



Brenda Joyce Ann Bolen (nee Kress)
December 7, 1952 - April 25th, 2007

Brenda Bolen - a wife, mother, grandma, daughter, sister and friend. Born in Indianhead, Saskatchewan. Passed away, April 25th, 2007 in Calgary, Alberta. You were a fighter; for yourself, your family and your friends! This April will mark three years since my mom, my best friend passed away after a four month battle with Pancreatic Cancer. I was asked to share her story awhile ago; but everytime I sat down to write, I had really no idea where to start her story from. I could start by telling you about where she was born, where she lived, what she did for a living, her accomplishments. All of those things would tell you about my mom. Those things that we are all required to do as a part of this life. How she was a Fire Officer, when women fire officers were a rarity. How those that knew her, knew her to be an incredible woman; warm, genuine and funny. How loving of a mother she was when I lost my way. How much she truly loved life ... loved golf! How everyone in her life is better for having known her. But what all those things wouldn't tell you is how beautiful, precious and strong my mother was. I have it all here, with me, in my heart, in my mind. All the wonderful memories of her that are now a part of my inner-most being. I could tell you all about her. I could go on and on; but I'm not ready. I'm afraid that the memories won't be so special when they are there for everyone to see. In the hours after her passing, I penned my sorrow in a short poem and I'm ready to share it...

*Mom,
If we knew it would of been the last time,
That we would of held your hand,
We would of held it more tightly.
If we knew it would of been the last time,
That we would of held you in our arms,
We would of never let you go.
If we knew it would of been the last time,
That we would of brushed your cheek with a kiss,
We would of lingered just another moment with the feel of it.
If we knew it would of been the last time,
That we would of seen you smile,
We would of held onto the beauty in it longer.
If we knew it would of been the last time,
That we would tell you how much we love you,
We would of said it with all the love that you could bear.
If only we had known,
That you were done fighting your hardest fight,
We would of made every silent moment before your last breath escaped you the sweetest of moments.
If only we had known.
-L.D. O'Shea-*

Laura O'Shea