In Loving Memory GERALD LORNE HEMMING

MAY 19, 1962 - AUGUST 28, 2019

Gerald was an avid yachtsman with a love of the water. He spent most of his career in the oil patch in Southern Alberta. He loved to travel to different places, but he was happiest when out sailing his boats or riding his Harley. Gerald is survived by his father, Lorne Hemming; brothers Francis, Rene, and Vern; sisters Linda and Laura; nephew Ryan; niece Leia; numerous extended family; and many friends. He is predeceased by his mother, Jeannette, and brothers, Rodney and Keith.

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky, And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by, And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking, And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied; And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying, And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life, To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife; And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover, And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

- **Sea Fever**, John Masefield

The Ocean has its silent caves. Deep, quiet, and alone; Though there be fury on the waves, Beneath them there is none.

The awful spirits of the deep Hold their communion there: And there are those for whom we weep, The young, the bright, the fair.

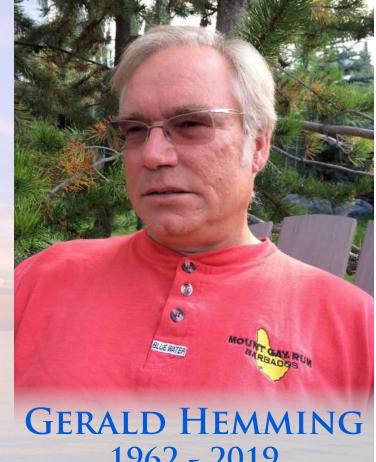
Calmly the wearied seamen rest Beneath their own blue sea. The ocean solitudes are blest. For there is purity.

The earth has guilt, the earth has care, Unquiet are its graves; But peaceful sleep is ever there, Beneath the dark blue waves.

- The Ocean, Nathaniel Hawthorne



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1962 - 2019