

A CELEBRATION OF

Life

Sunday, November 16
Brock House

1. **Welcome** by Mark Humphrey Master of Ceremonies
2. **"Abraham's Call"** performed by Ed Lewis written by Allan Colin
I. The Call II. The Journey
3. **"Just a Lucky So and So"** Ann Warn Pegg and cast of MTM, accompanist Patsy Goto
4. **"A Successful Marriage"** written by Frank Howard
5. **"Hello Darling"** Ann Warn Pegg and cast of MTM, accompanist Patsy Goto
6. **"Now"** words and music by J.J. McColl Cast of MTM, accompanist Patsy Goto
7. Words from **Glen Startup**
8. Words from **Caroline Purves**
9. **"Little Bird"** Angela Kelman and Allan Rodger on piano
10. **"Rebuke of All Rebukes"**
11. Words from **Matthew Campbell**
12. **"More and More"** Megan Regehr
13. Words from **Carol Anne**
14. **"What a Wonderful World"** Sharalee and Ed Lewis
15. Words from **Barbara Cruikshank**
16. **"When the Saints Go Marching In"** Ed Lewis
17. **"On Morning Tide"** Megan Regehr words and music by Megan Regehr

When the Saints Go Marchin' In

We are trav'ling in the footsteps
Of those who've gone before
And we'll all be reunited,
On a new and sunlit shore,

Oh, when the saints go marching in,
Oh, when the saints go marching in,
Lord how I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in

And when the sun begins to shine
And when the sun begins to shine
Lord, how I want to be in that number
When the sun begins to shine

Oh, when the saints go marching in,
Oh, when the saints go marching in
Lord how I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in

Oh, when the trumpet sounds its call
Oh, when the trumpet sounds its call
Lord, how I want to be in that number
When the trumpet sounds its call

Oh, when the saints go marching in,
Oh, when the saints go marching in
Lord how I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in

A CELEBRATION OF LIFE Joane Elizabeth Humphrey



NOVEMBER 16, 2008



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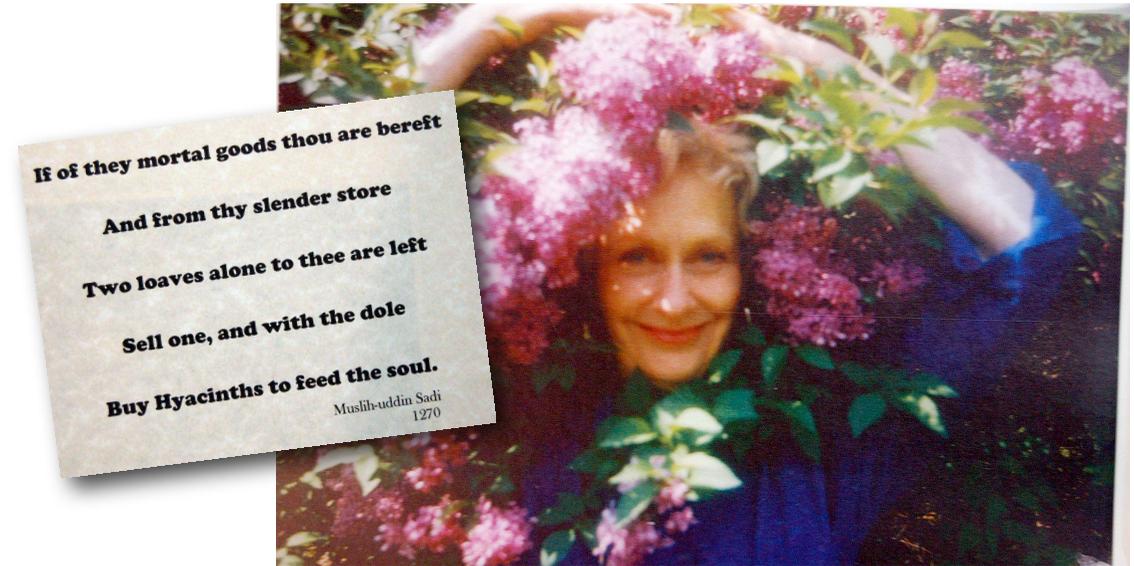
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The Secret to a Happy Marriage

by Frank Howard

I was asked if I could tell you how to have a happy marriage. Well, I can only tell you how Joane and I approached the subject. The first thing we did was lie to each other. We engaged in revealing our likes, dislikes, idiosyncrasies, and so on. We both said that we would want to be alone from time to time. Months later we discovered how untrue that was.

