Connections 3

The Residents of Grove Park Home for Senior Citizens
Barrie, Ontario
A Christian Ministry
2003–2012

Claude E. Cox, compiler

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Parker Grove Enterprises • Barrie ON

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November 11, 2013

This book about the residents of Grove Park Home
is dedicated
to the staff who make it a place of caring and community.

Ex libris scientia;
ex vite sapientia.

From books—knowledge;
from life—wisdom.

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Preface

The first *Connections* was so named because I was fascinated by the connections that have existed among residents. Such ties continue to emerge, even as people from different places and backgrounds come to live at Grove Park.

Readers will note that this book is published under the auspices of Mr. Parker GROVE, who has lived at GPH for many years. He is a larger-than-life person who is at the same time a creation of Diane Ferrier. Perhaps you will meet him some day. I am grateful to Diane for permission to use his name.

Thanks are due to the Adminstrator of GPH, Terry Codling, who has supported this third volume of *Connections*.

Both earlier volumes of *Connections* were printed at Action Print, Beamsville, by Cecil Culley. Mr. Culley did a wonderful job producing those books, but he has now retired. Further, the size of *Connections 3* and the use of colour photographs has rendered this volunteer effort unaffordable in "hard copy," but lends itself well to the CD format.

Sources

The lifestories contained in *Connections 3* were compiled on the occasion of memorial services at GPH and were read publicly at that time. Families kindly provided this information and edited information that sometimes I had gathered in conversation.

The photo of Ruth Hickling and her family is from *Kith 'N Kin,* compiled and edited by Joanna McEwen, published by the Township of Oro, 1978.

August 1, 2013

I. The Grove Park Home Story

The story of how GPH came to be built and its various stages of development can be found in *Connections* (1968–1998) and *Connections 2* (1999–2002). The major expansion of 2002–2004 was undertaken when Darryl Culley was Administrator. Darryl left to pursue his own business dreams, including Emergency Management & Training, Inc., which he established in 1998. In the fall of 2004 Terry Codling, long-time Board member of GPH, became Administrator. In August 2013 Paul Taylor will succeed Terry, after an overlap of four months.

A few years ago John Henderson, GPH volunteer, explained to me how GPH got its name.

How Grove Park Home got its name

GPH got its name on a Saturday afternoon, sometime between 1964 and 1966, while John Henderson and Wesley Jones (minister) were planting a cedar hedge at the churchbuilding next door. The church was called the "Barrie Church of Christ." There was nothing to the east of Cook St.: it was on the edge of town. Wesley and others, like Clarence Rittenhouse, were thinking of building a retirement home. Would it be called "Barrie Retirement Home?" This seemed an uninspired name, so Wesley and John decided to call the church "Grove Park" Church of Christ, so that when the retirement home was built they could share the name "Grove Park." This story was related to me by John in the spring of 2008. John and his wife Una opened the Pizza Hut on Bayfield St. and have long been volunteers at GPH.

1. Retirement Living

From 2002-2004 GPH was under renovation. The "new building" (Pine, Spruce, Willow) was constructed, the older sections got air-conditioning and a sprinkler system, the café area was built, Dr. McTurk's medical practice moved into GPH near the café, and what had formerly been Cedar wing became fourteen

apartment-type suites called Retirement Living. GPH proper grew from 93 residents to 143. Retirement Living is home to another fourteen people. Its residents have a private relationship with GPH and are not part of the CCAC placement programme. RL residents make a signifcant contribution to life at GPH.

Construction of Pine, Spruce and Willow Building, fall 2002

II. The Residents 2003-2012

The following residents lived at GPH between January 1, 2003 and December 31, 2012, ten years. These lifestories were compiled on the occasion of memorial services, so not included are the biographies of residents who arrived at GPH after Jan. 1, 2013 and who still live there. However, included are the lifestories of residents who lived at GPH before Jan. 1, 2013, but died before March 30, 2013, the date that I retired as chaplain at GPH. The last lifestory entered here is that of Marny Dignard.

Sigla:
• = resident was living at GPH on Jan. 1st, 2003. Entry is to be found in *Connections* or *Connections 2*.
•• = resident was living at GPH on Jan. 1st, 2013.
* = I conducted the funeral / memorial service.
/// = information unavailable
RL = Retirement Living resident

Second generation residents: Eileen Brosko, Muriel Mattocks, Donald Webster, Erma Dobson (daughter-in-law of Ina Dobson); [RL] Nellie Seal's mother-in-law, Alice SEAL and [RL] Fern Ward's father, Albert MAW lived at GPH; Helen EMERY'S uncle Walter HAVERCROFT lived at GPH.

A

ADAMS, Edith "Lorraine" *Farrell*
01/11/1915–14/04/2012
B. in Toronto, daughter of Thomas and Rhoda Farrell.
Lorraine's father died at age 39 of gall-bladder illness. She was six and had two sisters, Margaret and Violet. Her mother remarried, to her father's best friend, who had been divorced. He died at age 58 and her mother in her 70s.
Lorraine married Sydney Adams and together they raised Lynda (m. Bill Zariwny). Lynda has four sons (Chris, Rick, Jason, David) and Lorraine kept up an active relationship with them and their children. Mr. Adams died ca. 2001.
She came to live at GPH in 2004 and during that time kept up activities, remained a person of kindness and good humour. Lorraine at a great age took an

interest in others, including me, and our families. She always liked "the Report from the Backyard," with which I began my Wed. Bible study. Once she was late, hurried in, and asked, "Did I miss the report from the backyard?"

Mrs. Adams had a nephew, Bob Lagase, who had a farm near Meaford some fifty and more years ago.

Lorraine was cremated and is interred with her husband at Prospect Cemetery, Toronto.

GPH: 05/07/2004

•• ADAMS, Muriel
GPH: —A1152

•• AIKIN, Sandra
GPH: —A1148

ALLAN, Lucille
29/10/1916–28/08/2004

Mrs. Allan has two sons: David, in Barrie; Don, in Wasaga Beach. There may be other family.

GPH: 23/07/2004

•• ALLAN, Valerie
GPH: —M1230

ALLARD, Dorothy Alice *Sutton*
29/03/1920–27/12/2010

Sister to Florence GOVER. Dorothy was one of the most witty residents ever to live at GPH. Fiesty, funny, understated, always with a quip that was one step ahead of you—and then we'd have a great laugh! She endeared herself to us all. Her nephew Brian gave a eulogy at her memorial service that catches this element of her personality. At the same time, it reveals the remarkable relationship that Dorothy had with her sister Florence. Thanks to Brian for letting us have this.

Brian's remarks about his aunt Dorothy: the beginning

"Dorothy was born in London. The family home was on Clarke Road, known then as Clarke Side Road. Family photographs show a very happy childhood. Like many new Canadians, her father fell in love with the landscape being celebrated by the Group of Seven. There are photographs of Dorothy with her family—her parents, brother Harold, and sisters Ethel and Florence—at Banff, Jasper, Lake Louise and Georgian Bay. While it was obviously a happy family, Aunt Dot was always in the middle of the group, with the biggest smile.

Sutton family life

Theirs was a close family, one that valued compassion for others. There are family stories about how, during the Great Depression, our grandparents' home was known as a place where hungry strangers could count on having a hot meal. But the story that Aunt Dot and my mother most often repeated was about a visit from hungry relatives, which necessitated the martyrdom of a family pet who also happened to be a turkey.

The Sutton family also valued hard work and being of good humour, although not always at the same time! Late in life, Aunt Dot still referred to my mother as "the parlour sister," someone who would happily entertain guests while she, Aunt Dot, toiled away in the kitchen. But even that mild reproach was delivered in good humour. You see, there was humour in almost everything Aunt Dot did.

Marriage to Tom; pets; the nicknames

Eventually, Aunt Dot met the love of her life, Thomas Allard. He was a dashing veteran of WWII whom my mother described as looking quite a bit like Errol Flynn. I don't think Aunt Dot disagreed with her on that. Only in recent years did I learn that at first their relationship was a challenge to my grandparents. You see, Uncle Tom was a divorced Roman Catholic. That can't have gone over well at the Orange Lodge.

After living in an apartment that she described as being so close to the tracks that the whole thing shook when a train went by, Aunt Dot and Uncle Tom moved to 1813 Royal Crescent, London, in 1947. They weren't alone at 1813 Royal Crescent. It is a Sutton family trait to love animals, especially dogs. Aunt Dot was no exception. Along the way, there were Scottish Terriers—Jock, Angus and Mistea; West Highland White Terriers—Tammy and Piper; and a Miniature Schnauzer—Whimsey.

Aunt Dot spent most of her working life as the secretary to the Postmaster in London. Uncle Tom worked for the Department of Public Works. They never had children of their own, but were a devoted aunt and uncle to Elda, Jim, Carolyn and me (Brian). Early in our lives, Jim, Carolyn and I were lucky enough to live a few doors away from Aunt Dot and Uncle Tom, on Royal Crescent. Later, we moved to Merlin Crescent, but that was just around the corner.

In time we left London, as Dad's career in the federal public service took us to Delaware, Toronto, Southampton, Geraldton, Orillia, Peterborough and then back to Toronto. Visits from Aunt Dot and Uncle Tom were a special treat, and 1813 Royal Crescent was a home away from home, a constant in our nomadic lives. And for a number of reasons—the fact that they were not only sisters, but lifelong best friends, the similarity of their appearances, and the similarity of their personalities—it was almost impossible to think of Mom without thinking of Aunt Dot, and vice versa. Without taking anything away from Mom, Aunt Dot was like a second mother to us.

Uncle Tom was fond of nicknames. For reasons that I will never know, Mom was "Sister Taylor," Dad was "Jackson," Jim was "Jimbo," Carolyn was "Creosote" (a chemical used on railroad ties), and I was "Byron Bog" (a local swamp).

Those Christmas presents

Each year while growing up, Christmas gifts from Aunt Dot and Uncle Tom were anxiously anticipated, especially by Jim and me. I can't really remember anything that Elda and Carolyn got. You see, long before political correctness and safety concerns ruined everything, our aunt and uncle celebrated the Saviour's birthday by giving their nephews what can only be described as *weapons*. We always tried to open those gifts first. Two in particular come to mind: a pair of 2,000-squirt water rifles that met ignominious ends—the bottom of the cellar stairs, actually, after Jim used not only his, but also mine, on Elda; and a pair of "Johnny Sevens."

Ah, the Johnny Sevens. Picture this, if you will. Forty-five years ago, on Christmas Day, 1965, two identical packages appeared under our tree in Southampton, one for Jim, and one for me. It was a big day for me: in addition to taking part in what would amount to a duel with Jim, I had been asked by the minister to read the lesson in church later that morning. Mom gave permission to open gifts, and the race was on: unwrap, load, aim and fire. I got off the first shot—a plastic bullet that glanced harmlessly off Jim's chest. But then Jim fired a metal tipped grenade, which got me right between the eyes! Later that morning, I read the lesson in church, with a large red welt at the point of impact, like a third eye.

On being short, a place to go, loss of Tom

Aunt Dot was a lot of things. Tall was not one of them. Her claim that she was five feet tall was a bit of a stretch. As nieces and nephews surpassed her in height, she accounted for her shortness by saying that she had been such a good child that repeated pats on the head had actually made her shorter.

Later, during my six years at Western [University], in times of happiness, sadness, loneliness or hunger, I knew I could always call Aunt Dot and Uncle Tom. Uncle Tom would usually answer the phone and speak to me briefly before handing the phone over to Aunt Dot, saying, "Dot, there's a Mr. Bog on the phone." Aunt Dot could always be counted on to cheer you up, to show you the bright side, and to make you laugh.

Life isn't always fair. Aunt Dot lost the love of her life, Uncle Tom, in August 1981, on his 65th birthday. She would be a widow for 29 years. But she would not be alone. "Creosote"—I mean, Carolyn—made the trip from Brampton to London many times, often arriving late at night. But that didn't matter to Aunt Dot, the

family nighthawk. Carolyn's company was a comfort to Aunt Dot at a difficult time.

The sisters together again

And Mom and Aunt Dot had a memorable trip to Bermuda. One photograph stands out. It is of the two of them, with their white hair and pink complexions, wearing their favourite pastel coloured clothes, standing in front of some similarly coloured building. Frankly, it could have been anywhere.

Mom and Dad talked about retiring to London, but Dad died in April 1986, before getting a chance to retire. After that, Mom moved to London, and as they were in childhood, Aunt Dot and Mom became inseparable. A close family to the end, they stayed in regular contact with Harold, Aleatha, Ethel and Ken.

Aunt Dot suffered from both rheumatoid arthritis and osteoarthritis. She never complained, but would occasionally show us her poor misshapen hands and ask, "What am I supposed to do with these?" The end of Aunt Dot's time in London came in early 2003, when she could no longer live without assistance. A decision had to be made. For Mom, that decision was an easy one. As long as she was well, she would stay with Aunt Dot. And so they moved together to an apartment in Victoria House, a retirement home in Orillia.

Move to Grove Park

But by May, 2005, Mom's own health had deteriorated and she wasn't able to help Aunt Dot anymore. We were extremely fortunate to get side-by-side rooms for them at Grove Park Home, a nursing home in Barrie. I can't say enough about the wonderful staff at Grove Park.

We lost Mom in February 2007, and she made the journey back to London, a journey that Aunt Dot has now made. When she died on Monday, Aunt Dot was three months short of her 91st birthday. It is a tribute to Aunt Dot and the staff at Grove Park that, although her disabilities must have placed demands on them, she was nonetheless fondly regarded by the staff. Despite the disabilities, Aunt Dot's good nature always shone through. I can't tell you how many times over the past seven years she began a conversation by leaning forward in a conspiratorial way, and asking, "What have you been up to, that you can tell me about?"

Well, Aunt Dot, I've tried to turn the tables on you. Over the last 90 years, you've been up to a lot; you've led a good and long life, and I've tried to tell people about that."

GPH: 02/07/2004

• ALLEN, Muriel

13/01/1922–23/07/2004
GPH: 22/04/2002

• ALLEN, Thursa
26/03/1911–01/03/2003
GPH: 29/04/2002

ANDERSON, Elizabeth "Bessie" *McArthur*
24/09/1907–19/04/2005

B. of Scottish descent in Oro Station, the eldest of the four children of John and Elizabeth McArthur, who farmed there. Her siblings were: Isobel (m. Tudhope; Lawrence), Jean (m. Kendall), and Jack.

In 1934 she married John Anderson, a builder and stonemason. They lived in Hawkestone until 1950, when they moved to Orillia. He built a house that shows his work in fieldstone at 87 Jarvis St. Mrs. Anderson lived there until 1997.

Mr. Anderson died in 1971. All three siblings were in the Hawkestone-Orillia area and, following her husband's death, sister Jean called Bessie every day, something Bessie greatly missed after Jean's death in 2000.

Bessie was a good homemaker, something people were proud of "in her day": the wash was done on Monday, ironed on Tuesday, and so on. She also made delicious pies, and loved gardening. At her "visitation," neighbours commented on the good care she took of her house and yard. The Depression made a life-long impression on Mrs. Anderson. For one thing, she adhered to the principle that one should take good care of things.

She was a member of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Orillia.

Mrs. Anderson had two daughters, Donna (b. 1938) and Joan (b. 1935), both of whom live in Toronto.

In 1997 Bessie left 87 Jarvis St. and moved to the Atrium, also in Orillia; then in March 2003 she came to live at GPH.

GPH: 13/03/2003

ANDERSON, Margaret *O'Neil*
14/05/1923–25/04/2008

B. in the small town of Kilwinning, Scotland, a half hour drive south of Glasgow. Her full name was Margaret Mary Lennon O'Neil and she was the firstborn of Marion Brannon and Thomas O'Neil. Margaret had only one sister, Kathleen, who was five years younger.

Margaret was a very intelligent person. She loved history and English and went to school faithfully, was fortunate to go through to St. Michael's College, but lost the Duck's metal to a boy. Those were the times. She worked hard all of her life, helping her parents run a store in a trailer park at a very young age, and then as War time approached, like so many women of that time, helped out in the factories, specifically the munitions factory which was near her town.

She met her loving husband Hugh when she was 20 years old. He told her that he was 22 years old and she believed because he had grey in his hair. Later, once he caught her, he admitted that he was only 18!!

They loved to dance. They would meet at the dance hall. Hugh knew that Margaret had the nicest legs around. She was only 5 foot 2 inches, beautiful flaming red wavy hair, dressed to perfection. He was tall, 6 feet 2 inches, black wavy hair—with of course a fleck of grey—they were a fine looking couple and always would be.

Margaret and Hugh were married in 1948, and had three children in Scotland: Marion and the twins Jamie and Brian. Eventually they decided to move to Canada because life would be better.

They purchased their first home in Malton. They were going to have a wonderful life as Hugh was able to obtain a job working on the Avro Arrow but, like so many, were terribly disappointed when the project was shut down. They moved to California for a period but decided to return to Canada when Carolyn's birth was anticipated.

Carolyn was born in 1959 and life went on.

Margaret was a housewife, a wonderful cook, a mother who had very high standards not only for herself and her husband, but raised her children with very strong morals and values.

Hugh began a new career as a blast furnace engineer, which had him traveling a lot and which left Margaret to tend to the homefront a lot on her own. She not only worked at home but, like so many women of that time, worked outside the home in the cafeteria at Orenda, Malton, ON, and later, in the 1960s and 1970s, as a bookkeeper for Ronson's in Rexdale.

In 1985 Hugh was in a very serious car accident which basically turned their lives upside down. He was forced to retire early and go through a very long healing process. Margaret and Hugh stuck everything out together and when Hugh died in 1993, Margaret moved to Barrie to be closer to her daughters, both of whom lived there. As only Margaret would, she pushed herself forward, bought a new home, made a new family home for her children and grandchildren to visit, cooked as only Margaret could, continued to tend to her beautiful garden and keep a perfect home.

Margaret began to have continual medical problems in the early 2000s. Not understanding what was going on made life difficult: she wanted to be independent but her body was not allowing that to happen. Margaret passed away just three weeks short of her 85th birthday on April 25, 2008.

She believed that you had to work hard in life to get what you wanted and to fight for what you believe in. Margaret was not afraid to speak her mind, she had lots to say, she was worth listening to, and she didn't pull any punches!!! Margaret loved her husband, children and grandchildren. She believed in family and we believed in her. There will forever now be a void in our family's lives and we will shed tears of sadness for she is no longer here, but our hearts are filled with love for her.

Mum is with Dad—All is Well—We will always have "a little thought for Mum and Dad."

—Thanks to daughter Carolyn Belleau.

GPH: 17/09/2007 S2017

ANSELL, Frances
31/08/1924–
Mrs. Ansell moved from GPH to Midland on 29/11/2010 to be close to family.
GPH: 07/07/2010—P1036

Lorne and Lynne Armstrong, February 14, 2013
Renewal of vows, at GPH
Photo: J. T. McVeigh, Barrie Examiner

•• ARMSTRONG, Lorne
17/06/1937–07/05/2013
Lorne met Lynne at Plastimer. She had come from Vancouver to visit relatives in Barrie: her grandparents had operated the Wellington Hotel. Lynne liked it here and decided to stay. She got a job at Plastimer, in the office; Lorne worked "out in the plant." At the time they met, he was engaged. Three months later he was "unengaged." They were married on Nov. 29, 1968 at Central United Church, in Barrie.
Lynne and Lorne have one daughter, Cindy (m. Scott Townsend).
The *Barrie Examiner* published the photo above and an accompanying story on the front page on Feb. 15, 2013. The story by J. T. McVeigh was entitled, "Couple renew their vows on Valentine's Day, 44 years after first saying 'I Do.'"

GPH: 25/06/2012 to 20/07/2012 and 07/01/2013–

ARMSTRONG, Marion
12/11/1919–
Discharged 23/08/2004
GPH: 28/07/2004 M1228

• ARMSTRONG, Viva

30/09/1925–18/04/2006

The Armstrongs came from Etobicoke, but had a cottage at Gravenhurst (?). Viva moved to GPH from Sandy Cove Acres after suffering a severe stroke. She was a talented artist and a painting she did of a shore bird hangs in the Aspen dining room.

GPH: 12/02/2002

ASTOR, Gottlieb

17/05/1920–

Discharged 11/05/2006.

GPH: 16/02/2006

Mary Awender

AWENDER, Marianna "Mary" *Recktenwald*

08/09/1928–23/01/2010

Mary's parents were Karl and Elizabeth (née Neiss). The following biographical information was provided by Mary's daughter, MaryLou Galton.

Maria Awender grew up in hard times but with her loving family was able to deal with what life dealt her.

Born Sept. 8, 1928 in Romania, of German descent. They were sent out of their home country in her teens and had to start a new life in Austria. Maria and her family couldn't stay in Austria.They all applied to immigrate to Canada but, while waiting for a response, her brother moved to Germany and settled down. Canada accepted my mom but not the rest of the family. Therefore they moved to Germany to be with her brother and mom decided to come to Canada.

Maria was the second born in her family. She had an older brother, Peter, a younger sister Elizabeth and another brother, Karl.

She came to Canada alone in 1953, started working and met my father John. John and Maria were married February 19th, 1955. They would have celebrated 55 years together last week. They started their life together in Toronto and moved a number of times before moving out to the country near Lindsay in the 60s. They raised 4 children, 3 sons and 1 daughter: Peter, Karl, Robert and MaryLou.

They didn't have much but there was always enough and Maria created a loving home for her family. She was the heart of the family. Maria was always one for an adventure and encouraged her children to use their imagination and to always try new things.

Maria enjoyed cooking. Friends and family would never go away hungry and her desserts were well known. She knew how to sew and knit. I think everyone in the family still has a afghan knitted by her. Maria was also an avid gardener. There were never enough tomatoes for just the family ... there was enough to enjoy all summer long, to put away for the winter, and for neighbours and friends. And it wasn't just vegetables. She always had many plants and flowers in the garden. In the house they would take over the front windows. Her favourite was poppies.

Her smiling face and loving heart will be missed by all.

Mary's husband John lives on Aspen. The Awenders lived just down the road from the Websters, on the Cresswell Rd., outside Lindsay. MaryLou and my wife, Elaine (Webster) have been best friends since they were children. The Galtons live in Barrie.
GPH: 31/08/2007

•• AWENDER, Johann "John"
See Maria AWENDER.
GPH: —A1133

B

•• BAILEY, Minerva "Mickey"
GPH: —M1231

BAINBOROUGH, Audrey May *James*
12/05/1926–11/10/2011
Mrs. Bainborough's son Steve relates the story of his mother's life, a "war bride," in the following, personal way.

Audrey was born in [Dudley, Worcestershire] England, the second child to Harold and Maud James. She and her older brother, John, grew up in a comfortable, typical English family. She enjoyed riding her bicycle, summer days on the ocean and visiting her father's garden, but she loved to read, a passion developed during an extended hospital stay due to a fall and a badly broken arm. She was a bit of a tomboy.

When the War broke out, Audrey recounted the adventure of the bomb shelter in their back yard, realizing later the terror her mom must have felt, as she was recently widowed and caring for two teenagers.

Audrey always had an affinity for nursing and so entered training after the War. Still a little rebel, she would sneak out of the residence to go to a dance and sneak back later, convincing her roommate to keep her secret. It was during her training [at Bournemouth] that she met a dashing young pilot from the strange land of Canada. His name was Francis Willard Bainborough but she called him "Bill" and it stuck.

Bill invited Audrey to follow him to Canada and marry him, which she did, leaving England. She lived in exotic (!) Canadian locales: Gore Bay, Espanola, Richmond Hill, finally settling on a farm in Bradford with two boys, Brian and Stephen.

The farm was a gathering place for many friends, where parties would to into the wee hours and the dinner table often had 12-18 people. She loved to laugh and enjoyed company. Audrey did not grow up as a farmer but she quickly learned, and nursed any sick animals back to health.

When she and Bill divorced, Audrey raised her boys and provided strength and stability for them. She went back to work outside the farm and took her nursing knowledge to care for the elderly at a nursing home in Bradford [for some 13 years].

Always private when it came to personal matters, many were unaware of her deep hurt. She fought for the rights of the workers and was instrumental in unionizing the home and getting a decent wage for all.

After back surgery and hip replacement, due to the strain of the farm and the home, she moved to Barrie to be closer to her boys and her three grandchildren.

Audrey loved a bargain and got everyone interested in garage sales, often taking a list of needed or desired items. She was surprisingly good at getting most items. She loved animals and had many dogs and cats, and the odd pony and herd of cattle!

> She was a stalwart friend, a fighter for the underdog, a loving mother and grandmother, a wonderful sister and aunt. She will be missed by all who heard her laugh and felt her indominable spirit.

Mrs. Bainborough moved to GPH from Coleman Nursing Home, to Maple wing. Some months before the move, her brother John died, in England. This was a great sadness for her. John's daughter Diana came to Barrie for a celebration of Audrey's life, held by her family on Oct. 29, 2011.

