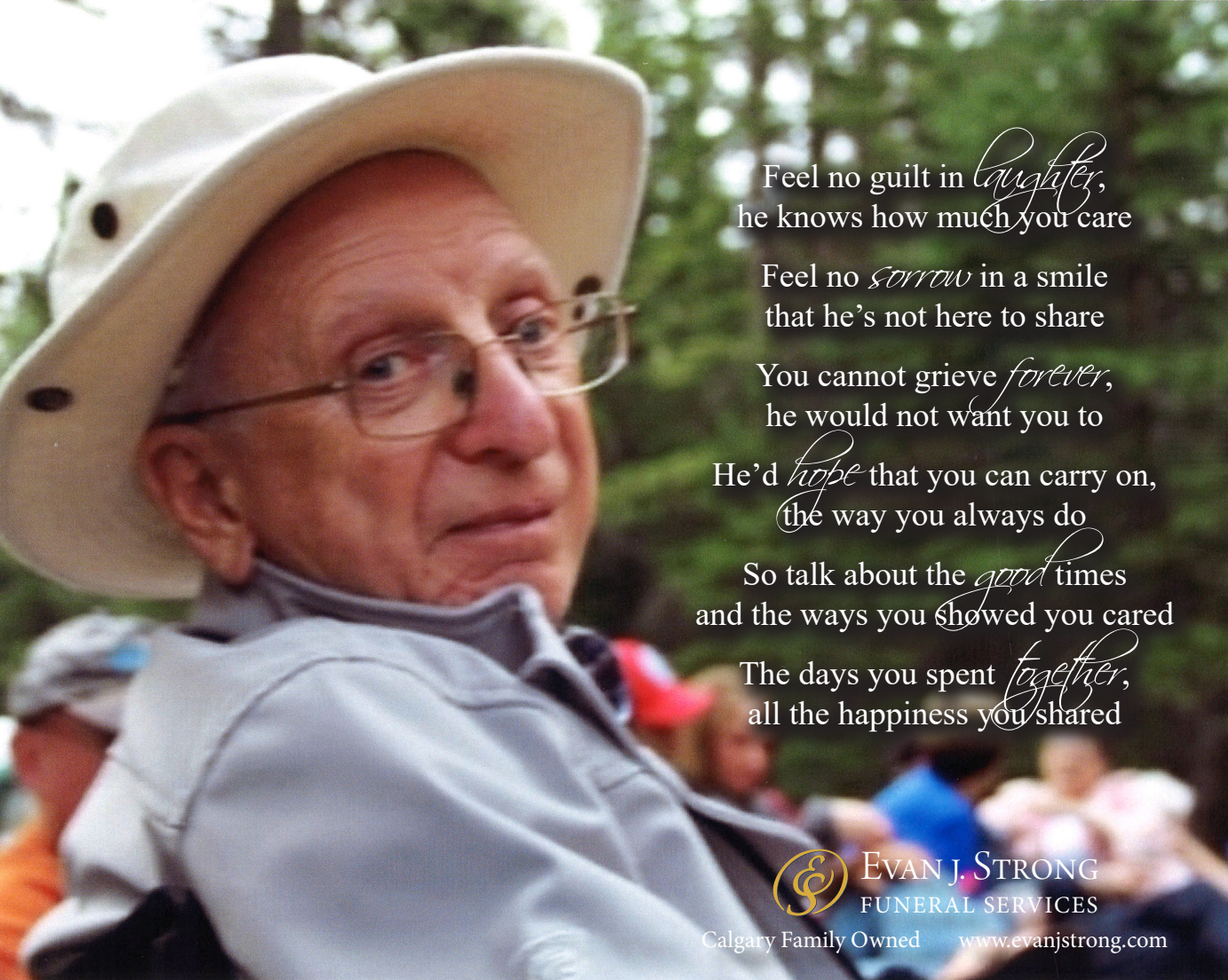




Feel no guilt in *laughter*,
he knows how much you care

Feel no *sorrow* in a smile
that he's not here to share

You cannot grieve *forever*,
he would not want you to

He'd *hope* that you can carry on,
the way you always do

So talk about the *good* times
and the ways you *showed* you cared

The days you spent *together*,
all the happiness you *shared*



EVAN J. STRONG
FUNERAL SERVICES

Calgary Family Owned www.evanjstrong.com

In Loving Memory



Cecil Briggs
1937-2019

Cecil J. Briggs

— January 3, 1937 - July 22, 2019 —

Cecil was born in Calgary on January 3, 1937. He was predeceased by Elsie Gorsline, his beloved companion of more than 30 years. He is survived by his sister, Betty Jack of Calgary, nieces, nephews, grandnieces and nephews and his extended family, the Gorslines. As a youth, Cec was a member of Tuxis Parliament and, according to his report cards, excelled at Art and Science. His spelling however, caused his teachers much consternation. After graduating from Crescent Heights High School he went on to attend SAIT and worked in accounting for AGT, Stearns Rogers and Bow Valley Resources. His early interests were fishing and curling. He loved the ocean, spending time at his property in Washington State and cats. He became a prolific gardener, providing beautiful flower gardens for the women in his life, Elsie, Betty and his Aunt Rose. During the winter, Cec and Elsie would make an annual sojourn to Arizona to escape Calgary's winter and enjoy the sun. He was a member of Canada Lodge #165 and dedicated much of his time to the Masonic Order. He was a devoted son, brother, companion and friend. Cec was a man of few words. Nonetheless, he made a lasting impression on all he met. Well liked, well respected, well loved. A life well lived. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made in Cecil's name to the Masonic Higher Education Bursary Fund www.mhebf.com

I'll Be There Author Unknown

There was no time to say goodbye
But this I ask - please do not cry
Remember me as you think best
The happy times - forget the rest.

Look for me and I'll be there
And you will find me everywhere
In the gentle touch of breeze
That cools the skin or swirls the leaves.

In the scent and colour of flowers
That gave to me such happy hours
On sunny days under skies of blue
Just think of me, I'll be with you.

In winter when there's cloud or mist
The rain will give to you my kiss
As wood smoke lingers in the air
Look for me I'll be there.

Where seagulls cry above the sea
And surf rolls in so endlessly
Among towering trees that soar above
In all these things that I once loved
Look for me and I'll be there
You'll feel my presence everywhere.

