

Kathaleen Robinson

Kathaleen passed away peacefully at the Royal Jubilee Hospital. She will always be lovingly remembered as Mom, Nana, Gigi, Kathy, Mrs. Robinson, K and as a dear friend to all. She joins her husband Larry who was the love of her life.

Mom was a true kind heart and was very involved with sports in Esquimalt while her children were growing up. Whether it was lacrosse, hockey, speed skating, gymnastics, figure skating, highland dance or curling, she was always front and centre often adding Team Mom to her list of many titles. She was very proud of being an Esquimalt resident and well known in the community by many.

Surrounded by her love, she leaves behind her daughter Maureen & Daryl, grandchildren Matthew, Reese & Cassandra (Harrison), son Keith & Shelly, grandchildren Nicole & Jordie, great-granddaughters London & Rowyn (Hughes), grandson Jarred & Dallas (Robinson), sisters Florence Stewart & Joan Angrove, sisters-in-law June & Marilyn McDonald, Ethel Robinson and many nephews, nieces, great nephews, nieces and great-great nephews, nieces and cousins. As well as Moms, dear and lifelong friends who meant so much to her. A day didn't go by without a phone call to or from at least one of them.

We would like to thank everyone who visited Mom while she was in the hospital and thank you for all of the wonderful support, beautiful flowers, cards and kind messages.

Much thanks to Dr. Ross Mckay, Dr. Gaylene Hargrove and the staff at the renal dialysis unit at the Jubilee hospital who treated Mom with great care and kindness.

We will miss Mom every day but know without a doubt she'll be watching over us.

The Art of Drinking Tea

Did you know there was an art of drinking tea

An art passed on from my mother to me

The kettle was set to a boil on the stove

And hot water in the teapot warmed just so

When the whistle blew it was time to fill

The teapot with 1 tea bag if you will

And let it sit and steep just so

For perfect tea needs time to brew you know

Then into only a china teacup she'd pour

When I was finished she'd ask if I wanted more

But the true art wasn't in the making or drinking of the tea

It was the special time we spent together my mother and me

Condolences may be offered to the family below.

McCall Gardens

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