

Margaret Rose MacGowan

APRIL 12, 2023

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Margaret 'Margie' Rose MacGowan (nee Steele), late of Regina, SK passed away on April 12, 2023 in Regina, SK at the age of 80 years.

Margie was born in Vermilion, AB on August 30, 1942 and moved to Calgary, AB to study Business Administration at Mount Royal College. After completing her studies, she worked as a secretary in Ottawa, ON and later Whitehorse, YK where she met and married her late husband John Malcolm MacGowan on March 31, 1970. Together, they moved across Canada living in Saint John, NB and Ottawa, ON before settling in Regina, SK in 1977.

Margie was an adventurous spirit, who loved to travel, read, and write. She wrote about her family history and completed a Bachelor of Arts in English Literature from the University of Regina. She in will be greatly missed by all who knew and loved her.

Margie is survived by her son James (Kara Stelfox); daughters Kelly (Greg) Miller, Julie MacGowan (Kyle Channing), and SueEllen MacGowan; her sister Sylvia Kalynchuk of Lloydminster, AB; her sister in laws; Marge Steele of Vermilion, AB,



and Louise (Cliff) Godsoe and grandchildren Thomas, Caidan, Conlan, Valencia, Dahlia, and Troy; as well as numerous nieces and nephews.

A Funeral will be held at 11Am on Monday, April 17 at Resurrection Catholic Church. A private burial will be at a later date.

Memorial donations may be made to the Heart & Stroke Association, [2300 Yonge St., Suite 1200, Box 2414 Toronto ON M4P 1E4](#)

Messages of Condolence

Our deepest condolences to the family.

— **Jim Stelfox**

Hello Sue Ellen- just read your dear mom's obit in the paper - my deepest condolences to you and Jim and sisters Kelly and Julie - you were the darling that totally helped me find the name for my youngest daughter, Vienna !!! God be with you !

— **Caroline Konecsni-Christie**

It was 1962 at the Calgary YWCA where five young women met and became fast friends - Margie (Vermillion, AB), Joyce Doan, (Manitowaning, ON, on Manitoulin Island), Elaine Lesiuk, (Moose Jaw, Sask.), Betty Tanaka, (Vernon, BC) and Myrna McRoberts, (Fort Macleod, AB).

Within months of meeting Margie, she and I decided that we both had the 'wanderlust' so planned for a European trip the summer of 1963 - this was long before it was fashionable for young women to go off on their own.

We took a Wardair turbo prop plane, chartered by the 'Y'. 17 hours later, after a stop in Sonderstrom, Greenland for refueling, we arrived at Gatwick. So it was Margie, another friend, Pat, and me, Myrna, off on an adventure of a lifetime.

Pat's uncle and aunt lived in London and her cousins in Eastbourne so in each spot, we were taken under their wings.

On the first Friday in London, our host and hostess treated us to a roast beef dinner. I wondered how Margie, the good little Catholic girl, would deal with meat on Friday, but she was so diplomatic saying she didn't want to upset our hosts, so ate it anyway - that was Margie for you.

The following Sunday, Pat's uncle drove us to communion in our newly purchased chapel veils - first it was Margie to Westminster Cathedral, then Pat and I to Westminster Abbey.

Then a few days later we crossed the English Channel to Ostend, Belgium and began our adventure on the continent, visiting France, Italy, Germany, Luxembourg, Austria and Switzerland. I remember Margie up on a Swiss

mountain, arms wide spread up to the sky, running and jumping, feeling so fortunate to be there.

While in Cannes, sunbathing, a wave hit Margie straight in the face and her front bridge was washed out into the Mediterranean, but Margie, being the kind of person she was, wasn't too perturbed knowing that once we got to Paris, she could have the bridge replaced at the American Hospital.

On the day she was supposed to get this done, we had arranged to meet outside the Louvre where there was a flag by the entrance, not knowing it was a holiday and all the entrances had flags!!! While Pat and I sat at an outdoor cafe near the Louvre, wondering what to do, Margie sauntered by without a care in the world.

Near the end of the trip, Pat stayed with family and Margie and I found a Dutch hotel in Hampstead Heath in London, till it was time for our flight back to Calgary.

So, those are but a few of our adventures and misadventures, the summer of '63.

Years went by - marriages, children divorces, but we tried to keep in touch with occasional Christmas cards.

All of sudden, it was 1997, and we all decided it was time for a reunion so off to Las Vegas we went - with four of agreeing that Margie was the one who had aged the best. About every two years after that reunion we tried to get together either in Regina, Sask., Kelowna, BC, Vancouver, BC Whitehorse, YT, Glen Echo, BC, Calgary, AB, or Mara Lake, BC.

For Margie's turn, she arranged a lovely apartment in downtown Regina, as one of

us had an allergy to cats so we couldn't stay at her home. On her itinerary, was a tour of the 'Corner Gas' TV site, then to the Spa in Moose Jaw and a visit to the underground Chinese laundry, where history tells us it was where Al Capone 'hung out'.

Then in 2002, we lost Elaine just weeks before she would have hosted the reunion at her cottage near Port Carling, ON. This was our first break but the four of us continued to get together when we could.

Rest in Peace Margie

— **Myna McRoberts**

I treasure each memory of her. She is missed and loved.

— **Heather**

Hello Friends and Family of Margie MacGowan.

My name is Betty Tanaka and this is a fond memory which I have of Margie.

