hamilton, Rosie sang in the choir, and participated in fundraisers, book drives and bazaars. She was also a delivery volunteer for Dundas Meals on Wheels and an occasional pianist for Anglican services at Hamilton's Macassa Lodge.

Rosie had a lifelong passion for travel, visiting many countries around the world. In recent years, she shared particularly memorable trips to France, Martha's Vineyard, New Hampshire and Algonquin Park with her partner, Richard. Regular visits back to her family home in Dorset to see her father (prior to his death) and stepmother, Yvonne, were a priority. Those trips let her stay close and connected.

Rosie was known for her lively demeanour, quirky sense of humour and spirited voice. She would brighten any room she entered and make new friends while there. From her students and their families, to her neighbours and fellow churchgoers, those who met Rosie found connection, compassion and a listening ear.

Her grandchildren felt especially loved by their Nana, and loved her back equally. Her memory, love and free spirit will carry on through her daughters, Claire and Sophie; grandchildren, Jonathan, Emily, Tait and Eden; sons-in-law, Tim and Julian; her beloved stepmother, Yvonne; her partner, Richard; his daughters, Noëlle and Monique; Richard's grandchildren, Luke, Christian, Aaron; and her cherished dog, Bandit.

Cremation has taken place, and a celebration of Rosie's life for family and friends will follow at a future date.

Rosie's family would like to extend their immense gratitude to the staff at St. Peter's Hospital and St. Peter's Residence at Chedoke in Hamilton for their exceptional care and support over the last 22 months.

Memorial donations, in lieu of flowers, may be made to St. Peter's Hospital in Hamilton and Covenant House in Toronto.

hamiltonhealth.ca/donate/
covenanthousetoronto.ca/

The obituary was written by Sophie with suggestions from Claire & Richard.

