NANETTE CECILE VYE

THE WHISPERED LANGUAGE OF LAVENDER

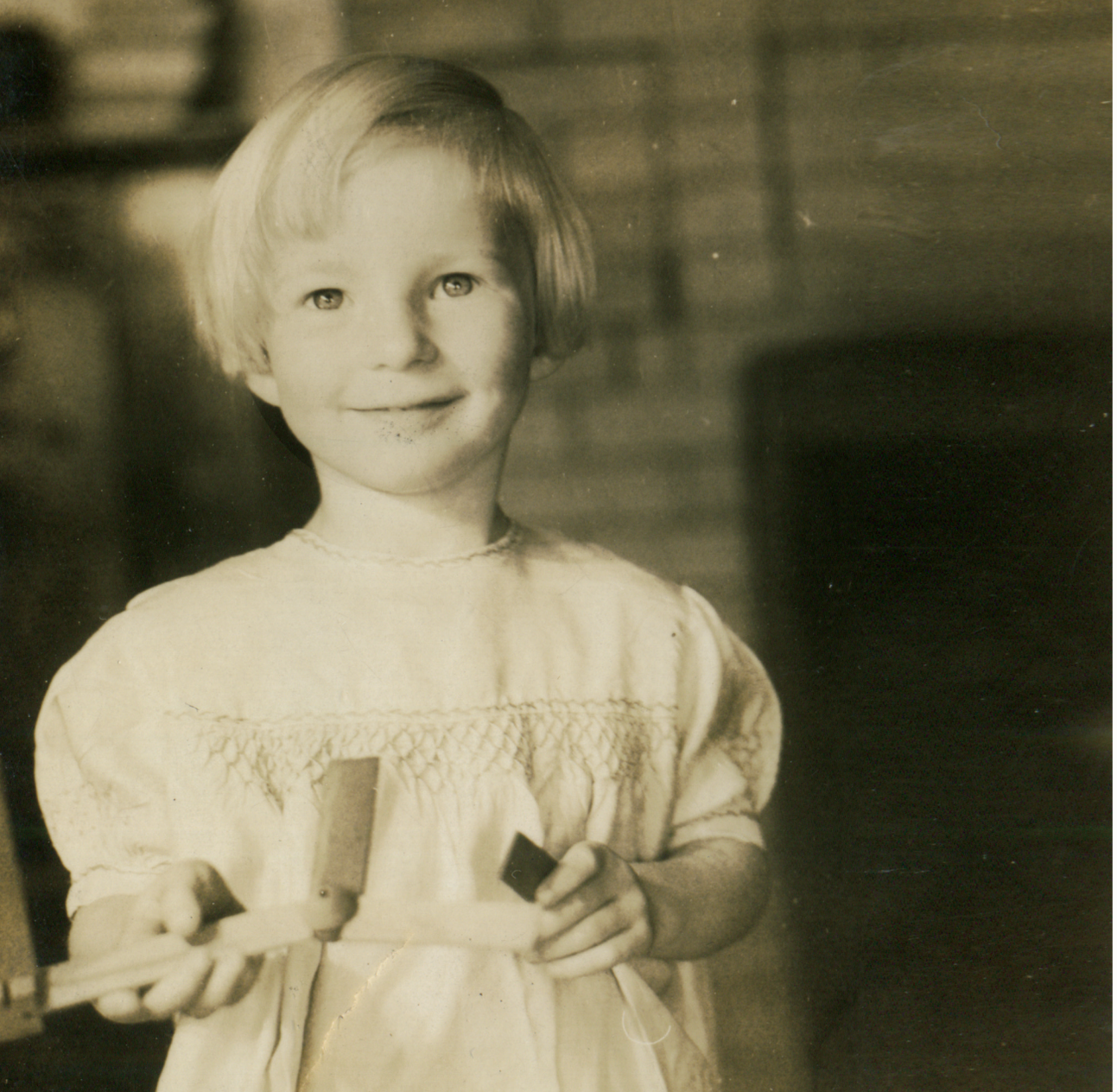
Elegance, grace, and timeless beauty shine,
Where lavender brings comfort through the night,
Upon each downy pillow, scents Nanette,
To ease the heavy mind and bless the light.

With loving hands she styles her signature,
A mist of oil that rises soft and clear,
To keep the evening calm, the spirit pure,
And fill the quiet room with gentle cheer.