During her stay at GPH, I had lunch with her twice. She told me the story of her life, including some funny family stories. In the one, Audrey and her two-year old Brian are coming to Canada by ship. He had a new pair of shoes for the voyage. They were out on deck when he kicked off one of his new shoes into the St. Lawrence!

Audrey was able to make three trips back to England by ship, after which she made the trip by air.

GPH: 03/08/2011—M1229

BAKER, Marion Alice *Bailey*

07/04/1917–20/12/2009

B. at Stirling, in Hastings Co., the Trenton-Belleville area.

Her father had a GM dealership in Stirling in 1917 and continued there for 30 years. When power boats came along he got into those too.

As a child, she loved winter sports. She got a pair of skiis out of the Eaton's catalogue and would ski down the hill beyond their garden. Marion also skated on the village pond.

She moved to Elmvale in 1947 where her husband Cecil operated the local Ford dealership, located on the SE corner at the main intersection in town.

The Bakers had one daughter, Judy (m. David Brown), who lives in Barrie. They also lost a daughter at the age of three.

The car dealership was taken over by Ruby Hawkins' husband: Ruby was a schoolmate of Judy and, much later, a nurse at GPH. More connections: Marion's grand-daughter is Jean Dawson, who now lives in Bracebridge, but formerly worked in the CCU at RVH with my wife, Elaine. In Elmvale, Marion knew Jack Cooper, minister of the local Presbyterian Church—I was in seminary at Knox College with two of his sons, and one of them, Dave, performed the wedding for Elaine and me.

Marion liked to travel and visited Europe, from BC to the Yukon, and California. She moved from Coleman to GPH. She told me she found it lonely being so elderly (92): all her friends from early life had died; all the businesses back home will have changed hands. Things are different today, she said: young people marry and move to Calgary, not the next concession, so she didn't have the continuing relationship with her grandchildren that she wished.

At her funeral service, Judy and Dave offered the following eulogy.

Looking back to the early 1950's, the extended Bailey family would gather in the summer at Oak Lake. The cousins would spend hours in the water while the adults supervised from a safe distance, cold drinks in hand. All except Marion. She could be found at the end of the dock teaching the kids to dive, or helping someone improve their front crawl.

In the winter, Marion loved to get out her old wooden skis, with the bear-trap bindings and take everyone cross country skiing. I'm not talking about skiing on groomed trails, the way people do today. I'm talking about making your own trails, across the fields and through the woods. She taught everyone how to kick up one ski and pivot on the "heel" in order to do a standing 180 degree turn. And then she taught them how to use this maneuver to climb over fences in deep snow without taking their skis off!

She loved to camp and hike and paddle. She could show you how to do a J-stroke, fold a tent or dig a latrine. Long before anybody even thought of Gortex or polar fleece, she knew the importance of outdoor activities and she wanted everyone else to love the outdoors too. It was this love of outdoor activity that lead her to start Girl Guides in Elmvale in 1951. A whole generation of girls benefited from her energy and enthusiasm and she went on to become District Commissioner and Area Camp Advisor.

Women in Elmvale also benefited from the ladies' curling club that she started with a group of friends in 1958. Marion always wondered why anyone would settle for being a spectator when there was an opportunity to participate.

Marion also had a creative side. She could work magic with paint or fabric or yarn. She could make you a dress, a coat or even a fur hat! Many of you can look around your homes and find quilts, pillows, pictures, socks and mittens—all sorts of things made by Marion.

Nothing was too hard for her to tackle. From the spectacular "Santa suit" she made for Elmvale's Santa Claus parade, to ball gowns and elaborate wedding dresses, she did it all, beautifully, and she was happy to help anyone who wanted to learn to do it too. Marion understood the importance of learning to use your hands and the satisfaction that comes from creating something you're proud of.

Long before anyone coined the phrase "life long learning," Marion was doing just that. She was never without a book and she read voraciously, right to the end of her life. She had an intellectual curiosity that lead her in all sorts of directions and she could tell you things about the natural world, about history and geography that she could only have learned through her reading.

Although she didn't have a lot of formal schooling herself, she certainly knew the value of education. She often said to the young people in her life, "Whatever else you do, you must finish your education." Before "women's liberation" and "employment equity" Marion understood that women's lives are better when they prepare themselves to earn an independent income. She also knew that women needed to play a larger role in public life and in 1976 she became the first woman to earn a seat on Elmvale's Municipal Council.

There is one other thing that comes to mind for many of us when we think of Marion and that is the Serenity Prayer. She lived a long life, but of course there were some "bumps" along the way, as there are for everyone. She understood that when things go wrong, it doesn't help to wring your hands and wonder why. She knew that to live well you have to focus your efforts where you can make a difference. That's the philosophy behind the Serenity Prayer and she tried her best to live that way.

And so, while Marion is gone, she influenced all of us in important ways and passed on a set of values that are now being passed on to the young people here today. Although we will miss her, make no mistake, she will be with us every day, in the choices we make.

They say it takes a village to raise a child. It also takes a village to keep a senior safe in her home. Marion's family want to thank all the friends and neighbors who made it possible for her to stay here in Elmvale for so long.

Now, we say goodbye to Marion in the words of a song that played a large part of her life.

> Day is done, Gone the sun
> From the lake, From the hill, From the sky.
> All is well. Safely rest. God is nigh.
> From the sky. All is well.
> Safely rest. God is nigh.

GPH: 13/08/2004 M1223

•• BANAVAGE, Ursula
GPH: —M1207

• BARLOW, Debra
21/09/1964–04/02/2008
The obituary notice in the *Barrie Examiner,* Wed., Feb. 6, 2008 read:

At Grove Park Home in Barrie on Monday February 4, 2008 at age 43. Deborah Barlow beloved daughter of the late Joyce and Stan Barlow. Loving sister of Earl and his wife Donna, Larry and his wife Lorraine, Michael and the late brother Donny. Dear aunt of Michael, Danny, Donnie, Virginia and Morgan. Friends may call at the Scott Funeral Home "Georgian Chapel", 264 Burton Ave. ... Barrie, on Saturday February 9th at 2:00 p.m. until the time of service in the chapel at 3:00 p.m. In lieu of flowers, a donations [sic] to Grove Park Home would be appreciated by the family.

GPH: 19/05/2000

John Barnet, at GPH entrance

• BARNET, John Francis Desmond
29/10/1919–01/03/2007*

B. in Arnprior, ON. He had two brothers (Lionet, "Red") and two sisters (Agnes, Helen); his sister Helen is his only sibling to succeed him.

Mr. Barnet loved to swim in the Ottawa River; loved hockey, and would walk to the arena every night to skate.

He joined the airforce at the age of 19, but re-enlisted in the army where he had a 28-year career that extended through WWII, Korea, and peace-keeping in Egypt.

It was in 1948 that he married Pearl Lillian Gray and, together, they had five children: Ronald, Gregory, Graham, Leslie-Ann; Jeffrey David Joseph died in infancy, on Oct. 19, 1955, at Quebec City.

In 1968 he left the military life and moved to Huntsville, where he worked at the hospital as an ambulance driver. About a year later the Barnet family

moved to Barrie. John began a job with the Ministry of Health: he helped set up the first provincial ambulance service. This career extended over some seventeen years, and included such duties as training officer instructor; teaching fire departments and ambulance services new standards.

John was an active member of the St. John's Ambulance; he obtained the title of "Serving Brother."

He enjoyed retirement and did a lot of golfing at Shanty Bay Golf Course. He liked to watch the Leafs on TV.

John enjoyed being a grandfather to Melanie, Tyler, and Monique, Leslie-Ann's children; and to Nicholas and Taryn, Graham's children. He was great-grandfather to Kaitlyn.

John moved to GPH in late May, 2004. Here he met the second Pearl of his life, namely, Pearl MACNEIL, who had come to live here a few months earlier. They both lived on Aspen and became constant companions until her death on May 15, 2005. We saw them spend many pleasant hours together, simply sitting together and holding hands. Their relationship was "icing on the cake" of long lives.

Mr. Barnet was a kind, gentle soul.

—Thanks to Graham for information about his father's life.

GPH: 26/05/2004

BAULD, Evelyn Mae *Conrad* NAUGLER

20/02/1914–30/01/2012

B. in Dartmouth, N.S., to Charles and Mae (O'Hanley) Conrad, the second of four children: Margaret, Evelyn, Gerald, Doris.

She married Gerald Naugler in 1937 and they had three children: Sylvia (m. Ferguson) of Collingwood; Dr. G. Marshall Naugler, of Halifax; and Cynthia Marie. Mr. Naugler was a pianist with a 20-piece orchestra and could "play anything." This marriage ended in 1974.

In 1979 Evelyn married H. S. Donald Bauld. Mr. Bauld died in 1996.

Evelyn lived between Dartmouth and Halifax her entire life, moving to Barrie and GPH (Retirement Living) in 2005.

She trained as a nursing sister with the Order of St. John and during WWII she worked nursing injured seamen from many countries and Merchant Marine who were brought to Halifax for treatment. She also worked for service organizations such as the IODE and the women of Rotary and the Catholic Women's League.

She enjoyed playing bridge and was an avid golfer until she was 90!

Her daughter Sylvia recalls that her mom was always warm and giving, with a wonderful smile and sense of humour, always young at heart, with a *joie de vivre*.

—with thanks to Sylvia.

GPH: 14//09/2006

•♦ BAYCROFT, Viola ("Vi") FISHER

19/09/1907–17/08/2003*

GPH: 01/08/1989—A10

BEBB, Grace *Stanahan*
10/09/1921–23/07/2011

B. in Dalston, the youngest of the seven children of Robert B. (b. in Ireland) and Jessie Campbell (b. in Edenvale). In the 1920s the family moved from Dalston to Blake St., in Barrie. Grace's father worked as a farm hand on local farms.

As a girl, she loved horses and dogs. Later on in life she thought of breeding Yorkshire terriers, but her Yorkie, once bred, produced only one pup and she couldn't part with it!

In 1941 she married and had three children: Wayne, Sharon, and Nancy (m. Kevin Caldwell). Nancy is a family genealogist and lives at Edenvale.

In 1962 the Bebbs bought their first house, 110 Johnson St., and they stayed there some 45 years. When her children were young she helped with Girl Guides, was involved in family reunions. She was a volunteer for 25 years with the Cancer Society.

Grace kept in touch with people: she maintained her relationship with "pen pals" in the West over a lifetime. She said that an aunt had moved out West: cousins visited from Camrose in May 2010. That was a special occasion. She took a special interest in her nieces and nephews and they remember her for this.

Collier St. United Church was an important part of her life and in the early 1990s she worked at the front desk, answering the phone, directing people to where they wanted to go and so on.

She liked flowers and plants and had a special talent for arranging boxed plants.

Grace's life knew its sorrow: son Wayne, an OPP officer, died at age 52 of a heart attack; daughter Sharon died at age 30 after heart surgery. It was in 1999 that Mr. Bebb died. Eventually Grace came to live at GPH, where she adapted well and made friends.

Mrs. Bebb knew a good bit about local history, since she had lived here all her life. Family connections at GPH included Fern WARD—they were cousins: their grandparents, Jane Campbell (Fern) and Angus Campbell (Grace), were sister and brother. (Fern lives in Retirement Living at GPH; husband Cecil was eventually a resident of GPH proper.) Margaret KNUPP, an early resident of GPH, also a Campbell, was an aunt; Edna KNUPP, Margaret's daughter and also a resident, was therefore a cousin.

Finally, Rick Bebb, a nurse at GPH, is Grace's grandson; Tammy, his wife, is also on staff providing nursing care.

—Thanks to daughter Nancy for much of this information.

GPH: 27/08/2007—A1147

BEDGGOOD, Howard "David"
27/09/1917–30/01/2005

From his friend Henry Boer, who knew him for more than 20 years:

Mr. B. was married but had no children. He had been in the Navy in WWII and served from 1943–1945. That's where he met his wife, a WREN: they met on shore leave at Londonderry, Ireland. She too was from southern Ontario. They were discharged in 1945. He worked for Dow Chemical in Sarnia and, in 1979, when they moved to Sandy Cove Acres, it was from the London area. He liked gardening and he and his wife wintered for years in Florida. They were active in St. James United Church, Stroud. His wife Dorothy died in 1993. From Sandy Cove he moved to the Oddfellows complex on Dean Ave., then to RVH, to the I.O.O.F. Home, to RVH, to GPH.

GPH: 18/10/2004

BEE, Marjorie *Parish*

02/10/1911–08/07/2008

B. in Hutton, Essex, England, one of the three children of John and Matilda Parish; she had two brothers, one older (Ed), one younger. Marjorie and her mother moved to Canada in the early 1920s, where her older brother had emigrated with his family.

She completed school in Toronto and began employment there, doing accounting work.

On June 29, 1940 she married William Bee, a firefighter with the Toronto Fire Department. Together they had three children: Madeleine, Richard, and Cathy.

When all the children were in school, she worked for several years at Simpson Sears, in the stock control department. After the family moved to Etobicoke she began to work for the Board of Education there and worked in both elementary and secondary schools as a secretary for many years.

Her parents retired to Pefferlaw and are buried at St. George's Church, Jackson's Point.

After retiring themselves, Marjorie and Bill enjoyed a few years travelling, until he passed away in 1976. She continued to travel with friends and visited family in England and New Zealand.

One of the things Marjorie was passionate about was the church. She was a member of the Anglican church all her life. Her faith was strong and she was always involved in all aspects of church life over the years.

Marjorie also loved music. She had a beautiful soprano voice and sang in the church choir most of her life. She sang for five years with the Mendelsohn Choir; it was one of the high points of her life. That choir was an all women's choir. She had a grandfather who was a church organist and her mother was a teacher and played the piano. Marjorie remembered that, when she was a child, neighbours would come in the evening and sing around the piano, a lamp at each end. She recalled the words of "Just a Song at Twilight," which her mother used to sing.

Mrs. Bee came to GPH from a retirement home in London; her daughter Cathy also lived in London. She was very excited when Cathy and her husband

moved to Barrie in the summer of 2004. Her son Richard lives in Mississauga; daughter Madeleine is in New Brunswick.

Marjorie's family was very important to her and she thoroughly enjoyed her grandchildren. She loved to spend time with them in the summers when they were off school; she lived to see the birth of five great-grandchildren.

She was fortunate to have a long and full life, for which she was very grateful and, though she is missed by her family, we know she has happily gone on that one final trip to the place she has longed to be.

—With thanks to Cathy, who provided this biography apart from some recollections.

GPH: 12/04/2004 1152

Theresa Belcourt

BELCOURT, Theresa *Cartier*

16/03/1927–28/05/2011

Theresa was a truly remarkable person, who raised a large family after the premature death of her husband.

GPH: 21/12/2007

Gordon Beswetherick in his element.

• BESWETHERICK, Gordon
07/10/1910–07/02/2004
GPH: 06/05/1996

BEW, Dorothy ("Ann")
18/03/1918–24/02/2006

B. in Toronto; one brother, Ernie. Her parents were "very British," and this upbringing was demonstrated throughout her life in her insistence on good manners, decorum, and a sense that she was an extension of a minor, minor branch of the Royal Family.

Mrs. Bew grew up in Toronto. Her love of academics, athletics, church and friends was evident in her daily activities. Hers was a life full of Guiding, A.Y.P.A., school, life guarding at Doe Lake, sports, and dancing. She met her husband Ed at a church function: her first encounter with him was to tell him that it was rude to wear a hat in church!

From this beginning love blossomed and the Bews were married in 1941. Terry was born a few years later, and Beth many years later. The family moved from Toronto to Ottawa, to Kingston, back to Ottawa, to Lake of Bays, and finally, to Huntsville. Among all these moves, their beloved cottage on Lake of Bays remained a constant gathering place for family. Now a fourth generation is coming along to take its place on Ronville Road.

Wherever the Bews were, the common theme in their lives was church, family, friends, and community. They enjoyed some trips, travelling across North America, to the United Kingdom, Spain and Bermuda.

Mr. Bew died in 1995. Ann remained in Huntsville, where she stayed active in the community and All Saints church.

By the fall of 2003, Mrs. Bew had decided to move to Barrie to be closer to family. By Christmas of 2003, changes in her behaviour and subsequent medical tests supported the fact that she had suffered a stroke that had damaged the area of the brain that affects time, space and decision making. So that brought her to Grove Park.

On February 17, Mrs. Bew suffered another stroke. When Beth visited her on the way home from work, Ann lifted her oxygen mask and asked, "Would you

like a glass of sherry?" As she left, Mrs. Bew told her, "Be sure to wear warm boots, because it is nasty out there." Good motherly advice. These were the last words to Beth from her mom.

—thanks to daughter Beth Conway.

GPH: 26/04/2004 A1143

BIDWELL, Ernest Currie

04/09/1912–17/08/2005

B. in Oro Township, the son of George and Georgie Ann B.; one sister, Marjorie, survived him.

As a young man, Mr. Bidwell aspired to be a carpenter. He loved school but at the age of 12 he left school to help his dad with the farm and to help neighbours in the Dalston area. He would walk to neighbours' farms stretching from the 1st Line of Oro to Dalston and be proud of the 25 cents he earned for a hard day's work.

It was on one of these farms that Ernest met Jessie Wilson. Her father was not overly impressed and he had no intention to losing her, his right hand around his farm, to Ernest. But Jessie was smitten and took on the task of picking potatoes around the community. This work eventually paid for her wedding dress. On April 22, 1936 they eloped.

Ernest and Jessie rented a farm up by Horseshoe Valley, where they became parents of Laura (m. Storey), then Betty (m. Wood) and George (m. Lynda Rutledge). In March 1944 they bought a farm on the 1st Line of Oro. He was told he would starve on this land! He took pride in proving the naysayers wrong and eventually added to the farm by purchasing more land. Two more children were born: Robert, then Don (m. Joanne Johnston).

Mr. Bidwell witnessed several changes in lifestyle that we take for granted today: electricity, the telephone, and the automobile—which must have come as a shock because he loved horses. He often told a story about three days in 1942, when he nursed one of his horses back to health, not leaving its side. As time went on, Ernest purchased modern machinery and took great pride in it.

Ernest was a proud family man: if anyone was ever in trouble, he was one of the first to arrive to help. Squabbles among the kids were settled with the threat of having your heads banged together; we were made to kiss and make up.

He had a good sense of humour, strong minded, honest. Most of all he was famous for his storytelling; he loved to share his stories, especially about the old times. He had the most amazing memory: he could tell you what he paid for a horse or cow, the month and year of any particular event and even what the weather was like on that day. If you offered him a year, he would enlighten you with a lifetime of treasured memories.

In 1994 Jessie died of cancer. His family saw another side of him as he cared for her until she died. Then in 1998 he lost his son Robert, who was his right hand man on the farm. He was devastated, but carried on with farming until 2001 when he slowly passed the reins of farming on to Don and George, while Betty and Laura cared for him and the house. Although he still drove his tractor—

and none of his family are sure how he managed to get up on the tractor—and a few fence posts were scared in the process.

In January 2005 Mr. Bidwell moved into Grove Park. He was a little unsure of this new venture, but he soon adapted.

—with thanks to Laura.

GPH: 31/01/2005

•• BINNIE, June

GPH: —A1172

• BLEVINS, Ethel Ruth *Macdonald*

26/10/1918–06/03/2011*

B. in Ridgetown to Stanley and Maude. She had no siblings.

She married Ormond Blevins, the manager of a Walker chain store in Ridgetown. She was working in Toronto and came home for a week's vacation: a "blind date" was arranged by a friend!

Ruth worked for Ontario Hydro at the corner of University Ave. and College St. in Toronto. The Blevins lived in Etobicoke before coming to Barrie. "Orm" died in September, 1988. They enjoyed a close relationship and she "talks to him nightly."

Ruth and Ormond had no children, but fortunately her nephew Dave Blevins lives in Barrie. Dave and his wife Doris, and daughter Katie, became Ruth's family during the almost-nineteen years that she lived at GPH.

From the time she came to live at GPH, Ruth suffered from mobility challenges. More than once she expressed the hope that sometime she would be able to dance again. Perhaps now that she is not limited by time and space, she can again dance.

In the decline of her health, Ruth remained unchanged: gentle, soft-spoken, engaging in conversation. The last time I visited her, it was late in the afternoon and, as was her custom, she was watching Oprah before supper.

Before I knew Ruth, I knew her nephew Dave through the King Edward Choir. About the time our Michael was born, Katie was born. These circumstances provided points of contact for the relationship I enjoyed with Ruth at Grove Park. There too we shared friends in common, good friends like Eileen LANDREVILLE and Verlie CRIPPS.

Ruth was the last of a whole generation of GPH residents, the last of those who came when GPH was still a Retirement Home. She lived at GPH almost 19 years (18 years, nine months) and succeeded Elsie COTTON as the person who had lived here the longest.

Interment: Ridgetown.

GPH: 23/05/1992—Aspen 21; Willow

•• BOBBETTE, Joan

GPH: —A1160

•• BOLTON, Viola

GPH: —M1223

BONE, Joan Agnes *Turland*
22/06/1927–31/08/2007

B. in Toronto, the only child of William and Jessie Turland, both of England. As a child she loved to swim at the family's cottage on Bonsecours Beach. At the age of 11 she selflessly saved her cousin from drowning, by pulling the much larger boy to shore.

Her parents enrolled her in St. Clements Girls School at the age of ten. She traveled from her east end home on the St. Clair street car, for over an hour each way to attend school. At St. Clements Joan enjoyed maths and sciences for which she received several awards. Joan maintained friendships with her fellow St. Clements girls for the rest of her life. In the sixty years since graduating, Joan was instrumental in organizing a yearly reunion for her class.

During the war Joan volunteered her time to pick fruit on farms in the Toronto area, since most able bodied men were fighting in Europe. When Joan was 18 her mother, Jessie Agnes Upton, passed away on October 30, 1946.

Joan attended the University of Toronto, but before she could graduate she met Douglas Arthur Bone (b. October 9, 1917), and the two were married on June 12, 1947. After returning from their honeymoon, Joan attended the marriage (July 31, 1947) of her father and his new bride Elsie, who had been a friend of the family for many years.

Joan and Doug purchased a house on Ridley Boulevard in Toronto where they raised two children, Barbara Elizabeth (born August 12, 1952; m. Potma) and Donald Douglas (born September 14, 1954). Summers were spent at the Bone family cottage on Lake Simcoe. Because they enjoyed Lake Simcoe so much, they moved there permanently in 1967, building the home which currently stands. Shortly after Doug retired, the couple acquired a property in northern Ontario on Emerald Lake where they would spend five months of the year. While at Emerald Lake Joan enjoyed gardening, fishing and hunting. During the winter she and Doug enjoyed antiquing in Ontario and Quebec, and Joan developed a sizeable collection of antique oil lamps, of which she was very proud.

When Doug passed away (December 16, 1991), Joan busied herself with several local groups and activities. She volunteered at the Royal Victoria Hospital where she worked at the information desk. She became an honorary member and historian of the Historical Lighting society. She was part of a local bridge club and she continued to be involved with the St. Clements alumni.

Both Joan and Douglas are buried at the 6th Line Cemetery in Innisfil, Ontario.

—Thanks to Mrs. Bone's daughter, Barbara Potma.
GPH: 01/05/2007

• BOUIUS, "Wendy" *Klaver*
03/01/1906–05/04/2004

Mrs. Bouius lived at GPH 19 years, the 5th longest stay (I think) after Gertie HARRIS, Edna KNUPP, Flo BURROWS, and Elsie COTTON.

GPH: 01/05/1985

• BOULTON, Vi
21/02/1919–18/06/2003*
GPH: 29/09/2001

•• BOWER, Helen
GPH: —A1124

BOXALL, Frederick
27/04/1932–11/04/2012
Mr. Boxall transferred to Sunset Manor, Collingwood, on 11/04/2012.
GPH: 18/10/2010

•• BRADING, Shirley
GPH: —S2029

• BRINKWORTH, Beulah
21/02/1909–28/02/2005
GPH: 17/10/1989

• BRITNELL, Roger

BROADBENT, Marie *Stebbings*
09/07/1920–12/12/2010
"Marie Broadbent born in Barrie to John and Pearl Stebbings. She was one of ten children. She married Robert Broadbent after the War. She had one son, Leonard, and was a stay at home mom. They relocated to Sault Ste Marie for many years and she opened her house to many students and borders. She prided herself on her culinary abilities and valued time with family. In later years, Marie and Bob shared their time between the cottage in Markdale in the summer and Victoria Island in the winter."
—Thanks to grand-daughter Pam Nelsons.
GPH: 01/12/2010

• BROADHEAD, Marjorie
02/03/1911–28/07/2006
GPH: 23/12/1997

BROCKELBANK, Glover "Brock"
05/03/1925–13/01/2005
"Some may think there is a beginning and and end to Glover's life. We all have a beginning; where Glover's starts no one knows. All we do know is the many generations before him brought him to us. Born March 5th, 1925. Since then he left a trail of followers, a new generation. Furthermore, he left a life-long impression on us all.

