Thank you all for coming together to pay tribute to my Uncle Bill. He was just 15 years old when I was born, and proved to be the perfect uncle, always one step ahead and waiting for me to catch up. He was a mine of information.

Later in life he made it possible for me to visit Canada -- seven times in all. He and Dorothy took me with them to many of their favourite haunts from Niagara to the Rockies, and their friends became my friends.

I can't believe he's gone -- to me he'll always be there, waiting for me to catch up.

I'll be with you all in spirit this afternoon, and so will Bill, probably wondering what all the fuss is about. To me he was and always will be just my quiet and unassuming Uncle Bill.

From Jeanne,
his ever loving niece.