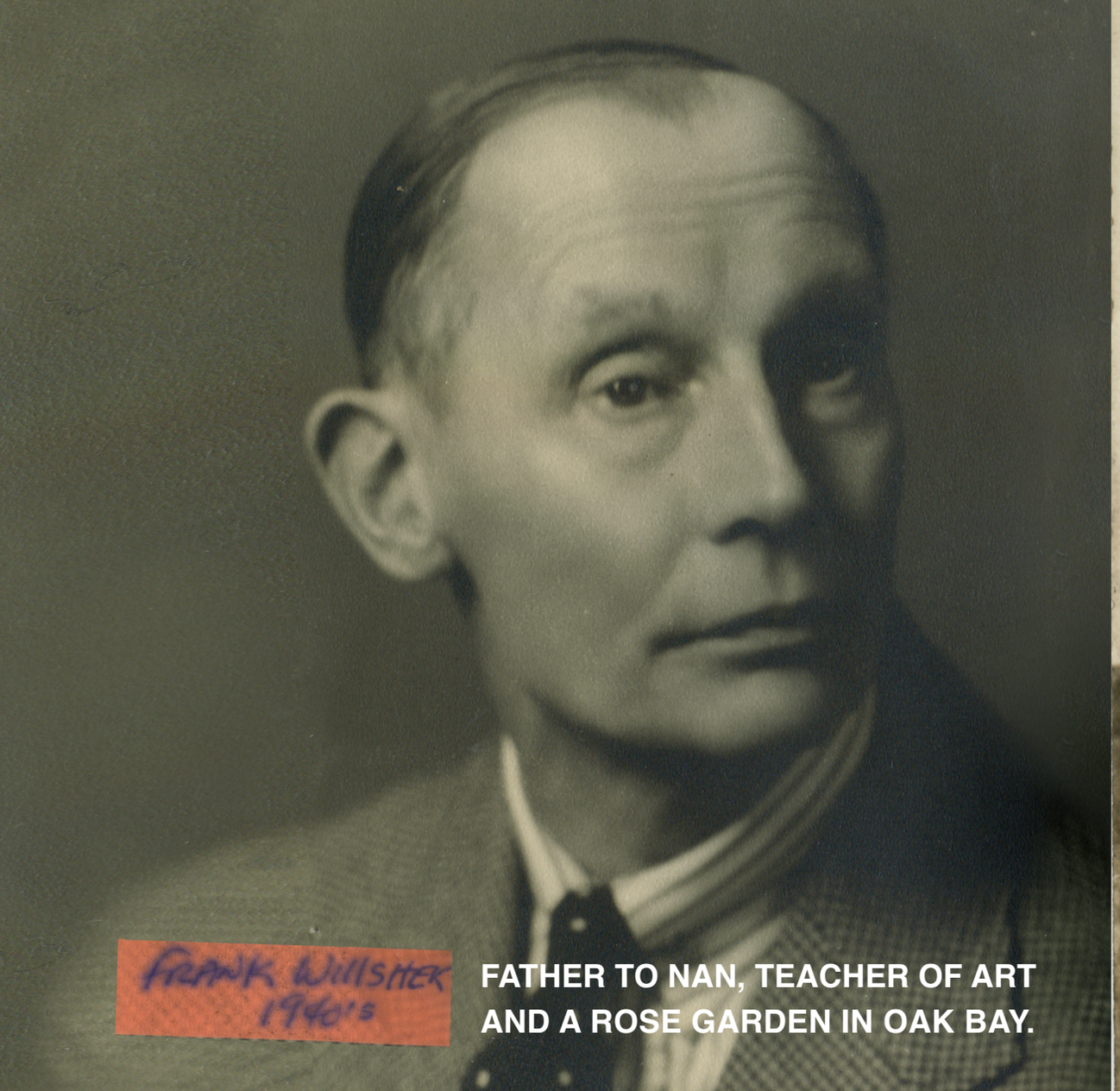
The elegant aroma starts to bloom,
As shadows lengthen on the bedroom floor,
A soft and healing balm against the gloom,
That lingers sweetly by the stable door.

In purple dreams the weary mind may rest,
By her eternal grace so deeply blessed.






Nan - 1937



FATHER TO NAN, TEACHER OF ART
AND A ROSE GARDEN IN OAK BAY.



MOTHER TO NAN, EMILY THORPE,
PHYSIOTHERAPIST IN VICTORIA.


Emily's Home
The LAWNS ENG


1939
GUESS?



It's a little bit funny this feeling inside
I'm not one of those who can easily hide
I don't have much money but boy if I did
I'd buy a big house where we both could live

If I was a sculptor, but then again, no
Or a man who makes potions in a travelling show
I know it's not much but it's the best I can do
My gift is my song and this one's for you

And you can tell everybody this is your song
It may be quite simple but now that it's done
I hope you don't mind
I hope you don't mind that I put down in words
How wonderful life is while you're in the world

I sat on the roof and kicked off the moss
Well a few of the verses well they've got me quite cross
But the sun's been quite kind while I wrote this song
It's for people like you that keep it turned on

So excuse me forgetting but these things I do
You see I've forgotten if they're green or they're blue
Anyway the thing is what I really mean
Yours are the sweetest eyes I've ever seen

And you can tell everybody this is your song
It may be quite simple but now that it's done
I hope you don't mind
I hope you don't mind that I put down in words
How wonderful life is while you're in the world

I hope you don't mind
I hope you don't mind that I put down in words
How wonderful life is while you're in the world YOUR SONG E.J.