One, dear wife Violet he met years ago on a blind date. Who says blind dates don't last? Their marriage lasted for 52 years and their love for each other will last forever. Two children: Anne (Leigh) and Stan; four grandchildren: Michael, Mitchell, Nicole, Caitlin; one great-grandchild: Taylor. This is what he has created to continue new lives and new families.

We all have our personal and fondest memories of him. Anne and Stan said it best when they stated that their dad was the foundation of this family and his wife was the cement that held us all together. They also said he was our rock …

We know he created more rocks inside of us. This virtue will never be lost in the generations to come. That was the beginning and everything in between. The question is, "Is there an end?" Not with this story. Once our body dies our soul rises. Absence from the body means presence with the Lord. I believe before the soul rises it travels through all who knew him, reminding us of the time we spent with him, leaving memories in our hearts. Any time we need to remember him we can just close our eyes and there he is.

Poppa will be buried by a beautiful tree. This is suitable since I see him as our tree and all his family as the leaves surrounding him. Poppa, you are now free in your final resting place under our family tree.

These words, poppa, are my gift to you. Thank you for your gift to me, the watch that will never leave my wrist. God bless you and we love you."

—Michael S. Brockelbank

GPH: 22/06/2004 1195

BROCKELBANK, Violet

10/06/1923–

Mrs. Brockelbank was a veteran and married to "Brock" for more than sixty years. Her life centered on her family, and on her children, Stan and Anne.

She and Brock had a trailer "up north" where they spent a lot of time. Their last house was at 181 Rose St., not far from GPH.

Finally, she had great affection for her pet chihuahua "Susie."

GPH: 22/06/2004 1194

BROSKO, Eileen *Lewis*

29/04/1927–14/10/2011

Eileen's wedding photo

B. in Barrie on Codrington St. (no. 170?), the youngest of the five children of Frank and Maude (Exell) Lewis; the eldest, John, her sole brother, was followed by Jean, Betty, Lillian, then Eileen. Eileen had a maternal uncle who was a building contractor. As a child, she remembers having a three-acre garden.

She grew up to be a beautiful young woman, as her wedding photo (above) attests. Eileen married the love of her life, Joe, on May 26, 1945. They had met at Base Borden, when Joe was in the (military) service. He recalled that she and a friend had come into the kitchen of a friend of his, grabbed a Coke, and sat down with him to talk. That was enough! Her marriage was a happy time for her and for her family. She said, "My mother adored him, just like I did. She said to me, 'If you don't marry him, I will.'"

Joe built their first house on St. Vincent St. They lived at 81 Strabane for many years.

Eileen became a licensed hairdresser and worked in Barrie for many years. Joe worked at General Tire for thirty years. They had no children. When he retired they travelled some: flew to Vancouver; Florida. She took care of her mother.

The *Barrie Examiner* did an article authored by Nicki Cruickshank on the occasion of Eileen and Joe's 65th wedding anniversary in 2010. It was entitled "Endless love" and featured a colour photo of them at the time, as well as a large, outside photo from their wedding day. Joe looks like the actor Jimmy Stewart! Both are tall and handsome. The article was published in the Life section on June 26, 2010.

Eileen loved animals and, when she came to live at GPH, often spoke of her cat, which died in June 2009 at the age of 19. About this time Joe went to live at Simcoe Terrace. He predeceased Eileen. In the early years of her stay at GPH Joe was here frequently and we got to know him too.

Stephanie Copping is Eileen's neice. Her mom died when Stephanie was fourteen, so Eileen became a kind of mother figure to her, and a grandmother to Stephanie's daughter Lisa. Nursing staff on Spruce at GPH have said that Eileen adopted them as her children and always took great interest in them and their families. As Stephanie says, Eileen "always made you feel that you were the most important person in her life. She always had time to listen to you and she never complained."

Stephanie also recalls that her aunt "loved the outdoors and her passion was swimming and dancing. She also loved dogs and enjoyed them when they came to Grove Park."

Finally, Eileen was a second generation resident at GPH. Her mother's second marriage was to Claude TORTINGTON and they were both early residents. See Connections 1. Her mother died about 1972 and Claude in 1974.

GPH: 17/11/2005

BROWN, Margaret Isabel *Adolfson* JEAL

26/02/1921–05/07/2012

"Margaret Isabel Adolfson was born in Kenora, Ontario, on February 26, 1921 in the Lake of the Woods Hospital. It turned out that she was the second of four generations of girls born in that hospital.

Margaret's mother

Her mother, Edith Olson, was born to Swedish immigrant parents in a small railroad town at the north end of the Lake of the Woods called Rat Portage, a place where muskrats gathered at the source of the Winnipeg River. Later the town's name was changed to a more palatable, Kenora. Edith's mother passed away three weeks after her birth and she was raised by her father with the assistance of relatives and friends in "Swede Town," a neighbourhood on the east side of Kenora.

Margaret's father and the fish camp on Lake of the Woods

Edith married Swedish immigrant Eric Adolfson and they had three children: Margaret and two sons, Alvin and Herbert. The latter died at the age of three months. Margaret's father was an engineer on the CPR, but during the lean times of the 1930s he earned a living as a commercial fisherman on the Lake of the Woods.

He built a fish camp about 25 miles down the lake and the small family spent their summers at the fish camp during Margaret's teenage years. These were some of the best years in Margaret's life and she often talked about her years living on "the Lake," as it is called in Kenora. She grew to love the Lake and, like her father, never wanted to leave Kenora.

One of the Margaret's great childhood regrets was that she never had a grandmother. Her dad's parents were in Sweden and her maternal grandmother died as a result of some trauma she experienced while birthing Margaret's mother. She often mentioned how much she longed for a grandmother, especially when she saw her friends with their grandmothers. Perhaps it was this longing that made Margaret such an amazing grandmother to her grandchildren. Six of her seven grandchildren each travelled more than a thousand miles to attend her funeral; the seventh, much to his distress, was prohibited from making a similar journey by circumstances beyond his control.

Marriage, Roger's wartime injury, and children

Margaret married a young air force man named Roger Jeal in 1943, about a year before he went overseas as part of the coastal command. During that year they lived in Kenora, Quebec and Nova Scotia. Margaret returned to Kenora and Roger went off to war and their life was drastically changed. Roger was badly injured in a plane crash in Ireland and spent time in military hospitals in Winnipeg, Trail BC and Vancouver. When they moved from Kenora, Margaret made Roger promise that some day they would move back to Kenora. Their daughter Linda was born in Kenora and their sons, Roy and Leon, were born in Vancouver. The fourth generation of girls born in Kenora were Linda's twin daughters, Jodie and Julie.

Vancouver and church service and back to Kenora

Margaret and Roger lived in Vancouver from 1946 to 1964. Sometime around 1950 they learned about Jesus Christ and became devout Christians. This transformed them and the things of God became the essence of their life. Eventually Roger was instrumental in starting a new church in Burnaby, BC—the Burnaby Church of Christ, which is still a thriving church to this day. In 1964 Roger was asked to become the preacher of the Church of Christ in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. They probably never considered that their Linda would find a husband (Terry) in that place!

After five years in "P.A.." Roger kept his promise to Margaret and they moved back to Kenora where they started a Church of Christ in that community in 1969. Their church work in Kenora was interrupted by two years in Louisiana where Roger attended a School of Biblical Studies. It was while they were away that Margaret's beloved father died. They returned to Kenora and continued to labour tirelessly with the church.

Caregiver; the loss of her mother and Roger

Roger never fully recovered from the plane crash injuries and after many years it was discovered that he had a brain tumour that was linked to the neck injury he suffered. The surgery to remove the tumour resulted in severe nerve damage and Margaret had to care for him, even teach him how to do basic things like dressing

himself. At the same time, Margaret's mother became seriously ill and Margaret had to move her into their house so that she could care for her mother. In March of 1987 Margaret's mother passed away in their house and four months later, in June, her husband died suddenly of a burst aneurism in his aortic artery.

Margaret meets Arthur Brown

And Margaret was alone in Kenora except for her church friends. She continued her work to make people's lives better. Eventually she became a fixture at the seniors' drop-in centre where she organized the monthly seniors' birthday party. One day in the library at the drop-in centre she met a small Englishman named Arthur Brown. Soon she was as giddy as a teenager experiencing her first puppy love. About twenty-one years after Roger's death, Margaret and Arthur were married in 1998. They each adopted the other's family and they were extremely happy.

The move to Barrie

A few years later a cloud began to grow on in their sunny sky when Margaret began to show the first glimmers of dementia. Soon they had to sell their property on a small lake just north of Kenora and in February 2006 they moved Barrie and into Grove Park Home's Retirement Suites in March. Margaret still did not want to leave Kenora; for her it was the only place in the world to live. In those early years at GPH, when she talked about going home, she was talking about Kenora.

In February 2007, her strong right arm, Arthur, died and we quickly learned how far the dementia had grown. In October 2008 we were all surprised but greatly pleased when she was offered a room in Grove Park Home. And the rest of the story you know. As with all, she received great care and great patience and great love. The dementia took control and in the end took her life.

Going home

Towards the end of that journey her desire to go home took a change. No longer did she talk about home to Kenora, now she talked clearly about going home to be with Jesus in heaven. She would tell Linda, "I want to go home, help me Jesus; please help me God." In the fog of her dementia her faith came to the top … it was and remained the essence of her life. That last evening Linda kissed her on the forehead and whispered in her ear, "I love you mom, now it is time for you to go home and be with Jesus." And that is exactly what Margaret did! We rejoice that she kept the faith, finished the course and received the crown of life that was laid up for her in heaven. Thank you God for this great lady and her passionate faith!"

—Thanks to Linda and Terry Codling for this story of Margaret's life. I have made a few editorial-type changes and added the subtitles. Margaret's son Roy (m. Jackie) lives in Winnipeg. He is a biblical scholar and we were friends long

before Margaret's (and Linda and Terry's) move to Barrie; we have roomed together at annual meetings of the Society of Biblical Literature. Leon and his wife live in Victoria, BC. During the time she and Arthur lived in Retirement Living, they participated in Chap-Talk on Monday afternoons. Margaret often spoke of her childhood in Kenora and of the wonderful summers at the Lake. Her funeral was on July 17, 2012 in Kenora; interment is in a family plot at the Lake of the Woods Cemetery.

Photos of Margaret, including wedding photos, can be found online at http://obits.dignitymemorial.com/dignity-memorial/obituary.aspx?n=Margaret-Jeal+Brown&lc=3772&pid=158509879&mid=5168208&locale=en_CA

GPH: 01/10/2008; Retirement Living, 03/2006

Teresa Brown as a young woman

Teresa Brown

• BROWN, Teresa

09/10/1912–18/09/2005*

A correction to the account in *Connections* and *Connections 2*: the accident that claimed Mrs. Brown's son-in-law Brian occurred at the intersection of the Old Barrie Road and Concession 3.

In 2005 Mrs. Brown's daughter Louise married Burt Marling. With that came several connections to life at GPH. Burt's sister-in-law Evelyn Cochrane worked in the kitchen at GPH; Evelyn's sister Marie Black married Don Shannon, an uncle to Chris Flynn who works with the S.E. Programme.

GPH: 24/06/1996

BROWNING, Leota *Bailey*

14/09/1914–16/03/2009

B. in Lloydminster, SK; raised in Prince George, BC. Her father worked on the railway as an engineer and was somewhat disabled because of an accident. Her mother's surname was Chance.

When she was twenty-one she moved back to Alberta, to Edmonton. She worked there as a sales clerk and met her husband Eric at a barn dance. They married on Jan. 8, 1938, and had two daughters: Donna (m. Van Bakel) lives in Minesing; and Gail (m. Smith).

Leota did needlepoint and pettiepoint. She enjoyed reading—liked Agatha Christie—but not history, of which, she said, she had enough in school! Mr. Browning worked in financial services. He was born in Saskatoon and moved to Edmonton in about 1934-35.

She liked the colour pink or rose and we often saw her dressed in this colour at GPH. She was intellectually engaging at a great age. I don't think she was one to "suffer fools," as they say.

At her funeral service, granddaughters Kim and Karen spoke warmly and insightfully about their grandmother. Part of that reads as follows:

> **Kim:** Nana prided herself on being a very independent woman. She took care of her ailing husband and their home in Calgary for several years on her own. It wasn't until Papa lost his eyesight completely that she moved him across the country to live with Mom and Dad, where they were quickly adoped by the Van Bakels' extended family and the neighbours. We all felt so blessed to have Nana and Papa present for so many family celebrations. Even after the move, Nana held on to her independence. She made sure that she and Papa both got their exercise every day, walking through the neighbourhood and riding a stationary bicycle. She took care of small meals in their apartment, ran errands with mom, and tended her own vegetable patch in the yard.
>
> **Karen:** We learned just how fiercely independent (or perhaps a bit stubborn) Nana could be one week when Mom and Dad were away. I was staying over at the house in the evenings, and the neighbours would check on Nana during the day and walk the dog. Dad jokingly told Nana to take it easy, and not to try anything crazy like walking the 75-pound Athena on her own. Nana had never in the past shown any interest in walking that dog, that is, until someone told her that she couldn't. And, as Kim said previously, you just don't mess with Nana. A bump on the head and a couple of stitches from a fall as Athena proved too strong for didn't deter Nana. I had to hide the leash to prevent her from trying to walk Athena again.
>
> Anyone who met my grandmother would tell you that she was a vibrant and simply charming woman. She loved to receive company. She liked to talk of the amazing travels she had with her husband Eric, from winters in Arizona, where they made many lifelong friendships, to more exotic locales like Australia, New Zealand, China, Japan, Russia and Europe.

When Nana was 90, she made her last solo trip to Arizona to visit her friend Betty. True to her nature, she would not allow mom to make any special arrangements at the airports. That left my parents worrying until they received the "I've arrived" phone call. I hope my future holds some of the travel and adventure my grandparents experienced.

Kim: Leota Browning's life was one worthy of celebration. She was a beautiful woman, inside and out. She enjoyed a good Agatha Christie novel and a glass of wine. She found true love with her husband Eric, and cherished that love for a lifetime. She was blessed to be a mother of two accomplished and caring daughters, Donna and Gail, as well as to her son-in-law Nick. She spent many, many years surrounded by her grandchildren, Laurie, Sandra, David, Mike, Karen, Doug, Sue and Kim, whom she often spoiled with her attention and generosity. She also had 10 great-grandchildren, Michelle, Nicole, Shawn, Jamie, Arwen, Beatraix, Dane, Hailey, Griffin and Thomas. Each one of them touched her heart.

She had the good fortune to be able to live well and to see much of this world, and the good heartedness to share with those less fortunate than herself through contributions to many charitable causes. All of our lives were made richer for having known and loved Leota Browning. She will be missed.

Karen: We would like to finish with a short poem entitled "God's Garden."

God looked around his garden and found an empty place.
He then looked upon this earth and saw a tired face.
He put his arms around her and took her home to rest.
God's Garden must be beautiful, for he only takes the best.

GPH: 16/05/2006 — A1156

•• BURKE, Doris

See Bob BURKE.

GPH: —S2015

BURKE, Ivy *Mash*

30/06/1922–24/04/2011 (Easter Sunday)

Thanks to Ivy's daughter Pam, who provided the following details about her mom's life.

"B. in London, England, the only child of Matthew and Carrie Mash.

Ivy's parents owned several bake shops in London, so their life was very busy. When she was just seven years old, her father died quite suddenly of a heart attack, at the age of 46. This event changed Ivy's life considerably. She was then enrolled in a private school, and then went on to Clark's College.

Ivy learned to play the piano, and was very good at it. She was also an avid reader, and an excellent typist.

She loved the royal family, and knew all the history of the English monarchy.

When WWII started in 1939, because of Ivy's exceptional talent for typing—she typed 100 words per minute—she was given a job at the London ministry, the Ministry of Information.

Ivy also said that her life truly began on Aug. 12, 1942, when she met a Canadian airman named Stan Burke. Stan was very shy so, of course, Ivy's children always teased her about that fact that she probably "picked him up." She said the first minute she set eyes on him she knew she was going to marry him. They were married on Jan. 2nd , 1942.

This was a very brave and courageous young woman who, at the age of 23, had to get her affairs in order in a week and come to Canada. Because the War was still going on, she had to travel by ship, for 11 days on a ship called the *Sythia*. They were protected by a convoy of ships because there was still a lot of bombing going on. Ivy was coming to a country she had never seen, and to meet a family she only knew about through letters and photos. Further, during the War Stan's mother had died; his sister was just 18.

She had incredible strength, making that trip on her own, at the same time being pregnant with their first child. Ivy landed in Halifax (Pier 21), then had to travel to Toronto and then on to Barrie. She was amazing. Pam says her mom had a lot of good qualities:

- she was the matriarch of our family, mother of Pam, Jim, Gord, Craig, and Janice
- she was a good wife
- she was an awesome mom to her five children, her eight grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren
- she was kind
- she was loving
- she had a great sense of humour
- her husband and her family meant everything to her
- she was a trusted friend
- she was a Christian
- she was a good cook
- she could knit and sew
- she also loved jewellry, and was always very particular about her appearance
- but, most of all, she was a lady.

Her family will always cherish their wonderful memories and, although she will be missed terribly, we know that she is in a better place and with the love of her life, her husband and best friend, Stan."

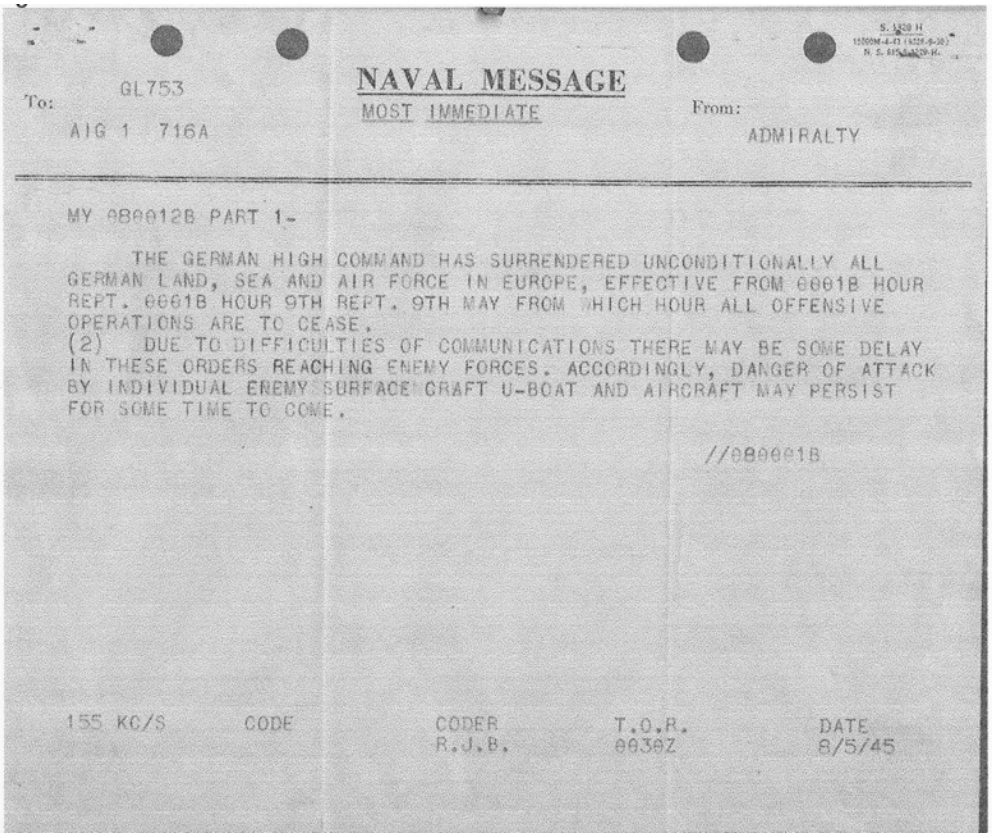
GPH: 20/01/2011—A1123

BURKE, Robert James
25/07/1925–22/01/2012

B. in Toronto.

Bob left Malvern Danforth Technical School to apprentice as a bookbinder with his father and uncle Michael in 1942. This earned him 15¢ / hr. His father came from Dublin; Bob had three unmarried aunts and another aunt who became a nun and stayed in Britain.

The next year, in 1943, he joined the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve (RCNVR) and served in WWII until 1945. His job was as a coder on ships out of Halifax: the minesweeper *HMCS Truro* and then the frigate *HMCS Coaticook*. He was the radio operator when the message announcing the end of the War was received. He kept the paper copy as a souvenir:



NAVAL MESSAGE

To: GL753
AIG 1 716A

MOST IMMEDIATE

From: ADMIRALTY

MY 080012B PART 1-

THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND HAS SURRENDERED UNCONDITIONALLY ALL GERMAN LAND, SEA AND AIR FORCE IN EUROPE, EFFECTIVE FROM 0001B HOUR REPT. 0001B HOUR 9TH REPT. 9TH MAY FROM WHICH HOUR ALL OFFENSIVE OPERATIONS ARE TO CEASE.
(2) DUE TO DIFFICULTIES OF COMMUNICATIONS THERE MAY BE SOME DELAY IN THESE ORDERS REACHING ENEMY FORCES. ACCORDINGLY, DANGER OF ATTACK BY INDIVIDUAL ENEMY SURFACE CRAFT U-BOAT AND AIRCRAFT MAY PERSIST FOR SOME TIME TO COME.

//080001B

155 KC/S CODE CODER R.J.B. T.O.R. 0030Z DATE 8/5/45

Bob finished the War by sailing from Halifax to Victoria BC via the Panama Canal on board the *Coaticook*.

After the War, Bob returned to bookbinding, but an ad for firefighters caught his attention and he went to the sign-up at Toronto City Hall. There he met a Department of National Defense recruiter and was hired as a DND firefighter in 1946. He was posted to CFB Borden shortly thereafter.

Bob and Doris Belfry were married on Nov. 24th, 1951, at old St. Mary's Church in Barrie. They lived for a time at the corner of Bayfield and Sofia Sts., and then moved to 185 Duckworth St. He was posted to Clinton in 1957 and they moved to the family "homestead" on Highway #4. By the time Bob was posted

back to Borden in 1972, there were six kids: Michael, Brian, Jim, Lynn, Rob and Lori.

They bought a house at 38 Peel St. and lived there until 2002, thirty years. From there Bob and Doris moved to 2 Kozlov St., and finally to GPH.

Bob retired from the DND Firefighting Service after 38 years. He was a longstanding member of the Royal Canadian Legion, 1 4th degree in the Knights of Columbus—Financial Secretary for some years, a past member of the Lions Club, and active with the Barrie Minor Lacross Association.

The Burkes celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary in Nov. 2011. It was a great occasion, held at GPH and attended by seventy-five family and friends. Bob's sister Joan Hebert of Toronto was able to attend—the first time they had seen each other in eight years. As it happens, his sister died three hours after Bob did.

Son Rob recalls that in 2011 his dad wanted to keep track of how far he was walking, because he rarely sat down. His family got him a pedometer and, as of Jan. 22, 2012, he had walked 18.3 miles. They intend to wear that pedometer and keep it going!

At GPH Bob made friends easily and helped out the folks around him, delivering papers and so on. At his funeral, Fr. Frank at St. Mary's said that Bob "embraced" life as it unfolded.

Bob and Doris were most proud of one accomplishment, their children. By the way, their son Chris is married to Anne HARGREAVE'S grand-daughter Cathy.

GPH: 03/05/2010

BURNS, Marion Graham *Sugg*

15/09/1924–18/01/2010*

Marion was born in Barrie on Sept. 15, 1924. Eventually there were seven children: Marion, Bert, Jean (m. Fraser), Frank, Jack, Ruth (m. Bellier), and Robert Muir. She recalled that, as a child, she used to walk up Anne St. on Sundays with her aunt(s) to the cemetery. Anne St. was a path seventy and more years ago.

She joined the Air Force in 1943, only to fall prey to TB and spent a year and a half in the sanatarium at Gravenhurst.

She met Bob Burns—see the next entry—in the following way. He was a summer (railway) station agent in Muskoka. Her brother, Bert, worked for the Royal Marine Navigation Company, which ran various boats like the Segwin and Cherokee. Bob used to come over to their house. On one occasion Bert and Bob were going out and Bert suggested Marion as a date! They were married on Nov. 30, 1949 and, when they were newly married, lived in Beaverton. Later in Barrie, Beaverton, Gravenhurst and back to Barrie.

Marion and Bob became parents of three sons: Randall (m.; d. 1997); Donald (m. Kathy); Gord (m. Nancy Godin; m. Marion Morris Waters). And now there are many grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Bob went to work for the railway in 1943 and stayed for 35 years, retiring at age 55. Then they owned a resort called "Ruby's Cottages," at Carnarvon. It

consisted of six cottages. And did that for three or four years, then they returned to Barrie.

