

Doris Cloke

"She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.
No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees."
(Wordsworth)

Born March 28, 1921 in Melville, Saskatchewan; died October 11, 2011 in Victoria, after a protracted illness. When young, Doris lived in Vancouver, but for over 60 years called Vancouver Island—the place she loved best—home. Doris knew the island well, ranging from Bamfield, to the rural tranquillity of the Cowichan Valley and various points between, before finally retiring in Oak Bay. She loved wildlife and the natural world. Whether raising orphaned brown squirrels or harbouring a soft spot for crows, the furred and feathered clans figured prominently in her worldview. She loved dogs—especially her best friend, Boots, whose loss she never quite reconciled; every neighbourhood dog knew her as a soft touch in whose pocket treats were always found. From her daily walks along Willows Beach, around Cattle Point, and Oak Bay Village, Doris was familiar to many. She had an effortless way of turning strangers into friends; her open heart, her baking, and her generosity were legendary. Always eager for new experiences, she was in her 60s when she bought a piano and learned to play—well. How can one ever hope to condense a life so sorely missed? Doris leaves behind daughter Willow, son-in-law Denis, sons Ken, Alan, many dear friends, and not least, two young dogs who patiently keep watch at her window, vainly waiting for her to reappear. Many thanks to the dedicated and tireless RJH Hospice staff who eased her passing.

No service by request. In lieu of flowers, please consider donations to Victoria Hospice or the S.P.C.A. Condolences may

be offered to the family at www.mccallbros.com.