



Benjamin Bartholomew Moir

March 27, 2016

MOIR, Benjamin Bartholomew

Benjamin Bartholomew Moir, aged 38, passed away on Easter Sunday, the 27th of March 2016, at a friend's house.

Born in Tsawwassen British Columbia, Son of William Alexander Moir and Katherine Beaumont.

Benjamin was a graduate of life and as a working man, enjoyed various entrepreneurial ventures. He was especially good with his hands and showed great promise as a property developer.

He was a very good looking young man, was physically strong and muscular and was easily liked by all. Benjamin was always great with children, pets and the elderly. Benjamin was a very sensitive soul that found adulthood very challenging, but beneath the struggle, he was a smart, loving, insightful and interesting man with great unsung talent.

He is survived by his wife Greys; his children: Emma, Kiara, Keighly, Nathaly, Anastatia and Diana; his mother Katherine; his siblings: Sebastian, Helena, Tobias and Nicholas, and nieces and nephews: Dean, Saige, Beatrice,

Madeline, Corbin and William; spouses of his siblings: Hilary, Scott, Rosie and Laurie, and his friend Michelle.

Benjamin's private memorial service will be held this Sunday April 3rd, 2016.

" Life should not be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside in a cloud of smoke, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and proclaiming " Wow! What a ride!"

Tribute Wall

SL

“ *My heart is sorrowful to lose you Ben from our circle. My love and prayers I send to your wife, daughters and family. May the love of Heavenly Father and His Son and the comfort of the Holy Ghost bring peace to you now and in the years to come as you face the challenges that this loss brings with it.*

*Love,
Kathy DeWinter*

Sherri Lawlor - April 06, 2016 at 09:35 PM

GR

“ *Benjamin had as faith....he was a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.*



Greys - April 04, 2016 at 03:44 AM

MI

“ *2 files added to the album New Album Name*



Michelle - April 02, 2016 at 10:12 PM

SL

“ *Sherri Lawlor lit a candle in memory of Benjamin Bartholomew Moir*



Sherri Lawlor - April 02, 2016 at 09:15 PM

GB

“ *Greys kindly contacted to let us know the sad news. The family is terribly upset. Ben spent periods of time at our house when we were growing up. My siblings and I saw him as a brother. Have fond memory's of Ben chasing us round the kitchen table, recording songs with Nick and him, and summers spent playing in the garden. One Easter mum and dad organised an egg hunt, Ben cheekily followed them round and ate bits of them before we found them. He was very happy at the house and felt part of the family. We have kept in touch over the years and I feel very sad not to have got to know him face to face. Mental illness is so difficult and so unknown that people often don't know who to turn to. I hope one day the world will be open to talking about it. Greys I hope you have good memory's that you can share with the girls, and wish you all the luck.*

grace barrington - April 02, 2016 at 02:43 PM

GC

“ *Glenda and Nathan Calvert purchased the Florist Choice Bouquet for the family of Benjamin Bartholomew Moir.*



Glenda and Nathan Calvert - April 02, 2016 at 01:16 AM

“ I lost Benjamin once before. We have been apart for 2 years now. Benjamin and I were together for a total of 8 years and have three beautiful daughters.

Like many, I once fell deeply in love. I was so in love, the colors of the leaves on the trees turned brighter. So in love, I could hardly keep up with my mind's rampant fantasies.

So in love, fireworks went off in me every time I held his hand. Oh Benjamin made me felt that way. He was kind, loving, funny, smart and handsome. The perfect combination. But, as is the way with gravity, the fireworks between us ran their course and eventually came crashing down, leaving me heartbroken with a thousand questions left unanswered.

Let me tell you, the heartbreak that followed was like no other pain I've ever experienced. My broken heart was like a volcano...due for eruption at any moment, with periods of peace and stillness in between. The dark periods were incredibly dark and at times unbearable and they surprised me when they would suddenly pass.

Heartbreak defied and surpassed my expectations. Rather than the consistent immersion in despair and longing I expected, I was surprised by the sudden, unpredictable way that sorrow wove in and out of my life. A mysterious, almost beautiful darkness enveloped me completely, yes and there was still plenty of space in me for light and laughter .

Some days, I woke up feeling fine, singing, swooning in delight of this magical life. Then I would take a warm bath or wash the dishes and begin to weep uncontrollably. I would watch a romance film and be surprised that the box of tissues at hand remained full. Then I would go for a drive to buy groceries and have to pull over, blinded with tears from the sudden storm within me. I learned surrender. I gave myself over to the deeper yearning in my heart every time I let myself cry.

I became like a child so present with each experience. Supremely vulnerable, tender, curious and a little over dramatic. I learned quickly that the stories and analyses arising in my mind would consume me completely if I let them.

What if he....? Why didn't I...?

In some strange way, these stories became impersonal, universal. If I only changed the names and locations, I would be telling someone else's story, one of millions just like me who felt what I felt. For a moment, I understood why the world was full of war and violence. I saw the dangerous potential there was to replay my hurt for the rest of my life and close my heart.

I stood at the crossroads. I chose another way. I refused to close my heart. I refused to harden my hurt into ammunition. Instead, I let myself fall apart completely. Emotions violently swept my house clean of its furniture, and I let them. I even handed them a broom. Stories spun through my mind like hungry ghosts, and I did my best not to get tangled in their sticky web. I reached out for support from friends and elders to make it through the times when I couldn't see clearly enough to hold my own.

I practiced opening myself to the way each moment expressed itself through me. Sometimes that meant lying on the floor staring into space, wailing. When I had the energy, I tapped into the prolific creativity that darkness brings and channeled my tears into collages and poems. Or danced wildly to Don Omar. The only thing that kept me going was his daughters.

Now, I have lost him again. And I feel like I am reliving the same story again...My heart hurts not only for my lost but also for my daughters. See, when I decided to separate it was not because I wanted to but because I needed to think about our daughters and the life we were in at the time. I never left Benjamin for another man or because I fall out of love for him on the contrary I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him.

I forgive him for all the pain he caused. And I hope to raise his girls to be wonderful young ladies. By providing them a home full of love and kindness.

I will let my tender heart open again and again to the heartbreak of loving completely.

Love your wife Greys.

Greys - April 02, 2016 at 12:02 AM



“ *Beautiful in Blue was purchased for the family of Benjamin Bartholomew Moir.*



April 01, 2016 at 10:54 PM



“ *Michelle lit a candle in memory of Benjamin Bartholomew Moir*



Michelle - March 31, 2016 at 11:47 PM



“ *His life was cut short and that is tragic, Benjamin was funny, loving and charming. He cared deeply and was a great guy.*

Michelle - March 31, 2016 at 11:46 PM