MEMENTO: THORPE CREST ON NAN'S FAMILY BUTTON, "PRESS THROUGH."





THE VIEW FROM NAN'S CHILDHOOD HOME



Broken lines, broken strings
Broken threads, broken springs
Broken idols, broken heads
People sleepin' in broken beds
Ain't no use jivin', ain't no use jokin'
Everything is broken

Broken bottles, broken plates
Broken switches, broken gates
Broken dishes, broken parts
Streets are filled with broken hearts
Broken words never meant to be spoken
Everything is broken

Seem like every time you stop and turn around
Something else just hit the ground

Broken cutters, broken saws
Broken buckles, broken laws
Broken bodies, broken bones
Broken voices on broken phones
Take a deep breath, feel like you're chokin'
Everything is broken

Every time you leave and go off someplace
Things fall to pieces in my face

Broken hands on broken ploughs
Broken treaties, broken vows
Broken pipes, broken tools
People bendin' broken rules
Hound dog howlin', bullfrog croakin'
Every thing is broken

EVERYTHING IS BROKEN: Bob Dylan

CHIPPED AND REPAIRED, LITTLE REMAINS OF THE FAMILY IRONSTONE.




IMPERIAL STONE
WR & Co
2101
M

The Gilded Lens *In loving memory*

A slender wand of polished gold and gleam
Rests quiet in the velvet-lined settee,
A silent witness to an age now flown,
A treasure from a vanished century.

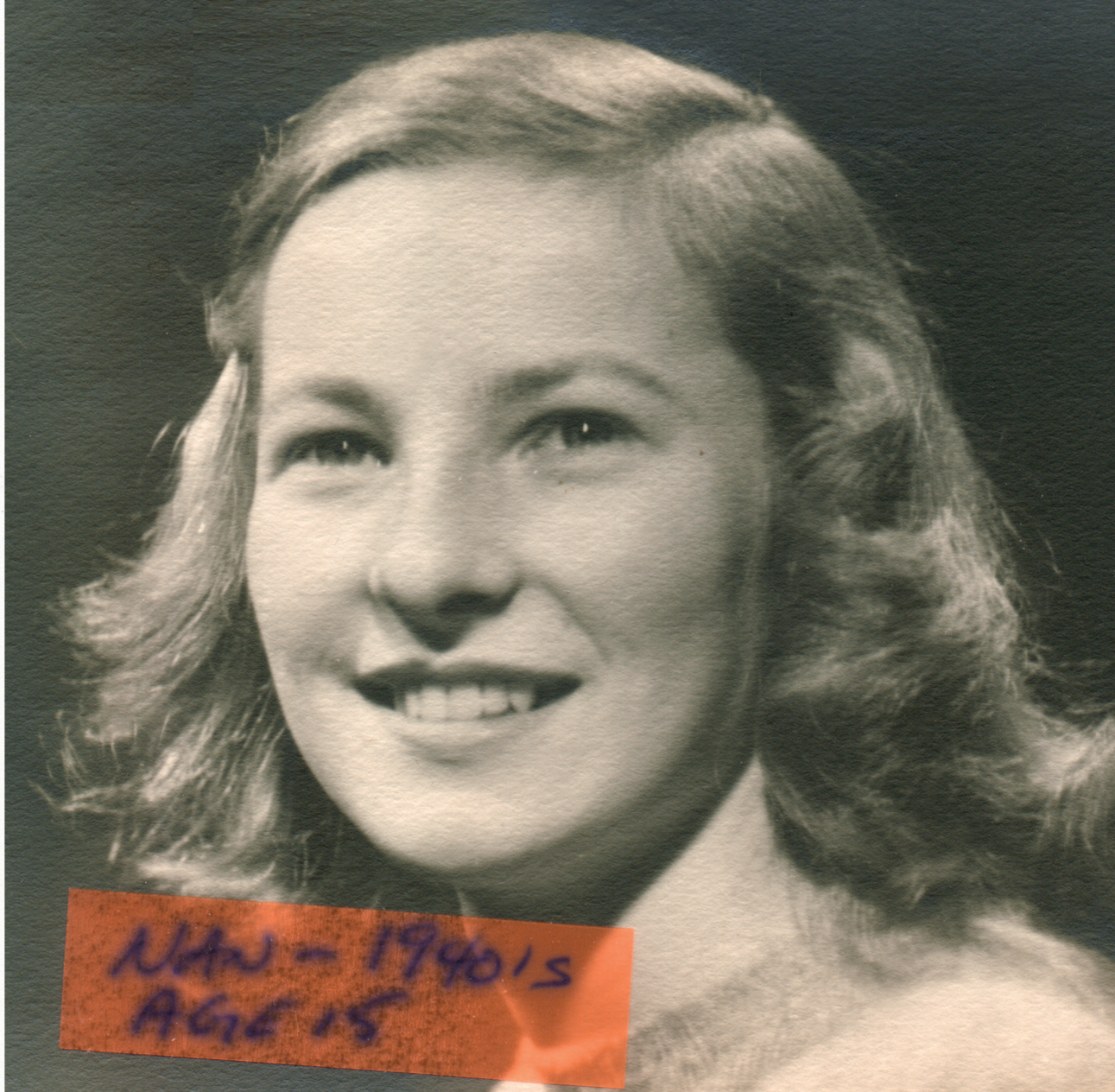
With one quick click, the twin frames open wide,
Their golden rims catch the gaslight's glow,
Two brilliant disks of polished glass inside
To illuminate the poetic flow.

