



REMEMBERING
Kathleen Dale Bell

October 15, 1941 - August 10, 2022



Survived by her son, Gerald Thomas Lee, and her daughters, Teresa Rosanne Lee-Manhas, Melinda Edith Lavigne (Chris) and Tracy Marie Bell (Nathan Eror).

Her grandchildren, Katie Richardson, Misty Lee-Manhas, Crystal Lee-Manhas, Marina Lee-Manhas and Chase Manhas, Tyler Lee, April Lavigne and Josh Lavigne, Caleb Eror and Archer Eror.

And her great grandchildren, Paris Holland, Juliet Lee, Beaudin Lee and Bennet Slonski.

Survived also by her sister-in-law Carol Scott, nephew Michael Scott and niece Julie Cook, long time son-in-law Herb Manhas and daughter-in-law in her heart, Katie's mom, Shelley Richardson. She also leaves behind many dear and wonderful relatives and friends.

Predeceased by the love of her life Clarence Murray Bell, February 4, 1944 - December 5, 2011

Also her father, Thomas Alfred Scott, mother, Edith Mary Scott (nee Comer) and brother, Dennis Bruce Scott.

Mom grew up and went to school in Victoria. At a young age she got married and had two children. After the purchase of a new home and the move to Cobble Hill, she had her third child. When the kids got older, she started working at Brentwood College in the kitchen. She always laughed about her first day working in nylons and a skirt, since after her interview, they had needed her to start work right away. When she retired about 20 years later, she had moved all the way up to assistant manager of the kitchen. Mom was grateful to have made many lifelong friends while

working there.

When mom's marriage ended in the mid 70's, she worked her full time job at Brentwood and also worked extra jobs, to pay bills and put food on the table for us. She worked at Kerry Park in the Curling Rink, but it was while working at the Malahat Legion that she met a wonderful man and her soul mate, Clarence Bell. He wooed us kids, waking us up with the Chinese Food that he picked up in the wee hours of the morning, after a late shift at the Crofton Pulp and Paper Mill. They soon moved in together and both had their fourth child. Not long after, they designed and built a home in Cobble Hill and got married there about 10 years later, on April Fool's Day. They said they must be both fools, to ever get married again.

They went on trips to Mexico every year and had such a wonderful time, that they decided to build a Casa in Rin Con Guayabitas. They loved it there and made many great friends. A few years later they were holidaying locally and came across Savary Island, near Powell River. It was a beautiful Island covered in sand and they couldn't help but buy some property there. Mom and Clare soon made the big decision to sell the Casa and also their home in Cobble Hill. They still drove to Rin Con every year and spent many months there, but this way, they could just relax and visit all their close friends, without worrying about any upkeep. The rest of the time they were on Savary Island with nothing but time. This brought out some of mom's hidden talents, like art. She used to copy comic book characters in the 70's, but to see the beautiful paintings she decorated her yard with, made you realize there was more to her than you would ever get to see or know in a lifetime. Mom had done her share of macrame and crocheting in the 70's, but it was the beautiful hand knitted baby sweater sets she made for each of our babies through the years, that we really cherished. To know mom, you knew she loved babies more than anything. She also loved her family, so after spending a few years building a small home on Savary Island, they realized that even with all the great friends they had made there, they were still missing the closeness of having family nearby, so they sold their little Island paradise and bought a home in Burnham Park. It broke our hearts when just a few short years later, Clare suddenly passed away.

We watched in awe at our mom's strength to survive on her own. She had, had multiple operations and never complained. Up until 2 years ago, she brought in all her own wood for her woodstove. She kept us all happy with her constant joy of cooking and baking. She always shared generously, everything she made. We are going to miss our Christmas packages full of her goodies, the only time we would ever eat Christmas cake, cause it was hers. She always went out of her way to make it for us, a part of a tradition she held onto, along with her butter tarts and shortbread cookies, the best ever.

We have never forgotten the Christmas's in the 80's and 90's. We believe they were better than anyone could ever wish for, they were all about family and friend's too. We would visit with guests as they popped in to mom and Clare's, and we "adult kids, some of us with kids", would have a drink or 4 of a Pina Colada that got stronger every glass that Clare laughingly made. We couldn't help but laugh along with him, our cheeks getting warmer with every sip. Then when the turkey came out of the oven, there was nothing stopping us from sneaking behind mom's back to steal a bit of her delicious sausage stuffing or peel a piece of the golden brown skin

off the bird, as she chased us out of the kitchen so she could finish making her mouth-watering gravy.

So now we are left with just memories, as our family must face the loss of an amazing mom, grandma and great grandma, having to go on without our beautiful, kind, caring, generous, strong and gracious woman. She didn't have it easy in the beginning, or the end of her life, but she can now rest and take it easy, cause as we know, just being with Clare is making her smile and laugh again.

We want to thank a treasured and lifelong friend, Ivy Perry, for everything she has done for our mom. Mom loved getting away up Island for a holiday visit with her whenever she could. Mom also had some very wonderful neighbours, Olga Rhoades, Sandy Wentzell and Bonnie, they were her closest friends at Burnham. Because of these ladies in mom's life, she was able to have company watching curling games on TV, have a glass or two of wine, play her favorite game of crib, and have many, many enjoyable conversations. Because of these ladies, mom was able to live at home for as long as possible. Even when she couldn't walk her cherished dog Bella anymore, help was there for her. We cannot thank everyone else that was in mom's life, for all they have done for her, but please know, you are warmly thought of by us.

Our heartfelt thanks go out to the Doctors, Nurses and Staff at Royal Jubilee Hospital and Cowichan District Hospital, for the loving care of our mother. Mom loved life, if she could have stayed with us she would have, but it was just her time and none of us could change that, even though we didn't want it to be so.

We have gratefully entrusted H.W. Wallace with mom's remains. They were compassionate, supportive and knowledgeable, going well beyond to ease our minds with all their guidance. In particular, Joe Flannery who gave us a booklet on the step by step and took us through the whole thing, answering all our questions and keeping us lightheartedly on track. They were recommended and it is easy to see why. Our thanks and gratitude to H.W. Wallace for everything.

Kathleen Dale Bell

K-eeeping you inside of our hearts,
A-nd knowing our love for you won't ever end,
T-hankful for all our time together,
H-aving a broken heart that will never mend,
L-oving that you are finally with Clare,
E-verlasting love you shared with one another,
E-ven knowing to see him you'd have to leave us,
N-ever wanting to let you go, cause you're our mother.
D-ear mom, you were so loving and strong,
A-nd your generosity knew no bounds,
L-etting us remember our memories together,

E-ver hearing your voice with no sounds.
B-elieving one day we will find you,
E-xactly where we knew you would be,
L-aying on the sand by the ocean,
L-aughing with Clare, never more happy and free.
Good bye mom, we love you, till we meet again………..
Accepting bye poem
Oh, how I miss my grandma dear.
I think about her with a tear.
I try not to cry but it's hard to accept bye.
Oh how I miss my grandma.
Life goes by way too fast.
Meanwhile, memories linger and last.
Oh how I miss my grandma.
My Gramma was my best friend that was older.
When Grampa left us I used her shoulder.
I never met anyone in my life so strong and kind.
Generous angels like her are rare to find.
Oh how I miss my grandma.
She's an angel now up in the sky.
It's so hard to accept bye.
Oh how I miss my grandma dear.
By Marina

