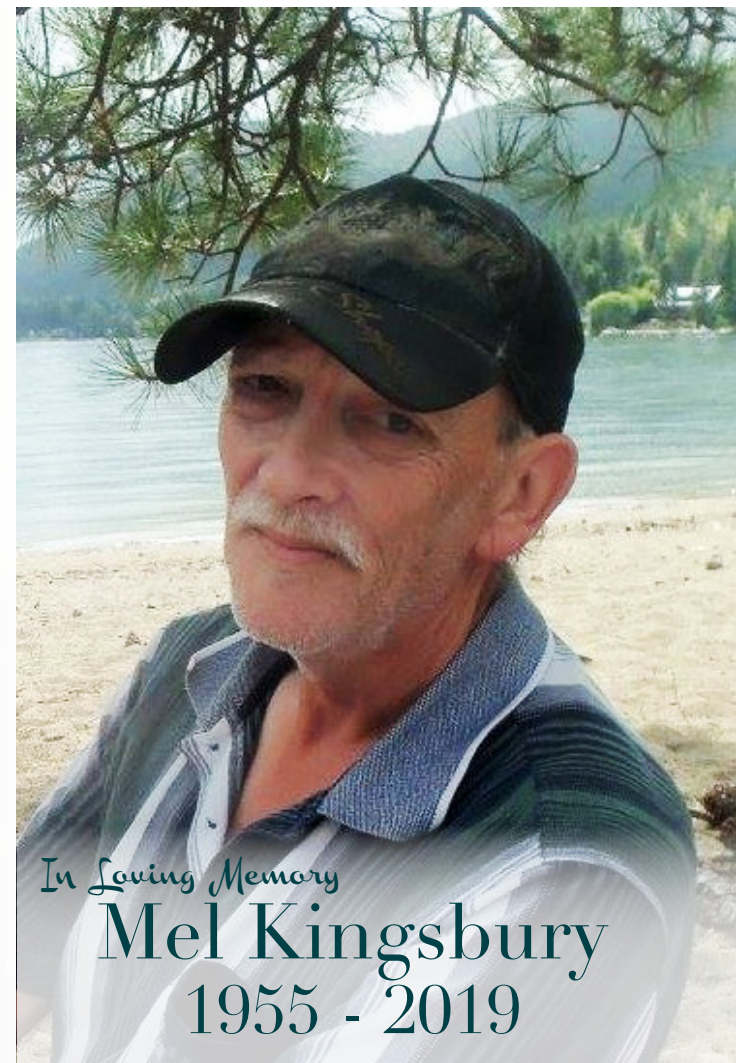


Gone, *dear* husband, gone forever,  
How I miss your *smiling* face,  
But you left us to remember  
None on earth can take your *place*.  
A *happy* home we once enjoyed  
How sweet the *memory* still  
But death has left a loneliness  
The world can never *fill*



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In Loving Memory

**Mel Kingsbury**  
1955 - 2019

# “Mel” Milford Wilford Kingsbury

January 21, 1955 - October 7, 2019

## Celebration of Life

Highland Park Community Hall  
Friday, October 18, 2019  
1:00 pm - 5:00 pm

## Video Tribute

Randy Fairweather  
Brandon Fairweather

## Musical Selections

James Grimm

It is with great sadness that the family of Mel Kingsbury announces his passing at the age of 64. Mel will be lovingly remembered by his wife of 40 years, Debbie, and his children Krystal and Greg (Melissa). Mel will also be fondly remembered by his grandchildren Amy, Colton, Chase, Brady, Lucius, Emma, Dakota and Ella, great grandson Tyler; his brother Fred (Yvette), by his brother-in-law and sisters-in-laws Barb (John), Pat, Jr (Heather), Doug (Diane), and Randy (Tracy) and the many nieces and nephews that he had. Mel was predeceased by his parents Martha and Fred as well as his two brothers Cliff and Paul.

Mel worked hard for 27 years as a truck driver for Southern Trucking and then very closely with his wife Debbie. He could always be found surrounded by his friends and family, whether it was hunting with his brother Fred, playing guitar with his dear friend Rick or fishing with his son Greg or brother in law Randy. Mel had an undying love for his family and friends and will truly be missed.

God saw you getting tired,  
The cure was not to be.  
So He closed His arms around you  
And whispered “Come with me.”  
You suffered much in silence  
Your spirit did not bend  
You faced your pain with courage  
Until the very end.  
You tried so hard to stay with us  
Your fight was all in vain  
God took you to His loving home  
And freed you from all pain.  
Never does a day go by  
That I don’t think of you  
A lump forms deep within my chest  
And tears begin to flow  
So many times I’ve needed you  
To talk, to share, to laugh  
If love could have saved you  
You never would have died