Through this bright pair of gold, her gentle eye
Drank in the printed verse and grand romance,
Where ink and melody seamlessly vie,
Before she folded them with nonchalance.

The music fades, the quiet pages rest,
The golden rims still hold her gentle light,
A keeper of the words she loved the best,
And memories that shine into the night.




SANDY VYE: HUSBAND, FATHER, MILITARY MAN,
SANDY
1946


NAN - 1940's
AGE 15

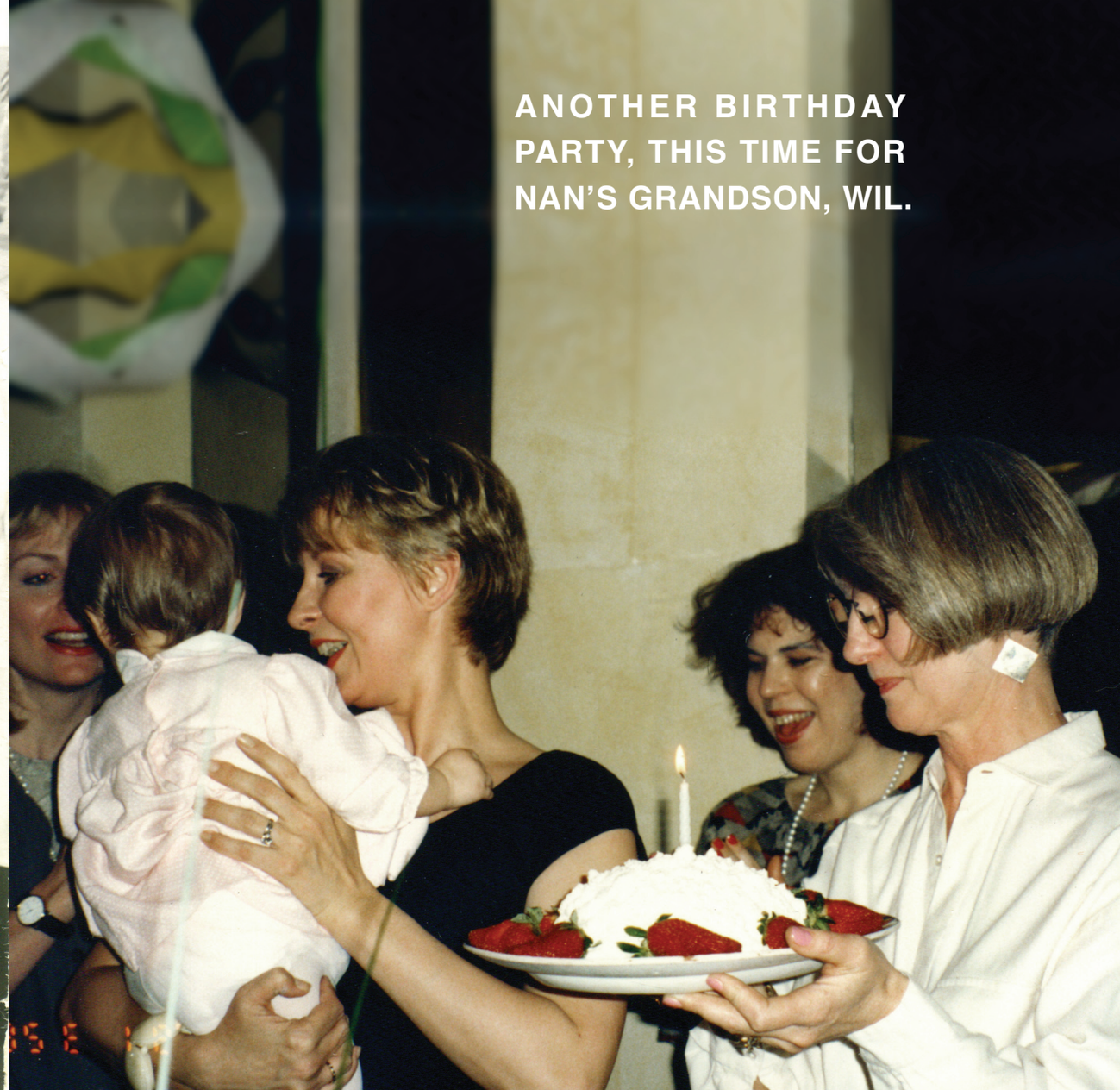

1st Bday 1951
Friends Aboard Ship




SANDY: FRANCES
GERMANY 1952


OTTAWA
1958.





