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Weather



TODAY:
PERIODS OF SNOW

HIGH OF 2
LOW OF -9



TUESDAY:
MIX OF SUN AND CLOUDS

HIGH OF -5
LOW OF -11



WEDNESDAY:
CLOUDY

HIGH OF -4
LOW OF -8



THURSDAY:
MIX OF SUN AND CLOUDS

HIGH OF -1
LOW OF -5



FRIDAY:
60% CHANCE OF FLURRIES

HIGH OF 0
LOW OF -5

Remembering “Mom” at Christmastime



THE SCOOP

MABLE HASTINGS

There surely is news to be had at this time of year as the hustle and bustle of the holidays brings with it an abundance of activity and events but this week, I decided to share with Record readers on a more personal level.

Four years ago my brothers and sisters and I had to say good-bye to my Mom, Clarissa Davis. On a sunny November day, no snow to be had, she slipped away from us a little more than a month before Christmas. Living at the Manoir Lac Brome, she was the last of her “tribe” as she liked to put it having said good-bye to her many brothers and sister.

This Holiday season, I would like to share with you all a part of the Eulogy I gave at my Mom’s funeral. As the Christmas Carols play and families gather, I hope the helps you all to keep those you love dearly and may have lost, close to your heart. Like believing in Santa Claus, as long as they live in you, they never really leave.

On her final day, Mom got up, dressed, did her hair, put on her jewellery, and went down for breakfast visiting with everyone she met. She returned to her room, put on her music, turned on her Christmas angel and sat down and began to knit another mitten. Shortly after, she suffered a cardiac trauma. A slight smile on her face and looking as tranquil and beautiful as the day itself, she began her departure.

Is there beauty in death? If you’d asked me the day before my Mother died I would have said no. Today I tell you that the beauty and joy some of you know in the birth of your children is the beauty I saw as my mother’s body lay lifeless and hollow. She was merely here one moment and forever gone the next. She took nothing more than what was hers as she departed. She left a smile behind and all the love, experiences, mem-



ories and lessons that she was able to share.

From my mother I learned that a “dog” toenail is as harmless as the other nine human toenails on a mother’s two feet. I learned that a “Davis thing,” hanging on one’s leg is likely an honest to goodness description used in the Medical Encyclopaedia. I learned that Mr. Rene, my Stanbridge East school Principal was a guest and even if he was fat and I was hungry, the guest gets the last whippet cookie in the box. I learned that B O L O X did not spell Box and that Uncle Don was wrong. I learned that ROLANDDICKDONDOROTHYANDCLINT was NOT one word but rather an acceptable swear word if you said it in one breath while yelling at a misbehaving child. I learned too that death is scary until it isn’t anymore.

Most of all, from my Mother, Clarissa Davis, I learned that, being a good person has nothing to do with where you come from, how much money you have or whether you got an invite to the Birthday party that all the other kids were going to....Being a good person comes

from inside and flows outside making others feel like good people too. Clarissa Davis was a good person, a loving mother and whether you knew her as Little Boppity, Clarissy, Elvy, Teny, the Dutchess, Granny Grease, Ma, Mom or Grammy, be thankful that you KNEW her because she was one hell of a lady from her soft white hair to her little dog toenail.

We love you “Pleurisy” and I can still hear your parting words at the end of each visit, “You come and see me tomorrow,” and I can’t tell you how much Mom, we wish that we could.

Here are a few lines from one of my Mom’s favourite songs at this time of year:

*“Please let your heart be joyful,
And let your spirit sing.
For I’m spending Christmas in Heaven,
And I’m walking with the King!
I know how much you miss me;
I see the pain inside your heart.
But I’m not so far away,
We really aren’t apart.”*

By: Wanda Bencke

Ben by Daniel Shelton

