

Dr. Nasser Gholi Shojanian

I learned that every mortal will taste death. But only some will taste life. ~Rumi

It is with profound sadness that we announce the passing of Nasser Shojanian, who died peacefully at home at age 94. He is survived by his loving and devoted wife of 61 years, Mitra, his younger brother Dr. Majid Shojanian, his children Kamran (Anna), Keyvan (Lindsay), and Nima (Maureen), along with his nephew Pirouz (Carol and son Ryan) and grandchildren Alexander, Christianne, Yasmin, and Jordan. His many surviving cousins, nieces, nephews, and other extended family span three continents.

Born in Iran to Mojtaba Shojanian, a descendant of the Qajar dynasty, and Naierreh Ashraf Khalvati, of the Aga Khan family, Nasser was the fifth of nine children. He attended medical school in Tehran before marrying Mitra and starting a family. Together they moved to Winnipeg in 1965 so that Nasser could complete his medical residency and they decided to stay in Canada. The more temperate climate of Victoria beckoned and the growing family eventually relocated to settle in the city that he loved most. He joined the Pathology Department at both Victoria General and Victoria Jubilee Hospitals where he practiced as a dermatopathologist until he retired at 75.

Although he was a physician with a scientific nature, he was also an artist, poet, and writer. His acrylic paintings and wood sculptures are featured prominently in the homes of his family members and friends. He translated poetry from Farsi to English and French and he wrote an autobiography entitled “*A Persian Letter*” to memorialize family histories. A true renaissance man, he was as comfortable with frozen sections and a microscope as he was quoting Hafiz and Rumi or dancing with Mitra.

Always active and happiest in nature, Nasser made the most of the moderate weather and spent some time outdoors almost every day of his life. He could be spotted most days along the trails near Arbutus Cove or at

Gyro Beach with his walking stick in hand. In his later career and post-retirement years, he spent more time at the Victoria Golf Club with Mitra and friends. They had enjoyed a rich social life and hosted countless parties and fundraisers for a variety of causes over the decades before settling into some quieter pursuits in recent years like small dinner parties and playing duplicate bridge.

Nasser treasured his family above all. Perhaps his greatest early influence was his beloved mother, whom he revered. She survived WW2 and the years after as a widow with nine children, all of whom benefited from her wisdom and her admonition to pursue knowledge and find their own paths. He imparted the same advice to his sons as they laid their own plans – two following him into medicine and one going into law. He was proud of their accomplishments and enjoyed the time that he spent with them and their wives over the decades. His great joy was in watching the evolution of his grandchildren as they matured and he was able to discuss philosophy and poetry with them as well.

While we grieve the loss of our extraordinary family patriarch, we celebrate the remarkable 94 year journey that brought him to his forever city and are grateful that he departed the way he had lived: in comfort, with family, reading Hafiz one last time.

A Funeral Service and Reception will be held in the Sequoia Centre at McCall Gardens, 4665 Falaise Drive, Victoria, BC on Saturday, June 15th, 2024 at 1:00 pm. Interment at Royal Oak Burial Park.

In lieu of flowers, please consider making a donation in his

memory to Arthritis Research Canada.

<https://www.arthritisresearch.ca/donate/>

Condolences may be offered to the family below.

Goodbyes are only for those who love with their eyes. Because for those who love with heart and soul there is no such thing as separation. ~Rumi

Deepening The Wonder (Hafiz)

Death is a favor to us,
But our scales have lost their balance.

The impermanence of the body
Should give us great clarity,
Deepening the wonder in our senses and eyes

Of this mysterious existence we share
And are surely just traveling through.

If I were in the Tavern tonight,
Hafiz would call for drinks

And as the Master poured, I would be reminded
That all I know of life and myself is that

We are just a midair flight of golden wine
Between His Pitcher and His Cup.

If I were in the Tavern tonight,
I would buy freely for everyone in this world

Because our marriage with the Cruel
Beauty Of time and space cannot endure
very long.

Death is a favor to us,
But our minds have lost their balance.

The miraculous existence and impermanence of
Form Always makes the illuminated ones

Laugh and Sing.

McCall Gardens

www.mccallgardens.com