



## Michael Alastair Lambert

September 14, 1944 - November 25, 2024

### Michael Alastair Lambert 1944-2024

Mike died on Monday, November 25th He was born in Stockton on Tees, County Durham, England to Freda and Lawrence Lambert. At a very young age his family moved to Dunoon, Scotland for his father's work as a Radio Officer on the weather ships operating out of Greenock. From that point on Mike's heart was forever Scottish.

Mike grew up by the beautiful shores of the Holy Loch, or more accurately, on the Holy Loch itself, engaged in his love of boats, preferably wooden boats, and never with an engine. He became an adroit sailor, racing Dragons on the Holy Loch and navigating the craggy fog bound edges of Western Scotland and later Nova Scotia. He often gleefully quoted a favourite line from *The Wind in the Willows* ".....there is nothing – absolutely nothing - half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats"

Mike loved books, learning and ideas. He was a bright kid in school and encouraged to continue his education at the University of Glasgow where he graduated with a law degree. But some inner child still longed to be a lumberjack. After a few years practicing law in Oban the lumberjack emerged and he set sail over the blue horizon for Canada.

He arrived In Montreal for a friend's wedding as a landed immigrant. After the wedding he thought he'd take a wee bike ride about the country and have a look. He started in Banff and 3,500 pedalled kilometres later, he had gotten himself a pretty darn good look at North America indeed!

He regrouped back in Banff to join the ranks of draft dodgers, hippies and ski-bums who skied in the winter and worked service jobs in the summer. He dreamed of the next adventure. One spring day, when he was manning the desk of the hotel where he worked as a bell hop, a young woman from the prairies showed up looking for a summer job to support her university studies. Vague promises that Mike had made to his mother to return to Scotland drifted off into the mountains. Mike and D'Arcy spent the summer together knowing there would be a separation in the fall and uncertainty about a future together. The happy ending was a reunion in Halifax the following year and a continued adventure of a very different kind. In fact, Halifax was pretty much equidistant between their two hometowns.

Mike put his education to work to write the NS bar exams and join the new Legal Aid program in Nova Scotia that employed in-house lawyers, a system that appealed to his socialist leanings. Most importantly he was by the ocean and messing about in boats again. And the prairie girl came to love the sea and sailing, biking, hiking and camping, classical music, jazz and blues and so many good things he brought into her life. Then there were three beautiful Nova Scotian children, Daniel, Wallace and Hamish. Mike adored them the minute he knew they would be in his life. And he lived to meet his Canadian granddaughter.

In later years we were introduced to Mike's son who lived in New Zealand. Jeremy had the courage and grace to seek Mike out through the family in Scotland. Mike welcomed Jeremy into his world and delighted in visits to New Zealand to spend time with Jeremy, his wife Vanessa and his grandchildren

Charlie and Ava. The Canadian and New Zealand families began to connect regularly through social media and eventually in person. We experienced a deep and immediate bond. We are so grateful to Mike for his unconditional and loving response and to our beautiful brother Jeremy and his family for enriching our lives.

As in everyone's life Mike faced challenges and adversity. He suffered from bipolar disorder that went undiagnosed until it worsened to the point of debilitation in mid-life. With the help of medical intervention and care and the understanding of friends and family he was able to manage its grip on him and regain his productivity and for a time, his physical activity.

After his recovery he spent a number of years with the Human Rights Commission where he was revered for his diligence, wisdom and particular brand of humour dispensed through emails. He belonged to the Lamplight Housing Co-op where his legal expertise, and perhaps even his sometimes unusually creative advice were greatly valued. He was, you might say, a life-long member and made many dear friends there. His ground transport in all seasons was a trusty bike, and he continued to run marathons and coached dozens of seasons of youth soccer.

In his last years Mike endure some very harsh health blows that curtailed his mobility and range. But he remained ever cheerful, busy and sociable. You could often find Mike at the Resolutes Amateur Athletics Club, enjoying a pint, catching a football game (not American please!), and chatting with folks from all walks of life. If you were lucky, you could catch him playing and singing at open mic night. He was a joyful spirit, kind, gentle, generous, caring, intelligent and funny. His friends will remember enjoyable evenings with Mike listening to jazz on vinyl, engaging in good conversation, a nice glass of red and a warm fire. The same might not be said about recovering from his Burns

## Night suppers or his Scottish Cuisine

We cannot fulfill Mike's request for a Viking funeral so he will have to settle for his memory being honoured in smaller ways:

Catch one of Scotland's football matches at your local pub.

