

**.: A Tribute to our Brother Cam Green .:**  
**By his Sisters Jennifer & Ramona**

Our Auntie Evie has fabulous photos from the 70's. She captured many photos of us as kids, and for this we are forever thankful. They say a picture is worth a thousand words, and if you look at these pictures, there are two things you will notice: First, you will notice the 70's fashion, which is fabulous! ...and secondly, you will notice that we, as siblings, were always together.



Some of this is because we were raised in the country, and if you wanted to accomplish anything, well, you took your siblings along. We were free spirits, so to speak, and our days of exploring, building forts, making mud pies and our famous 'rock shop' will be forever imprinted on our hearts. Cam was our gentle leader. And as we explored on our bikes, spent hours on the dusty trails that lined our father's fields, and picked berries or bottles on the side of the road, there was no better place for childhood adventures. And the best part was that we were always together.

Just like those 70's photos, with all the siblings together, Cam glued many relationships together. Not only did he unknowingly hold relationships together, but he also welcomed people into his circle easily. Relationships were very important to Cam. He was a loyal and true friend to many, but he was our big brother, and we knew he was always there for us. This was proven many times over as he scooped us up in his GMC truck as teenagers, made time for us during our own health concerns, and took time to be present with his nieces and nephews.

People were drawn to Cam. We saw this very poignantly throughout his life, but a recent memory was when we were at the hospital a couple weeks prior to his passing. We had taken Cam outside for some fresh air, and as one of his nephews was pushing him in the wheelchair, a gentleman walked straight over to us. Cam always exuded an openness and warmth and this stranger couldn't help but just come over to chat. We all listened as they chatted about the day, about the weather & how it was so nice to be outside without the smoke from the fires. It was a simple interaction, and very much like 1000's of other interactions Cam had with people passing by during his whole life. He always took time to acknowledge people, have them know they were seen, greet them with a friendly smile, listen to them, and brighten their day.

Cam was human, honest, and very aware of his struggles. He had struggled at times with anxiety, and he wished he had more confidence to just jump into new things. But these things also made him the humble and gentle man we all knew him to be. There were no false pretenses with Cam. He was more in tune and aware of his shortcomings than most and didn't try to hide them. Perfect imperfections. You felt comfortable with Cam because he was comfortable with himself.

You felt like you could be real because Cam was so real. You felt like you didn't have to hide your true self because Cam was always authentic.

Some would say Cam was too real and honest at times. A funny story about our time at the Tom Baker Cancer centre in Calgary will highlight this. You see, Cam was starting a new 'cancer medication', and to do this you have to answer many questions. Do you have any known heart condition? Take any other medications? Smoke? Have you been diagnosed with high blood pressure? etc. Well, when they got to the question about the smoking, Cam paused, looked at the nurse with a smirk, and launched into a 5-minute story about how this 'ONE TIME', when at his piano lesson, his teacher heard the doorbell & had put her cigarette down on the piano to answer the door. Somehow in this moment, Cam quickly took a drag of her cigarette & put it back! Yup, right in the middle of a very long questionnaire as the nurse stared blankly at him. 😂 I'm not sure if the cancer nurse thought he was joking, serious, or needed to be 'diagnosed with more than just cancer', but when we broke out laughing, she realized it was all ok. "So that's a 'no' then?" she said, as she laughed with all of us. Of course, somehow, he also had to slide into the questionnaire that he was an OILERS fan. He was now in Calgary FLAMES country and if this meant changing his allegiance to another team, then this cancer medication was not for him. 😂

Cam was quick to admit his faults and shortcomings, but he was also the first to cheer you on when you were trying something new or feeling scared about a challenge in front of you. He would let you know that he had full confidence in you and there was no need to measure up to any expectations. We've seen this cheerleading with his own children, and we've seen this in how he encourages his nieces and nephews. As young people, our children are finding their way, figuring out their careers and exploring their path in life. Cam was one of the voices that would just encourage them that they were doing great, to 'just be who they are', and to enjoy the ride. He was always so proud of his own boys and their accomplishments. Whether this was Garrett's top marks in math, Hudson's guitar skills, or how they both loved to bike through the ravine with him for hours...Cam loved and cheered on all of it.

One of Cam's very close friends told us about two different kinds of love. One is blanket love and the other one is laser love. Blanket love would be those people that everywhere they go they love and care for whoever is in their path and wrap them in love. And then there is laser love. These are the people that really focus on specific ones in their life and just love them intensely. We believe my brother had both. Wherever he went, whether it was a stranger on the walking path or a patient in the hospital, He showed love with his 'blanket love'. But he also had this intense laser love for Melissa and his kids, Garrett and Hudson, and always put them first. Cam WAS love. I'm talking about a big kind of love; a special kind of love. He loved everyone, and if his love touched you, you knew it. You were changed by it.

