



**JOAN MARGARET PHILLIPS**  
**June 25, 1938 - November 5, 2020**

Predeceased by her parents, Walter and Lily Bullas, and her previous husband, Michael Bryan. Survived by her loving husband, Ed after a joyful 36 years of marriage; son, Neil (Kerri) of Prawda, Manitoba, and her daughter, Marie (Barry) of Dartford in England; grandchildren, Robin, David and Raia in Winnipeg, MB, and Emma and Jennifer in Bolton and London, England; their children, Joan's great-grandchildren, Taiga and Adria in Canada and Holly, Evie and Jessica in England; Joan's sister, Rosemary (Don) in Winnipeg, MB, and her brother, John (Sally) of Gabriola Island, BC; nephews and nieces, David (Michelle), Brian (Natasha), James (Rebecca), Amanda (Adam), and Kent (Sandy) plus many great-nephews and nieces. Joan was born in Cannock, England, where she met Mike, and they married and immigrated to Canada in early 1957, when Joan was just 18. She was followed a year later by her parents, sister and brother, and they all settled in Winnipeg.

Joan spent her early life raising her family in Winnipeg, and at a lakeside property in the Whiteshell Provincial Park. She worked full time for most of her married life, and retired working at the University of Manitoba in the medical library.

She met her husband Ed in 1979, and they married in 1984. They proceeded to spend time in Winnipeg, and for a while also in Florida in the USA, before they eventually settled in Parksville on Vancouver Island where she loved the environment and particularly the beach.

Joan was very creative and loved music, singing and dancing. She was a keen painter and on occasion made some pottery. Joan also loved the outdoors and the wilderness, and spent time throughout her life tending her garden.

Joan, with Ed, loved travel and spending time with her family. They visited England frequently, until her health made travel difficult in the last couple of years. This, however, did not stop her staying connected to her family and she maintained weekly video calls with her daughter in England for many years.

In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation in memory of Joan, to the Heart and Stroke Foundation of Canada or the SPCA (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Parksville-Qualicum, or your local branch).

Remember me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into the silent land;  
When you can no more hold me  
by the hand,  
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.

Remember me when no more day by day  
You tell me of our future  
that you plann'd:  
Only remember me; you understand  
It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
Yet if you should forget me for a while  
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:  
For if the darkness and corruption leave  
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember  
and be sad.

Christina Rosse