Kick a ball around with friends.

Buy locally. Avoid the mega-corps.

Pick up an instrument. You don't have to be good at it.

Listen to good music. Anything from classical to rock but high level good.

Do the New York Times crossword. It's okay if you don't finish it.

Read great books with big ideas. Mike always had a quote from Slaughter House V and Catch-22 on hand.

Swim in the ocean.

Sing.

Go for a bike ride. Get rid of your car entirely if you can!

Write a letter to your loved ones. Mike always kept those close to him informed of his

doings with lovingly crafted, witty emails.

Best of all, get together, light a fire, grab a drink, and enjoy each other's good company

We grieve for him and will miss him deeply.

In Scotland Mike leaves his sister Jenifer Cousins and his brother Paul.

In New Zealand he leaves his son Jeremy, daughter-in-law Vanessa and grandchildren Charlie and Ava.

In Canada he leaves his sons Daniel and Hamish, his daughter Wallace and their spouses and his wee grandgirl Sedona.

So it goes

# Tribute Wall

OH

“ I still remember Mike’s voice from my childhood; so warm and clever. My condolences to family and friends. May his memory be a blessing.

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**omri Haiven** - December 20, 2024 at 11:00 AM

DC

“ I had only met my mums fabled younger brother who had departed Scotland on a ship bound for Canada before I was born a handful of times, until at the age of 20 I went on my own adventure to Canada, staying with Mike for the best part of a month.

We got to know each other and made up for lost time during my stay, Tom's Little Havanna bar was one of our regular spots of an evening where we would talk about life and shoot the breeze until closing time. Mike would often play the guitar and sing when we got back to his house.

I came home with one of his old guitars under my arm which I still have to this day.

Nearly 20 years later on his last visit to Scotland he tuned it up and started to teach my son some chords.

A great uncle, a lovely man.



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**David Cousins** - December 05, 2024 at 04:13 PM

LO

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



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**Louise** - December 05, 2024 at 11:12 AM

LO

*A great memory shared with Mike. Thanks for all the emails and the stories and the laughs. <3*

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**Louise** - December 05, 2024 at 11:12 AM

BH

“ *I worked with Mike at the NS Human Rights Commission for about ten years, and have fond memories of him, his astute contributions to the running of the machine, and singing and playing guitar with him in the foyer of the Joe Howe Building. Sometimes quiet and modest people - not the squeaky wheels - aren't recognized for their value. He was a central figure there. I'm glad to read his lovingly written history. A lovely man.*

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**Barbara Holmes** - December 04, 2024 at 02:28 PM

LJ

*Mike was my "Work Dad" before it was a thing. I called him "Dad number 2". We met at the Nova Scotia Human Rights Commission and he was a mentor to me, as a young lawyer starting out and new to Nova Scotia. He was very well loved there, and made a difference in people's lives. He was smart and caring but also really funny! We had fun together. Work was enjoyable and one main reason was him. We've shared pints and music, and written works. He used to write me chapters and the most amazing stories and also shared poems, of which I still have many. He gave me his heater because I would be so cold at work. I still have it, despite it being worse for wear because I can't bring myself to throw it away. We only worked together for about 2 years and kept in touch another 2 or 3 and then I lost him despite my efforts to keep in touch via email and Facebook. He was an amazing man and friend. My sincere condolences to his family. A wonderful soul has left this earth but his memory will live on in our hearts.*

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**Lauren Jones** - December 08, 2024 at 07:55 AM



*Yes, a kind-hearted man who was a comfort to work with. Lisa Teryl*

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**Lisa Teryl** - December 08, 2024 at 07:45 PM

MS

*When I was the Technical Director at Halifax Celtic Mike was one of the coaches ..his writing skills during player evaluation were exceptional...you could read the kind, thoughtful,empathetic human being he was ...I connected him with a few of our young coaches ,so that they could learn from him...I learned from him and will think of him often his memory is a blessing to all*

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**Martin Shannon** - December 16, 2024 at 04:04 PM