ANOTHER BIRTHDAY PARTY, THIS TIME FOR NAN'S GRANDSON, WIL.



MOO MOO AND BABY SAMANTHA



14 FIRST AVENUE, CHILLIWACK


JOHN




LEO


LEO


EXCLUSIVE WOMEN'S FASHIONS — ACCESSORIES
B.C. HANDICRAFTS — GIFT ITEMS
THE CAPRICORN BOUTIQUE
MRS. F. A. VYE
UPSTAIRS AT
9 YALE ROAD EAST
CHILLIWACK, B.C.
TELEPHONE
795-9815




RELIC



This is the man to talk to about savings and investments

6% ON SAVINGS 8¼% TERM DEPOSITS

CANADA PERMANENT TRUST

B. Wm. Towler, Mgr. Chilliwack 795-9166

The C

TH

Many Made By Local Artists

Display "Exotic Items" At Chilliwack Boutique

For the young in heart or years . . . a bit of the flavor of Vancouver's Robson Street has arrived in Chilliwack with a tiny and colorful new boutique, Capricorn. A boutique, in French, is simply a shop, and in our language, has come to mean a shop carrying accessories. As such, you will find in the boutique exotic items that accent an outfit, a home, or a room.

An old desk from the first Coqualeetza School in the 1900's adorns the entrance of the shop. From here, the eye wanders to the red geraniums in the window-boxes. A fascinating place for browsing, our local boutique contains sand-cast candles, pottery, leatherwork, incense, carvings and imports from all over the world.

But what makes this boutique even more interesting is the fact that many Chilliwack and district residents have their art and creations for sale on the shelves.

A wool collage and colorful hand-woven runner done by Mrs. Katherine Tye hang on the wall. Mrs. Tye's work is on display in several foreign embassies and a large amount of it is the property of the federal government. She had an exhibit in Expo '67. And, in spite of this increasing popularity, Capricorn is the only outlet in the world that sells her work.

Several Chilliwack students have their creations for sale at the boutique. Miss Valerie Ornheim specializes in beadwork and has done several earrings and necklaces. Bead rings are created for the shop by Bob Janzen, a student at Chilliwack Senior Secondary School. A modern oil painting, a study in blue, was done by Miss Terry Graves of Sardis Senior Secondary School. Two sisters at Chilliwack Junior Secondary School, Patty and Dianne Hinds, combined their efforts to create popular and bright paper-mache flowers.

Third year student at Simon Fraser University, Keath Seeton, does woodcarvings. Among his work is a carved head framed against a background of tinted burlap. Some carved wooden symbols for "peace," "life-giving" and "God" have been made into pendants. Another university student, Mrs. Carol Kurzreiter (nee Lambert), produces unique ceramic buttons and necklaces. Gordie Seimens creates buckskin leatherwork items, including purses, change wallets.

Hand-woven place-mats made by Mrs. Mary McWilliams are displayed at the boutique.

Several outfits made from imported fabrics from France, Italy, Switzerland and India have been created by Mrs. F. A. Vye, owner and manager of Capricorn. As she especially likes working with silk, many of the ensembles are made of pure silk. One creation of Mrs. Vye's that attracts special attention is an Indian sari in deep red silk bordered on the edges and bottom in 22-carat gold. Mrs. Anita Galitzina, a Russian princess living in Victoria, also has outfits on display in the boutique.

A yellow and white plaid poncho with hand-crocheted wool edging and matching tam was the handiwork of Mrs. Mieke Dubois.

Besides creations by our local artists, several items come from well-known persons outside of Chilliwack. Ragnar, who has a famous shop on Granville Street, Vancouver, where he designs his own jewelry, has some of his sterling silver creations in Capricorn.

Victoria artist, Mrs. Joan Willsher, has two distinctive watercolor paintings on display. Glass jewelry is done for Capricorn by Mrs. Ruth Waterton of Vancouver. Hand-dyed scarves done by the process known as tied dyes, and silk-screen dresses are exhibited. Youngsters in Vancouver made the sand cast candles and sterling silver jewelry.

Kidskin gloves from England. Moroccan and Italian leather handbags, turquoise-studded powder-box and exquisitely hand-painted papier-mache powder-box from India, hand-carved ivory, and South American lizard-skin purses are among the many imported goods found at Capricorn.

Future plans for Capricorn, which opened in October, may focus upon enlarging the display floor-space to include an art gallery, said Mrs. Vye. As she pointed out, Chilliwack has much of the talent necessary for a gallery.



SILK-SCREEN DRESS, one of her many creations made from imported fabrics, is held by Mrs. F. A. Vye at the Capricorn boutique.

hilliwack Progress

E CHILLIWACK PROGRESS, Wed., June 18, 1969 13

AUSTIN . ROVER . . .