The Blue Spruce Trees

> Marion used to like to take her children and walk up the 4th Line, a path called St. Vincent St., to pick wild strawberries for the day. Later thimbleberries; morales. One time they were out, she was driving along and saw two little trees. "They look like blue spruce trees," she said. So she went digging, and then noticed that they were in a line. It was a reforestation project! She hurried out. The two trees at at the NE corner of Cook St. and Steel St., one house E of Cook, number 60, one in the front of the house, one in the back. They are big trees now.

When Bob's health failed, he came to live at GPH, on Sept. 30, 2003. Just over three years later, Marion came as well, on Dec. 21, 2006. Bob died two years ago, on Feb. 1, 2008.

Marion maintained a lovely suite on Spruce, did handicrafts, and enjoyed a quiet pace of life. Her lungs were not strong and last fall she began talking with me about this day. She wanted us to gather here, because this is where many of her friends are, and she wanted to take care of things so her family did not have to. Marion was a person who took care of business. I admired her for that.

Marion's sister, Jean A. Fraser, offered a eulogy at her funeral service at GPH. It was one of the most remarkable that I have heard. For that reason, I asked for a copy and reproduce it here, in full.

> *Birth and childhood*
>
> Marion was the first of seven children born to Edward Stanley Sugg and Mary Jean Graham Sommers, Barrie, Ontario, 1924. She lived for a short while with her parents at 32 Francis St., along with her great-aunt Angeline Johnston.
>
> Marion's great-great-grandparents, James Johnston and Mary Graham, came from Scotland, then Ireland, and then to Canada in 1832. They settled in Craighurst. Marion's great-grandparents, John Johnston and Jane Jamieson, had purchased three lots on Francis Street in 1892, where they lived after they retired from their farm on the 9th Concession of Minesing, in Vespra Twp.
>
> Marion's parents operated The White Star Grocery at 64 Elizabeth St. until the 1929 Depression. Soon afterwards Marion and her parents lived in a small house on Donald St., halfway betweeen her aunt Aunt Angeline and Aunt Belle Gibson House at 59 Donald St. Marion's brother Bert was born here. It was at that time of the Great Depression that the grocery

business became difficult. Her father hopped a freight train to "The Sault," where he found work on the Canadian National Railway as a machinist, which had been his previous training.

Marion was a beautiful little girl and spent much of her early childhood in Barrie, with aunts and cousins and grandparents Albert and Alice Sugg, who lived at 265 Elizabeth St. (later Dunlop St.). Albert Sugg and Alice Byles came from England to Canada in 1905 on the boat "Iona." Her grandfather Albert was a carriage builder and also an accomplished musician. He was Master of the Simcoe Foresters Band and played in the Barrie Citizens Band. He worked at The Armouries as manager of the Sergeants Mess.

Growing up in Gravenhurst

In 1931 Marion was moved with her family to Gravenhurst, where her father acquired permanent employment as a locomotive machinist with the CNR, repairing and maintaining coal-burning steam engines.

Growing up in Gravenhurst, she lived on Muskoka St. and, later, on Bay St. Marion attended public and high schools. Along with her family, she attended Central United Church and its Sunday School. During summer months much time was spent swimming at Broughtons Beach on Gull Lake. Marion was the only one of us to swim all the way across Gull Lake along—for which she was afterwards reprimanded! The young people and families looked forward to the Sunday afternoon Band concerts held in Gull Park. Lat one we all swam in Muskoka Lake, often from the whart across the bay to Abbeys.

Marion learned to play the piano quite well and I often remember her playing the "Concerto in B flat minor," and "Deep Purple," over and over again. In her teen years I thought my big sister was the most beautiful looking girl in town. She had some very fine boyfriends and girl friends, who were Esther Zannnachis, Margorie Utley, Mona Buckerfield, Verla Everett, and Eileen Stevens.

Her father was strict with her at this time, with such things a curfews, and Marion was rebellious and, at times, played hooky from high school. As Marion's younger sister, I remember she would offer me five cents to dry the supper dishes so she could be out with her friends. I would refuse the five cents and do the dishes, which was her designated job. Perhaps I felt guilty, remembering that I had smashed her Eatons Beauty Doll with a hammer when we were both much younger. By the way, when Marion was sixty-something we laughed when I gave her a beautiful china doll I once purchased in my travels. I think she passed it on to a grand-daughter.

Marion emphatically did not like high school, so she left home to work at Simpsons in Toronto, where she learned to giftwrap purchase for customers. She was artistic and creative and wowed us with her beautifully wrapped presents at Christmas.

While the family were living on Bay St. in Gravenhurst and Marion was working in Toronto, she decided to join the Royal Canadian Air Force. While there she was photographed as poster girl for the Womens Division.

The RCAF and TB

Several years later the news came that Marion, whle serving in the RCAF, had contracted tuberculosis. This news seemed devastating to the family. The treatment at the Gravenhurst San was bed rest and pneumothorax—partial collapsing of the lung. Marion slowly responded to this treatment an spent three years in the hospital. While there she occupied herself by operating the hospital radio station and played records and music for the patients. Her knowledge of classical music improved and, when she became well and was living at home for a while, she tried to motivate her brothers and sisters to appreciate classical music.

During Marion's stay in the San, in winter we would skate several miles up Muskoka Lake to visit her; in summer we paddled the canoe or rode our bicycle. By way of the Lake we passed the German Prison Camp. Bert and I visited her often but the younger siblings were not allowed in the hospital. About 1946 Marion was better and left the San. She was home for a while, then went to Toronto and was employed at the General Hospital as a switchboard operator for two years. She lived with her friend Verla Everett, who was a successful accountant.

Marion was a wonderful sister and almost too generous in nature. She would give me some of her nice clothes to wear when I was in high school. She let me wear her lovely white evening gown on my first formal date. When I entered nurses' training, she sewed me a lovely woolen dressing gown and bought me some nice clothes.

Marion spent six months in Sunnybrook Hospital in 1948, in Toronto, for further and more recent treatment for TB. I think Sulfa drugs were new at that time.

Marriage and family

Marion and Robert Burns were married in 1950, at Central United Church in Gravenhurst. It was a pretty wedding. Our mother had always said she wanted her daughters to have church weddings. Marion and Bob lived in Barrie, then in Beaverton for many years, and later returned to Barrie and

Gravenhurst for a time. As a dispatcher for the CNR, Bob was proficient in the Morse Code. They had three sons, all born in Barrie: Randall, born in 1951, Donald born in 1954, and Gordon born in 1960.

Beaverton

In Beaverton Marion had a small business, where she knit and sold beautiful designer sweaters. Eventually she got a knitting machine and produced sweaters and knitted goods for her children, nieces and nephews. Marion and Bob enjoyed belonging to the curling club. They found a new friend in Marg, who, much later, became Marion's sister-in-law. Marion prided herself as the best matchmaker, in bringing together Allan and me, and, in later years, Marg and brother Jack.

Marion was proficient in figures and became a real estate agent. One of her favourite activities was finding and picking wild morels. She would take the family out to meadows to gather them. The while family enjoyed their time in Beaverton, living close to nature.

Back to Barrie

The family moved back to Barrie when Bob was transferred to Allandale. They bought a house on Steele St. Marion did not sell real estate in Barrie because she said it was too competitive and she could not tolerate the stress. She worked in security at the Mall and was good at her job.

In 1973, at her parents' 50th wedding anniversary party, Marion wrote and recited a very notable poem, composed for the occasion. She and Bob contributed, along with six other siblings, to the gift, Stan and Jean's trip to Britain.

Marion and Bob were great hosts and always welcomed family visits. Marion made delicious casseroles and Bob offered the beverage. Many good times were had. They took Stan and Jean on road trips, several to the East Coast. Marion and Bob also enjoyed holidays in the Caribbean.

Retirement and retirement

When Marion and Bob both retired, they purchased a summer resort and cottages on Boshkung Lake, near Minden. They spent many years there and many family birthdays and reunions were hosted on this beautiful site. Marion learned pottery, bought herself a kiln and sold her pottery to tourists from her sun porch. Once again she showed her creative and entrepreneurial spirit.

They retired again, sold their resort, and returned to Barrie, purchased a house on Johnson St. Marion and Bob lived quietly here for many more years while winding down. Their eldest son Randy became extremely ill and later died, not long after a liver transplant—a sad time for everyone.

Grove Park

Several years later, Bob became ill and entered Grove Park ome, where he seemed content. Marion sold the home and, soon after, she too moved to Grove. Marion had received a Veterans' pension over the years and Bob always had a good job, so they were financially comfortable.

I can't remember the exact year, probably about 1985, when it was officially proclaimed "The Year for Women." We three sisters, Marion, Ruth, and me, along with our mother, decided we should have our own celebration, and went on a car trip. Being together was a memorable time for us girls. We enjoyed ourselves. I think we travelled as far as Chapleau, where we had a visit with some cousins.

Marion was always a good sport and liked to go places. On one occasion, we three sisters and our sister-in-law, Eileen, spent a holiday in the Dominican Republic.

Marion had limited physical energy over the years and would tire easily. We all encouraged her, many times, to stop smoking cigarettes, for the good of her hearlth. This would trigger, sometimes, the feisty part of her nature.

The times when Ruth and I visited Marion while she lived at the Grove, she told us she was contented to be here, that the staff who attended her were kind and caring people. There were times, when not feeling well, that she would brighten up and be ready to go with us to the Casino, which was one of her many pleasures, besides finding and picking wild morels!

In closing ...

Marion's family enjoyed her usually good nature and welcoming way. She was a good sister and well loved.

GPH: 21/12/2006

BURNS, Robert

21/02/1923–01/02/2008

B. in Barrie; his parents were Harry and Olive (McKee). Bob was the youngest of five children: Hazel (m. Brown); Hudson; Rena (m. Horton); Oriole (m. Armstrong), Bob.

His father had a service station across from where Parkview Seniors Centre is now and his mother had a grocery store beside the garage or a very long time.

Bob went to work for the railway in 1943 and stayed with them for 35 years, retiring at age 55. It was Gordon Misener who siggested to Bob that he pursue a job with the railway. Gord used to come into the grocery store. Bob had just been turned down by the RCAF—poor eyesight. So it was that Bob eventually became a service representative which took him from Toronto to North Bay and to other places, including Meaford. Marion recalls that Bob closed a number of railway stations.

I knew Gord Misener when he lived at Meaford. He was the station master there and, more importantly, he played in the Meaford Citizens' Band, as I did, and his daughter Anne was in the same grade as me in High School.

Bob met Marion in this way. He was a summer station agent in Muskoka; Marion's brother worked for the Royal Marine Navigation company, which ran various boats like the Segwin, Cherokee, and others. He used to come over to their house. On one occasion her brother and Bob were going out and her brother suggested Marion as a date.

Bob and Marion became parents to three sons: Randall (m.; d. 1997); Donald (m. Kathy Dwyer); Gordon (m. Nancy Godin). Randy's daughter, Melanie Burns, works at GPH.

Bob came to live at GPH in Sept., 2003; eventually Marion came to live here as well. She remembers Bob as hard-working, a good husband and father, as trustworthy and honest.

I enjoyed conversations with Bob about his work on the railway.

—with thanks to Marion.

GPH: 30/09/2003

•♦ BURROWS, Florence

31/12/1902–05/01/2003*

GPH: 22/12/1980

BYERS, Doreen *Slacer*

08/10/1918–15/06/2009

B. in Clarkson, the youngest child of Arthur B. and Laura Shane. Mrs. Byers had four siblings: twins Ken and Florence, Everett, and Pearl. The Slacer farms are now occupied by various industrial concerns, such as the BP refinery.

She met her future husband, Crawford Byers, already in elementary school in Oakville. An excellent student, she finished high school at age 15 and went back and took commercial courses. Doreen was strong in languages, and her German proved useful when they went to Heidelberg for three years.

Doreen took a secretarial job at de Havilland and worked there for two years until her marriage in 1941. Daugther Judith (m. Dave Johnson) was born. The family lived in Weston, on King St., and Mrs. Byers was a CGIT leader, was a member of the Horticultural Society, did knitting and crafts and, at one time,

belonged to three bridge clubs. There was also the cottage in Innisfil. But all this may be getting a bit ahead of the story.

The Byers were in Heidelberg for three years with de Havilland, for which Crawford also worked. It was there, when Judith was 15, that brother Kenneth Everett was born.

Mr. Byers died in 1984. After his death Doreen stayed on the their house until she went to live at St. Hilda's. (GPH resident Gladys HARVEY also lived at St. Hilda's Retirement Home, from 1985–1991, as did Onetta NICHOLS for some years.) There a fall brought about by residents rushing to the dining room with their walkers resulted in a fractured pelvis. This in turn sent her to Western Hospital for five days, where her condition deteriorated badly. From there she went to the North York Senior Health Centre. At the end of 2008 Doreen moved to GPH to be closer to her daughter, who lives in Barrie.

Doreen was also a music and piano teacher. As it happens, her grandson David played the baby grand piano at GPH many times! She enjoyed the TV show "Jeopardy," as she believed that it stimulated her mind, like bridge did for many years.

Mrs. Byers was an early riser. Daughter Judy recalls that he mother would drive up from Weston to Barrie and be at her door for breakfast at 7 a.m.!

On July 11, about a month after Mrs. Byers' death, I performed the wedding of Libby Perry and Chris MacLean. At the rehearsal Libby's mother Karen inquired about Mrs. Byers, because the Perrys have known Judy for some years. Finally, many times at the Saturday night "hot rod" gathering at Burger King on Bayfield St. I have seen the red 1977 Triumph Spitfire that belongs to Judy and her husband, Dave. But I didn't know whose it was until now.

— With thanks to Judy Johnson.

GPH: 08/12/2008

C

CALDWELL, Doris *Frankland*

07/02/1925–30/09/2007

Mrs. Caldwell's father was from Lancashire, came to Canada, married and had six children: several died of childhood diseases, epilepsy; two survived. Her parents divorced.

Her father remarried, to Phyllis Jones, Doris' mother, who was from Birmingham. So it was that Doris was one of her father's thirteen children; she herself was one of four.

Doris never saw her grandparents, but she wrote to them in England. One uncle, Tom, came to Toronto, had two or three children, but then died: she attended his funeral.

At Easter, when she was in grade 8, the family moved to the 7th line of Innisfil; she became a student in a one-room schoolhouse, with a teacher who had an "anti-city" attitude. However, she recalled, she could stick up for herself.

Doris married Kenneth Caldwell—a large, local family, with ties to the Hickling family, and they farmed at Shanty Bay for many years; then they moved to Victoria Harbour. Together they had eight children, four sons and four daughters.

Her three brothers have died; her sister may still be alive, in Toronto.

Mrs. Caldwell's daughter Shirley (m. May) is only eighteen years younger than her mother, so that they were, at times, more like sisters than mother-daughter.

At GPH, Mrs. Caldwell shared a table on Willow with Walter KENT and Helen EMERY.

GPH: 24/04/2003

CALDWELL, William "Bill" Kenneth

27/11/1928–11/11/2011

B. in Barrie, the son of Louis and Violet (Kenny) Caldwell. He had a brother, Neal.

Bill grew up in Barrie and became a passionate ambassador for the city and one of its "movers and shakers" through his business and through his numerous civic contributions. He was a brilliant person and his avocation—an interest in military history—took him on yearly trips to England. But, I have got ahead of the story ...

His uncle pharmacist sent him to university where he couldn't decide on a programme: mechanical or chemical engineering? He tossed a coin and graduated in chemical engineering from the University of Toronto in 1952. Bill worked for Monsanto in Montreal for some years. He invented a formula for turning woodshavings into toilet seats and formed the company Moldex in Barrie in 1956. It became Canada's largest manufacturer of toilet seats and used the catchy slogan, "Born in Barrie, raised everywhere," in its advertising. In 1968 he founded United Extrusions, a drainage pipe manufacturer.

Bill married Shirley White and they had four children, three daughters, Linda (m. Lord), Catherine, and Janet (m. Wilson), and a son, William A. "Billy."

He contributed significantly to public life in Barrie: as Chairman of the RVH Board of Directors, Chairman of the Building Committee for the present RVH; President Barrie Rotary Club; Chairman and Acting President of Georgian College; Chairman YMCA Building Committee; Director Barrie Chamber of Commerce; Member Ontario Council of Regents; President of the Barrie Raceway; founding member of the "Barrie Old Boy's Club." His obituary adds that he was the first civilian member of the Royal Canadian Military Institute.

Bill's life knew some great sadnesses. His wife Shirley died at a young age of cancer and his son Billy died in his early 30s of a rare blood disease. Daughter Cathy contracted MS. He remarried and found happiness with a second Shirley, who had been his secretary, and she has shared many stories about Bill with us at GPH.

Bill himself fell ill to Alzheimer's Disease, which brought him to GPH. Here, even as the disease progressed, his focus continued on business matters, as Fatima Essar, who spent much time with him as a caregiver, can attest.

Mr. Caldwell's obituary appeared in the *Globe and Mail,* Mon., Nov. 14, 2001. Friend Jack Garner's "Letter of the Day" in *The Barrie Examiner,* Sat., Nov. 19, was entitled "The late Bill Caldwell a true Barrie booster." (Jack's mother-in-law Flo BURROWS lived at GPH and her story and a photo appear in *Connections 2*.)

It happened that we remembered Bill and Pauline MCCULLOUGH at the same memorial service. She was three years his junior and, like him, had been born in Barrie and spent most of her life here. Their families knew each other. Like Bill, Rayner, Pauline's husband, served as Chairman of the RVH Board of Directors. Bill and Pauline both lived on Pine unit at GPH. Finally, Beulah GARLAND'S daughter-in-law Peggy (Caldwell) Garland is Bill's cousin. Her mother was Agnes Caldwell, Bill's aunt. Bill's dad and Agnes' husband Grant Parkhouse Caldwell were part of an extraordinary family of 13 boys!

Interment: Barrie Union Cemetery.

GPH: 21/04/2008

CAMERON, Bruce Vernon

14/10/1928–13/10/2010*

Mr. Cameron died one day before his 83rd birthday.

"He was born in Barrie, where he made his lifetime home. Bruce was the 5th of ten children born to Vernon and Beth Cameron. The Cameron family was always a very close family that enjoyed getting together for indoor and outdoor parties and celebrations, mostly hosted by his mother after his father passed away when Bruce was about 21.

Bruce began his career by following in the footsteps of his father—working for the railroad. His father had begun working for the railroad at the Allandale Station after he'd served in the army during WWII. For most of his life, however, Bruce was a craftsman, building custom homes, making cabinets, and doing renovations. In fact, he and his brother built a house for their mother on Thompson St., where many of the family gatherings took place and where she lived until weeks before her death at 96. He left his mark on Barrie in buildings such as the Queen's Hotel and what used to be the Brookdale Inn, now Kings' Buffett and Howard Johnson's. He was also a big part of the demolition team for the old Barrie train station. His daughters often hung out with him at job sites, to help keep things tidy and "go for coffee," as he would say.

He married Ida MacLaren in 1952 at the Anglican church in Penetang; her father was an Anglican rector.

Bruce became the patriarch of a very large family. He and Ida had five lovely daughters: Glenda, Betty (m. Carl Defrancke), Barb (m. Wayne Forget), Pat (m. Blake Partridge), and Susan. In turn, he had 17 grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren, all of whom he loved dearly.

Ida died at age 48. He met Velma Becht in 1974 and she was his loving companion from that time on.

Bruce had many loves and hobbies, not the least of which were his family, friends, pets, and sports. He loved long drives through the country, picking berries

and morels; fishing, gardening, ponies, slots, scratch tickets, and coffee meetings at Tim's.

His most favourite thing to do was to go for long drives in the country. He would just get in the car and drive—not just around home: he could end up in northern Ontario—just wherever, it didn't matter, he just wanted to be on the road and see the country. He loved the bush, where he would spend hours picking berries and morels; he even brought home puff balls which he cooked and ate. (His girls were not very keen on the puff ball soup he made!) During blueberry season, he would get in the car and drive up to Sudbury for the day to pick blueberries. He had his secret spots where he knew he could pick baskets of goodies.

Bruce was really an outdoors kind of guy. He loved to fish, either in a boat or from the shore. During smelt season, he'd bring bushel baskets full of his nightly catch home, which he and his girls spent the rest of the night cleaning.

He and Velma travelled a bit, but he never did fly in an airplane—it was always on the road. They made a few trips to Florida and often travelled to Michigan to visit his Aunt Ann and Uncle Hugh. They also took a few train trips through northern Ontario, once again to see the country.

Bruce was a lover of animals. He always had a dog, which he talked to and treated like it was his child. He fondly remembered Peanuts, who died many years ago, and his current pet, Splash, whom he called his "girl." He also had two cats, one of which was a stray that he and Velma took into their home.

As his health deteriorated over the past few years, he couldn't do many of the things he enjoyed, but those good times were the topic of many visits, especially during the last six months while he was at Grove Park Home."

—Thanks to Pat, who wrote this about her dad.

At Bruce's funeral on Fri., Oct. 15, at Steckley-Gooderham's, his family shared hilarious stories about their dad and grandfather. He was a "character." Grandson Jordan, Glenda's son and a professional musician, sang Van Morrison's song, "Mystic." At the very end of the service there, Bob, 92, Bruce's builder friend, asked to speak and, coming to the front, gave a touching and tearful tribute to him. Later, after the interment at Union Cemetery, we went back to Velma's on Cundles East, a great gathering of adults, little kids, much good food, and stories.

Bruce's four eldest daughters worked at GPH as teenagers, in the kitchen, in the days when Maude WOOD and Ruby DRAKE worked there. At that time the Camerons lived at St. Vincent and Grove, then on Curtiss Ct., nearby. Glenda's friend Dale Warner, and Dale's siblings, also worked at GPH in those early days, when Clarence Rittenhouse was Administrator, and Loraine Burbidge was here.

GPH: 21/04/2010

CAMPBELL, Lillian
20/03/1915–

Moved to Woods Park 11/04/2006.
GPH: 28/03/2006

•• CAMPBELL, Mary
GPH: —A1153

•• CARRUTHERS, Audrey
GPH: —S2044

CARTER, Jean
06/12/1916–24/07/2006
B. in Toronto. She and her husband lived in Mt. Dennis, where he was a milkman.
GPH: 26/07/2004

CARTER, John
02/01/1917–30/11/2010
Mr. Carter was a mechanical engineer. His children are a son, Robert, and a daughter, Chris (m. Begg). His wife of some 65 years died in 2008. He continued to live alone, but a fractured hip took him to Georgian Bay General Hospital and, from there, to GPH.

He was interested in the period of WWI and when we first met he was reading about riots in Paris just after that War. I mentioned two books by Robert Harris (*Dreadnaught* and *Castles of Steel*) concerning WWI British and German navies, and another book by Harris on Peter the Great, large books, and Mr. Carter had his son pick them up. I had looked forward to discussing these with him.

Mr. Carter's family provided the following lifestory.

Early life

"John Carter was born on January 2, 1917 in Fesserton, ON, to Claude and Ida Carter. The Carter family owned the Fesserton Timber Company. The mill burned and in 1919 John and his older brother Douglas moved with their parents to Toronto.

Claude opened a lumber wholesaling business, which he operated for the rest of his life. John attended John Ross Robertson P.S. The family still has a pair of painted wood hot mats that John made as a student there. He attended high school at Upper Canada College. It wasn't a particularly happy time for him as he didn't enjoy sports and found some of his peers pretentious.

University

That all changed and he really came into his own when he entered Mechanical Engineering at the University of Toronto, which emphasized the practical supported by theory. There he met five fellow students who, with their

wives, became his life-long friends. They walked home to North Toronto each night to save streetcar fares for more important treats such as a five-cent hamburger. John spent summers working at the Ford Motor Co. in Windsor. Upon graduation he instructed at the U of T.

Love, marriage, children

In the late 1930s John saw a young woman riding on the bus. He was immmediately taken by her appearance and demeanor but in those days a young man needed to be introduced to a young lady. Over the next few mnths he saw her a couple of more times. Imagine his delight when he saw hs friend Archie McNaughton with her as his date at a dance. This meant he would be introduced. Eleanor put him on her dance card! Eleanor May Webb and John courted and were married on June 27, 1942.

They had two children, Christine (Jan. 21, 1947) and Robert (Apr. 10, 1948) and employed a Mothercraft nurse, Margaret Stephenson, who had escaped farm life in Atwood, ON. Afer helping raise the two Carter children, Margaret soon met and married Engineering student, Bruce LeFaive, who was employed one summer building trailers at the Carter residence. The family connection with the three LeFaive children remains.

Professional life

John's working life as a professional engineer was diverse and fascinating. During WWII, Massey Harris converted to war production. The DeHaviland Mosquito, a high performance bomber, was designed to be built in subassemblies at different locations and then assembled centrally. John worked at Massey Harris building wooden wings for the Mosquito.

