

Lesley Mary Gibbs

Went, reluctant, into that good night January 1st, 2020 in Victoria, B.C. Born in the Weald of Kent, Lesley was a country girl who grew to be an exceptional lady. She was blessed with the gift of curiosity and the wit to feed it. She married two writers, Jack who took her to Spain to write his novel, then to Canada where she joined hands with Phil and went around the world. Sharing their passion for good writing, good music, good food. Lesley was vivacious, sensuous and feisty. Loved the warmth and company of old friends. Was an excellent cook, admired a well-crafted martini (Beefeaters, very dry, twist of lemon) and never turned her back on a challenge. She won awards as an actor, hiked the West Coast Trail, drove for a year with Phil and daughter Denbigh through Europe and North Africa, scuba-dived deep in the Bahamas, freightered to New Zealand, tangoed to Buenos Aires. Was a tad Welsh, spoke good French, adored the dancing of Astaire and Fosse – and barely worth mentioning, forbade pyjamas.

A few of her favourite things...

laughter, an armful of Siamese cats purring, days at sea, discovering London and Paris as a very young woman, Joni Mitchell's music, ditto Charles Aznavour, Sondheim, reading/rereading Dickens, Austen, Lessing, Munro, Rankin, Yeats, Dylan Thomas – the list is long, time grows short...

Lesley was the loving mother of Denbigh and her husband Skip, beloved Nana to grandchildren Alison and Jack, and Phil's partner in love and life for fifty-five extraordinary years,

Thankyou, my Piu,

You completed me, I completed you.