SALES and

• Empress Ess

45826 YALE ROAD W.







UP THE STAIRS
AT FIVE CORNERS
IN CHILLIWACK.

A Harrison Lake Sunset, Month of October, 1972

That turbid evening breathed a biting chill,
Beside a companion newly met by chance;
Our secret tryst we kept from others still,
Lest slanderous tongues should mar our sweet romance.

Upon a choppy shore this feast was laid,
A hurried banquet in prompt haste procured;
That Rockwell drive the first foundation made,
Whereby two bounden lives were e’er assured.

Then tubes of paint, compressed, did mark the day,
On four wood bars where linen stretched was taught;
Though some may seek this history to weigh,
None truly grasped the night that magic wrought.

Yet on the canvas shall our bond abide;
What time conceals, the painted brush shall hide.






FRED

I had three chairs
in my house:
one for solitude,
two for friendship,
three for society.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

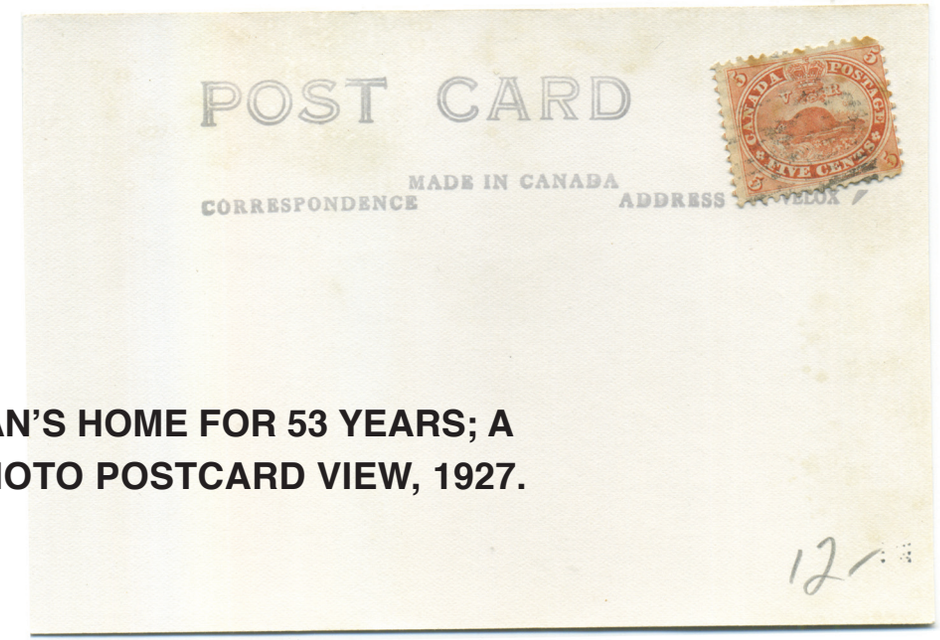


HER FAVORITE ANTIQUE
PRESSED GLASS GOBLETS.









NAN'S HOME FOR 53 YEARS; A PHOTO POSTCARD VIEW, 1927.





APRIL 25. 1995

DEAR LEIGH

IN RESPONSE TO YOUR TELEPHONE CALL AND SUBSEQUENT REQUEST FOR OUR DAUGHTER'S HAND IN MARRIAGE, FRED AND I DECIDED THAT THE BEST WAY TO CONSIDER THIS VERY SERIOUS MATTER WAS OVER A BOTTLE OF OUR FINEST. OUR SELECTION WAS A BOTTLE OF 1993 RUSSE CABERNET SAUVGNON SIN SAULT AT $6.45 CDN FROM BULGARIA. CORKEY WITH A RATHER RUSTIC NOSE!

AS IT TOOK SOME TIME TO COME UP WITH THE FOLLOWING RESPONSE, IT SEEMED ONLY FAIR THAT YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE TO WAIT AN UNDUE LENGTH OF TIME, I.E. FOR US TO SOBER UP. IT SEEMED PRUDENT TO TYPE, RATHER THAN SEND A HANDWRITTEN RESPONSE. YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD SOME DIFFICULTY READING A HANDWRITTEN ANYTHING UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

FRED HAS REQUESTED THROUGH OUR LAWYER, THAT YOUR STATUS AS FOSTER MOTHER BE REVERSED (SURGERY WILL NOT BE NECESSARY) AND THAT YOU WILL BE OFFICIALLY NAMED AS FOSTER FATHER TO OWL. THIS TO BE DONE IMMEDIATELY IN ORDER THAT THIS COMPLICATED SITUATION BE RESOLVED ONCE AND FOR ALL.

