



Celebrating
A LIFE



St. Paul ~ Bonnyville ~ Cold Lake
780-615-3113

In Loving Memory

Lovingly Remembered by
Children

Sean Sunday (Amber Seenum), Daniel Sunday Jr.,
Chastity Sunday, Teresa Cardinal, Kristi Houle

Grandchildren

Alleanna SeenumSunday, Aradia SeenumSunday,
Briella SeenumSunday, Rhubyn SeenumSunday,
Afina Sunday, Daniel Sunday III, Atlan Sunday,
Heaven Sunday, Castielle Sunday, Zander Cardinal

Brothers & Sisters

Marilyn Sunday, Lucas Whitford,
Anne (Walter) Thompson, Michael (Gail) Sunday,
Darrell Sunday (Cynthia Yellowbird), Kelsey Sunday,
Wanda (Elmer) Whitford, Beverly Sunday,
Carl (Linda) Bull, Sandy Whitford

Going into the arms of

Son Jonathan Bruce Sunday

Parents Richard & Caroline Whitford

Brothers Reuben Sunday, Melvin Sunday

Grandparents Nathaniel & Frieda Sunday

Strength



IN LOVING
Memory



Daniel "John" Sunday Sr.
June 3, 1958 ~ November 20, 2021

Celebrating THE LIFE OF

Passed Away

June 3, 1958

November 20, 2021

Goodfish Lake, Alberta

Edmonton, Alberta

at the age of 63 years

Wake

Sunday, November 28, 2021 at 12:00 p.m.

Goodfish Lake Cultural Hall

Goodfish Lake, Alberta

Funeral Service

Monday, November 29, 2021 at 11:00 a.m.

Goodfish Lake Cultural Hall

Goodfish Lake, Alberta

Officiant Pastor Francis Morin

Pallbearers

Sean Sunday, Daniel Sunday, Michael Sunday,
Lucas Whitford, Darrell Sunday, Kelsey Sunday,
George Cardinal, Sandy Whitford

Honorary Pallbearers

Irene Houle, Alice Houle, Rhubyn Seenum Sunday,
Langden Jackson, Shaleen Cardinal,
Shirley (Harold) Jackson, Ronald (Vivian) Jackson,
Jamie Suvee, Ralph Suvee, Randy Cardinal,
Shanda Seenum, Denise Halfe, Dennis Stepke,
Theresa Houle



The Rose

Some say love, it is a river
that drowns the tender reed,
Some say love, it is a razor
that leaves your soul to bleed.
Some say love, it is a hunger
for endless, aching need,
Some say love, it is a flower
that grows with the wind,
And says, it's only seed.

It's the heart, afraid of breaking
that never learns to dance,
It's the mind, afraid of silence
that says, "I never loved you"
And then, it comes
and says, "I do."

And the soul, afraid of flying
The heart never learns to love.

When the heart has been too lonely
and the world has been too long,
and you think that love is only
for the happy and the strong;
just remember, in the winter
for beneath the bitter snows,
lies the seed that with the sun's love
in the spring becomes the rose.