We cribbed most of our wedding ceremony from Google. Most of the religions we explored said they'd prepare it if we paid for it. The exception was the Jewish faith. We took from it the

phrase "And we will live each day as if it is the first, the last, and the only day we will have with each other."

We have married 2,285 times. Each morning we placed our wedding necklaces around our neck and recited in unison that commitment, sometimes with tears of joy in our eyes. Each night at bedtime we would sing a love song to each other.

We rejected the statement "My parents didn't do it that way." Perhaps more than anything else was our determination to respect each other's individuality and not even try to make the other "Do it my way."

If you are interested in tribute ideas please contact us at: CelebrateJoaneJJ@yaboo.ca

With all of this, it may surprise you to hear me say, that during our life together I've had the most wonderful experience of having a love affair with a married woman:-----*Joane Elizabeth Humphrey.*



"I was headed for Broadway"



Menopositive the Musical- A Huge Success for an award winning Canadian writer and composer. What a trailblazer and remarkable woman!

I'm Just a Lucky So And So

When I walk down the street
Seems everyone I meet
Gives me a friendly hello
I guess I'm just a lucky so and so
The birds in every tree
All sing so merrily
They sing wherever I go
I guess I'm just a lucky so and so
Well if you should ask me the amount in my bank account
I must confess that I'm slipping
But that don't bother me, cause confidentially
I've got a dream that's pippin
And when my day is through
Each night I hurry to
A love that's faithful I know
I guess I'm just a lucky so an so

What a Wonderful World

I see trees of green..... red roses too
I see em bloom..... for me and for you
And I think to myself.... what a wonderful world.

I see skies of blue..... clouds of white.
Bright blessed days....dark sacred nights
And I think to myselfwhat a wonderful world.
The colors of a rainbow.....so pretty ..in the sky
Are also on the faces.....of people ..going by
I see friends shaking hands.....sayin.. how do you do
Theyre really sayin.....I love you.
I hear babies cry..... I watch them grow
They'll learn much more.....than I'll never know
And I think to myselfwhat a wonderful world



"More and More"

by Megan Regehr

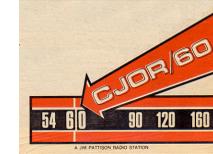
I love you more and more
Each day I love you more
I love you more and more
Each day Ilove you more
Like no one else could love you
More like no one else could love you
You are my inspiration in everything good I do
You are that one thing I can not live without
All the things that I've learned to better myself
Come from you come from you
I'd be lost without you
Cuz I love you more and more
Each day I love you more
I love you more and more
Each day I love you more
Like no one else could love you
More like no one else could love you

You make it seem so easy just like it all comes naturally
To be that part in somebody else's life
All the gifts I see you were truly Meant to be somebody's angel
And I'm so glad your hear for me

JJ MCCOLL

Courtesy of an anonymos blogger

Born and educated in Vancouver, J.J. McColl started her broadcasting career as a midnight disc jockey at a local radio station, CJOR. Within three months she had her own open line talk show, perhaps a first for a woman in Canada.



A few more months and she was hosting a daily two-hour music/ interviews/talk programme on C.B.C. radio's newly established fm band. Her quick success amazed her. Prior to that she'd changed jobs ... typist, receptionist, secretary (to writer James Clavell), part-time fashion model, advertising copywriter.

At twenty-seven she'd finally found her niche. Co-hosting and assistant producing "The James Beard Show" on the CTV network followed. Working on that daily show featuring the famous New York food guru put her off cooking (and him) to the degree that to this day she seldom lifts a pot.

