



Sarah Winel

January 24, 2026

It is with broken hearts that we share that Sarah Winel passed away peacefully in Toronto on January 24, surrounded by her family.

She is survived by her daughter Irene (David), granddaughters Jacqueline, Michelle and Shannon, her sister Theresa, and many nieces and nephews in Canada and the UK.

Sarah was born in Rutherglen, Scotland in 1937 (although she would always tell people she was from Glasgow). She was one of seven girls and three boys, growing up with three in a bed. Sarah talked about being an active child who enjoyed running around the neighbourhood and climbing trees with her younger brother Johnny.

Sarah grew up when butter and eggs were rationed. Naturally left-handed, she carried an egg to school each day in her right hand for her teacher, who ensured Sarah could succeed in a right-handed world. Sarah graduated high school at 14 and went to college to study shorthand and typing. In keeping with the time, she had beautiful penmanship and could type an impressive 90 words per minute. She was naturally quite shy but loved to go dancing.

She would tell us that during the war the sound of enemy planes overhead was different if they had already released their payload, so people knew whether to go to the shelter or not.

In her twenties, Sarah moved to Vancouver, Canada, following her sisters. In Vancouver she married and welcomed her daughter, Irene. Sarah adored children and was overjoyed to be a mother. She was a gentle and devoted

mother, attending almost all of Irene's school and sports events. She was a good baker and very proud of her pastry made with butter of course.

Sarah was happy in Vancouver and especially loved Stanley Park, the Vancouver Symphony, and cherry season in the Okanagan. Sarah loved camping with the family, going for long walks and hikes, and used to take Irene out of kindergarten sometimes to go skiing. "When it is raining in Vancouver," she would often say, "it must be snowing in Whistler."

Sarah moved to Toronto when Irene returned to work after the birth of Jacqueline. She was integral in raising the girls and became a fixture in Cabbagetown, much loved by neighbours, shopkeepers, restaurateurs, nannies, and teachers alike. Sarah embraced cycling in her 70s as a daily means of transportation and could often be seen travelling between Cabbagetown and her waterfront condo on her Dutch bike, wearing her yellow safety vest and other gear.

Sarah became a proud hockey grandma, taking each of the girls, in turn, to those dreaded 7 a.m. Tuesday practices.

She was an early adopter of organic food and natural healing, especially impressed with the many powers of coconut and herbal remedies, which she always loved to share.

Over the years, Sarah travelled often with us and especially loved the Bahamas, spending time at the pool with the girls. During the pandemic, she lived with us in South America. Every day at

3 p.m. sharp, she did an hour of laps in the pool, stopping occasionally to count pelicans flying along the beach. She hiked with us in the Amazon and, regardless of the temperature, was always on the lookout for a good hot chocolate.

Sarah was not a fan of mobile phones because back in the day, when you came home from work, work did not follow you home. However, she absolutely adored the technology that brought Shannon's or Michelle's voice to the GPS, telling us where to exit or turn whether we were driving in Toronto, Hawaii, or Ecuador.

Sarah was also a talented and prolific knitter, creating beautiful bespoke patterns and creations for the entire family, many of which we proudly wear today. She also knit many beautiful baby sets for charities and hospitals over the years.

A celebration of Sarah's life will take place at a later date.

Sarah was a gentle, kind, incredibly loving and beautiful soul who always knew how to cheer you up and gave the best hugs. You can see her in the best of us.