

Memories of a life:

Patricia Ann (Potter) McKenzie







My dead friends live and always will Their presence hovers round me still It seems to me they come to share Each joy or sorrow that I bear Among the living I can feel The sweet departed spirits steal And whether it be weal or woe I walk with those I used to know I can recall them to my side Whenever I am struggle-tried I've but to wish for them, and they Come trooping quickly down the way And I can tell to them my grief And from their presence find relief In pleasant memories below Still live the chums of long ago So now I seek them out again As I have lost another kin Today it is Pat that I mourn Whose death has bonds of family torn And now I must somehow express The feelings of my heart's distress But there's no force in mortal speech The anguish of my soul to reach No words I have the power to say Can take the sting of grief away No voice, however sweet and low Can comfort me or ease the blow With all that kindly hands will do And all that love may offer, too I still am shocked and feeling numb Words from my lips but feebly come As I and others wonder why So beautiful a soul must die A person gentle, kind and true Good she tried her best to do Someone who brought us joy and peace A smile, a laugh that now will cease Despite this loss I stand serene For I have friends on whom to lean Their fellowship helps me survive What fate has seen fit to deprive Well-wishers come and give me hope With their support I learn to cope Together we will make it through The death of one that we all knew For as we gather here in grief We find this thought gives us relief All Pat's days she tried, know we A role model for us to be For if we follow her good ways Our life, too, will merit praise. And then when folks speak at our end They'll proudly say they were a friend.









Alexander Abedian

Andre Abedian

Luka McKenzie

Joshua McKenzie



Dawson McKenzie

Declan Hussey







Gretchen McKenzie









