



## Christine Margaret Gunn-Ewing

October 19, 1956 - September 18, 2019

Christine Margaret Gunn-Ewing, age 62, passed away on Wednesday, September 18, 2019. She was born on October 19, 1956, in Montreal, Canada, to Donald John Campbell and Kathleen Shirley (Brown) MacIver. She is preceded in death by her father; and her brother, Fraser MacIver.

She is survived by her loving husband, Michael Ewing, Sr.; her mother, Kathleen MacIver; her brothers, Don MacIver, Colin MacIver and wife Myriam, Graham MacIver and wife Dominique, and Ian MacIver; her step-daughter, Nikki Anderson and husband Adam; her step-grandson, Luke Green; and several nieces and nephews.

Arrangements for a celebration of life service are forthcoming.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Fayetteville Animal Services at <http://www.fayetteville-ar.gov/525/Animal-Services> or the Humane Society of the Ozarks at <https://hsozarks.org/>

# Comments

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“ Dear Michael,

I posted the following on LinkedIn last week and as of today over 250 professionals in NWA have viewed and/or commented.

North Arkansas has lost a true champion of workforce development. Ms Chris Gunn, former director of SynergyTech, Springdale, passed away on September 18 after a long struggle with cancer. The number of people in NWA who owe the growth of their careers to Chris is countless. She will be missed by all who knew her. She was one-of-a-kind. She was my dear friend and oft inspiration. Rest In Peace, dear Chris. So many of us in NWA will work smarter because of you.

Judith Tavano

Judith Tavano - September 28 at 09:17 AM

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“ Michael, I am so sorry to hear about Chris. She was always such a kind person.

I remember when we worked together and we were talking about death one day. She said she thought it was just walking through a door and on to the next part of your life on a different level. Even though we can't talk to her and see her, she is still with us. She is just on a different level. I will always remember her laugh and sense of humor. I'll think of her when I hear something that I think would make her laugh.

Diane Fox - September 27 at 04:44 PM

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“ Michael, I am so sorry to hear of Chris' death. You and her family are in my thoughts.

Pam Beaty - September 25 at 06:25 PM

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“ Dear Chris

I still cannot believe that you're gone - I keep thinking 'Chris would like this' and then remember that you are no longer here. Just a year ago we were talking about finally going to visit Fraser in his wagon...Fly free, both of you and my condolences to your families

Your old QMC collaborator

Fab

Fab Knaff - September 24 at 04:52 PM



“ To Christine's Family,

I was so very sad to hear of Chris's recent passing. We were early friends when we met at St. Lambert Elementary in Grade Five. She was a spitfire that I took to immediately; her keen smarts and easy manner made her one you wanted to hang out with. The many hearty laughs are remembered like twinkly lights, never diminished by time. Mischief at that age was her middle name – and I adored her for it.

It so hard to understand how a lifetime can fall so swiftly, but I have no doubt Chris rose just as quickly to grace. And Chris would be in grace, her kindness and compassion guaranteed that, she was loving, kind and always thoughtful. Her noble spirit will be missed, as will her permanent intention of goodness.

My deepest condolences to Michael, and the entire MacIver family.

Rest in peace dear friend.

Much Love,

Susan Ogilvie,

Vancouver BC

**SUSAN A OGILVIE** - September 23 at 03:38 PM

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“ Dear Michael and the MacIver Family,

I am truly saddened at Chris' passing and for your loss.

A St. Lambert-Scotland-Arkansas girl. Kind, warm, funny, confounding, generous, wickedly funny, adorer of Tassel, courageous, a dedicated gourmande and delighted gardener, planter of time capsules and true lover of life. Committed to Sean Connery's Bond and his Mish Moneypenny.

May you traipse through fields with Fraser, Tassel Girl at your feet, stopping only to gaze at a distant loch or breath deep, then deeper, the sweetness of heather. Sip a chilled glass of wine or something stronger amidst the tulips and daffs, then the hydrangeas and finally a pumpkin outside a fir-green caravan with lemon custard shutters. A blossoming tree painted to the left of the door and a tall ship to the right, sails full. Wash your hair in the Crinan while Frase ties up the boat. Linger over a hard-won dinner and top up your glasses. Tassel content with her nose nestled over crossed paws, while a cat named Fred lolls in a fading patch of dappled sunlight.

Thank you so much for your everlasting friendship and for touching my life, "Bro." I send you love and my heartfelt gratitude. I will miss knowing you're here but wish you so much peace.

Adieu — to God — Christine.

With love,

Pam

**Pamela Grimaud** - September 22 at 10:57 AM