

Daughter Shares Heartbreak After Losing Parents To Coronavirus

By 411 Staff - January 31, 2021



Jean Pollock, Ted Pollock

Pam Smith lost her parents to Coronavirus last spring. Jean and Ted Pollock were long time residents of Bobcaygeon and very involved in the community. Ted was a Pinecrest resident and Jean visited him there and helped with his care. They died within weeks of each other. Pam wrote this (and allowed us to publish it) about the last time she saw her mother and step dad before they were taken by the virus.

KAWARTHA LAKES- I took these picture exactly one year ago. I had no idea it would be the last time I would see my mother alive or my step dad for that matter.

As you know, I wasn't with my mom when she died. She died with no loved ones by her side; no loving words from anyone whose life she had ever touched or changed. I lament on that, over and over again; the way she died. It doesn't change anything and quite honestly, it just sends me down the road to absolute shitsville – which, in case you've never visited – is nothing but a ghost town without a bathroom after a long night of drinking.

This weekend, these pictures and those last memories, will be the final things I ever did or shared with my mother.

The last time we would visit Ted (her beloved and the best 2nd dad a girl could have). The last time we would walk Bolton St. in Bobcaygeon – a town she loved and had dedicated thousands of hours of volunteer work to. The last time we would walk with our arms linked and her hand

resting gently on my forearm. The last time we would eat together, laugh together and lastly, cry together. As I was leaving that weekend, we stood in her garage, embraced for the last time with tears steaming down both our faces. In good motherly fashion, she composed herself and rushed me out, to be sure I wouldn't be driving in the dark. My safety was still her priority, 56 years later.

They say that grief is the price we pay for love. They also say that we grieve as deeply as we love. My Mom was my best person. I was lucky to have her as my mother, my mentor and my very good friend. She wasn't perfect and she wasn't worried a bit about that. Her imperfections gave me permission to have mine and I always knew I was loved, despite them all. My mother taught me that I would be good – no matter what happened in my life, and she was right. I am good.

Many years ago, I had a client tell me how she couldn't comprehend how the world was continuing on like nothing had happened, the morning her mother died. She sat at a red light in complete disbelief that people were still functioning and carrying on with their lives, when the most remarkable woman literally had disappeared from the face of the earth. I can totally relate to her now.

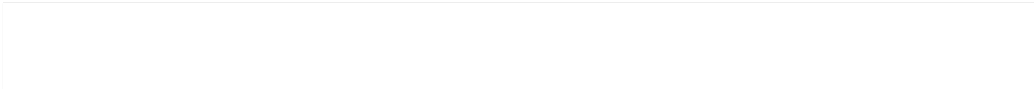
I suppose we would be lucky if just one person felt that way about us, when we die. And, we will – die, that is. (I hope that's not a newsflash for anyone reading this)

These two picture stand still in my heart. The last time.....

By Pam Smith

You can read more about Jean here:<https://www.kawartha411.ca/2020/03/28/wife-of-pinecrest-nursing-home-resident-dies-of-coronavirus/>

You can read more about Ted here:<https://www.kawartha411.ca/2020/04/04/pinecrest-resident-who-died-of-coronavirus-loved-sports-the-outdoors-and-his-community-but-loved-his-family-even-more/>



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