

## LEWIS MAGNUS LAYMAN



LEWIS MAGNUS LAYMAN After a courageous battle with Parkinson's disease, Lewis M. Layman passed away on August 15, 2009 at the age of 73. He is survived by his wife of 44 years, Annemarie Sommer Layman, daughter Julie Layman-Saretsky of Calgary, son Daniel Layman and his partner Maggie Buttrum of Ottawa, sister Frances Holland of North Easton, Massachusetts, and many devoted family members and friends. Born in New York City, Lewis received his BA. from Middlebury College in 1958, his M.A. from the University of Minnesota in 1961, and his Ph.D. in 1973 from the University of British Columbia. He began his career in the Department of English at the University of Manitoba in 1961. After an absence for doctoral studies from 1965 to 1969, he returned to a position as a professor and shared his passion for American Literature with his students and colleagues until 1998. His abiding love for writers like Faulkner and Whitman was balanced by his commitment to the writers of his adopted country and province. In addition, Lewis served for nine years as a trustee of the Seine River School Division No. 14. Following his retirement, he taught English as a Second Language for five years to recent immigrants privately and through the International Centre. Lewis will be long remembered for his wry chuckle; his commitment to his family and friends; his way with words, which could result at any moment in a quoted line of poetry or a shameless pun; and his lifelong passion for birds. Before retiring to Winnipeg, Lewis lived in St. Adolphe. As he used to put it, he lived on the Red River, and in the month of April he sometimes lived in it. Over the years living in St. Adolphe, Lew thoroughly enjoyed the wildlife he encountered and once estimated that he had counted over 300 species of birds. Great as was his delight in nature and literature, his delight in sharing those passions with others as teacher, mentor, colleague, and friend was equally strong. We remember Lew with the final words from his most beloved poem, Walt Whitman's Song of Myself : Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged, Missing me one place search another, I stop somewhere waiting for you. Cremation has taken place. A memorial will be held at a later date. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to a charity of one's choice. Neil Bardal Inc. 204-949-2200 nbardal.mb.ca