



## **Celebrating Ann Macgregor**

This beautiful person is my sister Ann. She was my compatriot, my confidante, and my only sibling who I loved with all my heart. I still do.

Ann always had my back through trials and triumphs large and small. Her lifelong, consistent kindness to me was a warm embrace I took for granted until it disappeared along with her.

She was the smartest person you could know. Our Dad and I used to marvel at Ann's incredible memory, which

was unbeatable. I regularly consulted her mental database for a multitude of things.

Ann's twin sons, James and John, were her life's greatest joy.

If you had met Ann, you might have been surprised to learn how much she loved rock concerts. She didn't seem to fit that bill, somehow. But she revelled in seeing the Stones and other big-name groups countless times.

Last Spring, she reminded me that one of her favourite songs was "Wildfire". It's one of the saddest songs I know. One day I'll be able to listen to it again, but I can't yet. If we had been able to have a funeral for her, I would have played it.

Ann died on June 6, 2020 after a two-month hospitalization in Toronto.

She didn't have COVID-19, but she did have a respiratory condition that meant she was in isolation for endless days and nights. COVID protocols denied her even one brief visit with her sons or husband, or with me.

I was with her every day on the phone from Victoria, and on the phone from the sidewalk in front of the hospital I couldn't enter, so I was painfully aware how grim it was for

her. Still, I cannot begin to grasp the suffering she endured.

She was alone for those two terrible months and she was alone when she died. It should never have been that way.

I mourn her death with a fierce resolve to right so many wrongs. And I celebrate the life of my loving sister who graced my life in ways I am only beginning to comprehend.

After Ann died, friends asked me what they could do to help, as people do. I said, if you are fortunate enough to have a sibling, and your circumstances allow, do something unexpected and wonderful for them.

From Ann's sister, Jean Macgregor

*- from Victoria Hospice website*