The next three years were spent in London, England, freelancing for C.B.C. radio and television, contributing hundreds of items, many with a humorous slant. A disproportionate number dealt with animals. If there was a lost monkey eating Dundee cake, swinging through a Heathrow hangar; if there was a kidnapped cat allegedly hiding out at the Russian embassy, a sexually disinterested panda, a lonely gorilla longing for a banana, she was there, microphone in hand.

Although broadcasting has been her main career, her passion is the arts. It was to pursue an interest in writing and painting that lead her to Hornby Island in B.C.'s Gulf of Georgia. While living there she continued freelancing for the

C.B.C. network and it was then that she established herself as a radio documentarian. Over the years her hour-long programs on subjects as diverse as China under Mao, women writers of ancient Japan, and Red Cross Outpost Hospitals were heard on almost every documentary series on the C.B.C.

Highlights were several trips to Japan, and a journey to Croatia where she profiled the renowned painter, Ivan Generalic.

She was also the major contributor to the C.B.C.'s "B.C. Folio", an interview show that saw her journeying throughout the province, often in very small 'planes over very large mountains or an even larger Pacific ocean.

It was also during the Hornby years that in a penurious moment she baked eleven apple pies and sold them outside the Co Op.

She considers herself a lucky late bloomer. At forty-seven she was asked to write a radio drama, a request that launched a new career. Her first play won an award and she went on to write many more, usually on serious sociological themes. "Mothering", about her mother's decline into Alzheimer's disease, was chosen as one of the best C.B.C. radio dramas of the decade and elicited enormous response from across Canada. She has also written for film and television.

In J.J.'s early fifties she renewed an earlier passion for acting and has appeared in various TV series and movies of the week.



A highlight was working with Jack Nicholson in the feature film, "The Pledge", directed by Sean Penn. In that period she also returned to television. For five years she hosted C.B.C.'s award winning "50/UP", which

dealt with the changes, choices, and challenges faced by people over fifty.

Throughout the years J.J. has received awards in virtually every category of radio writing (except news), and an A.C.T.R.A. nomination for "Griot", a one woman show she wrote about slavery. She also was nominated for the Y.W.C.A.'s prestigious 'Woman of Distinction' award.

“Little Bird”

Little bird, how cold, how frail you are
 Let me tuck you ‘neath my wing
 When the dawn comes, I’ll release you
 Watch you soar, hear you sing.
 Little Bird, you gave life to me
 Sunflower mornings, rainbow days
 Dreams of what I can be
 Arms wide possibilities
 Always cherished my very soul.
 Glory, glory
 Glory, glory
 If my words could only say

How I love you, how I long for you
 When you’re free, far, far away.

Little Bird, can I bear to say
 goodbye?
 If I could carry you to that place
 Watch the light guide and embrace you
 See the radiance on your face.
 Glory, glory
 Glory, glory
 If my words could only say,
 How I love you, how I long for you
 When you’re free, far, far away.



“Hello Darling”

(Tribute to J.J. Mcoll)
 Music and Lyrics by Ann
 Warn Pegg
 Arrangement Patsy Goto
 Darling backup singers
 Patricia Dahlquist, Susinn
 McFarlane, Candace
 O’Connor

“Hello darling” is what you used to say.

“Hello darling” I miss you everyday.
 You filled my world with so much fun.
 Lit up the room for everyone.
 Hello darling X 3

And she said...
 “Hello darling”
 I’m beaming love to you.
 “Hello darling”
 Kind thoughts to see you through.
 Many times you shared
 Encouraged beyond the pale.
 Always from your heart, at this you never failed.
 “Hello darling” X3

If you’re going to do it,
 Don’t take your time you just do it. (Do it Now).

When you going to do it?
 (do it Now)
 You can get through it . (Do it Now)

I can’t hear what your saying.
 Give feet to that prayin’
 ‘Cause you know how.

J.J. said don’t let yourself down.
 Come on and smile.
 Don’t give me that frown.
 You can be know all over this town. If you do it.
 You just got to go through it.
 Do it now.

