



REMEMBERING
Alma Irene Kaiser

December 26, 1933 - October 15, 2024



Feisty; Tenacious; Hospitable; Witty; Smart; Strong-Willed; Loyal; Beautiful.

Many more words describe our mom, but these were the most common. She was loyal

to a fault, and loved deeply. She found the humour in most things, loved to needle dad

by cheating at cards, and was not afraid to try new things... except swimming. She often chose the unconventional over the expected. She was unique, sometimes earning

eyerolls and sighs from her family. She'd simply smile and carry on.

Growing up with 4 sisters and 7 brothers, her best friend was sister Helena. They double-dated and left home together at 16 and 15 years old to move to Medicine Hat,

Alberta.

It was in Medicine Hat while working at the Greyhound Bus Depot that mom met the love of her life, John Kaiser. They married in a double wedding ceremony with Helena

and George, then lived and worked on both the Braun and Kaiser farms during the summers while dad attended Hillcrest Christian College.

With Dad in the ministry, money was in short supply. Since mom handled the finances,

she knew what they had, and what was needed. She sewed most of our clothes, planted big gardens, canned fruit, and shopped for sales. In those years she sold Tupperware, World Book Encyclopedia, Avon, Watkins, some kind of pots and pans and

worked at the Medicine Hat Kresge's.

With no experience but loads of confidence, she was hired as the Director of Medicine

Hat's first publicly funded Day Care Centre.

Years later in Saskatoon, she managed a fabric store, and started the Welcome Wagon

program; in Calgary she worked at the Hudson's Bay Company sold Fifth Avenue Jewelry and Melaleuca.

Mom and dad pastored at several churches. It is agreed that while it was dad was on

the payroll, mom did pretty much everything except for the music and preaching. Dad

was quick to point out that that preaching was way more work than running the Sunday

school, planning the programs, organizing kids' clubs, leading Bible studies and visiting

congregants several evenings a week.

After retiring from the ministry, they moved to Surrey where dad entered into full time

counselling. Although she had no formal training, mom's natural gift of wisdom made

her input valuable when she was asked to sit in.

While living out of their 5 th wheel, they'd park in front of our homes and get busy: dad

would do yard work and mom would overwater plants and re-organize kitchens. They

loved to entertain and did it regardless of whose home they were visiting, inviting multitudes of their friends to visit them while they stayed with us.

After they settled in Abbotsford, mom coordinated tours to the Holy Land and Russia,

local outings through Garden Park Towers, sat on the board of Cedar Springs, sewed

hundreds of name bars on hockey jerseys for a charity hockey tournament, hosted

senior's events at Northview Church and coordinated seniors retreats at Charis Camp.

For those of you that experienced mom's unrelenting, fix-it personality, please know that

her words and actions were solely out of concern for you, or your loved one. We don't

remember a time when she said or did something to intentionally hurt or offend. She

loved her extended family the same as her immediate family: unconditionally.

Mom loved the Lord, and did not miss an opportunity to tell others. She was bold, matter-of-fact and unapologetic when talking about Jesus. She started Bible studies wherever she went. She volunteered dad to preach and teach, then proceeded to organize, set up and implement. She never put out feelers to see if it was feasible. She

lived in faith that if they started it, some would come. And some always did.

She loved her 5 children (Bev, Brenda, Donalyn, Leanne and Caralee) and their spouses, but made no bones that the next generation were a tad more special. She adored her 11 grandchildren and the young men and women they chose to marry. But

again, there was no doubt that her 28 great-grandchildren were the ones that always

made her smile. Stories are told of her jumping over couches in a game of tag, swaddling babies so tight new mothers feared overheating, and playing dress up.

Even in dementia, mom loved to make us laugh. She'd mumble a sentence that only

she could understand, then look sideways at whoever was there. That was our cue that

she told a joke, so we'd laugh and she'd crinkle her face up and laugh along with us.

She perfected the slow, deliberate wink, and was often giving those out to aides and

other residents at Tabor Home. She loved the singing, and would tap her foot in time to

the livelier hymns being sung. And when she wanted attention, she'd slip off her shoe

and flip it with her foot at unsuspecting individuals.

Mom leaves a legacy of a servant's heart: inviting new-comers at church over for Sunday lunch; reaching out to hurting people; opening her home to foster kids;

inviting

numerous nieces and nephews to live with us when they needed a place to land;
and

helping out at functions, even when she was attending as a guest.

Throughout the years, she taught us by example to watch for opportunities. When she

heard about or saw a need, she'd jump in to lend a hand. While it was not always
received the way she intended, it was always done with a genuine desire to help.

Mom's children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren are continuing her legacy.
She

raised a family that serves the Lord by serving others.

We've prayed for several years that God would take mom Home so she could shed her

earthly body and mind, and receive her crown and mansion. He answered that
prayer in

His timing. We suspect He delayed because He knew when she got there, she
would

start reorganizing, planning and probably give Him advice on how to manage the
world.

But in her words spoken several years ago... "the longer it takes me to get there, the

more friends and family there are to plan my welcome Home party."

On October 15, 2024 at 6:56 pm at the age of 90, mom stepped into the arms of
Jesus,

and was welcomed Home by dad and grandson Justin. There are also parents,
brothers, sisters, in-laws, nieces, nephews and many friends to throw the party she
was

expecting.

Grief and gratitude collide in our family. We've said a thousand good-byes to mom
over

the last 4 years, and today we are grateful beyond words that her mind, body and
teeth

have been restored in Heaven.

We are grateful to all those who shared a friendship with Mom, especially those
who

took the time to sit with her at Tabor Home. We know she was loved widely by the
number of you who have shared your grief and joy with us. We'd also like to thank
the

staff at Oxford Senior Care Home and Tabor Home for their patience and kindness to mom while she lived out her final years.

