

# Mary Frances (Kiley) Tate

Mary Frances (Kiley) Tate passed away peacefully on the morning of April 12th in Yellowknife, surrounded by loved ones, classical music and sunlight.

Mary Kiley was born in Saint John, NB, 1933. Growing up between there and Dartmouth, NS, she held deep roots in both communities. Mary and a young naval flight Lieutenant, David H. Tate, were married in the summer of 1955 in a little church in Woodside, NS.

Mary: with no time to remove her winter coat and boots, hastily gave birth to eldest child Mary "Jane" (Tate) Peart on her parents' (Frank and Cyrilla Kiley) living room floor in Imperoyal Village, NS, the following year. Fortunately, both Mary's mother and sister (Sheila Kiley) were registered nurses.

A year later: Mary's son, and apple of her eye, Paul David Tate, was born in Farnborough, England, with a midwife delivering the little boy.

Julia Anne (Tate) Burlingame was the last to join the clan, born in Halifax, NS, with a nurse attending the birth. Mary was delighted her little redheaded girl was an ever present reminder of their Irish heritage.

The petite beauty from Saint John and the Village traveled the world, relocating 17 times, from Halifax to England, Saint John to Ottawa, Kingston to Cold Lake, California to Moosejaw, Toronto to Brussels, Belgium...and lastly Yellowknife. Masterfully creating a warm comfortable home wherever she landed was one of her great gifts.

Mary expressed her love of family, friends, and dignitaries of all stripes through her food, refining her culinary skills with the mastery of a chef.

Throughout Mary's lifetime she had 7 dogs and adored them all. Her canine companions were known to have savoured paté to scallops, which in Mary's world was a perfectly proper thing.

Wife of a naval aviator, she earned her wings in her own way... our Dad relied on her as his champion or critic, his confessor

and his rock. Mary's pride in those who serve and protect was beyond measure.

Her razor sharp and quirky wit...

enjoyed by many was encouraged

by and to the delight of her grandchildren (Juile, Georgie, Chad, Ed (Steph & Lucy), and Sheldon (Amber), in particular.

Mary loved life and fought her failing health with courage and dignity. Despite her outward stoic strength, the loss of her Dave 17 months ago, after 60 years plus together, we knew her heart was broken beyond repair.

The family is grateful for the support received from Dr. Jackie Tan, Dr.

Topstad, Homecare (Shawna-Paulette), Stanton nursing staff, Father Mark, and friends close and far. Their dedication, prayers and care throughout helped us help our darling Mom, and we thank you all.

Jane & Dwight, Paul & Kelley, Julia & Todd, grandchildren and great-granddaughter were truly blessed to have had Mary Frances Kiley Tate wrap her loving warmth around them. Mary was grace and charm, carried through her life's travels, she tucked away in a tiny blue box, clipped from a newspaper years ago, yellowed from age, this poem, we suspect to comfort us at this time:

"Do not stand by my grave and weep,  
I am not there, I do not sleep,  
I am a thousand winds that blow,  
I am the diamond glints on the snow,  
I am the sunlight on the ripened grain,  
I am the gentle autumn's rain;  
When you awaken in the morning hush,  
I am the swift uplifting rush,  
Of quiet birds in circled flight,  
I am the soft stars that shine at night,  
Do not stand by my grave and cry,  
I am not there, I did not die"...

