



It's been a year since we lost our dad, Victor Allen, our sister Delma Kisoun, her daughter Asta and our friend Isaac Kalinek. They were on their way to our whaling camp at Baby Island on the Arctic coast. The river that gave them so much pleasure, in the end, took them home.

There's not a day goes by when we don't hear Dad or Delma's voice. When we are lost, you give us direction. When we are sad, you make us laugh. When we are hopeless, you remind us of better days. You gave your lives so we could be grateful for what we have.

Dad was a one-of-a kind old timer. He was the original "Old Dog." If you were his friend, you were a "Biscuit eater." Dad didn't pull any punches and we sure could use another old timer like that. Dad, we miss you so much. But like you said, "we don't make the rules", and we have to eat what we're given and trust it's right.

Delma, you gave so much joy and hope to so many people. We miss your cards, your little gifts, and your little morsels of food you would send. Even in death, you continue to give. We love you Del.

Asta-Patasta, or Tiny, you are our special little angel. When we are sad, we feel your little hands wrapping around us and giving us a big hug and a big smile with your eyes closed. Save a place for us when we get to heaven. Make room beside you so we could sleep with you.

A couple of days before Isaac left, he told his partner Ruth that he didn't want to be buried in a graveyard. He wanted to be buried on the land. God must have been listening Isaac cause you're still out there somewhere, on the land.

We love and miss you all. Till we meet again.

*Mom, Gerry, Yvonne, Shirley, Judy, Dennis, Donna, and all the kids, especially Gerald, Peyton, and Skye*

