

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
ANNE MARY COOPER

JULY 16, 1945 - FEBRUARY 2, 2025

Funeral Service

2:00 p.m. on Friday, February 7, 2025
Gospel Fellowship Church
Foam Lake, SK

Officiating

Pastor Ken Graham

Eulogist

Chris Rundel

Music

Gospel Fellowship Church Praise Band

Honorary Pallbearers

All of Jubilee Nursing Home Staff

Pallbearers

Jubilee Nursing Home Care Givers

Interment

(at a later date)
Pleasant View Cemetery
Wynyard, SK

Proverbs 3. 5&6

*5 Trust in the LORD with all your heart,
And lean not on your own understanding;
6 In all your ways acknowledge Him,
And He will make your paths straight.*

Anne Cooper was born July 16, 1945 to Cornelius and Lena Giesbrecht, the third child in the family. She was raised on the family farm northwest of Foam Lake and it was here that she learned how to work, how to live the Christian life and do her best. She told me that there were mornings when 25 chickens had to be butchered and cleaned before school started, first at the Bertdale country school then at the high school in Foam Lake. She left for training to become a nurses' aide after completing high school, then she returned to work in the Foam Lake hospital, retiring in 1995 with 30 years of service.

It was at the Foam Lake hospital that she met a laboratory technician, by the name of Floyd Carey, whom she married in 1968. Three children were born out of this marriage: Joyce, Donna and Robert. Disaster struck just months after Robert was born when Floyd was diagnosed with cancer. For nine grueling years Anne fought her husband's cancer which finally took him in June of 1985. I had been teaching at the Foam Lake high school since the fall of 1977 and watched in amazement, together with the whole community, how this marvelous woman handled things with such grace and determination, managing what seemed to be an impossible and brutal situation.

For several years I had adopted the practice of travelling north to cut Christmas trees, which I liked to give to friends and neighbours as a gift. It occurred to me that I should find a nice tree for Anne and her kids, especially since this was their first Christmas since Floyd's passing. First I decided to ask Donna, a student of mine, if she thought they would like one of my trees. She replied favorably so I showed up at Anne's home that day after school. To my surprise I noticed a newly purchased tree in their living room, so I was about to apologize and leave when Donna trotted into the living room and told me her Mom just bought the tree but she would like to have my tree for her bedroom. Relieved, I carried the tree down the hall to her bedroom, leaving snow from my boots along the way. What kind of a caveman would make such a mess, it's a wonder Anne would ever speak to me again!

As I left the house, I thought to myself what a special person Anne was, maybe I should ask her to accompany me on a date in the near future. Realizing Anne was a committed Christian woman, I wondered if I should ask her to travel to Regina with me to enjoy a Christmas carol festival at a city cathedral. I phoned her a few days later, a little nervous to bother her, and I asked her the question. To my delight she agreed to go, and the rest is history. I suppose I should tell you that the evening wasn't without blemish, after buying a lunch at Macdonald's in Regina, I proceeded to trip on a table leg and spray half the food across the floor at Anne's feet. At home I might have adhered to the 10-second rule to salvage some of the food, but this time I showed a little class and we made do. We laughed about this later and the rest of the night was lovely.

We hit it off so well that in the coming months I thought I should propose to her. I was so thrilled when she said "yes", I counted myself so blessed to have found such a fine partner, a feeling that remained throughout our nearly 39 years of marriage.

Some people see meekness as weakness. I once heard a pastor pointing out that if you think being meek is weak, try being meek for a week. I believe meekness is "controlled strength", a rare quality so obviously missing in

America's new president, but so evident in Anne. Never have I seen Anne "lose it", she always found peaceful options that worked so well.

Anne was outstanding. The only person that I have ever met who showed such unselfishness and strength of character was my mother, Mavis Cooper. No doubt that's one of the reasons Mom and Anne were such close soul-mates.

Anne and I decided to live life to the fullest, not shelving dreams for a later date, but actively planning new and exciting events whenever possible. We built new resort homes, first at Fishing Lake, then the second edition at Marean Lake. We snowmobiled extensively, put scores of hours on our ski boat, motorcycled throughout Canada, travelled north for fishing trips, ice-fished most winter weekends, travelled in Canada and abroad, finally living in Texas for 18 winters, after Ian's retirement, to escape the Canadian winters and meet new friends.

Anne's steadfast commitment to her faith in Jesus Christ inspired me to move past merely respecting God, to the higher calling of loving God. This was the greatest decision I have made in my life, something I wish for everyone near and dear.

Sadly, too many people judge others more so by what they can't or didn't do in their lives. It's important to recognize and honor others for what they did do or tried to do. We take notice of the spectacular, such as a glowing career or large bank account but often overlook the common touch together with decency and kindness. Anne led by example, courageous actions and good will, living her faith. St. Francis of Assisi, a deeply committed Christian, once invited believers to go out and witness to the world, occasionally using words. The Book of James in the bible stresses the importance of committed actions, teaching that "faith" without "actions" is dead. My father, Bill Cooper, often reminded us to do what you know is right. Anne's moral compass was unmistakable, she had a clear definition of right and wrong.

Just two months ago I was wheeling Anne down a hallway in the nursing home, when we stopped at a large mirror. I had been outside in a brisk wind and hadn't bothered to straighten my hair. I said to Anne: "My goodness Anne, you sure married an ugly husband", to which she answered: "You aren't kidding!" Many times that side of Anne presented itself without any warning.

Anne was the complete person, a "trophy" partner, how could I have been so blessed to be chosen as her husband for all those years. Well done good and faithful servant.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Our family thanks you all for your love & kindness during this sad time.

Your thoughtfulness is appreciated and will always be remembered ♥

ARRANGEMENTS ENTRUSTED TO

Tompkins
FUNERAL HOME
& CREMATORIUM

