

Obituaries

We welcome original tributes of less than 500 words; we may edit them for clarity and length. Obituaries may be emailed to journal@doctorsofbc.ca. Include birth and death dates, full name and name deceased was best known by, key hospital and professional affiliations, relevant biographical data, and a high-resolution head-and-shoulders photo.



Dr James Archibald McLennan 1932–2021

Jim was born on 30 October 1932 in rural Lebret, Saskatchewan. On 1 February 2021, he succumbed to COVID-19 complications as a resident of Royal City Manor in New Westminster, at age 88.

He is survived by his devoted wife, Rose; children, Jennifer and Jeffrey McLennan, Tracy and Robert Williams; and grandchildren, Aidan Geboers (Jennifer's son), Colten, Tiffany, and Avery. Jim was a favored uncle to many nieces and nephews and made regular excursions to his home town to reconnect with his roots, family, and friends.

Jim acquired his formal education in Lebret, attended Regina's Champion College, the University of Ottawa for his medical degree, and completed his internship at Hurley Hospital in Flint, Michigan. He joined Dr Roger Beaudoin and his father's general practice in Mailardville, Coquitlam. Subsequently he moved his practice to New Westminster and soon associated with freshly minted Dr Dan Metzack—a unique 30-year friendship evolved. Jim was chosen to be godfather to Dan's firstborn son.

With admitting privileges at Royal Columbian and St. Mary's Hospitals, Jim provided

cradle-to-grave care to his patients with kindness and compassion. He would tell them, "If you have a problem, you can call me at any time, day or night." After retiring from office practice, he continued to provide respite locum tenens for his senior GP colleagues until he hung up his stethoscope in 2011 after a remarkable career of 59 years of primary care.

Jim was one of those unique individuals admitted to heaven before departing earth. This was reflected in his radiant St. Jim smile, heartfelt and ever present. He exuded a zest for life and a bedside manner that emanated trust and confidence. He was open-minded and comfortable in any social situation.

Perhaps one of his greatest attributes was his infinite patience. This was most fortuitous and exemplified in his interactions with his son, Jeffrey, who is profoundly autistic. On one occasion, Jeff removed his shoes, rolled down the car window, and ejected them onto a very busy Canada Way—no chance for recovery. Jim was unfazed, smile intact and a twinkle in his deep blue eyes. Water off a duck's back!

Deeply religious, Jim, on occasion, did experience a rare slip. One of the features that likely contributed to his longevity was his longstanding love of jogging, which started in the early 1970s at the local YMCA in New Westminster, located a block from his office. He and Dan would routinely skip lunch and go for a run around Queen's Park along with the other local enthusiasts, have a steam and shower, and return to the office ready to take on the afternoon deluge. He then became a founding member of a local jogging club, SPCA (Stanley Park Crazy Assholes), whose members would jog the seawall on weekends wearing their SPCA T-shirts, followed by imbibing some liquid refreshments.

Jim could never be accused of being a moss harvester. He was an enthusiastic supporter and participating member of the Vancouver

Golf Club for many decades. He was a founding member of BC's earliest autism society, to support afflicted children in the 1970s. He also had a passion for vintage cars; at one time his stable included a rare Aston Martin DB4, the James Bond variety. In addition, his philatelic interests focused on mint Canadian specimens, and he collected early Canadian art. Jim also loved music. He would frequently entertain his guests, playing melodies on his grand piano. With a multitude of interests beyond medicine, by life's end his bucket list was long empty.

Another one of his longtime friends and former receptionist, Ericka Dellafortuna, describes Jim as the man with the smile in his voice, which she will truly miss. She has many happy memories of Jim on different adventures preserved in photo albums; life was always a fun-filled adventure for him. The final words are reserved for Rose: He lived life to the fullest and brought joy with him everywhere.

Gone but not forgotten by family, friends, and colleagues. For the many fond memories, thank you Jim! ■

—Jack and Ruth Albrecht
Burnaby

—Rose Nahanee
West Vancouver

—Dan Metzack
Burnaby



Dr Patricia "Paddy" Mark 1941–2021

It is with profound sadness that we write of the sudden and unexpected death of a long-time friend and colleague, Dr Patricia Mark. Paddy was born in Ballyshannon, Northern Ireland, in

1941. She graduated in medicine from Trinity College. She met her husband, Mark Nixon, in 1966. They emigrated to Canada in 1967 and married in 1971. They subsequently moved to Vancouver Island where Paddy practised full-service family medicine and Mark joined the department of anaesthesia. She enjoyed a long and successful career as a family physician and as one of the founding practitioners of the Sow's Ear Medical Clinic in Lantzville, BC. She very proudly practised in a full-service capacity and never shied away from challenging situations. She excelled in roles as a teacher, mentor, medical leader, and advocate, always with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of mental and physical energy. During all of this she and Mark found time to raise a wonderful family.