At Lincoln Electric he was involved in the manufacture of welding rods. At Northern Pigment he produced pigment used to colour bricks. At the T. Eaton Co. he planned and implemented their first compterized credit card billing and inventory control systems. At the time, computers occupied entire rooms and information was recorded on punched cards. Rob and Chris remember him bringing hom large binders and taken courses to understand those computers.

His next job was in Ottawa at the National Research Council, studying grant proposals from an engineering perspective. The weekend drive to John's beloved cottage at Honey Harbour was 6 hours from Ottawa. In 1973, John and Eleanor relocated to Midland, ON, a brief 45 minutes from the cottage. There he worked at Midland Chrysler, Kindred Industries Lt., and, in Barrie, at Imperial Eastman, a manufacturer of hydraulic hoses and fittings.

Retirement, Florida, books and boats

When John was 62 he suffered a stroke that ended his working career. With his customary determination, he overcame some paralysis in his left arm and learned to compensate for the loss of his sense of balance. It was then that he and

Eleanor began annual trips to the warmer climes of Florida; eventually they bought a small condo there. They enjoyed the warmth with visits from old friends and made new ones as well. Playing Bridge with friends was a common pastime.

John read every day and enjoyed both novels and factual books, especially those about history and archaeology. He couldn't resist the library discard table and bought many books for himself and others. John also followed the Toronto Stock Exchange throughout his life. He watched the closing numbers right up until his death.

He had passion for wooden boats. In the early 1950s he purchased a 26-foot Gidley launch which is still at the cottage. Visitors and family have vivid memories of evening cruises at Honey Harbour. In the early 1960s he had a 28-foot six-inch cruiser built. One memorable summer, the family cruised from Frenchman's Bay on Lake Ontario to new moorings at the Carter cottage in Honey Harbour. John challenged local wisdom by navigating the last shoal-ridden leg of the voyage from Port Severn to Honey Harbour in the dark.

60th anniversary and beyond

As John joked on his and Eleanor's 60th wedding anniversary, "I could have served two life sentences and most of a third!" He was lovingly asked to save the comment for his second wife.

John's diabetes and associated circulatory problems resulted in arterial surgery and, later, the loss of his left leg at the knee. He became adept at using a walker and continued to do as much as possible for himself. Eleanor's health began to deteriorate and, as Eleanor became less capable, John, then in his mid-80s, became her primary caregiver. Eleanor died on Dec. 31, 2007, after 65 years of happy marriage. Discouraged but not broken, John soldiered on, living alone at his house in Midland with the invaluable help from support workers. Longtime neighbours, Bill and Lillimor Chapman, would joke about the steady stream of women arriving at the Carter residence.

On Jan. 31, 2010, John fell and broke his hip. He had it replaced but, over several months, it became clear that sufficient recovery to return to his own home was not to be so he moved to the Maple wing at Grove Park. He received wonderful physical, emotional and spiritual care during the time he was here.

In rememberance

John is remembered for his warm smile and his gentlemanly manner."

GPH: 09/07/2010—M1213

CAUTERMAN, Mariette ("Marie") Josee *Moison*

30/03/1922–02/10/2012

B. in Brussels, Belgium, the daughter of Victor M. and Zelic Janssens. Her mother died at age 57 and is interred in Belgium.

She grew up in the Depression, graduated from Art college but chose to work in a government office. It was there that she met Paul Cauterman and they married in the early 1940s.

During WWII she had a serious accident—she was run over by a tram—and injured her hip, leg and ribcage. This diminished her lung capacity and in her 80s she was on oxygen and lung failure eventually led to her death.

The Cautermans emigrated to Canada in 1948, sponsored by Mr. Cauterman's sister who had married a Canadian soldier. The following year Glen was born, in Toronto.

In 1952 they moved to Oakville, then Islington, when Glen went to University. Marie started working outside the home, mostly as a French translator when the Cautermans' business went bankrupt. After Mr. Cauterman died, in 1975, Marie and son Glen bought a townhouse in Oakville. Eventually Marie looked after grandchildren Sean and Sherry, part-time, for a few years while their mother went out to work.

When Glen met his wife Pia, in 2000, Marie was still living in Oakville, with her dog Beau, but in need of help. So she went to live with Glen and Pia in Bolton for five years. Then, when they moved to their cottage, she moved to their house—now in Midland—and lived there for six years with dog Beau and the help of the Red Cross. She was proud of the fact that, in the last five years of her life, she had seen the arrival of four great-grandchildren.

Beloved dog Beau died in Jan. 2012, at age sixteen. In Mar. 2012 Marie enjoyed a large 90th birthday celebration, surrounded by family, friends and dignitaries.

In June 2012 Marie came to live at GPH and, specifically, to live on Maple wing. She made friends with residents and staff. The month of September was a happy time: she spent three days at the cottage, went out for meals, and, just five days before her death, spent a glorious afternoon with Glen touring the Barrie waterfront in her wheelchair!

—Thanks to Glen for this account of his mom's life. At least once I enjoyed having lunch with Mrs. Cauterman. Elaine and I had been in Brussels during our honeymoon in August 1989; also in Brugge, a beautiful place she also knew.

GPH: 11/06/2012—M1195

Glen, his mom Marie Cauterman, and Pia at the GPH Family Picnic

CEPALAK, Eva
28/09/1939–09/09/2009
B. in Prague.

Eva came to Canada with her husband and four-year old son Peter on Nov. 11, 1968, leaving the uncertainty of Czechoslovakia. Where should they emigrate to? Her husband wanted a place where he could fish, his hobby, and she wanted to be in or near a big city. The immigration people said Barrie would be good. Their daughter was born here.

She was a hairdresser from the age of 16. In Barrie she worked for Giovanni and Perri, for Barb Henderson, then for eight years out of her own home. Eva liked to talk to people.

Eva went back to Prague every year from 1990 to 2003. In 2003 her mother was still alive, at age 98. Her family still lives in the house they left.

She told me one time that life under the Russians was worse than under the Germans.

Eva contracted MS, a disease which took her life a bit at a time. She made friends at GPH. Eva liked to sit near the window across from the library Aspen library / Life Enrichment room before her meals and look at the sky. She bore her suffering with dignity; she never complained.ß

GPH: 13/11/2003

•• CHALMERS, John
GPH: —W3044

CHERUTTI, Franceshin "Nancy" *Meloni*
10/05/1911–02/08/2005

B. in the village of Falmanta, northern Italy, where she grew up and married. She and her husband had two children, Orlando and Frank, when Mr. Cherutti came to Canada in 1938. In fact, he had been born in Canada because his father had come to work on the CPR, had three children, and then returned to Italy.

WWII broke out and Mr. Cherutti was unable to return to Italy, so Nancy looked after their children, her parents and her parents-in-law. It was not until 1949 that the family was back together: Nancy first saw her husband again on the dock in New York when their boat from Italy docked. They came by train to Ontario, to Barrie, where Mr. Cherutti was working in the roundhouse in Allandale station.

When the Allandale station closed, Mr. Cherutti went to work for the Board of Education as a custodian. Two children were born here, a daughter and Tony, who lives on Grove St.

GPH: 14/04/2003

CHRAPCHYNSKI, Josephine "Julie"

24/12/1913–

Mrs. Chrapchynski lived at GPH for about a month in the winter of 2007, before returning to the community on Mar. 6.

12/02/2007—M1191

CLAYDEN, Eleanor May *Bolton*

17/09/1939–10/03/2011*

B. in Richmond Hill, ON, daughter of William B. and Edna May Stonehouse, who were both born in Toronto. Her paternal grandfather was Thomas Bolton; her maternal grandparents, Albert and Ellen Stonehouse.

She had one sibling, a brother, Bill.

Her father was a "milkman." They moved to Oro-Medonte for the sake of her brother's health (asthma) and would spent fifty years on a farm. She was ten. There were fences to fix, cows to chase, horses to ride, and, yes, manure to shovel and remove from the barn. Memories of riding her horse "Thunder" alongside her brother on his horse "Dolly" were among her favourites. She liked dogs and cats—Mandy the dog, and Albert and George, the cats.

On July 11, 1966 Eleanor married James Robert Clayden; they were married for some twenty-seven years. They enjoyed camping at Six Mile Lake, "Happy Hearts Camping" at Tobermory; the K.O.A. at Thunder Bay; took a train trip in Sault Ste. Marie, and spent time at Algonquin Park. There they had memorable visitors—deer, moose, and coyotes.

Jim died on Mar. 24, 1993.

For a short time, Eleanor worked in the Lora Lee Restaurant in Oro; after that, for some seven years alongside her mother-in-law, Mary Clayden, in laundry services at RVH. She regarded Mary as a "special friend."

Eleanor considered her parents a great inspiration in her life. They gave a lot of fun parties that included family and friends and, she said, she learned from her mom how to be patient when baking! Sister-in-law Marie was also a special

friend: they used to go to the Lake to take pictures of geese, boats, and so on, went out to supper regularly, and went out on the Serendipity.

Eventually Eleanor moved with her mother to Barrie, to Codrington St.; the year was 2000. Phillip and Hazel WILLER were neighbours. Later she moved to Midhurst with her brother Bill. Health issues brought her to GPH in Nov. 2008. At GPH she easily made friends. Jean STASEK, whose suite shared a common door with Eleanor's, became a good friend: the last thing Eleanor did at the end of her day was to say goodnight to Jean.

By faith, Eleanor was a Presbyterian

Eleanor wanted to be remembered by her family for two things: first, for her kindness whenever they needed a friend; second, for her patience, which was exemplary. While at GPH, Eleanor was making thrice-weekly trips by ambulance to Orillia for dialysis. This she bore with patience and a good spirit.

Interment: Knox Presbyterian Church cemetery, 9th Line and Old Barrie Rd., Oro.

GPH: 17/11/2008 Spruce

COLE, Percy

02/02/1934–25/11/2004

Mr. Cole had a motorized scooter that he parked in his van, which I thought was pretty neat. At his memorial service we read from what his brother had presented at the funeral. In that eulogy his brother says that Percy was the oldest and he was the youngest of seven children, that seventeen years separated them, yet they were very close, especially after the deaths of their parents.

He says, "Wilma and I shared many fond times with Percy and Ruth. From long ago times when I was just a kid helping him build his house in Anten Mills, to later times of going camping at Rainbow Valley, to house parties and dances at Pine Crest, to just gathering for an evening to play some cards and have a few pops.

"We were close not because we grew up in a time when the world was the same for both of us. Indeed, the world was vastly different for us. Rather, I believe we were close because we had an unconditional love and acceptance of each other. I never argued with Percy or tried to change him and, if I did, it wasnít for long. We each would state our case but we each realized we were of the same stripes and not about to change each other, so there was no point arguing.

"Some may have been taken back by Percy's "straight forward talk" and "take me as I am" attitude. But I respected him for never sitting on the fence and always knowing where he stood on any issue.

"Behind that tough front was a very warm, sensitive and sentimental man. When Wilma and I shared an evening with Percy and Ruth, Percy would more often than not end the evening with a big hug, a kiss on the cheek and an "I love you" in my ear.

"In my mind, family was very important to Percy. After the passing of Mom he attempted to take on the task of the remaining eldest and keep his brothers, sisters, and family intact with his annual pool parties and reunions.

"I recall times when he would lecture my kids on the importance of family and relationships. I have a picture in my pocket of a time when he physically picked up my two oldest daughters when they were young and sat them on the kitchen table. He then went on to speak to them for some time on such topics. I know my kids remember being sat on the table and lectured. And I hope they remember a little of the lecture.

"My brother Ross is now the eldest and I have moved up one notch. But I am still the youngest brother. The closest I came to having a younger brother was when Mom used to babysit Charles while Percy and Ruth went to work. We spent a lot of time together. So, to Charles I say, "If you ever feel the need for an older brother, then please put me to your list.

And finally to Percy. To Percy I must say, "Good-bye until we meet again. I love you too. Have a good sleep. Great brother."

GPH: 13/04/2004 3015

COLE, Ruth *Howcroft* EMMS

22/10/1930–11/11/2005

B. in Barrie, one of twelve or thirteen children. Her parents were Joseph and Mary Howcroft and the family lived on Bradford St. Ruth attended King Edward School.

Daughters Bonnie and Judy were born to her first marriage. In 1962 she married Percy COLE and two more children followed: Charles and, thirteen years later, Diane (m. Gallant). Ruth and Percy built a house in Anten Mills where they lived until their move to GPH.

Mrs. Cole loved to read; liked playing cards — they had family euchre tournaments in their home; and she enjoyed swimming in the pool they had with their house.

She worked for thirty years for Kolmar in Barrie, retiring in 1982 or '83. Verlie CRIPPS was a co-worker; they both lived on Willow Landing at GPH.

Daughter Diane recalls that she was an all-around good cook; apple pies were a specialty. One of her sayings was, "Oh, they're good heads!" After her husband Percy died in the fall of 2004, Ruth, though lonely, became more independent: she got hearing aids for both ears and a new wheelchair and was doing well up until her sudden death, in spite of suffering from MS.

On Oct. 22, 2005, the family gathered with her for a 75th birthday party.

See also the entry for Ruth's husband, Percy, just above.

GPH: 13/04/2004

COLE, Violet

22/10/1930–

GPH: 13/04/04 3048

COLLEY, Lillian

18/04/1916–29/06/2004

GPH: 28/04/2004 A-1153

•• COLEMAN, Lenora
GPH: —M1190

•• COOK, Gladys
GPH: —W3016

COOK, Olive *McNaul*
21/02/1917–31/01/2007

"Olive's parents were Irish immigrants in the early 1900s. They married in Canada and had six children: John, Ed, Olive and Bob (fraternal twins), Mary and Gordon.

Being the eldest female, Mum helped care for her siblings and assisted her mother with the household chores. Her mother died when Olive was only twenty-eight, with three daughters. She cared for her Mum and was with her the day she died. That was a very telling trait in her character: she was the glue in the family relationships, keeping everyone in touch and aware.

Olive enjoyed music and learned to play piano, mostly by ear. It was always fun when we gathered round to sing and dance. She also played at her church for many years. When Dad was away during the War years, Mum had to keep things running as smoothly as possible. No easy feat with three young children. Dad had worked hard to make sure the fruit cellar was full, giving his family a good start. Mum was not afraid to work hard; she took in laundry and ironing for a period of time. I remember the Glad iron in the kitchen and the smell of sheets being pressed, with the air of the outdoors still in them.

My parents had two families so to speak, the three older girls, then a nine year gap, and me (Marlene) and my brother David. We knew our parents differently from our older sisters. Times were changing in the early 1950s. Dad managed to finally get a good job with benefits and a pension.

When I was around ten years old, Mum started working at the Robert Simpson's Co. in downtown Toronto. She was there until her 70th year. She managed to work 11 a.m .to 3 p.m. in the Children's Dept., so was home when we left each morning for school, and we would usually meet her streetcar on our return walk home. She received kudos for her conscientiousness and a small pension to boot!! Those were prized items which helped her to have a comfortable retirement.

Mum would share herself around with all her children. Those out West got an annual visit. My niece and nephew came for Mum's funeral and one of their memories included the two hard green suitcases that arrived each summer / fall: they were easy to spot as the carousel went round at the airport. They so appreciated their Grandma coming faithfully to visit at their home!!

One of the younger grandchildren said a few words at Mum's funeral, and I quote:

> When we would visit Nana, I remember she didn't seem to concern herself with the rest of the world, although she kept up to date by listening to the radio as she puttered around the kitchen. Instead, she focused on family—

making sure their needs were taken care of, preparing for the next event, and just being there to listen to all the wondrous things going on in life. Nana was steady, stable, enjoying her routine, not letting things ruffle her feathers. I'll always remember her caring heart and her love for family.

We all loved her dearly, and I am so happy I had the chance to repay her in a small way for all her care and love."

—Marlene Brinklow, Mrs. Cook's daughter

GPH: 17/02/2004

COOKE, Edwin Staton

04/05/1925–18/01/2005

B. in Toronto, son of Harold and Irene (née Staton) Cooke; one sibling, David, two years older.

On June 10, 1950 Edwin married Jean at Runnymede United Church. They had two children: Steven, b. Jan 25, 1957 (m. Sue Goodwin), and Victoria, b. Mar. 15, 1959 (m. Steve Harris). Grandkids are Morgan, Trevor, and Mason.

Mr. Cooke was educated at Victoria College, U of T, where he did a degree in business. He worked at John Wood in sales and marketing until he was in his early 40s; then he went to Teacher's College and became a high school teacher at Etobicoke Collegiate, where he taught economics and business subjects.

With Jean he was very active in Islington United Church: they ran the youth group for a few years and served on various church committees.

In the late 1980s the Cookes moved to Barrie. They were members at Central United Church and active in the Golden K Kiwanis. They volunteered for a variety of causes, including Meals on Wheels, Kiwanis Music Festival, and UNICEF. They enjoyed bowling and pool.

Victoria says that most people liked her dad, which is easy to understand. He had an amazing laugh and liked to listen to your stories. He was a very giving and generous person.

— Victoria

GPH: 16/05/2003

COOKE, Jean

16/12/1926–

Jean and Edwin joined Central United in about 1989 at the encouragement of Helen OBERER'S husband. The Cookes, Oberers, and Mary NADON and her husband were all part of a Golden K bowling league.

GPH: 29/12/2003

COOPER, John ("Jack") Alfred

08/04/1924–28/12/2011*

B. in Port Credit, son of Alfred and Janet Marlin (née Blair) Cooper. Jack had one brother, William ("Bill"), who was killed in WWII, and one sister, Marie (m. Clayton Seyler), who lives at Sparrow Lake.

Like many young men, he joined the armed forces in WWII, specifically the RCAF. He was posted to both coasts of Canada and points in between, teaching young recruits how to fly, both fighters and bombers. Just before the end of the War, in April 1945, he met Lois UDEN on a "blind date." Four months later, on Aug. 18th, they were married! Their marriage spanned some 63 years.

John had done an accounting course before the War, and he finished the programme after it, at Queen's University. That became his profession and he eventually became a senior accountant with the Toronto firm Allan, Miles, Fox and Johnson. It had some notable clients, including the Eaton family.

From the time of his marriage, he and Lois were "joined at the hip" as son Craig says, and their story is shared. So we may turn to that shared story now—*please see Lois' lifestory, just below*.

Now to return to the man John was—Craig and Sandy recall that he enjoyed his weekly Sunday night poker, a date he kept for some 35 years. He had a great appreciation for the outdoors, enhanced by the experience of cottage life (boating in the summer, snowmobiling in the winter). Jack was an avid hunter (waterfowl, partridge ...) and fisherman.

John's temperament was a calming one. He was very kind and compassionate to his family and to everyone he met. His leadership skills were still in play at GPH, where he served as President of the Residents' Council.

In the end, his body just wore out and he died peacefully in the early afternoon of Wed., Dec. 28, various paintings of natural settings hanging on the walls around him in his suite, and, with similar landscapes painted by his father on the walls of the hall just outside.

Finally, for those interested in the Orangeville area, John owned a quarter of the land that became the cloverleaf at the junction of Highway #10 and the Queen Elizabeth Way. It was expropriated for that purpose.

GPH: 22/06/2004

COOPER, Lois *Uden*

10/05/1924–07/03/2008*

B. in Toronto, the daughter of Fred and Madoline Uden; she had one sister, Jean.

The Udens lived in the west end of Toronto (Jane and Bloor) and Lois graduated from Runnymede Collegiate. Following school she went to work for Thompson Music Co., as secretary-receptionist.

In April 1945 she met John Cooper on a "blind date." It was near the end of the War and he was busy as a staff pilot, able to fly both fighters and bombers. They were married on Aug. 18th of that year. Before the War John had taken a year of accounting and he finished the programme after the War and made that his profession.

In the years that followed their marriage the Coopers moved several times in the Toronto area: from Jane St. to Scarborough, off Victoria Park Rd.; in 1949 to Lansing, buying a house ($7,000) for two or three years; then moving farther north to Willowdale, moving two or three times; then to the east end for five years; to a large apartment (1600 sq. ft.). Across the street was the President of the

Mississauga Golf Club. They were involved with St. John's United Church at Victoria Park, whose building John helped construct.

Children arrived: Craig was adopted at five days old, then Karen at two or three weeks; then Sandy arrived. The family was complete.

In 1988 Lois and John moved to Orangeville to get out of the city, but then Orangeville began to grow very rapidly, overnight. John wanted to retire so he reduced his business.

The family cottage on Sparrow Lake was an important part of John and Lois' family life. It was the first cottage on the Lake, next to Bennett's Hotel.

Both John and Lois loved music and dancing. Lois taught piano and organ—she had a Hammond B-3—but did not charge for the lessons she gave. Every Friday night in the city they would go dancing; they got to know the dance band leaders. They danced at the Palais Royale; at the Royal York. They were members of the Gold Club in Weston: there they danced to the Mills Brothers a couple of times.

When they retired they took lots of cruises, all around the world.

Lois's life was indelibly marked by the loss of their daughter Karen, a loss from which she never recovered.

John and Lois were nine years in Orangeville. John spent quite a bit of time in hospital in Shelburne and Orangeville. He was caregiver to Lois and eventually this led to the move to GP Home by way of Creedan Valley in Creemore in order to be closer to family. It was in June of 2004 that the Coopers moved to GP Home.

If you spent any time with John and Lois you realized quickly that they were "best friends," "best buddies." They enjoyed a long, happy relationship with one another and there are many good memories.

GPH: 22/06/2004

COOPER, Nancy ("Nan") *Gavin*

18/04/1914–22/04/2008

B. in Montreal, but conceived in Glasgow: her mother was pregnant with Nancy when they sailed for Canada. One sister had been born in Glasgow but had died at age 4. In Canada two more sisters and a brother were born.

She met Fred Cooper on a farm that was hosting a corn roast in 1931; her parents were chaperones. She was 17; he was 19. Nancy and her sisters came in the afternoon and she and Fred spent that afternoon sitting on the veranda and talking. Fred had a car and drove his parents home to Barrie. On the way he told his mother that he would marry Nancy. He did but the went together for eleven years. They were married on Oct. 24, 1942.

At the time Nancy was working as a cook in Toronto, for a family in Forest Hill.

Nancy and Fred intended to move into GPH together. As it turned out, she came first and died only eight days later.

Fred Cooper is a cousin of Vi BROWN: their mothers were sisters.

GPH: 14/04/2008

COOPER, Velma Isobel *Lawie*

07/04/1921–05/04/2006

B. in Ingersoll, ON, of Scottish descent; she had a younger brother, Doug, who eventually lived in California.

Velma was married on Apr. 15, 1939, to Ernie Cooper, whom she had met when they both attended Vaughan Rd. Collegiate. She worked as a bookkeeper for a painting firm; Ernie worked for Gulf Oil.

Mr. Cooper was able to retire in 1973 at age 56. They bought a cottage on Fairy Lake, at Huntsville, and until the late 1980s they spent six months there and six months at their place at Fort Myers, Florida. When Mr. Cooper's health failed they sold their place in Florida and moved into a retirement complex in Wasaga Beach.

In the mid-1990s the Coopers moved to Barrie, where he died in 2002. Velma lived in an Amica retirement home in Toronto, located at Winston Churchill and Islington; then at Wood Park, in Barrie. A health crisis saw her hospitalized, then moved to a nursing home in Beaverton, where granddaughter Terri is a therapist. From Beaverton she moved to Grove Park Home.

The Coopers had two children: James (m. Linda) of Oro; Susan (m. Ken Keeping) of Vancouver. There are four grandchildren: Carrie (m. Rob MacGregor) of Vancouver; Robert Dyck (m. Allison) of Mississauga; Terri (m. Wil Donovan), of Beaverton; and Brad Cooper, of Oro. Great-grandchildren are Samantha, Stephanie, Tatum, Bryce and Elyssa.

Velma's life revolved around her family. She enjoyed reading, knitted, and was involved in all the things "snow birds" do in Florida.

Interment: Sanctuary Park Cemetery, Royal York Rd., Toronto.

GPH: 09/08/2005 S-2029

•• CORTOPASSI, Esterina

GPH: —P1012

• COTTON, Elsie *Rowat*

21/09/1915–26/03/2009*

Elsie's mom used to say, "It's going to be a nice day tomorrow" when everyone had 'cleaned up' their plates when eating a meal. She recalled this on 10/12/2003, when she left part of a croissant on her plate: what is instilled in us as a child stays a long time! Of course, Elsie recalled as well that when silverware dropped on the floor it meant visitors were coming: a dropped knife meant a man, a dropped fork meant a woman, a dropped spoon meant a child. Many of us have heard that saying, but not the one about the nice day.