J.J. said don’t let yourself down.
 Come on and smile and don;t give me that frown,
 You can be known all over this town.
 I’ll be right there with you.
 J.J. loved Marvyn.
 I said sexual healing
 She also like James Brown
 But there is someone she adored.
 She loved her Frankie singi’ sweetly.
 “The birds in the trees they sing so merrily
 She was happy.
 But she says do it now.

“Now”

I put my fingers on my pulse
 And feel it beating.
 I put my fingers on my pulse
 Kerpow!
 A message from the heart that keeps repeating
 Now, now, now.

One step at a time
 I am in clover;
 The future’s unknown
 The past is over.

I put my fingers on my pulse
 And feel it beating.
 I put my fingers
 Biff! Bam !Pow!

A message from the heart
 That keeps repeating
 Now, now, now.

Easy does it
 That’s what I follow
 One bite at a time’s all I can swallow!
 One step at a time
 I am in clover;
 The future’s unknown
 The past is over.

I put my fingers on my pulse
 And feel it beating.
 I put my fingers on my pulse
 Kerpow!
 A message from the heart that keeps repeating
 Now, now, now.

“On the Morning Tide”

I’ll write you in a language of words
 That have so much more meaning than anything
 I’ll write you in a language of words
 That you can feel and I can sing

I’ll write you poems and
 I’ll write you love
 I’ll write you answers I’ll send by a dove
 I’ll write you letters with it all inside
 I’ll drop you a line on the morning tide
 On the morning tide
 On the morning tide
 On the morning tide

I’ll write you in a language of words
 That have so much more meaning than anything
 I’ll write you in a language of words
 That you can feel and I can sing
 I’ll draw you pictures that you’ve never seen
 And I’ll paint you art on a velvet screen
 I’ll show you the world, I’ll write you a dream
 I’ll write you in a language of words
 Oh, I’ll write you in a language of....
 I’ll drop you a line
 On the morning tide

1936-2008 Joane Elizabeth Humphrey

Joane was gifted with the ability to write poetry, prose, lyrics and music; to paint and sculpt as well as having the gift of friendship.

Born in Vancouver on December 24, 1936, Joane Elizabeth Humphrey, died of ALS in White Rock, BC on September 23, 2008. She is survived by her beloved husband and soul mate, Frank Howard, former NDP MP and MLA, Skeena, BC. Predeceased by her mother, Isabella, in 1992, by her brother Jack in 1987, she is survived by her beloved brother Lawrence and wife Maria, of Barcelona, Spain. She is also survived by her loving nieces and nephews – John, Lesley, Paul, Mark, Andy, (Jack’s children) and Bruce, Joan and Isabellita (Lawrence’s children). She is also survived by Frank’s loving step-children Tony and Danielle. Joane loved cats all her life and is survived by her beloved cat friend, Pip David Humphrey.

Joane had the gift of friendship. Left to mourn are many, many friends around the world who all felt that Joane was their best friend.

Joane was gifted in so many ways – apart from being



*Garden Goddess at Hornby
 Photography by Isabellita*

known as JJ McColl, a brilliant and award-winning international radio and TV broadcaster with CBC, BBC, COI (she was Vancouver ’ s first “ Girl Di sc Jockey” in 1964), she wrote an award-winning radio play called “Mothering” and a highly successful musical called “Menopositive, the Musical” , later known as “We’re Still Hot, Menopositive the Musical”.

She was gifted with the ability to write poetry, prose, lyrics and music; to paint and sculpt; she created a line of

sculptures called “Garden Goddesses”; and did them all passionately, beautifully and with her completely unique vision.

She first went to Hornby Island in 1970 and has had a parallel life there ever,since. Her cottage and friends on Hornby Island have given her much joy, pleasure and solace over the years. Many thanks to Sharalee Regehr Lewis, her good friend, for acting as Joane’s medical advocate during his brief and terrible illness. Many thanks to her good friend and agent , Moyr a Rodger of Out t o See Entertainment for taking care of business.

Thanks to the doctors and nurses at Peace Arch Hospital who made her comfortable and cared for her so well in the Palliative Care Ward. She loved them all and was very grateful for the good care and attention she received from them and for the room with the beautiful view.

