



Michael Brett Stonehouse

December 11, 1966 - October 17, 2025

Michael Brett Stonehouse 1966-12-11 to 2025-10-17

A Voice of Unvarnished Truth and Coastal Verse

It is with profound sorrow that we mark the passing of Michael Brett Stonehouse, a true poet at heart and a man whose life was written in melody and uncompromised truth. Michael left this world, but the resonant echo of his spirit remains indelibly etched in the quiet corners he loved and the verses he penned.

For those who knew Michael, life was always accompanied by a quiet, rhythmic hum. He was rarely far from his guitar, a trusted companion that helped him translate the world's complexities into the language of music. He was a devout admirer of the old masters, finding comfort and depth in classic songs that spoke of enduring human truths. Yet, his deepest connection was to the written word. Michael was constantly gathering lines, shaping metaphors, and turning daily moments into timeless poetry.

His primary muse was his home, Oxford, Nova Scotia. This town was not merely an address; it was the landscape of his soul, the rhythm of his verses, and the constant backdrop to his life's melody. He wrote of its streets, its people, and the particular light of the Maritime day with a deep, proprietary love that only a true native could understand. His poems are a lasting portrait of Oxford, seen through the eyes of its most devoted son.

Michael possessed a rare and beautiful quality: the gift of clarity. He was, to the core, a straight-forward person who would deliver the truth regardless of

the circumstance. This trait, often mistaken for mere bluntness, was instead a profound expression of his integrity. He offered sincerity without artifice, a genuine compass in a world often lost in pleasantries. To receive Michael's truth was to receive his respect—a clear, reliable signal from an honest heart. He was the unedited version of himself, a man whose passions ran deep, whether through the strings of his guitar or the ink on the page. His legacy is found in the music he shared, the coastal landscapes he immortalized, and the essential reminder that genuine honesty is its own form of elegance. Michael Brett Stonehouse will be dearly missed by those who treasured his clear voice, his heartfelt song, and the steadfast, beautiful light he cast upon the world. May his memory be a steady, true note in our collective lives.