GPH: 28/08/1989

COUGHLIN, Aleda Maureen *Seadon*

29/06/1919–28/10/2008

B. on the 9th Conc. of Vespra Twp., "the Seadon sideroad," the fourth child of Michael and Mary Seadon. She had three older sisters and one younger

brother. When the children were ready to start school, the Seadons bought a house and moved to Barrie.

Aleda was a maintenance supervisor in Winnipeg from August 1943 to March 1945. Her job was to maintain and fix aircraft during WWII. After the War, she worked for Ontario Hydro; her main office was in Stayner.

She married Leo Coughlin—who was from Phelpston—on Oct. 25th, 1954, at St. Mary"s Church in Barrie. They were not blessed with children but Aleda was fortunate to have many nieces and nephews—she was Godmother to most of them.

Aleda and Leo enjoyed bowling together and belonged to a bowling team for many years. They won many bowling awards. They also enjoyed travelling and made trips through Europe, the United States and Canada.

After Leo passed away, Aleda moved into Barrie, where she lived at 49 Steele St. When the time came that she could no longer manage on her own, she moved into GPH and lived at Maple 1197.

—Thanks to Joyce Seadon, nephew Ron's wife, also a member of GPH staff, for these details about Aleda's life.

GPH: 23/10/2007

COUSINS, Albert

01/09/1923–23/12/2008

B. in Toronto, son of Albert and Florence *Cain*. Her family was from the Barrie area. Two siblings: Eleanor (m. Chesney) and Russ. His brother died about five years ago. The Cousins family lived on Jones Ave.

The family moved to Scarborough, to the Pharmacy Ave. and Eglinton Ave. area and he spent his entire adult life there. He lived with is parents and, after their deaths, with his sister Eleanor. Albert and Eleanor moved to Orillia for some years (5? 8?) and he eventually moved into Trillium Retirement Home; from there to GPHome.

Albert's working life was spent at E.S. & A. Robertson, in Leaside, a manufacturer of materials like shrink wrap. He worked as a machinist and tow-motor operator.

At GPH he was a movie buff. Movies were a lifelong source of enjoyment. He used to frequent the Golden Miles cinema in Scarborough. Also, on a Fri. or Sat. night he might go out dancing in downtown Toronto. There were some trips, for example, to Florida. Albert never had a driving license; he never married.

Mr. Cousins liked people. Nephew Steve recalls that, during a period that he spent living with his grandparents, Albert would take him out to the movies. He was a quiet person, with a good sense of humour, and devoted to his mother.

— With thanks to Steve Chesney.

GPH: 04/04/2007

Ralph Cox, Doris, and children Barbara and Claude

•• COX, Doris
04/07/1927–
See Ralph COX.
GPH: 13/09/2010—S2011

COX, Mary *Smith* RITTER
28/12/1913–23/12/2007

B. at Gravelbourg, SK, or "near Kettleston," daughter of (?) and Margaret Ann Smith (1886-07/05/1974). Margaret's second husband's name was Wright. Margaret's parents were Joseph and Mary Barber (m. 07/02/1873); Irish.

Margaret and her first husband emigrated from Ireland. They were booked to sail on the *Titanic* but problems with the sale of their farm delayed their departure, and saved their lives!

Mary was born on a farm and was a sickly baby, so her crib was a cupboard drawer near the stove. She grew up, as she said, in "the dust bowl prairies." As a teenager she worked as a domestic on farms in the area.

On Apr. 27, 1936 she married Henry Ritter (b. 1913; d. 12/02/1999). Her daughter Mary (m. McCulloch) recalls that Grandpa Ritter (John, 1875-1956) only spoke German. Mary and Henry lived in Regina and two sons, Roger and Jerry, were born there. Henry served with the airforce overseas in WWII, as a mechanic.

Upon his return they lived at Kettleston and then moved to Port Credit, ON, where Mary was born in 1947.

In Ontario Mary worked for Campbell's; Henry worked as a mechanic at a Texaco station at Cherry and Commissioner Sts.

In late 1947 the family moved into a house at 687 Pape Ave. In the late 1950s Mary took in boarders and did laundry; some of these boarders became

friends for life. In 1961 Mary and Henry parted and she moved to Scarborough. She took a job at Eaton's in the china department and continued there until retirement.

It was at Eaton's that Mary met Jimmy Cox (22/10/1916-21/05/1982), who has many relatives in the United States. They lived in Mississauga. When he died Mary moved to Barrie, and became one of the first tenants of the newly built Collier Place.

Mary had various sayings that she passed on: her father gave her that common maxim, "Waste not, want not," but she also instilled into her daughter's memory, "A place for everything and everything in its place," as well as, "Use your head to save your feet."

Her funeral was from St. Giles Anglican Church; she was cremated and her remains will be interred in Toronto.

—Thanks to Mary's daughter Mary McCulloch for this information about her mother.

GPH: 07/04/2004 3038

COX, William Ralph

04/04/1920–09/02/2012

Ralph Cox was my father. When my parents moved to GPH—my mother to RL and my father to Spruce, then Pine—he was 84 and suffering from dementia. Among the last things he remembered was the fact that he had been a builder. The lifestory that follows was provided for those who attended his funeral service in Meaford. Several came from GPH. Thank you.

Ralph Cox was born on Easter Sunday, April 4, 1920, in the house at Cape Rich built by his grandfather William Cox, Lot 31, Concession 7, the property settled in 1838 by his great-grandparents Richard and Eliza Cox. His grandmother Agnes Flynn lived with them until her death on Jan. 14, 1935, just before he turned 15. William and Agnes had eight children, of which Ernie was the youngest. Ernie and Laura McKay stayed on the pioneer property, where his siblings and the Flynns were visitors from time to time.

The Cox place at Cape Rich, where Ralph was born.

"Up on the Range"

Ernie's brother Charlie, wife Marion, and son Bruce lived "above the hill," until everyone had to leave in September 1942, when all of Cape Rich was expropriated for the Meaford Tank Range. Everyone had to leave on two weeks' notice, among promises that people would be able to return after the War; of course, they never could, and our grandparents throughout their lives continued to talk about life "up on the Range." Ralph grew up with the Vails, Robinsons, McNallys, Kennedys and various other families who remained friends throughout their lives. He went to school on the 7th Line, skiing there on barrel staves in the winter. An only child, there was always lots of work and he developed a great dislike for farming, but an interest in orchards.

The Disciples church met at the end of the lane at the Cox place and he grew up in that small country church, listening to Sunday preachers that included his uncle Charlie, speakers from Meaford, and "special" speakers who came to "hold meetings" in the summers. His uncle W. F. Cox was a well-known evangelist among Churches of Christ, so there was a strong religious presence in his upbringing. Years later when his aunts and uncles got together there were many stories from church life at the Cape, growing up on the farm, fishing in Mountain Lake, and various dangerous hunting experiences.

Leaving the Cape

Ralph was 22 when the family left the Cape. He was already working for Ted Robinson when they moved to "up in Kent" in Meaford. He trucked apples to the peninsula—loved working in the orchard, where Ted treated him like a son. After the War, on June 22, 1946, he married Doris Hindle, who had grown up on the 3rd

Line SE of Meaford. She worked at a pharmacy in town and also lived "up in Kent" for some time. They became part of a circle of friends that included Keith Brown, whom we remember as a very funny man. He worked in a garage: more stories!

Marriage

Now married, Ralph thought he needed more stability than the seasonal work of the orchard, so he went to work in the contract division of Knights of Meaford. There he learned cabinet making. He built a house at the top of Nelson St. In Sept. 1947, Claude arrived; in Jan. 1949 Barbara arrived. Our dad was too independent to work for someone else for very long, so he left Knights. We moved to Pearson St., where he built a house and a shop for his cabinet making, then for his building interests. He branched out into building supplies—"Ralph Cox Building Supplies"—and became a dealer for Glidden Paints, McClary appliances and various other things. He would keep the Glidden Paint dealership for some 45 years.

At Ernie and Laura's when they lived on Miller St., much later Shaw's orchard. Young family.

Building enterprises

The Meaford Tank Range was active in the fifties and early sixties. Our father began building houses, renting them to military famlies mostly. Some of these families—Fred and Eva Schultz, Bill and Marg Troup, Harvey and Iris Winter—became lifelong friends and they still correspond. Our dad learned to do

everything in the building of a house: pouring a foundation and laying blocks; plumbing; electrical—from Roly Turcotte (Roly and Mattie lived at the corner of Nelson and Noble; they were a military family also and lifelong friends); carpentry. Over the years our dad built about twenty houses in Meaford. He was always very busy, and completely honest in all his business dealings. If he built it, it was built well.

When electric heating became an important new way of heating, he took courses so that he could become an installer. Later, aluminum windows and doors became his major source of work and he put on windows and doors on many, many buildings in Meaford. By this time we had moved a number of times in Meaford; sometimes we moved into places that were far from finished. One time our grandfather (Ernie) thought he would move into the real estate field a bit and bought an old, run-down house on the south corner of Albert and Sykes St. Our dad "took it over" and it is the one house that he worked on that he truly hated.

In those years of building houses, our mother worked on finishing the houses. She did much of the plastering, sanding, and painting, including those swirled plaster ceilings. When I was a teenager I worked with dad on some of these houses, but mostly we had the summers to play, to swim and have fun. The summer our dad built the Almond house, where the 3rd Line meets Highway 26, Barbara and I spent many days with the neighbour kids, Theo and his sister, hiking Workman's Creek. Wonderful times.

Church in Meaford at the Disciples Church

Our parents were well involved at the Meaford Church of Christ: the Cape Rich people went there, or Heathcote, or Owen Sound. There were lots of good times: Christmas dinners and concerts, summer visitors like the Truslers (Fred and Dorothy, and children), and a batch of young people. Ernie and Laura, after many moves in town, settled on a little 10-acre property on the east side of the 7th Line, just off Highway 26. Sundays often saw our grandparents with us for Sunday lunch; Friday nights we would be in Owen Sound or Collingwood, at the hardware stores, Christie's and Johnston's, respectively. These involved interminable waits, while dad talked, and talked. He liked to talk. If we went to Owen Sound we would sometimes stop in to see Ernie and Laura on the way home and have some of grandma's wonderful white cake.

The Whites (Roy and Gwen) and the Emptages (Elgin and Mary) were special church friends and we were often together after church on Sunday nights. Mary Emptage worked at the IGA: there was always lots of food at the Emptages because she had an inside track; and Gwen White was a terrific cook. Our parents would sit around the table and talk. There would be stories, lots of funny stories about local people like Walter Sidey and Louie Vail: our dad could do a great imitation of Louie's nasal way of speaking. We heard some of the same stories many times and they are still funny.

The famous "swan" move, on the frozen creek behind the house on Pearson St., just before he fell and cracked three ribs. Our dad didn't skate much after that.

The kids leave

Eventually Claude moved away to go to school. Barbara was still at home, working at Amerock, where pretty much everybody worked. Dad would complain that whenever a family decision had to be made, the women would say, "Let's take a vote." Of course, he would always lose. When I (Claude) was away at school, I would receive letters from home. My dad, who was not a writer, would add some lines to the end of the letter, which was special. Barbara married Garry (Cornfield) in 1971 and became a farmer at Rocklyn. Grandchildren David and Faye were born in the mid-70s, to the delight of our parents. They liked it when Faye stayed over with them sometimes during her high school years.

The church also provided friends Merv and Carol Risk, and later Grace. Merv is an inventor and builder too; they were on the same wave-length and could talk about many things in common. Friday nights would often find our parents with Merv and Carol, off to Owen Sound. Dad and Merv went to trade shows together and enjoyed each other's company. Carol was a lot of fun and there was much laughter when our families were together.

In the late 1970s our dad decided he would like to plow snow in the wintertime. He started out with a small Jeep, but moved on to a short wheelbase-V8 that could really do it; then to a pickup truck with blade. This involved all kinds of hours in

all kinds of weather, but he liked it and continued until our mom said, "You don't *have* to do this!" because it was taking a toll on his health.

The passing of Ralph's parents

Ernie died in 1976 and Laura in 1978. I remember how our dad cried when grandpa died. It was hard. He said he was lucky to have our mom, because all of the business of our grandparents' deaths fell on him. He alone had to clean out the house on the 7th and that was very hard on him: granddad's tools. He constructed a small lake on the property, later owned by Russ Bumstead, put an island on it; dug an artesian well to feed the pond; got a row boat to paddle on the pond. As long as our grandmother was alive, he felt he was doing all this for her, but when she died the purpose was no longer there. They sold the property in the early 1980s. When they visited me in Brandon, where I was teaching, he was quite clearly distressed about the sale: he felt that maybe he had not got enough money for the property and it bothered him a lot.

The cottage

Our dad had swum as a boy in Georgian Bay at the Cape. He had always wanted a cottage on the Bay, so in the 1970s they bought an old cottage at Sunnyside Beach. Ralph tore it down and built a very fine "Ralph Cox bungalow," beside the Bucks (John and Nancy). Our parents had good years there and some years spent almost the entire year at the cottage. Dad took great pleasure in the hummingbirds and other wildlife: trapping rabbits (and a skunk) and moving them to a better area away from the flowers; feeding geese; trying to discourage deer from eating the cedar hedge. It is a beautiful spot and our children—Michael and Jason remember it well: what about that attempt to go swimming one November when there was snow on the ground? We had Christmases there: Coxes, Cornfields, Emptages. A walk along the beach road after a turkey dinner.

When our dad was in his mid-70s they were looking after three places: the house at Pearson and Trowbridge, south side—occupied just before Barbara's marriage, the cottage, and the new house our dad was building across the street, Pearson and Trowbridge, north side, numbered 91 Pearson. Gradually all this was deemed "too much" and the cottage was sold. Our dad worked away at "the new house" until it was ready to move into, they did so, then sold the one they'd moved from. "The new house," though not very large, boasts some *32* three-way switches: you can get confused! Much discussion about every phase. Hardwood floors went down. Cupboards were built. But then our dad suffered a severe bout of Poly Myalgia Rheumatica, which had just about done him in by the time it was diagnosed. It took the wind out of his sails: the cupboards never did get finished and, in the years that followed, he never regained his energy.

Our dad always liked cars, and trucks. The first new car we had was a 1958 Chev stationwagon, which replaced the black 47 Chev. Subsequently purchased new

cars underwent an almost endless amount of discussion before they were bought: the 65 Pontiac hardtop; the 67 Pontiac Parisienne stationwagon, with the 4-barrel 327-inch engine, 275 hp., dual exhaust, red-wall Tiger Paw tires—some nice; the 74 Pontiac hardtop. Last in the line was the GMC Sierra C3, bought new in 2000, a rather awesome vehicle that he liked a lot.

In 2002 our dad was sidelined again with the complications resulting from enlarged prostate gland. He spent much of the summer in the hospital and entered a different mental state. Late in the summer he had surgery in Barrie and, within a few weeks, had made an almost complete recovery at the Psycho-Geriatric Unit at Owen Sound Hospital. That summer we did not think he would ever return home, but he did, and he did drive the big pickup truck again, and, with our mother's help, do pretty well. We had two Christmases with him that we did not think we would have, and he got to enjoy David and Nikki's wedding, Joshua's birth, and Faye's periodic visits home from the Far East. This extra time was a gift.

Family times and trips

Our childhood was punctuated with family visits from cousins in Beamsville (especially Dave and Doris), Hamilton (Claude and Doreen), and Florida. Late in life, our dad became close to his first cousin Jim (married to Ellen), a by-then retired pharmacist who lived in the West Palm Beaches, at Lakeworth. They talked every week on the phone. It was Jim's influence that got our dad into a wide variety of herbal medicines, an interest he pursued with some diligence. He thought that he might live to be 100, but genetics—he chose the wrong parents!—were against him.

The trip to British Columbia in the new 1958 stationwagon was the longest of the car trips we made together. Barbara and I fought all the way out and all the way back about who would have their foot on "the hump" that covered the driveshaft, at least, that's how we would recall it now. At the time, the issue seemed quite important. In Alberta we visited our friends the Schultzes at Wainwright; in BC we visited the Troups, who were now with the forestry service, in the interior, and then went to Victoria, to the Butchart Gardens, where Bill's dad was a custodian. Back through the USA. A wonderful trip, though in BC Ralph's constant question was, "When are we going to get out of these mountains?!" We also remember the time in the mountains when our mother dozed off, only to wake up and see no road ahead because we were just cresting a hill: "Oh Ralph, no road!" she said. Our mom never lived that down.

Earlier there were summer camping trips to Port Elgin and Craigleith; later a trip down East. We remember putting up tents in the dark; taking them down in the rain. It did not make Barbara or me strong campers. There were trips to Florida—in the summer (!) because Ralph wanted to be assured that it would be warm on our vacation. It was certainly that at Lakeworth in the summer. My parents drove me down to Texas when I started school there at Abilene. It was a surprise to find

that they had salted away some money for university schooling. After Barbara and I were gone there were more trips to Florida; to Nashville; to Manitoba when I was there. Dad liked to travel, though when we were younger he would try to get the most out of a day, driving until after dark! It's not easy to find a good motel in the dark. There are some stories about that.

Some thoughts

Our dad worked hard all his life; he enjoyed that and drew satisfaction from building. Maybe it was the people that made it all worthwhile. The Glidden Paint dealership brought people to the door for a long time—45 years! He always liked to talk with people. So long as the Post Office had boxes downtown, he would meet his friends there in the morning and have a visit. He had lived here all his life and he knew stories about many people, funny stories, and we enjoyed them with him. More than once I heard him quote the carpenter who said, "I've cut that board three times and it's still too short!" He grew up in the church and that gave him a faith family over all his lifetime; these roots went deep, from his great-grandparents, so family and church became intertwined. Because he was the only child of the youngest child (Ernie) of William and Agnes Cox, and had stayed in Meaford, he was the bearer of a lot of family and community history. The Cox family reunion in 1989 and the book that came out of that were a big event for him and he continued to update the book and to ask questions about the past.

Our dad grew up in the Depression and was marked by that experience, like many in his generation. I guess we are all marked by the time and place of our birth and adolescence. He never liked turnip, because he had eaten too much of it as a child. Barbara and I never *had to* wear "running shoes," because that is what he had to

wear when he was young. For years we had an old pair of brown canvas running shoes that had been our dad's—I wore them on Hallowe'en. His kids would never *have to* wear them! And we didn't.

Late stories

My dad told me this story after coming to GPH. He still had longterm memory and this story about the dogs I had not heard before.

At Cape Rich his uncle Charlie kept hounds for hunting. He had one which was part bloodhound and could be heard on the chase from a great distance. They would buy an old horse in the fall and butcher it to feed the dogs. A horse, my dad said, was not easy to kill because horses are so intelligent. He himself had a hound when he got old enough to keep it, one he bought from uncle Charlie. Of course, they always had a farm dog as well.

The "road" that came down from above the escarpment, from uncle Charlie's to the old farmhouse and barn below, was dangerous. They would put hay on the snow to slow down the sleigh some, but it was still risky. His father Ernie was bringing a sleighload of hay down in the winter, standing on top of it, when the bolt worked its way out of the hitch. Fortunately, when the bolt came out completely, the horses stopped and the hitch dropped to the ground and stuck in the mud, fixing the sleigh in place!

GPH: 13/07/2004

CRAWLEY, Donald Frederick

16/12/1918–30/03/2012*

B. in Toronto, one of the five children of William Crawley and Elizabeth ("Elsie") Spracklin Crawley. His siblings were: Alan, Cecil, Gordon (died in 1945 in WWII), and Beatrice. Mr. Crawley worked for the City of Toronto.

(Elsie was from Cupids, Nfld., and Don visited that village located on Conception Bay, about 50 km. "as-the-crow-flies" west of St. John's.)

The Crawleys lived at 82 McKay Ave., in a Jewish-Italian neighbourhood. Don shared a bedroom with his brothers. His job was shovelling snow. He went to Regal Road Public School, where his ambition was to get out of school: he was called "four o'clock Don." He graduated from Western Tech at the age of 15, when he had to go to work.

His parents taught him to save money. He saved every penny, and used to go looking for pop bottles and pennies and give them to his mother. Don spent his summers playing ball and, when he was older, working. His parents were strict about everything; the kids were always told to stay close to home. He was often in hot water for fighting with his sister.

Don started working at Silverwood's Dairy at the age of 16 (1934) and stayed there until he joined the Army in 1940. He was a small arms instructor in Newfoundland, from which his grandparents had come. After the War Don worked for the Dairy for another twenty years or so. He also worked at Canada

Wire and Cable, the City of Toronto and, finally, for the North York Board of Education as a janitor.

Lillian, the War, and Marriage

It was at the age of 17 that he met Lillian Kemp at Hunts Limited Restaurant. She had red hair and as he said, "It was love at first sight." On their first date they walked home from city limits, eating coconut. They were sentimental about each other: he gave her a locket, dated for five years ahead. He proposed on Caledonia Road in his 1933 Ford—May 7, 1940—and they were married on April 17, 1943 at St. Cuthbert's Anglican Church on Bayview Ave. He was in uniform. The reception was at Lillian's parents and, afterwards, her dad drove the newlyweds to the Walker House Hotel. The next day they left for their honeymoon in Midland and, while they were away, visited Don's brother-in-law in Meaford.

At the time Don was making $1.30 a day in the Army; Lillian lived at home. His fondest memory was coming home on leave. Lillian recalls that, when he was in the Army, he ironed other soldiers' pants to make extra money so he could go see her when he was on leave.

After the War: family

After the War they bought a house at 151 Cranbrooke Ave., in Toronto, where they lived for fifty-three years. It was there that they raised a family: Judy (1946) and John (1953), both born at Grace Hospital. Coincidentally grandchildren Rick Windover and Jodi Mackie were also born there, all of them delivered by Dr. Parks.

As a husband Don tried to be wage earner and help with the house. He tried to be a good example for his children. His favourite home-cooked meal was roast beef, mashed potatoes and pease pudding. Most of all, he just liked to eat: it became a running joke in the family that, if you wanted to eat, you had to get to the table before him!

Eventually Judy and John married. Judy Gray (m. Ron) is the mother of Jodi Mackie (David); Rick Windover (m. Domenica; Rick died in 2007); Robyn (partner, Luke Slinger); Matthew Windover. John (d. 2007) and Sandra are parents of Shannon. The grandchildren have many memories of Don, and Don and Lillian. Finally, there are the great-grandchildren: Zachary, Rick and Domenica's son; and Ella May and Avery Mackie, Jodi and David's daughters.

From Toronto to Barrie

Don and Lillian moved to Barrie, to Jones Ave., in the east end, in 2001 because their children were here. In Mar. of 2011 Don moved to GPH and shortly thereafter Lillian came to Retirement Living. With her arrival, life got better for

him, as they were able to spend time together, working their way toward 69 years of marriage this Apr. 17.

At GPH he attended my Bible study and returned to reading the Bible regularly, perhaps in anticipation of the journey ahead. Don had gone to the Salvation Army as a child; much later he attended a Welsh United Church in north Toronto for ten years. In Barrie they worshiped with a Presbyterian church.

—With thanks to Lillian, Judy, and granddaughters Shannon, Jodi and Robyn.

GPH: 28/03/11

CRERAR, Peter

01/07/1922–13/04/2010

Son of Canada's leading field commander in WWII, General Harry Crerar. Also served in the military, U.S.

GPH: 02/05/2008

CRIPPS, Verlie Elizabeth *Coleman*

02/10/1924–07/10/2009*

B. in Newton Robinson, ON, the second of the five children of William and Irene (Harris) Coleman. Their names are: Eva, Verlie, Belva, Jim, Nettie. Theirs was a close-knit family. She is survived by Jim and Nettie.

(Her father William's first wife, Eva [Morrison] Coleman, from Alliston, died in the "Matheson Fire" of July 27-28, 1916, along with their baby. Some 223 people perished altogether. He survived, but spent 18 months in hospital. His remarriage took place in 1919. Aside from the five surviving children, Verlie's parents lost a set of twins after birth, also a daughter. Eva Coleman is bured in Alliston.)

Among funny family stories is the one which tells of how Verlie (and who else?) put little Belva in a suitcase and took her down to the train station in Alliston to send her away!

Verlie went to school in Cookstown and Alliston. When she was about 14 the family moved to Barrie and after a year, in 1939, settled at 74 Tiffin St., a house moved from the YMCA. She went out to work doing housework; worked in a restaurant.

During WWII the girls used to go to the rail crossing in Allandale and kiss departing soldiers good-bye. Verlie went to Toronto for a time and worked in a restaurant in the War years.

When Verlie returned to Barrie she went to work at Copaco meatpackers and there she met Cameron Cripps.

In 1946 Verlie and Cameron were married at St. Georges Anglican Church. They lived with her parents for a few years, then about 1950, bought a house down the street, at 58 Tiffin. Cameron served in WWII: he landed at Juno Beach on D-Day. He never talked of his experience. The post-War years were difficult for him as for many returning soldiers. Much later Verlie was able to add his name to the memorial at Juno Beach.