NOW TO THE MATTER OF THE HAND. WE ARE CONCERNED THAT YOUR REQUEST IN FACT DEALS WITH MORE THAN JUST THE HAND. WE PRESUME THAT AS YOU CAN NOT HAVE THE HAND WITHOUT ACCEPTING WHAT IT IS ATTACHED TO AND THAT YOU HAVE TAKEN THIS INTO CONSIDERATION, THAT THIS IS IN FACT, A SERIOUS REQUEST. BEING THAT IT IS IN FACT A SERIOUS REQUEST, AND BEING THAT IN OUR SOMEWHAT EXHAULTED FRAME OF MIND, WE GIVE THIS SERIOUS REQUEST FOR OUR DAUGHTER'S HAND (AND THE REST OF HER) IN MARRIAGE, OUR BLESSING.

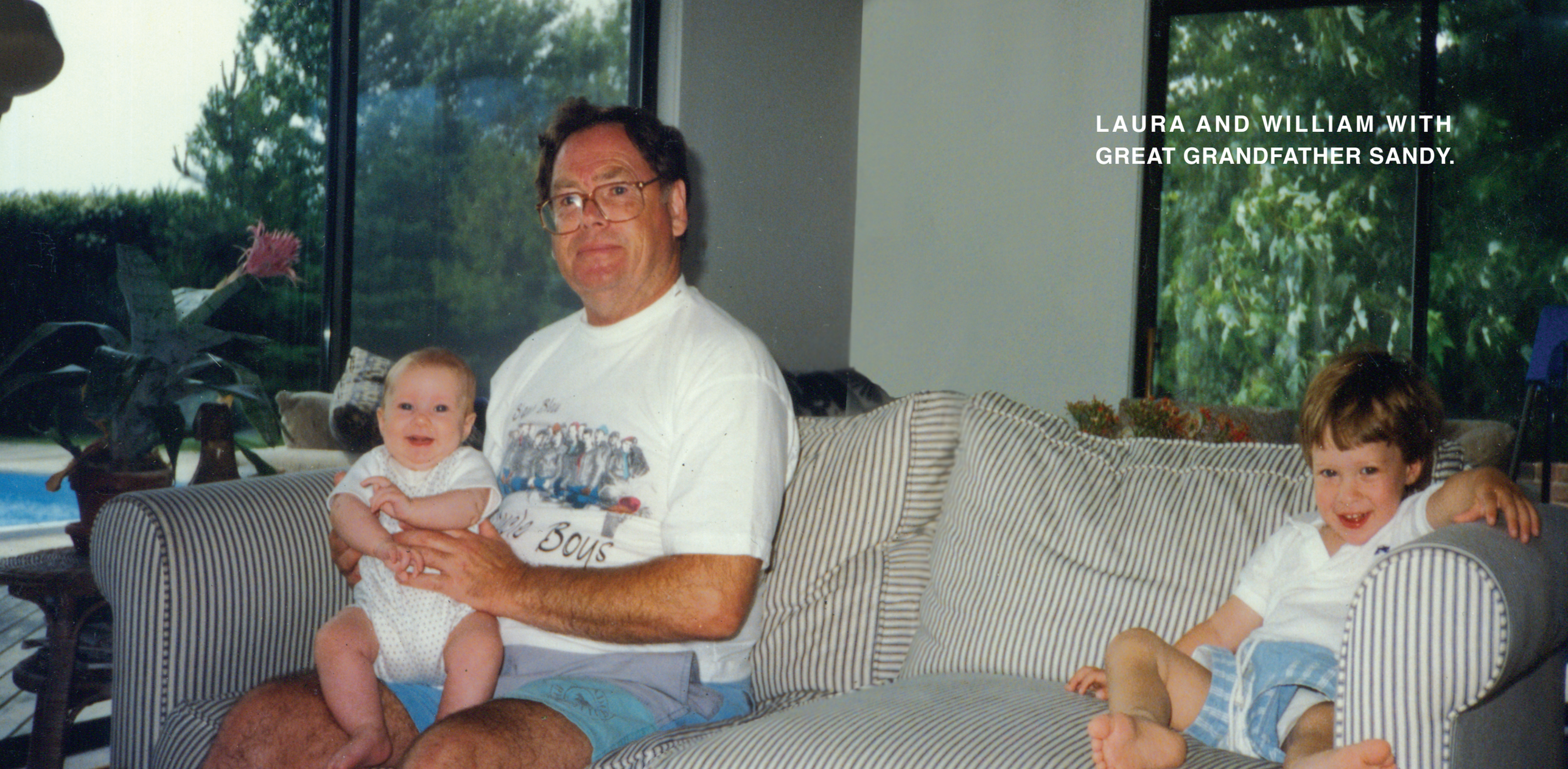
AFTER DUE DELIBERATIONS, AND HAVING THE OPPORTUNITY OF SPENDING A LITTLE TIME WITH YOU AND SEEING YOU TOGETHER, WE FEEL YOU ARE WELL SUITED TO ONE ANOTHER. HAVING A READY MADE FAMILY IS SURELY AN ADVANTAGE. BUT THE ONE THING THAT MAKES FOR A CLOSE KNIT FAMILY IS YOUR MUTUAL LOVE OF ANTIQUES. THIS WILL BE THE GLUE THAT BINDS THE FAMILY AND WE KNOW THAT YOUR MARRIAGE WILL LAST AS LONG AS THE FURNITURE. FRED AND I HAVE LIVED BY THOSE WORDS OF WISDOM.

