

... with thanks to God for the life of our beloved Cecilia



Cecilia Sothy pencil sketch
inspired by a sculpture

Birth	1938-01-03
Marriage	1957-06-08
Birth into eternity	2010-02-18
Prayer service	2010-02-23
Celebration of life	2010-02-24

Cecilia Wright was born to go a long way. Only three weeks after her birth in January 1938 in Bridgwater, Somerset, England, she left on the long sea voyage to “British India.” Big sister Josephine, just turned 2, was at her side, with her Aunt Constance helping mom Agneta and brother Peter, 3. Dad Harry Wright had gone on ahead, as his new job as chief executive of the Karachi Electric Supply Company couldn’t wait.

In the spring of 1945, Cecilia returned to England on a submarine-dodging troop ship. With Josephine, or “Jo,” Cecilia attended the Convent of Jesus and Mary in Ipswich, Suffolk. She liked drawing, acting, and netball and began cooking Sunday dinners for the large family at age 9. At 11, she started taking youngest brother Jim to school, and he remembers her as encouraging and loving. He also recalls that she was a natural on horseback when she had the chance.

In June 1952, the Wrights arrived by ship and train in Vancouver. Cecilia attended the Convent of the Sacred Heart. She finished Grade 12 only two years later, at 16, but her memories were so fond that she was active in the alumnae association ever after, with a term as president.

At work, Cecilia made friends with Moira Somer, who introduced her to Stephen Sothy. They married in June 1957. The next year, they moved to Immaculate Conception Parish, and Cecilia worked at UBC for a few years.

Both were active in the parish. Cecilia was a Catholic Women’s League member for 52 years, one as president, and convened the parish’s 75th-year celebration. A parishioner says, “She was a spiritual lector. It was like listening to an angel.”

Cecilia became the devoted mother of four. Son Joe raves about “Mom’s great meals.” Daughter Liz says, “If Mom wasn’t looking after her family, she was using her ‘free time’ to help others. She had a servant’s heart and lived it every minute.”

Daughter Janet agrees, “Mom was such a giver.” Son John says it carried on to his young daughter, her grandchild: “When Mom was sick with cancer and Carmen wanted to go to the playground on a cold day, Mom would go and play tag or hide-and-go-seek.”

Friend Pat Buckley recalls, “When I had almost nothing, Cecilia and Stephen sheltered me. After Cecilia helped me set up a bank account, the teller asked me, ‘Is that your mother?’ But we’re only ten years apart, and Cecilia looked young. And I’m Métis and she’s as English as the Queen. It was all in her motherly nature.”

Jo—who has been Sister Jo, rscj, since 1961— marvels at Cecilia’s ability to draw houses with the skill of an architect. She was ever sketching for relaxation, and she oil-painted for a while. Her art adorns the family home.

Cecilia also trained to console the dying. As a volunteer for years, she eased their final days.

With deep faith, Cecilia carried heavy crosses. Liz says, “No matter what life threw at Mom, she never gave up—and it was a lesson that has helped tremendously in my own life.”

Cecilia took charge of the Holy Rosary Cathedral office for fourteen years and moved on for twelve more at Sts. Peter and Paul. She worked too many hours, even when fighting cancer, but she loved doing whatever was needed, often like a social worker.

Cecilia liked travel: pilgrimages to Rome, Lourdes, Medjugorje, and the “Footsteps of St. Paul”; visits to family in Europe, East Africa, and the U.S.; and cruises with family to Alaska and the Caribbean. Joe writes, “Mom really wanted to revisit England too, but her family always took precedence. She chose instead to visit Janet in Hawaii and, even when the cancer was bad, Liz in North Carolina.”

By then, Cecilia the giver needed to *receive* care, and many were ready to offer it. In November 2009, she chose home hospice. Sister Jo, on leave from her work in Africa, was the principal caregiver, always with family members to assist. At night, they would stay over, happy to get up and help when called.

Sister Jo, who was at Cecilia’s side, describes her final moments: “Cecilia took one last gentle breath, with a look of wonder and a radiant smile. I could have stayed there gazing at her face for hours. It was as though she was entering into heaven.”