They both worked at Copaco, kept a garden. Cameron worked at GE for a year and things looked good, so they bought a new car, a modest '58 Chev. A week later he was laid off! He was a butcher and he worked for various chain stores in that capacity, until he became a meat inspector.

Verlie always worked: Copaco, GE, and then Kolmar for some 25 years; got her "25-year" gold watch from Kolmar, where she enjoyed working.

Their son Jim recalls the great Christmas programmes that GE put on for employees in the early 1950s. One year Shirley Harmer and Robert Goulet entertained and his dad got his autograph for him. Firms like Copaco and GE also sponsored fastball teams in the summer. Cameron played and many summer evenings were spent watching ballgames at Queen's Park.

Family gatherings at 74 Tiffin St. included Christmas and New Years dinners. The former were served at 5 P.M. The adults would play euchre all day and have "a whale of a time." A midnight snack would end the day. The children had fun just watching the adults.

In 1976 Verlie and Cameron, along with sister Belva and her husband Allan, made the trip of a lifetime—three weeks in Europe. This provided stories and pictures that entertained for years to come. Cameron and Verlie also used to go to Florida, in October and in May, staying in a de Noer's hotel in Daytona Beach, on the ocean. They made a trip out West in 1997, a year before Cameron died.

It was in 2003 that Verlie moved into GPH, from 58 Tiffin St. A well-spoken person, she became involved in residence life and eventually became President of Resident's Council.

Verlie worked hard all her life, always went from one job to another. She loved her family.

Interment: Union Cemetery, Barrie.

—With thanks to Verlie's son Jim, who lives in North Bay.

GPH: 24/06/2003

CULVER, William ("Bill") Leonard

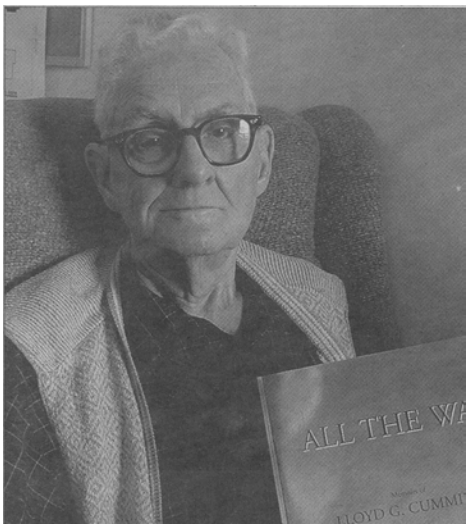
05/04/1925–11/08/2011

Mr. Culver moved to GPH from his house. Neighbours Rod and Elizabeth Collver—note the similarity in the names!—watched over his affairs. His wife Ilene predeceased him. His son John Pennington lives in Vancouver; there are two grandchildren.

Like Fay GARREAU, whom we remembered in the same memorial service, Mr. Culver was an animal lover: when he moved to GPH he said he missed his dog. He lived at GPH only two months before he succumbed to pre-existing ill health.

There was a private graveside service at Barrie Union Cemetery on Aug. 16, 2011.

GPH: 22/06/2011



Lloyd Cumming
Photo: Bruce Hain

CUMMING, Lloyd George

30/08/1917–28/07/2006

Mr. Cumming is the nephew of Margaret CUMMING, who lived at GPH from 1972 to 1982, when she died just short of 107. She remains (Jan., 2013) GPH's most elderly resident.

B. in Medonte Twp., the first of the six sons and three daughters of Andrew and (Letitia) Mildred Jones. On Oct. 17, 1923, the family moved to another farm on the edge of Barrie. His school days came to an end on Sept. 13, 1933 when their barn, with the summer crop, burned down. The next day he joined the frantic effort to erect a new barn before winter.

On June 27, 1940 Mr. Cumming married Edna Jane Seymour. Three years later they moved to Greenock Farm, on #11 a mile from Stroud. It had a huge brick house and a large barn; they had Holstein cattle and began to raise pigs.

Mr. Cumming was involved in a number of organizations from their beginning: in early 1940 he attended meetings out of which emerged the Simcoe County Federation of Agriculture (on the Board from 1949 for eleven years; President in 1958); he was an early member of the Simcoe District Co-operative Services ("the Co-op"); he was Secretary of the Board at the start of the Innisfil Farmers Credit Union Ltd. in 1944, then soon became, with his wife, Treasurer through 1966, the Union based in their house until 1959; in 1966 he became Chairman of the Board of the United Church Renewal Movement; from 1960–1985 the Cummings were members of the Gideons; was a member of the Barrie Christian Men's Committee (later called Christian Business Ministries Canada); in 1962, 1963, 1965 he ran as the Social Credit candidate in Dufferin-Simcoe.

The Cummings had three children: Bob, Caryll (m. Victor Dyck) and Lawrence (m. Margaret Moyston). In the 1966 Mr. Cumming went into a farm trucking business with son Bob, Edna handling the bookkeeping; they continued together for six years.

In 1972 he was made "Field Secretary" of the UC Renewal Fellowship. The Secretary of this movement at its inception was Charlotte MACKENZIE, and a room in the MacKenzie house became the organization's office. In 1979 he became its Executive Director, a position he held for six years. In recognition of their twenty years of service to the UCRF the Cummings were given a trip to Israel and Greece.

The Cummings made trips West and East in Canada and in 1984 travelled to Europe to attend the Passion Play at Oberammergau. The next year their house at 437 Innisfil St. was badly damaged in the tornado that struck Barrie on May 31, 1985.

In Barrie the Cummings were part of Bethel Community Church, which emerged out of Collier St. United.

In early 1994 Mr. Cumming and Edna moved into the Heritage Place apartments at the I.O.O.F. retirement/nursing home. Mrs. Cumming died on June 20, 1998. Nevertheless, there followed trips to Jamaica where, in Nov. 2002, granddaughter Vanessa, Lawrence's daughter, graduated as a medical doctor; and to Vancouver for brother Ivan's 50th wedding anniversary.

On Aug. 12, 2004 Mr. Cumming moved into GPH.

—The details of Mr. Cumming's life are taken from his self-published book, *All the Way. Memoirs of Lloyd G. Cumming* (Oct., 2004); 94 pages, with a family tree inside the back cover. The *Barrie Advance*, in its Sunday paper, *This is Sunday,* July 31, 2005, p. 8, published a two-thirds page article by Bruce Hain on Mr. Cumming's life. It includes a photo of him holding a copy of his book. Finally, Mr. Cumming's lifestory appeared in the "Lives Lived" column of the *Globe and Mail*, Tues., Jan. 30, 2007, p. A22.

GPH: 12/08/2004

•• CURLEY, Rita

GPH: —A1177

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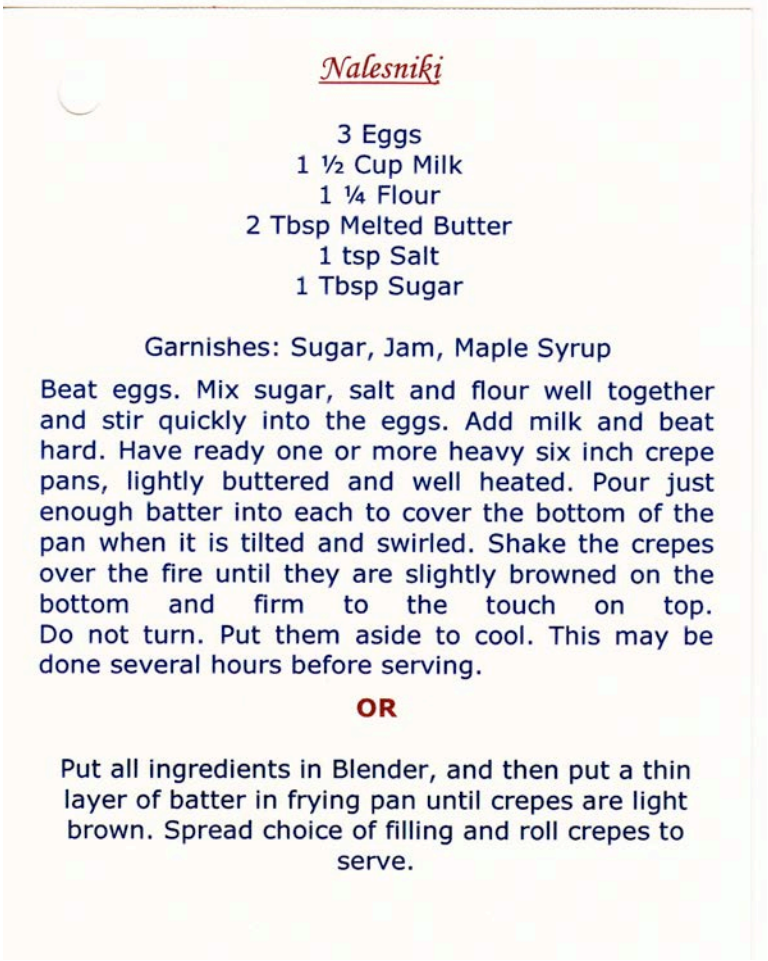


Nalesniki

3 Eggs
1 ½ Cup Milk
1 ¼ Flour
2 Tbsp Melted Butter
1 tsp Salt
1 Tbsp Sugar

Garnishes: Sugar, Jam, Maple Syrup

Beat eggs. Mix sugar, salt and flour well together and stir quickly into the eggs. Add milk and beat hard. Have ready one or more heavy six inch crepe pans, lightly buttered and well heated. Pour just enough batter into each to cover the bottom of the pan when it is tilted and swirled. Shake the crepes over the fire until they are slightly browned on the bottom and firm to the touch on top. Do not turn. Put them aside to cool. This may be done several hours before serving.

OR

Put all ingredients in Blender, and then put a thin layer of batter in frying pan until crepes are light brown. Spread choice of filling and roll crepes to serve.

Frances Daca's recipe for Nalesniki,
with thanks to her son Joe

DACA, Frances *Lugokenski*
19/09/1913–07/12/2008
B. in Toronto.

Her mother had been orphaned and came with an aunt to N.Y. when she was still a girl. She met Frances' father and came to Toronto, then to Everett to farm. He was a stonemason and had worked on Union Station; he also brought a famous recipe for Polish sausage.

Frances recalled that her father used to cut hair on the weekends. Neighbouring farmers came and had their hair cut for 25 cents. Frances had three brothers and a sister. Her father died of a heart attack while threshing and her mother moved to Toronto; they lived at 162 Crawford St., near Queen and Bathurst.

Frances married a tailor and lived in Toronto. In fact, they ran off and got married: didn't have a witness at their wedding. At home, her mother suspected something and asked if she was married. Frances admitted it and her mother told her to have her husband come and live with them, which they did for a while. Frances has one son, Joe, a retired teacher, who lives outside Barrie.

Frances recalled that her mother used to make Polish crepes, eaten with jam (*Nalesniki*). Frances herself loved to cook. Copies of the recipe for crepes were given to those who came to the visitation for her at the funeral home. A copy is provided below. She told me one time that if rabbits have been eating cedar you cannot eat the meat because the taste is ruined by that diet: file that away!

Frances worked as a seamstress and in an umbrella factory. This was at a time when immigrants were discriminated against. Someone suggested she use the name "Burgess" when she applied for a job, rather than her Polish name. She did and got the job!

Frances had a dry, understated sense of humour that could catch a person off guard. We had lots of funny conversations.

—With thanks to son Joe.

GPH: 18/08/2006 A1157

•• DAMERINO, Bambie

18/12/1926–07/03/2013

On one occasion when I had lunch with Bambie, I inquired about her name, "Bambie." She explained to me that she had been born on Dec. 18, just before Christmas, so she was named for the song "Jesu Bambino," a song she could sing by heart. Bambi sang in many musical productions in the Soo, including "South Pacific," "Oklahoma," and "The Gypsy Brown." She also shared her talents at church and at Christmas sang such favourites as "Ave Maria" and "O Holy Night." We knew her at GPH as a lovely soul, always singing.

Bambie's son Joe and daughter-in-law Lisa kindly provided the following story of his mother's life. I have added the titles.

A difficult beginning

"Bambie Mary Damerino was born December 18, 1926. Her mother's name was Ardenia and her father's name was Joseph Damerino. She had two brothers, Frank and Ernie, and three sisters, Adeline, Irma and Velia. Her mother died when she was 8 years old, and her father was deported to Italy. She was placed into an orphanage in Sault Ste. Marie, the city where she spent most of her life. Despite this difficulty, as a child she learned of her remarkable voice and used this to comfort other children when they were afraid by singing "The White Cliffs of Dover" to them.

And a remarkable voice

She strove to use this voice for the Glory of God. As a young woman she sang in festivals, choirs, and operas winning many competitions as a soprano soloist. She was sought out for weddings, and cordially invited by the Italy Temple to sing at the banquet celebrating the "New Canadian Citizenship Act" in 1947. Here is what one of her many newspaper articles said of her: "We want to voice our

praise to this young lass whose rich expressive voice has captivated the hearts of all those who have had the great pleasure of listening to it, heard in may homes via the local air waves. "

When applying at Woolworths, they asked her if she was the "Bambie Damerino" singing on the radio, and when she said she was, he hired her immediately! Bambie worked Woolworth/Woolco Company for over 40 years and retired well.

Her love for her family, her son

Her only son Joey was born in 1963. She gave everything she could, all she had, to ensure her son would have the best life possible. Her son Joey also sang like his mom, in choirs and festivals, and walked the same footsteps as his mother. Her son knows that Bambie fulfilled her desire perfectly and more. He met the most wonderful wife, like his mother, Lisa. Joe and Lisa gave Bambie two grand-daughters, Ladawn and Talia, who have beautiful musical voices like their grandmother. Ladawn's middle name is "Mary Anne" as Bambie's middle name was Mary, and Talia—short for "Italian"—were meant to carry her name and her heritage.

A courageous and generous demeanour

As remarkable as her voice, was her selfless love. Bambie can be characterized by a gentle and courageously generous demeanour. Her life was never about herself. Her life was about others having more, and whatever she could give to others she would. Whether a kind word or a need met, she would because that was who she actually was. She was not doing it to be noticed; she was not doing it to be well thought of, she just wanted others to have more—whoever they were.

She spent the last three years of her life in Barrie, ON. Living closer again to her son, his wife, and her two beloved grand-daughters, provided many special visits at Grove Park Home. Her son sang her favorite song "Amazing Grace" at her funeral, in testimony of her love for God. Her favorite verse: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do" (Luke 33:34)."

GPH: 24/03/2010—W3047

• DANGERFIELD, Gladys Pearl *Goudie*
28/10/1908–21/07/2004

Gladys Pearl Goudie was born in Hull, Quebec. She had five brothers but we know she was leader of the pack. Pearl met her husband George on a car lot in Toronto. He sold her a car and won her heart. They were married in Toronto but moved to Barrie to open their own car dealership.

George passed away in 1986.

George and Pearl were active members of Collier street United Church. Pearl spent her time raising three children, volunteering at the

Church, gardening, golfing, and curling with friends. Pearl also loved to spend time with her grandchildren, knit, swim and walk.

In her final years Pearl lived at Grove Park Home where she received special care.

Pearl was a loving mother of Ruth (m. Jim Edwards) of Oro Station; Bruce (m. Marg) Dangerfield of Perth, Australia; George (m. Sharon) Dangerfield of Barrie. She was special Nana to George (Sandy), Nancy (Dean), Sharon (Randy), Tanya (Ron) Christy (Gres), Chris (Mollie), Joel (Maud); and special Great Nana of Kerri, Jonathan, Christie, Cody, Bailey, Teagan Jacob, and Chelsea.

GPH: 23/01/2001 M-89

• DELA CRUZ, Isidro*

15/05/1915–11/09/2006

"Papa" was born on May 15, 1915 in Mindanao, Philippines. He was the second eldest of five children. He had two brothers and two sisters; he is the last surviving member of this family.

He married Daniella Tampus and they had 2 sons and 3 daughters. During WWII there was an outbreak of Typhoid Fever and his wife, 2 sons and 2 daughters died. Papa and Gertrude (m. Huliganga) were the only survivors.

Caridad Pacunio travelled to Lapasan because it was fiesta time. She stayed for a month to sew fiesta dresses. While there she resided at the home of a cousin of Isidro dela Cruz. He saw her, liked her, and began courting her. She met him one day when he asked if she could fit him for short pants. They were married six months later, on August 28, 1949. This began a marriage that lasted 54 years. They had eight children: Ester (m. Jaime Maniakupara); Alfredo (m. Femy); Geremias; Wencislao (m. Titing); Fe (m. Ben Clemencio); Rudy (m. Marilyn); Isidro, Jr. (m. Brenda); Espie (m. Jeffrey Kwok).

Papa and mama worked side by side all their lives in the family business. They worked hard, day and night, and God blessed them with nine children. They loved their family and it was the centre of their life. His greatest joy was to see everyone together with plenty of food and love. Food was always scarce when he was growing up, so when he could provide a *lechon* (roast pig) it was truly a sign of good times. Papa passed on his love of food and eating to ALL his children. Papa was also proud of the fact that he was able to send all his children to school and later to college or university, an opportunity he was denied.

Papa taught all his children how to make fishing nets and do farming chores. Papa taught them that you must work hard and never take your family for granted. Papa had a zest for life and a sense of adventure and always looked for ways to better the quality of life for his family. He loved to read and this love gave him a pioneer spirit. He began to seek ways of emigrating to some other country to better his family's life. One of his first attempts was Hawaii, but it was Canada that became his "land of milk and honey."

Papa loved peace and with nine children that was hard to accomplish sometimes. Rudy always seemed to be at the centre of controversy. Rudy would cry and papa would ask, "What happened, why is Rudy crying?" Rudy would say,

"He touched me," and no one would admit to doing it, so all were punished except Rudy. This happened on a regular basis.

Papa was unselfish and he loved deeply. When his wife of 54 year died and he was taken to see her, he pulled himself up from the wheelchair, held her hand and kissed it, and said, "You"re still so beautiful and I love you so much."

Papa searched for many years until he found the Church of Christ. He was an active member in the Philippines and was instrumental in securing land to erect the first church building for the Colambug Church of Christ. He served as an elder, and taught Bible classes on a regular basis and, when called upon, preached. It was his desire that he would be able to bring all his children to know and serve God.

Papa loved to read the Bible and debate Bible topics with his boys. Papa taught himself how to type so he could share his knowledge of the Bible. He kept journals of possible sermon or Bible class topics just in case he would be called upon to preach or teach. Papa continually told his children, and believed with all his heart, that, if children loved their parents and obeyed them, God would extend the days of their lives. He lived until the age of 91.

Papa and his family worshiped at the Harding Avenue Church of Christ in Toronto upon arrival in Canada in 1980. He worshiped there until his health started to fail him. In December 2002 he moved into Grove Park Home in Barrie. One of his favourite Bible passages over the years was Matthew 6:26-34.

At GP Home he was known as "papa" to everyone. He was also known for his appetite and smiles. No one understood where he put all the food he ate, considering his stature. They even kept midnight snacks just for him. He was loved by all who met him. He worshiped with the Church of Christ in Barrie right up until he was hospitalized on September 2, 2006.

Interment: Beechwood Cemetery, Toronto.

See also *Connections 2*.

GPH: 17/12/2002

•♦ DELAFRANIER, Geraldine
06/10/1906–28/03/2003
GPH: 19/03/1998

•• DESJARLAIS, Catherine
GPH: —P1042

Louisa de Vries

• DEVRIES, L.
28/05/1923–19/01/2004
For Mrs. de Vries' lifestory, please see *Connections 2*.

•• DICKSON, Marie
GPH: —S2014

Marny Dignard

•• DIGNARD, Marian "Marny" Margarette *Smith*
28/07/1924–19/03/2013

"Born in Atwood, Ontario, on July 28, 1924 and raised on a farm. The oldest of three, she did her fair share of jobs on the farm. Marny drove a tractor before a car and had to walk to school one mile everyday uphill … lot of chores. Her father was a farmer and councilor in the Township; her mother was a school teacher but was forced to stay home because if you were married with children at that time a woman could not continue teaching.

Marny grew up and was accepted to the University of Toronto. She chose a career in Pharmacy. Graduating from Pharmaceutical College, in June 1949, just after the War, she choose to work in Toronto. That is where she met her husband Harry, who had just returned from the War.

Marny and Harry were married and moved to Port Mc Nicoll, where Harry was from. They settled in a small town and had two children, Jane (m. Banks) and her brother. Marny and Harry opened the first Port Mc Nicoll Pharmacy Store. She worked very hard with the store, and Harry, after a day spent welding would work the store at night.

Harry and Marny loved the people. They had lots of community involvement: Brownies and Guides, Hockey and Baseball, Church involvement Marny was always willing to help out or make an apple pie for someone, just to be nice.

I can't remember my mom ever being negative or saying a bad thing about anyone. I know her family, especially her grandson Wes and friends, were very important to her.

Marny did a lot of travelling—South, West, East and Europe. She loved gardening, line dancing and singing.

Marny lost her son, who was only thirty-one, and the following year lost her husband. She also lost her sister. That is when Marny developed Alzheimer's Disease. She battled Alzheimer's for ten years and it brought her to Grove Park Home.

I, her daughter Jane, asked her once when she was able to respond if she was happy and she told me that she was very happy and felt safe. I will miss my mom for always. I am glad that she was so well looked after at Grove Park Home, to all the staff …You are the best, thank you."

—Thanks to daughter Jane for this. Marny was on the 2nd year Pharmacy Executive: see the U of T Yearbook for 1948, pp. 178, 179 (M. M. Smith).

GPH: —P1038

DINGMAN, Russell James
21/07/1923–28/07/2012

B. and raised in Cabbage Town, Toronto. In his younger years he used to work with his father Arthur at "Ye Olde Tavern" on Bay St., south of Queen St., where Arthur bartended.

Marriage and family

In 1942, at the age of nineteen, Russell joined the Army and was stationed at Camp Borden. He met his future wife, Vera Beckett, at the Legion Hall in Newmarket. She was born in Newmarket, where her parents, Alfred and Annie, owned a farm. Every Saturday night the Legion held a dance and the men from Camp Borden and the local town's people would gather and have a great time.

Russell and Vera were married on Jan. 16, 1943. It was a marriage that lasted fifty-two years—until her death on July 19, 1995. They owned a home in Willowdale where they raised their two children, George (m. Linda) and Elizabeth "Liz" (m. Arthur Mansfield). There are three grandchildren, Chris (m. Masami), Craig (m. Shawna), and Marni (m. Drew) *and* seven great-grandchildren: Kai, Jackson, Reina, Jasmine, Taylor, Jena and Cole.

War service

During WWII Russell trained at Aldershot, England. He was a paramedic helper with the 11th Field Corps. Upon his return home he helped at a funeral home (Jerrett's) on Yonge St., near Lauder. Russell was a custodian at Hardington Public School for some thirty-two years. He retired in 1986 at age sixty-three because of health issues.

Liz and George continue with the story of their father:

Activities, especially woodworking

> Russell was a member of the Agincourt Lions Club for more than thirty years. He was also a Scout Leader and took part in Rovers. Russell enjoyed fishing, boating, bowling and going to bingo with Vera every Wednesday night. But, his passion was wood work. Our dad would spend hours down in the basement with tools in hand or the table saw buzzing away.
>
> Russell was a Handyman special kind of person. If our Dad and Tim the Tool Man Taylor were neighbours, there would have been many trips to Dr. John's office (he was our family doctor in Willowdale).
>
> Good things he was only a few blocks away from where we lived. One time Dad fell off the wooden ladder, so off he went to see Dr. John's to have his broken ribs taped up. Another time the doctor stitched up his thumbs because he put them through the saw. It was never a dull moment when our father had a project started in the basement or was just fixing things around the house.

The Boat built in the Basement

One year Dad decided it was time to build a boat so he could go fishing on Lake Simcoe with his buddies. Well, guess where he decided to build the boat? —in the basement of our family home in Willowdale.

With blueprints thumb-nailed to the basement wall, tools accounted for, and the wood purchased at Lansing Build-All (his most favourite place to shop), the boat building was under way. It took Dad a few months, but it was finally finished and read to launch.

There was only one thing wrong with the blueprints: they should have said in bold print, "RUSSELL, make sure you build the boat outdoors." Dad had to saw the boat in half and put it back together in the backyard!!

The boat was finally launched and, by the way, it did float and had no leaks. Good times were had by all who went aboard, and stories were also told about the big one that got away. Dad managed to catch some fish and would bring them back to the cottage. The old castiron frying pan would come out of the cupboard and we would have a fish fry for dinner that night. I must say, they were mighty tasty.

Russell will be sadly missed by his family and friends. I am sure our parents are dancing or yelling bingo in heaven, and reminiscing over the good old days they shared together.

— Thanks to Liz and George for this account of their dad's life.
GPH: 05/07/2007

• DOAN, Grenville

10/08/1920–08/07/2006

B. at Allenwood, the second of the four children of Preston and Lilly Doan; his siblings were Alva (m. Smith), Gladys (m. Kitchen), and Lorne.

