

## Margaret Brunt

April 5, 1921 - November 30, 2000

Margaret's many loves included music and kids. It didn't matter what sort of music -- classical, pop, rock, Broadway tunes. Nor did it matter what sort of kids -- her kids, other peoples' kids, big kids, little kids, good kids, naughty kids. It didn't matter a bit.

Some of Margaret's favorite times came as a result of mixing these two great loves. Take a handful of gui-tar pickin', hand-clappin', foot-stomping kids, blend in the latest pop music tunes, shake well and Margaret was happy.

Margaret was not the sort of person to just sit back and passively watch the parade go by. She was a hands-on sort of mom.

Whenever one or other of the kids had a concert or school play, you'd find Margaret front row center, beaming proudly, night after night. After night. After night. After night.

Where kids and music were concerned Margaret liked to roll up her sleeves and dive right in. Like the time one of the kids' rock bands changed its name to the Purple Sneakers. Guess who volunteered to hand-dye a half-dozen pairs of canvas running shoes? There was Margaret, bubbling, bubbling, toiling and troubling over a great steaming vat of purple running shoes when the door swung open and there stood husband Dick. "Hi Dear, I'm home. What's for dinner?"

The Brunt house was always bursting at the seams with kids. When it wasn't reverberating with rock music, a parade of gumbooted hunters, trappers, and fishermen marched through.

And don't forget the animals; many a wild critter was nursed back to health in the Brunt household. Not a complaint was made about the chameleons on the windowsill as Margaret did another sinkful of dishes, carefully watching that they wouldn't fall into the hot soapy water. Or the chipmunks, hamsters, baby bunnys, and muskrats all needing their cages cleaned and special food prepared, or needing her softest towels for their bedding. And not a cross word was said when she found the frog in her washing machine, or the gerbils in the bathtub, or the muskrat pelts in the attic. In fact Margaret took advantage of the various critters made available by her children when teaching at the local schools.

Her children recall the endless plates of cookies and sandwiches she tirelessly supplied them and their friends. She offered an open invitation to anyone who wanted a cup of coffee. Throughout the years it was common for these now long-grown-up kids to drop off a freshly caught salmon, a bouquet of flowers, or relate tales of their latest adventure to their "surrogate" mom.

In the words of her late husband "Sometimes we think we need a larger house. Roger is in the kitchen skinning muskrats, Diane is pounding on the chord organ, Doug is a-thumping on the guitar, the TV is going full-blast, the telephone is ringing, troops of teen-agers go in one door and out the other while Margaret bakes endless pans of cookies. The dog barks, the chipmunk races around his cage, and I retire to my shed."

She had a talent for knitting, and at last count, had finished 87 afghans, most of which went to friends and family, or were donated to local charities. Her last afghan was made for her granddaughter Kaitie.

Her kids, grandchildren, and great grandchildren (not to mention the neighbourhood kids) all were recipients of multi-coloured mitts - the young ones were often puzzled by how "Mrs. Brunt" knew just which size they needed year after year.

Although not a competitive person, she enjoyed her weekly Scrabble game, and if luck let her win, she was known to "crow" about it the following morning at the "coffee clatch."

Her friends were varied and steadfast, of which many share a common bond from their years spent at the Vancouver Wireless Station.

She loved cats, and cats loved her. Her neighbour's cat provided her with many hours of unconditional love and comfort. The two of them (the cat not the neighbour) could often be found snoozing on the couch together, on and under the afghan we see here. We'll donate the afghan to her furry friend.

Margaret was a faithful wife, and was proud of her 39 year marriage to Dick.

She loved her little house on 45th avenue.

She loved Victoria and Beaconhill Park.

She loved crossword puzzles.

She love discussing politics.

She valued her independence.

She loved her husband.

She loved her family.

She loved the long-haired guitar players, the trappers, the big "galoots" on motorcycles, and the river of kids that ran in one door and out the other. They were not an inconvenience in her life. They were her life.

In the back of one of Margaret's notebooks, the following list was discovered written in her own handwriting.

Things I love:

Clean clothes

Order

Flowers

Reading

Music

T.V.

The Mall

\*Children

There is a star beside the word "children."

Who could ask for more?

She will be missed.