



REMEMBERING
William Adam Cramb

September 27, 1972 - September 25, 2020



Adam's Story.

Adam Cramb was a kind and beautiful soul, a complex character who was loved by all who knew him. A true artist, ever engaging and intelligent. A poet in his conversations, he was always open and loving.

Adam was born in Powell River. He grew up in the Townsite with his Father, Mother, sister Jacque, brother Aaron, and his back lane buddies. His childhood was spent playing in the woods, swimming in the lake, and sledding on the old golf course. He was a sensitive youth with a soft and gentle nature.

Later in life he moved to Vancouver where he enjoyed the city life, working, dancing and DJ'ing in clubs. It was in Vancouver that he met his wife Jen and the two of them moved back to Powell River to raise their son Erik.

Adam joined the Hiker's Club of Powell River and enjoyed walking the trails in our beautiful rainforest. He also became involved in the arts scene in PR. He volunteered as a Curator for the Malaspina Art Society, was a founding member of Kaleidoscope Collective, joined in poetry slams, and took every opportunity to create and share art around town. Adam was fearless in his approach to art, fashion, and all things creative. Always the intrepid traveller, his choice of destinations fueled by his desire for new adventures and inspiration for his art.

Adam was happiest at the beach in the sunshine, discovering magical spots in the woods, or having philosophical discussions that were expansive and fantastical. He had the ability to look into your eyes and reflect both joy and pain in the same moment. His one of a kind sense of humour was legendary and he never failed to make us lol. He was an amazing father who encouraged his son to be free and

independent. He loved to take Erik camping at the lake and to art openings around town.

There were many layers to Adam that were exposed in his art. Though in conversation Adam was extremely positive and upbeat, you could see in his work that he danced with the darker side of life. His inner struggle was often portrayed in overcrowded scenes and the expressions on the faces of those he painted.

Adam worked hard to find peace. He displayed tremendous courage in the face of his adversities. He was extremely spiritual and followed the teachings of Mooji and Pema Chodron. He carried medicine from various animals and was part of the local Red Cedar Circle. He also carried the teachings of Johnny Moses and the native people of this land. Adam was honoured by the gifting of his First Nations name, Mooksgm Ganhada (White Raven) from his Tsimshian family.

Adam continued to seek help for mental health challenges but was unable to overcome his earthly entanglements. We are all searching for answers, but only his heart understands.

Adam is part of the topography of Powell River, as constant as the trees and boulders and paths that mark our town. He belonged to everyone and his parting will leave a void in our family and in the community. We love you Adam and although we grieve your passing, we know that you have found peace in your body, mind, and soul.

"When all that's left of me is love, give me away."

Thank you for being a part of our lives.

Due to Covid restrictions, there will be no formal celebration of life for Adam at this time. Please celebrate Adam in your own way. Be kind. Love and accept each other as Adam always did. Practice random acts of kindness in his honour. Because now, more than ever, the world needs more Adams. DES forever…