Paddy was a tireless advocate for those at risk. She undertook the challenging task of addiction management medicine and worked in the corrections system, taking on new responsibility there even in her final days. She practised with great empathy, always to the benefit of her patients.

Paddy extended this empathy to friends of the four-legged variety as well. She was an enthusiastic supporter and fundraiser for the BC SPCA, and her Nanoose Bay house was always home to several dogs, all of whom were adopted or rescued, sometimes from very unpleasant situations. Her annual sales drive for SPCA calendars was one of the year's salient events.

Paddy and Mark have been avid and very skilled gardeners, and those of us fortunate enough to know them were frequent visitors to their sprawling world-class rhododendron garden. Many of her friends developed a serious interest in gardening as a benefit of their friendship. They would never hesitate to share their expert advice, not to mention seedlings cuttings and full-grown plants.

For many years, the two hosted a large garden party for the medical staff and friends in their beautiful garden, a highlight on everyone's calendar. Family members and friends would contribute time and effort to hull strawberries, slice buns, and provide oven space for cooking turkeys and hams. In her usual firm manner, Paddy would recruit the surgeons to carve the meat; the occasional misguided soul considered

declining, albeit briefly.

Paddy was also an accomplished writer and historian, another interest that those who shared it found tremendously beneficial. Her suggestions and insights would have expanded personal libraries of military history books significantly. She never tired of discussing the topic over a glass of wine.

Paddy leaves behind a devastated family: husband, Mark Nixon; daughters, Ruth and Sarah (Jesse Capon); stepchildren, Clare McQuaid (Rick) and Paul (Iris); grandchildren, Hannah Nixon, Gillian Nixon, Clementine Nixon, Georgia Nixon, Elliot Capon, Luke McQuaid, and Emma McQuaid. She was predeceased by her stepson, Adam. A wide circle of friends, colleagues, patients, and animals also mourn her sudden passing.

The Irish saying "For evil to succeed, it requires only that good men do nothing" was one of her favorites. It exemplifies her credo. Godspeed dear friend. ■

—**John Whitelaw, MD**

Nanaimo

—**Blair Rudston-Brown, MD**

Nanaimo

To describe Paddy Mark in one word, I would use "passionate" as the defining mote. I only knew Paddy for a few years, yet she had a profound effect on me and my family, as she had on many people's lives. I met Paddy in the early 1990s when we moved to Nanaimo, and it wasn't long before we were invited to one of her famous garden parties. Paddy's magnificent rhododendron gardens were in full display and the party went on rain or shine every May. She knew my husband professionally, and was also our family physician; after she retired she became a personal friend. A visit to Paddy's office at Sow's Ear Clinic meant time to peruse the multitude of witty and funny comments posted on the walls.

We bonded over another of her passions when my family was torn apart by addiction; Paddy was there to encourage me, stand by me, and remind me that recovery was possible and that I should never give up. She never let go of me, meeting with me every few days during the very worst of it and encouraging me to stay the course. There were many times when I

should have and may have walked away, yet she encouraged me to stay. Her belief that family ties were retrievable was infectious, and I grew to believe in what she said.

Paddy's passion for working with the addicted population applied to people in all circumstances. She truly believed in her work and saw no difference between the a person with an addiction in prison and one in our community. She understood that the underlying problem was the same, regardless of the victim. She did not judge but she was absolutely clear about the obstacles families would face when dealing with addiction. I clearly remember her telling me that if families knew they would have to live with craziness a long while before their loved one recovered, they would not stay the course. The fact that I was able to retrieve my family from addiction is something I attribute directly to Paddy's influence. I cannot thank her enough for believing in us as individuals, and in the family as a powerful healing tool for a person with an addiction. She taught me so much about addiction and how it was possible to retrieve family bonds even though they may be changed.

When Paddy's health wavered, we shared lovely days pursuing her passion of procuring plants for her garden. Everywhere we went people knew who she was and of her magnificent gardens. It was humbling for me. Paddy's love for her family was equally intense; her love for her children and grandchildren was obvious in our many conversations at her kitchen table drinking tea, watching the hummingbirds. She hated the distance that COVID-19 imposed on all of us, and she issued a standing invitation for a glass of red wine among the rhodos to catch up when we could. I've planted rhodos in my garden in her memory and will think of her every time I look at them. ■

—**Anonymous**

This obituary has been anonymized to protect the privacy of the parties involved.