

# Community Messages

## Priscilla Gagnon Eulogy

Many of you who attended the funeral service for the Late Priscilla Gagnon (Prince) have asked for a print out of what I spoke about so am putting it into here for you with much appreciation.

Many of you people know that I took many others besides Priscilla under my wings as a mother when they had problems in their own homes. In return she showed me respect by calling me “mom” and calling my children her brothers and sisters which was an honor for us all.

Today I stand before you all with a very heavy heart to say goodbye to my darling Priscilla and to ask you people that are struggling with any sort of human weakness to please reach out to someone that you know and trust so they too could help you walk the right path again—to teach you how to forgive yourselves first then to forgive those that have hurt you in any small way, To teach you how to respect yourselves and others again as many of you have ever turned against your own families by allowing drugs and alcohol to control your lives.

I did my best for Priscilla right to the end so I have nothing to hide and I will not deny that she had an addiction to drug and alcohol use. Her death is an eye opener to you before it's too late to say sorry or I love you to your family or too late to be given the chance to cherish those you once called your family.

Harsh words were said to Priscilla throughout the death of her husband Frank Gagnon, her mother Marge and the death of her brother Kenneth Tom. She talked to me every day about it and would not let it go but still I tried my best to comfort her and kept a close watch on her. She always found her way back to Prince George. On Sunday she told me she will come home to me in a couple more

days but if things don't work, she knew where to go for the drugs to end her life as she couldn't take any more despair and being homeless.

The last text message I got from her was on Monday morning at 6:15 which was very unusual which scared me as it said “Mom, I love you.” I started calling her cell phone immediately but got no response and I stopped when the knock came to my door to bring me the bad news. Little did I know that those couple more days she said she would be home meant she was coming home to me to a casket.

If you honestly know what love really is please reach out and ask for help as using drugs and alcohol just so you could fit in with your friends and to hide your problems is not a solution to your pain. I have nothing to hide in regards to Priscilla's death because she told me everything. Don't cover up your pain with alcohol and drugs, please reach out to someone.

The other thing you people should strongly think about is Facebook—especially if it's in regards to someone's death, most families that live out of town didn't even hear it yet from family about Priscilla's death and rumors were already splattered on Facebook. Please get your facts straight before you talk and ask the family who has the death in their family if it's okay to put things on Facebook about it as I sure didn't approve of what was said and all the rumors.

Priscilla was a very friendly person so she will not be easy to forget. I have shed my tears and heartache for a whole month since she left so the other night something startled me from my sleep and I got a strong urge to look out my bedroom window—so I did and there was dancing northern lights at 2:30 in the morning. My pain will slowly

reduce because I accepted those northern lights as a sign to me from my girl so I will know she is safely in her eternal home in heaven.

Priscilla loved to sing and dance so I know she is now dancing, singing and laughing with her mom Marge while giving her hugs and kisses to all those that were before her while the angels surround her to keep her safe. It was not only her addictions that led her to her death because being homeless since her mom passed was a big part that she no longer could accept. I offered her help but still I now feel that I didn't do enough.

I feel sorry for those that sell drugs because it is sad to see such young people doing this as you might as well be stealing from the dead too because what you're doing by selling drugs is taking food out of children's mouth and stripping them of their clothing. Put yourselves into our shoes for a while and try to walk with the burden that we carry and suffer when we lose a loved one. Picture yourselves in our situation because one day another drug dealer might take the life of your loved one.

Drugs have destroyed a family that was once full of laughter and jokes with our beautiful Priscilla. They have robbed a recently widowed father of his natural child and stolen a mother from a young lady and a young man, grandmother from a child and left these children in the agony of pure pain. A

very loving and caring aunty was swept away from many nieces and nephews whom she enjoyed spoiling with whatever little she had. Her brothers and sisters that she loved to tease with her happy go lucky ways—drugs have slithered their way into my family's life like a snake to steal my girl from me but one thing that will be stolen from me is the love that I will always carry with me in my heart from my child.

I know God the father has opened the gates of paradise for my child to enter into her eternal home to be safe from the evil ways of drugs so I will let my darling Priscilla go into God's loving arms and to greet everyone there with her "I love you" that she used every day while she was in our lives.

Love is going to be a very rocky path for us without Priscilla but we will do our best to hold up our heads and look forward. Grief is one thing that is too tough to be pushed into a corner to be forgotten about, so Baby Girl keep on soaring with the angels while I watch the eagles here on earth soar until we meet again.

Thank you to all that supported us at the time of our loss and all the kind words that you gave to us. May god bless you all. Thank you,

***Shirley Prince***