

In Loving Memory Of

## ***MARION OLIVE VIGAR***

Born: Sunday, November 16, 1947

Died: Friday, June 13, 2014

Age: 66 years

### **FUNERAL SERVICE**

Knox Presbyterian Church  
Whitewood, Saskatchewan  
Wednesday, June 18, 2014  
at 2:00 p.m.

### **CLERGY**

Rev. John Houtman

### **INTERMENT**

Whitewood Cemetery

### **HONORARY PALLBEARERS**

Staff of the Whitewood Community Health Centre

### **URN BEARER**

Jim Vigar



Marion was born in Whitewood, SK on November 16, 1947 to Donald and Mabel McDonald. There she met and married the love of her life Dale Vigar, May 30, 1964. From there they started their life adventure having a son, James Darcy in Whitewood, then moved to Moose Jaw, SK, where their daughter Tammy Lee was born, and then to Drumheller, AB, where they lived for 24 years before moving to Innisfail, then retired back home to Whitewood in 2006. Marion's happiest moments were spent with her

feet in the sand on the beach in Mazatlán,

MX for the past 25 winters and spending time with her grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Marion was predeceased by her father Donald in 1979, mother Mabel in 1980, brother Bobby in 2004, brother-in-law Jim Paice in 2005 and a nephew Michael Gaucher in 2012. Marion leaves to mourn her loving husband of 50 years Dale; one son Jim (Donna) of Drumheller, AB, daughter Tammy (Harry) Malansky of Whitewood, SK; four grandchildren Tony (Jay) Malansky of Moosomin, SK, Justin Vigar Lethbridge, AB, Nicole Malansky (Dustin) of Whitewood, SK and Jordyn Vigar (Braden) of Drumheller, AB; three great-grandchildren Kolby, Mayson, and Sawyer. Marion also leaves behind two sisters, Donna Paice and Joan (Keith) Roe; and numerous nieces and nephews.

Arrangements entrusted to  
**MATTHEWS FUNERAL HOME**  
Whitewood, Saskatchewan

*Do not stand at 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 snow.*

*I am the sunlight on ripened grain.*

*I am the gentle autumn rain.*

*When you awaken in the morning's 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 at my grave and cry;*

*I am not there. I did not die.*

*~Mary Elizabeth Frye*