



She's 99 years old.





This is my dog, Prayer.
I just found out she has cancer.
I'm going to have
to put her down.



Joy was born on October 31, 1918.

I think I'll fly away
on my broomstick!

She constantly cracks jokes.

Her father was in the military,
They moved all over Canada.



I joined in 1939.
Women were sent to
stations to replace
men going to
the front.

I wanted
to be in
the navy,
but ended
up in
the army.

She met her husband after the
war, they moved to Cape Breton.
They had a daughter, then six
boys & adopted another daughter.



These are my
six boys.

I was happiest
when I had a baby.

How was giving
birth seven times?



You forget.



Joy moved to Lunenburg when her husband died. She was 64...

One of her regrets is not having more sex after her husband died.

At the time, I wasn't really thinking about it. But thirty years is a long time.



When I moved to Lunenburg, a friend warned me that there were no men here.

She moved to Florida & had two husbands since.



I regret that I didn't learn more about female sexual pleasure.

My mother didn't teach me anything about it. Women weren't supposed to enjoy sex.





One of my greatest joys in life was reading.



Five years ago I started losing my vision & was diagnosed with macular degeneration



That's why I got the reader

but it isn't the same.



Turning 100 doesn't mean anything much to me. I'm content, I've done everything I've wanted to do.

I'm ready to die.



I just don't know how to do it yet.



Thanks for talking to me, Joy.