GOD BLESS, WE LOVE YOU AND WISH YOU ALL THE HAPPINESS YOU BOTH DESERVE.

FRED

NAN





LAURA AND WILLIAM WITH
GREAT GRANDFATHER SANDY.


A RUSSIAN PRINCE.


A BRITISH SECRET AGENT,

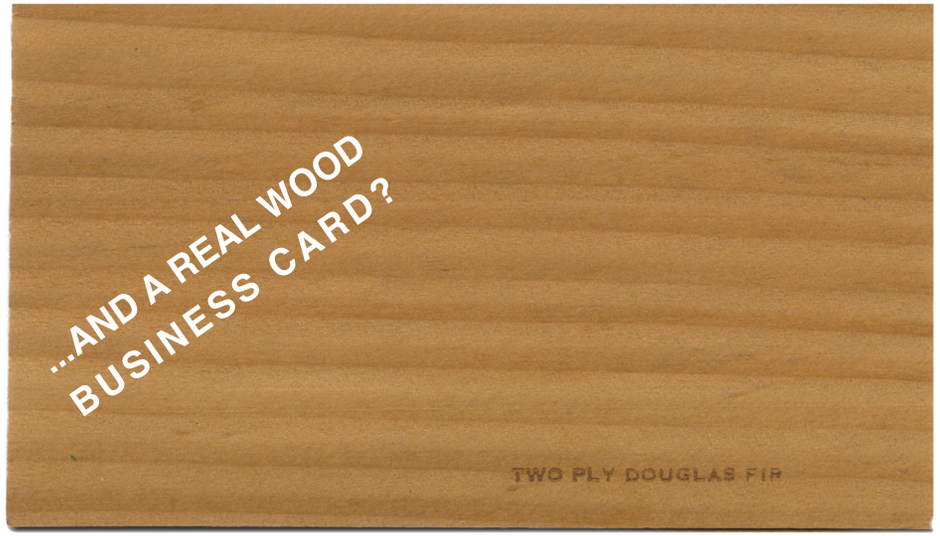
A Dedicated Worker

by Paul Braumberger

This is a short one
To say a goodbye
And to recall a few highlights
Of our years with Nan Vye
Her service was faithful
As she took into her fold
To make sure that no one
Was too hot or too cold
She jumped right in
When something wanted fixin'
But no matter what she did
She got static from Dixon
She managed the coffee money
And each year found a way
To throw a Christmas party
Where no one would pay
She made this extra effort
To spread about good cheer
But the guys always whined
That there wasn't enough beer
In public relations
She was always a good speaker
But I wished she'd been filmed
In her high-heeled sneakers!
She worked very hard
To get us some clothes
Though we were convinced
We'd pay through the nose
You see, we weren't sure
What her committee was about
Except that you got
Wooden cards to hand out
I'll prove, though, that Nan
Was not only tenacious
But also had class
And could be very gracious:
When she chucked Frank's report
He nearly had an attack
So she went to the recycler
And got the report back!
She took such care
That it was easy to slam her
But I don't think it's fair
Coles giving her the red hammer
And now that she's gone
I ask with no nonsense.....
Who'd fill her shoes
And act as our "conscience"?
In "Office Services"
We got an education
Thanks to Nan Vye
A model of dedication!

May 26, 1992 "Nan's Buy out"

This poem printed on recycled paper





MEDIA RELATIONS
IN THE AIR OVER
SUMMER'S FIRES.



WHO WOULD HAVE
IMAGINED... IN HIGH
HEELED SNEAKERS?







HONORARY PARADE MARSHALL

NAN VYE

CULTUS LAKE PARK BOARD 1981-1996

FIRST FEMALE BOARD MEMBER

FIRST WOMAN BOARD CHAIR

SO MANY SEASONS PASSING...






SO MANY VALENTINES...



NAN'S TABLEAUX.

Once and Forever

The river will flow ceaseless
The sapling will be a tree
Will sing in happiness
The new you and the new me.

The sky will inspire a song
The birds will chirp in morn
Seasons will duly come along
Day and night will be born.

You won't know but we'll meet
Under the canopy of stars
Our love will again be sweet
Through all the blushes and scars.

We shall emerge anew again

Pradip-chattopa 2024





Though cruel distance parts our paths today,
For more long years than mind can fathom well,
We are but dust that quickly fades away,
If in this mortal coil we truly dwell.

A single particle in time's great sea,
Our brief existence passes like a breath,
Which means we must unlock what yet can be,
Before we face the quiet hands of death.

There is a desperate need to make our time,
To seize the fleeting moments while we may,
Before our love has passed its golden prime,
And shadows fall upon our short-lived day.

Then let us hold each other while we can,
And crown with joy this little life of man.

A SMITH