REMEMBERING

Sharon Glover

August 25, 1945 - September 27, 2026

On September 27th, we said goodbye to our beloved Sharon Glover (born August 25, 1945). Sharon has been an integral part of the Salt Spring Island community for over 30 years since she moved here from Ontario with her life partner of 54 years, Doug Wilkins.

Sharon is known to many on this island as a counsellor, friend, and overall radiant light. For years I would visit Sharon and Doug and they would graciously indulge my whim to go to the Saturday market. Doug and I would do all of the shopping and then wait another 30 minutes for Sharon to find her way back to us because every 5 feet or so someone new would stop her for a chat. That's who Sharon was: she always had time for everyone. She will be remembered and missed by everyone who ever met her and whose life was forever touched by her.

There will not be an official Ceremony of Life, instead you are invited to remember Sharon in your own way. Doug asked if I would share how I will remember her here.

What She Was To Me

By her very nature, she was my counsellor and my teacher. In the end my words to her often felt a reflection of her teachings to me.

She lived a life of service –

to children,

seniors,

family and friends.

She is remembered by a lifetime of kindnesses.

When a body is more than a body, more than a house of blood and bone. When it is a spider's silky web barely containing the love and compassion that was she. When it needs a full 6' to try and do her justice.

Was her gift her questions? Or her ability to hear it all? Or was it her true capacity for both, and the nest she created to hold what needed to be said?

I think of the birds who visited her window. And the man who came readily to her bedside. Both quietly attending to her.

Gently.

In the before they visited in her bedroom. Hot coffee and hummingbirds. In the after everything was a little different but close enough to the same. Green drinks and blister packs, flickers and towhees.

I remember the before. Have memories that linger. But in the after, something new and intimate, something that felt just for me. The unguarded fierceness that came unburdened by tact, the painfully blurred lines of dream and reality.

And the margarita glass – because it's Friday somewhere – precarious in her bruised, but incredibly soft hand, clinking mine.