Cam viewed relationships as more valuable than opinions. Politics, religion, or the many differences that might divide, didn't affect how Cam would connect with people. He would find a way to listen, try to understand your perspective, and leave you feeling valued and heard. Cam was rarely in a hurry. This impacted the way he related to people because you always felt like he had time for you. He was fully present when he was with you, and in conversation, that same

unhurried spirit made him able to truly listen. He also would use his sense of humor to make people laugh. Life was too short to be serious all the time! In short, Cam left you better than he found you. Feeling loved, valued, and full.

The weekend before our brother passed, Cam was in great spirits as usual. His humor, sparkle, always wanting to know about everyone's life and "Cam-ness" had not diminished with cancer. It truly was an amazing thing to see! There was so much peace and love in that little hospital room. We sensed it even more that weekend than we had the previous one ...like Jesus was moving closer...Jesus was holding him! We saw such strength in my brother although his body was so thin. Melissa was also so strong. We marveled at all this strength though both seemed unaware of it.

God gave Cam 52 years, and Cam had used those days to invest in being a great friend, amazing dad, and exceptional husband. As we discussed this the week before Cam passed away, we recognized that most people have chased many other things... power, positions, money, jobs, etc., but Cam had focused on the things that matter! We were able to share how proud we were of him and his family. Cam had always been present with his kids, his wife, and friends. He didn't have to say or do anything at the end of his life to 'clean the slate' or to resolve or patch anything up...he had lived a simple and extraordinary life that left no regrets. He wouldn't claim to be perfect by any means, but he agreed with us that day and thanked us for saying it. He had no regrets with how he had spent his life on the ones he loved.

We're so thankful, that as sisters, we could be part of Cam's most spectacular display of strength as he journeyed his final 72 hours of life. The final 72 hours of Cam's life had many tears, laughter, the warmth of family, closeness of friends, and final kisses & hugs.

On the morning of May 23rd, as Melissa opened the blinds of Cam's hospital room window, she was struck by an unmistakable sight. After days of haze-filled skies from the forest fires, there was now an incredible opening in the clouds to the bluest sky and the brightest sun shining through. It appeared as though the heavens were opening just above Cam's hospital window. Melissa said it was breathtaking. That evening, at approximately 10:30pm, our Cam went home to be with Jesus.

May 23rd, 2023 was also Cam & Melissa's 24th Wedding Anniversary. Melissa spoke of this, not as a mere coincidence, but as being both the beautiful beginning and the heartbreaking end to the simple and extraordinary life they lived between those two dates.

For us as his sisters, Cam was and will always be our big brother. We have always looked up to him. As pre-teens and teenagers, we always wanted to hang out with him and his cool friends...and that has never changed. As siblings, we lived many hours apart and a quick coffee and catch up after work just wasn't possible. But we were able to connect with constant group texting and over phone calls to catch up on the events of the week and current happenings in each other's lives. We always prioritized the opportunities to have some fun watching each other's kids play sports whenever this was possible. Many of our visits happened as we spent

time on the sidelines of our kids' sporting events. Here we would catch up on life, cheer on the kids, laugh, and be present in each other's life. What a gift.

Cam, we will miss you terribly. We wanted to grow old together and tell stories to our grown children when they asked about the 'good-ol-days'. We wanted to tell them the crazy stories about the 'rock shop' out at the farm, or our marathon biking adventures as kids in our quest for 2 cent bubble-gum, or the long dirt roads we travelled to collect wild berries. We just wanted more time.

For Cam, we believe that there is so much joy and reunion for him now. We are certain there is lots of storytelling and laughter. He is reunited with our Dad (Winston), and several Uncles/Aunts, and Cousins who have passed before him. But most importantly he is with his Heavenly Father, his Creator and keeper of his soul.

For those of us left behind it's hard- really hard. When we ask ourselves which person or people in our lives mean the most to us, we often find that it is the ones who, instead of giving advice, solutions, or cures, have chosen to share our pain. The friend or family member who can be silent with us in moments of despair, confusion, or can hold space with us in our grief, who can tolerate the not knowing or the confusion we face, the lack of healing and the powerlessness this brings...this is a true friend. Cam, you were that friend to many. You were that friend to us. We love you. You will be forever missed.

— Jen and Mona