



REMEMBERING **Anne Marie Keely**

January 27, 1936 - June 15, 2021



Anne Marie Keely of Invermere BC died June 15, 2021 after a courageous struggle with cancer. Anne died peacefully in her home surrounded by her family.

Anne was born in Kimberley, B.C., the daughter of Nels and Dagmar Lindgren. Dagmar died when Anne was 8 and her father spent time away recovering from TB in Kamloops. During this time Anne resided in Cranbrook with her Grand parents, Henning and Matilda Anderson. She attended public school and enjoyed being a member of the Cranbrook Bugle Band. After

high school Anne attended Royal Columbian School of Nursing in New West Minster where she became a Registered Nurse. Anne met her husband of 63 years Frank Keely, while attending nursing school. They have resided in Invermere since 1964 where they raised their three children.

Anne is survived by her loving husband Frank, her

daughters Linda (Ken) Penner, Kim (Bruce) Willox, and her son David (Debbie) Keely. Anne was so proud of her 7 grandchildren and dearly loved her 6 great grandchildren.

Anne loved hiking. From arduous backpacking

expeditions to leisurely walks to "the bench" that she and Frank donated overlooking the Columbia Wetlands, east of Hawke Road. Anne also loved skating and skiing the "White Way" on Lake Windermere.

Anne was dedicated to her community and provided countless hours of volunteer time. Donation can be made to the Invermere Historical Society in lieu of flowers.

There will be no service as per Anne's request.

A loving wife, mother, grandmother and great

grandmother and friend to so many. We love you

dearly and she will remain in our hearts forever. We leave you with her favourite poem.

I THINK WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME

When my old body is finished and dies, I'm sure my spirit will come to a place like this:

A lovely woodsy trail, a beautiful lake, and alpine meadow, a ridge and peak, for all this had been handed to me while on earth. They are all God's great gifts to man.

I will roam, at will, about the alpine meadows, along the happy rippling streams, the placid ponds and lakes that mirror the grand peaks and passing clouds. They will catch the early sunrise with promise of the day, and later the glorious sunset, the last of light, tenth nights sky with bright stars and brilliant moon.

My spirit will wander about in the fields of flowers, revelling in their unspeakable beauty - it will pause to wander past a rare treasure on some secluded spot. My spirit will also be tuned to all bird songs , and calls of little animals who make their homes in the mountains.

I will ramble high on the ridges where grotesque trees give way to heather and the highest flowers. Then I will join the fresh breezes, gain in strength and rejoice in the rocks and snows of high places.

I will travel all over the glaciers - which I love so well - and the sparkling snow fields, the deep blue crevasses and shining seracs and the steep snow ridges and rock faces. And finally, with all the world at my feet, I will sit exulted on the summit, and just look, and look, and look, and love it, and thank my Maker for the supreme privilege my old body has enjoyed through the years.

My spirit belongs to all of the mountains - for this to me is heaven. Thank God who has made me like this. How privileged I have been, as [friends and family] shared these joys with me. If I have been able to pass on to even one other soul, the great joy and beauty God gave me in life, then I have been rewarded beyond measure.

by Phyllis Mundy

