

Eileen Boyd (June 12th 1925-January 13th 2021)

By Liona Boyd. Originally posted on [facebook](#) January 2021



Yesterday my beloved mother, Eileen Boyd passed away in her sleep at the age of ninety-five. She had been living at my sister Vivien's house in Kitchener, Ontario for the past year and Viv had been her loving and devoted caregiver. As I have done for many years I called her daily...often to reminisce about all the amazing times we had shared around the world. As her short term memory weakened over the past year I was in awe of her ability to recall events and names from her life in wartime Britain and the early years in post-war London when she and my father John H. Boyd (with a little help from me to get them started) decided to raise a family.

My mother was the first one to teach me music on the treble recorder; she insisted my father buy a guitar while holidaying in Spain with my grandparents; she read us bed time stories each night; she stitched our clothes, knitted us sweaters, taught us to embroider; she instilled in us an appreciation for nature and animals; she home-schooled Vivien and I for a while when we first immigrated to Canada; she bought classical LPs so we could become familiar with Chopin and twirl around to Tschaikowsky; she enrolled me in ballet lessons and took me to my first classical guitar concert; she suggested many of the books and poems I read and she studied music theory with me so I could pass the Royal Conservatory exams; she encouraged my passion for the guitar by tracking down the best teacher in Toronto; she wrote to me every week while I studied with Lagoya in Paris; she helped book my early gigs, driving me to countless churches and

concert halls; she proudly accompanied me to several award ceremonies, including the Order Of Canada; with her spirit of adventure she came on cruise ship bookings and some of my international tours, acting as my unofficial "roadie"; she sat patiently in several recording studios taking notes; she designed and sewed at least ten of my custom concert gowns; she painted the background to my Persona album cover; she patiently typed up the manuscript to my first autobiography, taught herself typing and book keeping so she could run my publishing and production company; she studied the Spanish language and graduated with a degree in Spanish literature; she even studied for a couple of years to become a registered masseur to work alongside my dad for a while at a therapy centre. I dedicated my book, as well as "Thank you for the Life You Gave to Me" and "Song for my Mother" to her. In the last few months of her life it seemed to be my music that sustained her. She drove my poor sister crazy playing over and over again the unreleased instrumental album that nobody but she, my producer, and I have heard. She was my constant critic, but also my biggest fan. I was blessed to have one very special "Mummy" and shall always miss her presence in my life, her lifetime of support, her love, and her British sense of humour.

My mother also had her share of struggles and grief with a son who cut himself off from our family over seventeen years ago, a husband who passed away all too soon, and the usual challenges of growing older, but her fighting spirit prevailed. She insisted Vivien colour her long thinning hair until the end and I have one of her curls, along with one from my father, locked away in my safe. I realize now with deep sadness and profound gratitude that she has been the greatest treasure and most significant inspiration in my life. Rest in Peace dearest Mummy.



Song for my Mother

A solo classical guitar piece I composed for my mother in 2000

<https://open.spotify.com/track/2R5W9sPV6tFLIc2XLP53SE...>

Thank You For The Life You Gave To Me

A song I composed for my mother for her 90th birthday in 2015

<https://open.spotify.com/track/4j2Tw3vpLjqsq0RYzIAP1K...>