When I first left home in 1962, I headed to Calgary and to my first job. I eventually moved to the YWCA in Calgary and that is where I met Margie and my other "Y" friends. We enjoyed many activities together. One was to head to the Depression Coffee House to hear some upcoming entertainers. We saw the Irish Rovers and Joni Mitchell there. We all loved music and to dance.

I grew up in the sunny Okanagan with many lakes but it was in Calgary, Alberta of all places, for me to learn to snorkel and scuba dive.

Margie, Joyce and I decided to join the YWCA Dolphins Diving Club. We glued together our rubber wetsuits from mail order kits and purchased our fins, masks and snorkels. It was great fun to meet up with other diving clubs in Alberta. We had diving meets at various lake locations. It was a great way for young people to meet new friends from other places.

My greatest memory of Margie and our diving days, was the dive up at Lake Edith, near Jasper, Alberta. We had a potato peeling contest.....underwater !!! Well, we all put on our diving gear and dove underwater with the old potato peeler in hand to peel our potatoes. Everyone was finished but there was no Margie. We waited and waited and then finally, she emerged. She had taken her time to make sure all the eyes of the potatoes were removed !!! Oh, did we ever have a good belly laugh about that one. She was one gutsy lady.....she did not know how to swim but learned to dive right along side of us.

Margie, you are very missed by your "Y" friends and will live in our hearts forever. Your children have been such great support and comfort for you in the past few years. I know you are having new adventures up in heaven and smiling down on us today.

Rest In Peace, Our Dear Friend, Margie !!!

— **Betty Tanaka**

It was with profound sadness that I learned of the passing of my dear friend, Margie. My condolences go out to the family.

Margie was one of a group of friends I met at the YWCA in Calgary when I decided to move out West from Ontario. Myrna and Betty have both written their memories of how we all met and our adventures with Margie in Calgary and the reunions we had in the following years. I will share memories of our time in the Yukon. Margie was a very adventurous and determined person and she seemed to be able to do anything if she put her mind to it. I would like to add one comment about the Scuba lessons before switching to the Yukon. When Betty and I decided to join the "Dolphins", the only all female Scuba Diving Club in Canada at the time, Margie was determined to join in spite of the fact that she had never learned to swim! She quickly joined a Beginners swim class at the "Y" and practiced whenever she could get in the "Y" pool. By the time the first Scuba class had started she was able to swim and could do the lengths required to take the course!

Knowing Margie's sense of adventure, when I decided to move to Whitehorse in the Yukon, I asked her if she would go with me. She did not hesitate in saying "Yes". And so began the next stage of new adventures.

We bought a canoe and joined the local Canoe Club. We went on canoe excursions to the many lakes and, of course, we paddled the Yukon River. I had downhill (Alpine) skied before and Margie, ever game to try something new, joined the local Ski Club with me. It wasn't long before she was zooming down the hills with the rest of us and joining us on trips to ski in Juneau, Alaska.

Margie had many varied interests. She enjoyed reading and we bought and borrowed and exchanged books all the time. She also joined the local Art Club and

learned to paint in watercolours. And she volunteered to help me with the local Cub Pack of the Boy Scouts of Canada, when we first arrived in Whitehorse.

When I married, Margie was my Bridesmaid. When my husband and I moved to Europe Margie met and shared accomodation with a young lady from Norway. This girl piqued Margie's interest in Cross Country Skiing (Nordic skiing). Margie then became involved with a group that planned and executed many ski excursions around the Yukon. In the summers one of the leaders of the group had a boat and they took trips on Marsh Lake and further South as the lake is connected to a chain of about 600km of interconnected lakes.

When my husband and I returned from Europe to the Yukon Margie moved into a room in our house. Around this time she had met her future husband, John, and we enjoyed his company, as well. I was pleased to be the Maid of Honour at their wedding. In time they moved to Ottawa and to the East Coast but we always kept in touch over the years and met at our various reunions, as Myrna has mentioned.

I am ever grateful to her daughter, SueEllen, for bringing Margie to the Reunion last summer in Kelowna. Little did we know it would be the last time we would see her. I remember our last evening together. Everyone had gone to bed. Margie and I were still up as we both were "Night Owls" all our lives and sleep never seemed to call us. We were chatting and I started to read some jokes that were forwarded to me from an Ontario friend. The jokes were so good, and perhaps the wine helped as well, but we laughed hysterically! I keep that memory of her laughter and of all the good times we had.

I send, from my husband and I, our deepest sympathy to Kelly, Julie, James and SueEllen and their families. Your Mother loved you all passionately and was

immensely proud of your accomplishments.

With heavy heart,

Sincerely, Joyce Peschke

— Joyce and Manfred Peschke

To Margie's family, please accept our deepest condolence in the loss of your mother. We met your parents as members of the Maritimers Club and have many fond memories of attending club functions with them. May you Rest in Peace Margie.

— Jim & Lyn Wicks

My deepest condolences to you James, Kelly, Julie and SueEllen. While I didn't know your mom, I will always remember the kindness in her voice when she would speak to SueEllen on the phone. Reading what people have said, it sounds like she was a loving mother and a determined, enthusiastic individual. Losing you mom or grandparent is hard. Sending you and your kids lots of love and prayers at this time.

— Erika



<https://www.myalternatives.ca/obituaries/macgowan-margaret-rose>

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