

Phyllis Olive Rose Tarrant

It is with great sadness that we share the passing of our Mum, surrounded by love in her own home. Phyllis Olive Rose Tarrant (nee Scoble) was born March 14 1930 in Mitchum, England, and was predeceased by her parents Robert and Rose Scoble, and her half-brother Bob.

Survived and forever beloved by Maurice, love of her life and husband of nearly 64 years, she is dearly missed by her children Gail (Geoff); Philip (Madeleine); Claire (Lou); Mark (Deb); and Lisa (Joe), as well as grandchildren Samantha, Katie, Jack, Isla (Jesse), Alisha, Amy, Courtney, Amanda, Gabrielle and Melissa. She is also survived by her sister Kathleen (Edward) and numerous nieces, nephews, and very dear friends.

At the outbreak of WW II Mum moved to Paignton, Devon, where she studied as a seamstress in Torquay, starting in 1944. Unbeknownst to them at the time, Mum and Dad attended the same confirmation class in St Paul's Church in 1946; they met again in 1948 and were married, also in St Paul's, in 1950.

Immigrating to Quebec in 1957 with their 1st 2 children, Mum and Dad moved back to England in 1962 with their growing family, before immigrating for a second time, in 1963, to Ottawa, eventually settling in Victoria in 1981.

Mum lived a life full of movement and vitality. She loved the seaside and the sunshine, and countless walks with her "Bill" and Seamus. She cherished each one of her children and grandchildren, was an expert seamstress, savvy shopkeeper, talented knitter, baker and cook. Her green thumb would make everything she planted flourish and grow. Mum loved her books, her garden, music, poetry, ballroom dancing, the theatre, and had a keen eye for design.

Together Mum and Dad travelled many miles and across several

countries, making each house their home.

Mum will always be in our hearts; we are grateful for this time we've shared and for a lifetime of memories.

Thank you to the Palliative Care Team, whose amazing expertise is out-shined only by their caring compassion. In lieu of flowers, donations to the Victoria Hospice Society would be much appreciated.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,

There is a rapture on the lonely shore,

There is society, where none intrudes,

By the deep sea, and music in its roar:

I love not man the less, but Nature more,

From these our interviews, in which I steal

From all I may be, or have been before,

To mingle with the Universe, and feel

What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

-Byron