

Who was

Joanne Asselin ?

You walk here where she walked, up and down ten thousand steps on hard tile, through the pain and loss that hangs upon this place. She walked it selfless, bedside to bedside, hand to hand, with no thought for herself.

You walk here where she walked, bathed in her own love of her own dear ones, love like a perfume that floated off her. Love like an energy that propelled her forward. It still lies all around this place, the way her husband and daughters filled her up with enough joy to spread all about.

You who work here touch the sick and dying where she, with gentle words and practiced skill, eased their minds and mended their broken, failing bodies.

Feel her breath from the North that she brought, and listen to the sound of the forest and river that came each day to this building of brick and steel. In stark contrast to the moonlit shoals and snowy woods, she came each day to where she felt the needs of mankind were greater than her love of creation.

You may struggle here with ideas and people, with pain and mortality, with the frightened and difficult, the powerful and powerless. Do it as she did, who with straight back and endless smile faced every battle for the good of her family and all those entrusted to her.

You who suffer here, your own disease, your own wounds, your own loss and grief, know that she would have held you close and given whatever she could to ease your agony.

And when you walk here, patient, worker, visitor or student, know that there one here who stood out, because she knew to simply... be.

And that when the time was finally right, she knew how not to be with grace and love for that still echoes, still vibrated, still lies upon everything here, and will never be dusted while...

Memories live.