



REMEMBERING
Beverley Andrews

August 17, 1948 - September 24, 2021



ANDREWS, Beverley Marie, August 17, 1948 to September 24, 2021.

It is with great sadness that we announce Bev passed suddenly but peacefully following a recent diagnosis of cancer. Bev is predeceased by her parents, Yvonne and Louis Andrews and is survived by several cousins in BC, Alberta and Quebec, including her loving cousin, Gloria Lorenzen and longtime devoted friends Eva De Foor and Brenda Hamilton with whom she shared many warm conversations over coffees, lunches, fast food burgers and cheesecake. The support of more recent friends Gladys and Marie, was invaluable.

Bev was born and spent her life in Nelson. She worked at Kootenay Forest Products and for many years at Nelson City Hall from where she retired. Bev had a strong independent nature and bought her first car when she was twenty so that she could drive where and when she wanted: a 1962 Rambler with red interior. It was a beauty. She loved to explore the Kootenay and Okanagan areas, up and down the backroads. Bev had a deep appreciation for the small wonders of nature and an enthusiastic curiosity about the world, which she explored deeply through reading a vast number of books. This curiosity lead her to be a wonderful listener.

Bev was a quiet, intelligent woman with a strong sense of integrity and a witty humour. She lived a life of calm dignity and grace. Her last days were spent with people she cared about, visiting places and memories she cherished: sitting by the lake at Kaslo in the warm autumn sun; finding contentment and peace on a last visit to Creston Valley Wildlife Area where she sat by a small pond as dragonflies flitted

about her. Later, she was thrilled to spot a lone pelican in the distance. Our last DQ ice cream cones were as good as those we remembered enjoying as teens on hot summer days.

No service by request. Donations to the Creston Valley Wildlife Management Area in her name, would be appreciated.

We do not receive wisdom. We must discover it for ourselves after a long journey that no one can take for us or spare us. Marcel Proust

