

Joyce Irene Kotchonoski

Back road wanderer, unpredictable cook, garage sale enthusiast, elevator conversation expert, diabolical joker and prankster, enemy of modern technology, author of off-handed witticisms, life of the party and friend to all she knew and loved has played her last card, drank her last gin and called it a night.

Joyce loved to jump into her car and explore the many nooks, crannies and dusty back roads of Vancouver Island, usually with a couple of her kids or friends in tow. She rarely drove the car though. "I can't look at the scenery or spot the market stands if I drive" she would say. She managed to travel the length and breadth of the Island and visited almost every Gulf island as a passenger. She could not endure silences, especially the awkward ones. She could dive into a lengthy gab session with a total stranger in a check-out line or an elevator like they were old friends or let one rip like only a lady can and then totally deny it. Her cooking was unpredictable. Always willing to try a new recipe she saw on TV or in a book, she could easily burn a pot of water or make a five course meal out of a couple pieces of bread and a slice of bacon. She was often the mastermind or at least a henchwoman behind many a prank. There is a story out there (you know who you are!) about a tacky lingerie outfit that was unsuspectingly gift-wrapped around from couple to couple. Condom earrings for Christmas presents, a can of beans with no can opener or a raw egg instead of a hardboiled one in Phil's lunch bucket. Bags of horse manure left at friends' front doors, actual coal in our stockings. For sure, there are many more victims out there that have suffered the slightly bent humour of this spunky lady. Over the years, Mom developed some unique witticisms, later called Joyce-isms. Little sayings or comments that were often blurted out that just made you shake your head or laugh uncontrollably. She called appetizers "Poo

Poos". As kids if we asked what was for dinner, she would say "Horse s**t and tar paper." "You'll get it in your lunch box tomorrow if you don't eat it all." She once won a raffle contest at an artist's opening and the presenter, a busty woman, asked if she had anything to say about the art work and dear old Joyce said into the microphone "Where can I get boobs like yours?" We often tried to get her a computer but she would have nothing of it. Instead, her filing cabinet was her CPU, the outdated phone was her version of Skype, letter writing was her texting and if she needed to Google something, well that was what her kids were for.

Mom gathered friends throughout her years and never let go of them. Her overstuffed address books and shoeboxes full of cards are evidence of that. From childhood friends to "The Gang" from Banff and all whom she met on the Island, Mom made the effort to stay in touch with everyone. That was one of her greatest strengths – Devotion. To those friends, the family would like to say Thank You. Thank you for being a part of her life and for letting her be a part of yours.

Deepest Thanks also to the many home care workers from Beacon Community Services, the doctors and nurses at Victoria Hospice and especially to Linda Bowes (RN) whose compassion and understanding helped us get through it all.

In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation to your nearest Community Hospice Organization.

Finally, when once asked what she would like to see written someday in her obituary, she replied; "Blah, Blah, Blah... and then she died." Not quite, but I think she'll understand. Love You, Mom.

Condolences may be offered to the family below.

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