Never Ending Love: TRANSCRIPT

They say that a mother’s love is never ending. For my sisters, brother and I, this was not an easy thing to hear. Our mother, Dolores Fayant, a rare red head beauty from Fishing Lake, was taken from us when we were very young. As children, we longed to hear stories about her. As adults, we searched for answers. Talking to family, searching for pictures, anything to fill the void in our hearts. We heard stories of her good looks, her generosity, her laughter, her giving spirit. These were the things she was known for in our community. There were also stories about how she loved to dance. We were told she never lacked a dance partner. I like to think that some of us were given that special gift. We found out that mom married young, she was only 17. While her first marriage did not work out, she was blessed with a daughter, Sharon. Her second marriage would bring Edith, Marty and a son Herb. The importance of community meant that although mom had four, very young children, three of them in diapers, her door was always open. To anyone, anywhere, to family, friends, and those who needed a place to call home. If even for a while. There were stories of her bowling prowess, and how she loved to sing in the choir. Back then, no one needed microphones to be heard. Our aunt would remind us of how family was everything to mom. Her intuition, auntie said, saved us. All these stories and more, have allowed us to carry on her laughter, her joy and her unending love.