Grenville helped out on the family farm where, at a young age, he learned the rewards of hard work and the meaning of lending a "helping hand." These values, instilled in his youth, were the foundation for the man he became.

During his years attending Crossland School he met his sweetheart and in 1942 he married Catherine Adele Martin. They began married life on the 6th of Flos, in a small log house with no electricity! They later moved to the 8th of Flos, where they purchased the Heisy farm. Farming was their life.

In 1947 they were blessed with a daughter, Karen, and in 1955, with a son, Norris. A month prior to Norris' birth a storm hit and lightning struck the barn, which then burned to the ground. With the help of family, friends, and neighbours, they disassembled a barn in Hillsdale and moved it piece by piece to the farm where it stands today.

While farming he also did work unloading grain boats at Port McNicoll.

Over the years he was a proud member of the Masonic Lodge, Shriners, Scottish Right, and Eastern Star.

In 1973 it was time to leave the farm. He and Adele retired from farming and moved to Letitia St. in Barrie, and a few years later to Castle Dr. He found that retirement was not his cup of tea, and was ecstatic when the Ministry of Natural Resources in Midhurt offered him a job: he was back driving a tractor and smiling right into his 70th year. At home he enjoyed their backyard pool and gardens. It was not surprising to find among all the beautiful flowers the odd onion, carrot or tomato plant.

Grenville became a grandfather in 1979 when Steven was born; Trevor followed in 1983—both are the sons of Norris and Robin. Never to be forgotten are their memories of March Break at Nana and Poppa's, when they would watch the Barrie Colts, visit Uncle Lorne's farm, and play numerous checker games which they could never win.

Adele and Grenville started to travel, but in 1993, just after their 50th wedding anniversary, Adele died. This was devastating for Grenville.

In 1997 there came a second chance at happiness. Grenville married Muriel Usher, a longtime acquaintance and farm neighbour. He gained a stepdaughther in Nancy, and attended her wedding to Larry Desjardin.

Grenville and Muriel went on several bus trips together, to Florida and, most memorably, to the East Coast of Canada. However, on Oct. 20, 2000, a debilitating stroke robbed Grenville of the life he was enjoying so much. After eight months of hospitalization, he moved to Grove Park. He died one month before his 86th birthday. Coincidentally, the antiique seven-day winding clock at Norris' house in Port Perry stopped that morning at 6:45, the time of Grenville's death.

Bill Fisher's aunt Noreen Doan Langman is a cousin of Grenville. (Bill Fisher is Vi BAYCROFT'S son).

Grenville loved farming, to such a degree that his eyes would well up with tears at mention of the word.

— Thanks to Robin Doan for the story of Grenville's life.

GPH: 13/06/2001

DOBSON, Erma Jane

21/12/1926–11/01/2012

B. in Creemore, ON.

Erma lived on the 6th Conc. of Sunnidale Twp., now Clearwater Twp. Her dad farmed with eight or nine Percherons. She would ride these huge horses home from the fields—two or three miles—because her dad told her to do that rather than walk! He never had a tractor.

She married her childhood friend, Mervin Dobson, whom she had known from grade 5. They farmed and Erma knew a lot about farm life.

The Dobsons raised four children: Shirley (m. Casey—whose father Henry HOOYMANS lived at GPH), Glenn, Lloyd, and Ross (m. Diana). Her grandchildren are Henry (Heather), Tony, Sam, Stephen (Heather), Sheri (Troy), Michael and April. Erma had ten great-grandchildren.

At GPH Erma read western novels at bedtime, by authors like Louis L'Amour. Zane Grey was her favourite. She had a small suitcase full of them!

Erma knew considerable sadness in her life: her dad died at 55 and her mom at 61; Mervin also died relatively young, on the same day as Pierre Trudeau died (Sept. 28, 2000); and Shirley died on July 17th, a few months before Erma. She herself lived with considerable pain, especially following a car accident at Christmastime 2009. Nevertheless she remained optimistic about life.

Erma had a quiet wisdom. One of her sayings was, "If God won't have you and the devil doesn't want you, you're still here!"

She was a second-generation resident, by marriage: Ina, i.e., Regina DOBSON (d. 1986: see her fascinating lifestory in *Connections*) was her mother-in-law; Roy HICKLING was related; also Mina BELL (a cousin of her mom?). Erma knew several GPH residents, including Lois STAINTON; and she knew of Castor LONGMIRE who lived in New Lowell.

GPH: 08/03/2004

• DONALDSON, Mary Katherine Coo
28/02/1917–22/11/2004
GPH: 01/05/2001

•• DONNELLY, Phyllis
GPH: —S2033

DOOLITTLE, Ivor Olive *Nelson*
04/02/1920–30/12/2009

"B. Feb. 4, 1920 in Galt, the daughter of Charles Hamilton Nelson and Helena Ada Nelson (née Lane). Ivor was sister of Connie, Stan, Harry, Doris, and Fred, all predeceased.

Ivor grew up on Galt and attended Victoria Elementary School; she only went to high school for four months, but later returned as a mature student in Orillia in the 1970s.

She went to work at Galt Knit as a textile winder. While in Galt she attended Trinity Anglican Church, and also went to an Anglican Young Peoples camp on Lake Couchiching in Orillia.

In Jan. 1942, Ivor enlisted in the C.W.A.C. (Canadian Women's Army Corp) and became a switchboard operator in the Signal Corp. She rose to Sargeant and was sent overseas at the end of the war, to Holland, to relieve the men. While in the army her nickname was "Admiral," due to her maiden name Nelson!

Ivor was married to Carmen A. Doolittle on Sept. 7, 1946. They had met at a dance. He was in the Air Force. However, they lost touch with each other until, by chance, they later met again on a train. Ivor moved to Orillia, Carm's home, after marrying him. She worked at Bell Telephone until she had her two daugthers, Lynn and Janet.

In 1981 her granddaughter Sarah was born. She became a widow in 1986.

Ivor's faith was important to her—she was a member of St. Paul's United Church in Orillia for over fifty years. She was in two women's groups, the choir, and taught Sunday school. She went to Grace United, when able to, after moving to Barrie.

Ivor loved to sing and she belonged to two barbershop groups, the Melloblends and the Harmony Bells. They travelled to various competitions in Ontario and New York state.

She also loved people and would talk to anyone she met. The café at Grove Park was a good spot for this, as well as to buy treats. She loved peanuts, so O'Henry bars were a favourite. Something unique about Ivor was that she could wiggle her ears and talk at the same time, like Donald Duck!

Ivor was a loving wife and mother, a good homemaker and cook / baker. She was dedicated to her family and her church, i.e., she cared for her daughter Lynn after Lynn had surgery and was in a body cast for six months on bed rest. She also used to wash and iron all the choir gowns for St. pauls's senior choir.

She will be greatly missed by her daughters and granddaughter."

— Thanks to Ivor's daughters Lynn Wells and Janet for providing these details about their mother's life. Both live in Orillia. Ivor told me that her grandfather was lost at sea; a sister, Ada, died at age two in the influenza epidemic of 1918.

GPH: 04/07/2007—A1129

DOUCETTE, Wilhelmina *Habes*

23/07/1923–25/02/2006

Mrs. D. lived at #2 Jodenbraestraat in Amsterdam, next door to Rembrandt's house (#4). Her father had a pub nearby. She had a brother, three years older, Harri, who became a barber.

With the German occupation of Holland during WWII, Wilhelmina suffered the loss of her brother and many of her friends, when they were rounded up and sent away to camps and factories. Most were never seen again. When the Allies liberated Holland, the Canadians had a hospital in Amsterdam. It was there that Wilhelmina met Leonard Doucette. They were married in 1943 and soon afterwards a son, Henry, was born. She became a "war bride."

When the War ended, Leonard was sent back to Canada. Wilhelmina and their son followed in 1946. They took up residence on the family farm in Nova Scotia. In 1950 Joyce was born. A year later they all came to Ontario, where Leonard found work. They lived in North Bay, where Wilhelmina worked for a number of years at Kresges and at a Dominion store.

Mr. Doucette passed away in 1997, in North Bay.

Wilhelmina came to Barrie to live with her daughter, Joyce, and son-in-law Frank Meinke in 2003. When her health began to fade, Wilhelmina took up residence at Grove Park Home. She died here on February 25, 2006, with Joyce by her side and was buried beside Leonard in North Bay on March 3.

Mrs. Doucette was never back to Holland. The *Examiner* published a story about Mrs. D., with a photo on the front page, on the occasion of the 60th anniversary of the liberation of Holland. Frank's mother, Lily MEINKE, her sister Ivy DICK, both lived at Grove Park.

—thanks to Joyce and Frank.

03/02/2004 A1129

•• DOWNER, Thomas "Tom"
GPH: —P1045

Florence Downing
Wedding picture, Aug. 21, 1948, Regina, SK

DOWNING, Florence Mary *Bonner**
26/09/1926–17/03/2009

B. on the family homestead in the Blackwood district of SK, the firstborn child of John Bonner and Doris Stacey; was delivered by her father. Florence had two sisters, Lavina (1929) and Gladys (1931). She was christened at the Anglican church in Mortlach.

In her collection of memories, "My Life Through the Years. 1926-2005," she recalls life on the farm with her parents and siblings, trips to her grandparents', helping her mother: by the age of ten she could already bake a variety of things, like cakes and cookies. She writes about being the only student in her grade all the way through grade 10, and travelling the mile and a half by foot, on horseback, by horse and cart, by horse and cutter.

When Florence was ten her mother died of spinal meningitis, at age 36. The next year their barn burned down during threshing. For these and other reasons, she typified the 30s as "not good years."

A highlight of her youth was the visit to Canada by King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in 1939. The royal party travelled by train across the country. Florence's dad took the whole school in his truck to Sintaluta, where they boarded a train for Regina to see them.

The War came. All the young men joined the military. She and her sisters not only went to school but did "a man's work" at home. Their dad remarried in 1942—their housekeeper, Doris Miller—and Florence boarded in town so she could complete grade 11 and 12. Normal School in Moose Jaw followed and then teaching at a country school about 10 miles from Bengough. She made $1000 for the year, walking the 3 1/2miles to and from the home where she boarded.

Her next school, a year later, was near Yellow Grass. She boarded with an undertaker, who embalmed in his garage and used the living room for funerals. The following summer, in 1947, while the family was camping at Lake Katepwa, her sisters took her to a dance, where she met a young man named Gordon Downing who announced to her that he was going to marry her! He made many visits to the farm and they planned to marry at Christmas, but he fell ill and they didn't get married that year.

So she took a school at Yorkton, to be closer to her family. The next summer she and Gordon were married at the United Church manse in Regina. She taught briefly, then became a housewife on the farm they rented. Children began to arrive: Barrie, born at Indian Head. Back to teaching for a year. Then Eileen was born.

A letter from her sister Lavina provided the news that her recently married sister and husband Bud had moved to Alliston, ON. In 1951 they asked Florence and her family to come and spend the winter with them. They drove down in a 1939 Ford; the trip took five days.

In February 1952 the Downings bought a small house (20 x 20 feet) in Holly—on Conc. 12 of Innisfil, two houses off #27—where they lived for the next 47 years. One of the early tasks was to get the electrical service put in. Sharon was born that Sept., 1952, on the hottest day of the year—104º F.

Florence received her earliest religious training as a child. Her mother was a devout Anglican. There was no church, but there were Anglican Sunday school lessons to take by mail. A teacher came round to visit once a year. In the 1940s Presbyterian student ministers would come by and hold church services, and when she was 16 a group of them joined the United Church at Kenlis. Now in Holly there was a United Church nearby and the Downings began to attend there. Florence taught Sunday school, and was the Superintendent, as well as church secretary. It closed in 1972, was used by the Adventists for years, then began a florists shop.

She returned to teaching, at #9 school, then at Cookstown, then in supply teaching. Gordon worked at Base Borden for some twenty-five years.

Fourth child, Sharon, was born in April, 1955; fifth, Joyce, in Oct., 1957; sixth, Dianne, in Oct., 1959; seventh, Cameron, in Oct., 1963.

In October 1994, Florence and Gordon, both experiencing health problems, moved in with Sharon and Rod, where Gordon died the following September, i.e., in 1995.

Florence's family also includes her stepmother's daughter Carolyn, who joined her mother in SK; and the children of her father and stepmother: Mary (Turpin), Bill, and twins John and Jim. There is a continuing family connection with SK.

There is a theme that runs through Florence's lifestory. It's this: she strived to maintain the relationships she made over a lifetime: with students from her earliest teaching days, with family, her children and grandchildren over the years, with church friends. There are the stories of all her pets, especially dogs, the horses they had on the farm—there is a lot of caring in all directions, an important legacy. She was wise about life, optimistic, humorous, and a woman of faith. Her life impacted many people for good.

Obituary in the *Barrie Advance*, Tues., Mar. 24, 2009. Her memorial service was at GPH on Sat., Mar. 28; conducted by me and by Rev. Colin MacDonald of Central United Church.

GPH: 30/11/2007

DRAKE, Ruby Isabelle *White*

28/09/1914–04/12/2012*

B. in Lobo Twp., the eldest of the six children of Thomas Henry White and Laura Anne Barclay. Her siblings, in order, were: Norma, Ila, Elizabeth (Betty), Shirley, and Thomas Jr.

Ruby attended Public School in Lobo Twp. and completed grade 12 at Coldstream Continuation School. Planning to become a teacher, she needed grade 13, so she moved to Strathroy and lived with her grandmother Ruby (White) and aunt Julia (White) while she completed high school. She also stayed with the year she went to Teacher's College—known at the time as Normal School—as it was easier to share a ride to school with other teaching hopefuls.

Her first teaching job was in Adelaide Twp., in a one-room schoolhouse. Twenty-eight years of teaching later, she retired from teaching Grade One at the Strathroy Public School. Teaching positions were difficult to find, but she was able to find work, mostly in Middlesex Co. She also spent a year in Elgin Co., and another in Lambton Co.

Roy and family

Ruby first met Roy Drake when she was 12 and he was 14, while visiting her aunt and uncle, Eva and Johnny Long, who just happened to be the neighbours of Isaac and Eliza Drake. They were married on June 29, 1935 at the parsonage of the Church of Christ in Poplar Hill. They had been married 57 years when Roy passed away on Mar. 29, 1992. Roy and Ruby raised four daughters: Patricia, Donna, Dorothy, and Laura.

The move to Dalston and Barrie

In 1969 Ruby and Roy decided to sell their home and business—Roy was a welder, fabricator, mechanic ...—and move to Barrie. In Barrie, Ruby did some supply teaching, but she felt she needed a more regular job so she worked as a short-order cook at A&W. Then she worked for ten years at Grove Park Home, in the Housekeeping Dept.

Ruby found time to volunteer at RVH: she and Pat led a group of crafters who made tray favours for the patients, and articles that were sold at the annual Hospital Auxiliary Bazaar. She also continued to be a part of the "Superannuated Teachers" group.

At the age of 88 Ruby decided to move to GPH. She was tired of cooking, shopping, etc. and was ready to accept help. At GPH she was part of a variety of programmes, but visits with family were especially cherished. Ruby was 96 at the time of her passing.

Some little known facts, prepared by Ruby's family

Ruby had a pet pig named Petunia. • She met Roy while sitting on a rail fence between Johnny Long's and Isaac Drake's barnyards. Apparently something embarrassing happened, because Roy used to say, "It's a good thing girls wore big bloomers." • Ruby won a *Barrie Examiner* contest for best Valentine story. • She did fundraising for the Poplar Hill Church, directing plays using church members' talents. These plays were put on at the Coldstream Hall. She also arranged Garden Parties at the Poplar Hill Park, and this is where we first heard a 14-year-old London boy entertain, Tommy Hunter! He remained one of her favourite singers. • At one time in her life she was a fulltime mother, wife, teacher, and was on the Executive of many organizations: Middlesex Teachers Federation, the Christian Women's Fellowship, organized the Poplar Hill Vocational Bible Church, and, in the summer, was a counsellor or director of Junior Camp, where she was known by several hundred children and adults as "Aunt Ruby." • Ruby never liked surprises. If she got word of any surprise we might be planning for her, she would question us until she would guess some detail like the date or place. • She loved the Toronto Blue Jays, enjoyed going to games and watching them on TV. • There were certain subjects that she didn't like to discuss and, if they came up, she would promptly change the subject. In her family this practice became known as "Pulling a Ruby."

Ruby and Roy were members of the Church of Christ, next door to GPH, and they befriended me when I came to Barrie in 1985. Ruby was the driver—Roy went wherever the van went—and I went with them to see cranberry harvesting at Bala; to the woollen mill outlets at Galt / Hespeler; and through them was the speaker at the 180th anniversary of the Poplar Hill Church, in 2000. Another time, we travelled together to Thunder Bay, where Ruby visited her neice, Anne. Of course, our relationship continued at GPH and she always knew me, up to the time of her death. Ruby enjoyed a long life and was a contributor and helper wherever she was.

GPH: 10/01/2003

D'SENA, Pat

08/04/1930–07/12/2012

Pat D'Sena was born in Kharagpur, India, near Calcutta. There were Portuguese colonies in India from the 16th century and India became a part of the

Portuguese empire. Pat was born into a large family, ten children, of which eight survived. Her father worked for the railway.

She attended a private girls' school, LaMartinière, in Calcutta, until she was seventeen. This school dates from 1836 and is still operating—see the article in Wikipedia. About 1950 she went to England to pursue nursing and trained at Royal Berkshire Hospital, in Reading, Berkshire. Pat did not see her father again after leaving India.

It was in Reading that she met Ron Howard, who was admitted to the hospital after he broke his leg playing soccer. They married.

In 1951 the Howards emigrated to Canada, to Toronto. The following year she was working as a private duty nurse, caring for the terminally ill. Mr. Howard worked as a sales rep in the pharmaceutical industry.

In 1962 they moved to Barrie. At the age of thirty-five Pat went to York U. and got a degree in Early Childhood Education and opened "Barrie Kiddiskool," a daycare centre in 1966. She went on to open four more in Barrie. In about 1992 Pat sold the business. They had a custom-built home in Midhurst, travelled, and so on. But at the age of seventy, the Howards divorced.

A number of health issues arose. When she was in her mid- to late-fifties Pat began to lose her hearing and eventually became profoundly deaf. Failed knee replacement surgery left her unable to get around. She lived with her daughter Shirley until that became unmanageable and in the late spring of 2010 Pat came to live at GPH.

The Howards had two children, Shirley (m. Walker), who lives in Barrie, and a son Gary Howard, who lives in Whitby. There are also four grandchildren: Kristen (25) and Scott (22) Walker; Matthew (24) and Derek (21) Howard.

Pat had a love for animals and Shirley remembers that one time they had ten cats and two dogs. Folks would drop off a cat at the daycare knowing it would find a good home. She also enjoyed playing bingo weekly when she was in her 40s and 50s. Pat and Ron also had a great love of tennis and were members of both the Barrie and Richmond Hill tennis clubs.

Her siblings include two nurses, two doctors, and an engineer, but they are scattered across the world, in Australia, England, California, Florida, and Michigan.

—With thanks to Shirley for her mom's lifestory.

GPH: 31/05/1930—A1171

•• DUBOIS, Gail

GPH: —P1041

•• DUNLOP, Robert "Bob"

GPH: —P1048

DYKSTRA, Margaret *Maan*

27/11/1946–04/05/2010

The story of Margaret's life was provided by Andrew, her husband. During her stay at GPH, this was his second home and we grew to care for them both.

Margaret Maan Dykstra

"Margaret was born in Vlaardinga, the Netherlands, on November 27, 1946. Vlaardinga is right next to Rotterdam. She was the fourth daughter of Jan and Nellie Maan; her birth was later followed by those of a younger brother and another sister.

In 1957 her parents moved the family to Canada, a land of opportunity and a good future. They came first to Kettleby, to an uncle's farm, then settled in Newmarket, across from Pickering College.

In downtown Newmarket, Margaret worked as a clerk in a variety store. She soon discovered that her boss was seriously ill. He was a Holocaust survivor and loathe to see a doctor. Sometimes when the pain overwhelmed him he would descend to the basement, recline amongst the boxes and cry out to God to deliver him from his pain. She would find him there alone in agony when she had to bring merchandise up to the store. She felt uncomfortable as a young impressionable teenager being alone in the store with a suffering, dying man day after day. She had an overly developed sense of duty and responsibility and fulfilled her obligation to her employer stoically and without complaint.

(This man was Mr. Weinrib and he died before we were married in 1969. His son is Gary, better known as Getty Lee of the musical group "Rush." His mother, Mary, still lives in Willowdale and she always remembered Margaret on her birthdays and at Christmas time for all the past 41 years. Mary felt deep affection for Margaret for all her wonderful support when Mary lost her husband.)

Margaret met Andrew in the summer of 1967, when she was visiting her married sister, Betty, who lived in Barrie. Andrew spotted her in church and deliberately sat directly in front of her to make sure she saw him. He was obviously smitten already. As it turns out, what she did notice was a hole in his suit jacket. Nevertheless, Andrew managed to take her home that night. The relationship developed further in spite of the distance they were apart as Andrew attended Calvin College in Michigan.

On September 6, 1969 they tied the knot in Newmarket. Their first home was on Doran Road across from the United church. A year later they moved into Barrie. In 1971, son John was born. Two years later, in 1973, daughter Karen was born. That same year the family moved to Guelph, as Andrew took up a position with ITT. When he was transferred to the head office in Toronto, in 1974, they moved to Newmarket, where Margaret could step into a familiar social circle. In Newmarket, their 2nd son, Robert, was born in 1975. As the oldest son was about ready to start school they decided to move back to Barrie in 1976. A year later their second daughter, Sonya, was born, to round out the family to an even six. Five years later, in order to have more space in which to raise the family, they moved to their present location in Midhurst, just around the corner from their first home.

During those rearing years Margaret doted on her children with loving care and devotion. Then, two weeks before her 50th birthday she was informed that she had MS. She was legally blind within 3 months, as her optic nerves were the first to suffer. Soon she could no longer do her morning walks which she enjoyed as quiet moments of reflection. Then four years later she fell in the kitchen and broke her hip. As a result she was confined to bed or a wheel chair for the last 10 years. She never complained but often struggled with the question "Why me?" But her faith in God was never shaken, she knew there was an eternal home waiting for her. Ten days before her life ended she suffered a stroke which left her unable to speak, yet she managed to tell the nurse on night duty, "Tell Andrew I am going home." And home she went two days later, by way of her earthly home as the coach paused for a minute in front of our home on Park Trail before proceeding to her final resting place.

As she died in the arms of her husband may she now rest in the arms of her saviour."

GPH: 21/06/2004

DYMOND, Eva *Weir* WEIR (sic!)

24/12/09–07/01/2008

Eva was born in County Antrim, Ballymena, Northern Ireland on Dec. 24th, 1909. Little is known about her family life except that she lived on a farm and was raised by an aunt.

She emigrated to Canada around 1930 and settled in Toronto where she met her first husband, William "Bill" Weir; he had come to Canada about the same time, was Irish, but had been born in Glasgow. Yes, they shared the same family name! He was a police officer.

They had two sons: John Gordon, born in 1934 (m. Joan Spanner) and William "Bill," born in 1936 (m. Margaret Clarkson; div., married Carolyn).

In Toronto Eva was active in Melrose Park Presbyterian Church.

While John was a baby they acquired property on Lake Muskoka and, with the assistance of friends, built a cottage that faced the lake and very beautiful sunsets.

Eva loved the cottage and this was her summer home with the boys from the time school got out at the end of June until the end of August every year. The cottage was opened each spring and closed after the annual Thanksgiving dinner was celebrated there. It was an idyllic life with many days and week-ends spent with friends and their children swimming and playing together.

Eva always liked an afternoon refreshment, hot or cold, and would say something that meant she was thirsty and sounded like " I have a dirth," which meant it was time to fix tea or a cold drink. Whether sitting on the dock or in the cottage veranda, the cottage was a place that she really loved every summer for decades.

Another of the simple pleasures she experienced back in the 1950s was to play canasta while sitting in the veranda of the cottage and listening for her husband Bill to return from his daily fishing after dinner each evening. As soon as his

motor could be heard coming across the lake she would put the kettle on and have a pot of tea waiting for him.

Also, her greatest pleasure was to play euchre with family and friends and she was very hard to beat, "making it on nothing," but very rarely getting euchred! One of the weekly enjoyments she had at GPH was to play cards and also bingo with the ladies on Willow.

Bill died in 1958, in his 56th year and only one year into his retirement, after 31 years on the Toronto police force. Both her sons were married and with families of their own by this time and not living close by. She was however, fortunate in having a good family friend who had the cottage next door and had lost his first wife a few years previous.

Joe Dymond, the family friend, was able to take Eva to the cottage during the summer months for several years and eventually they became engaged. Although both her sons and their families were happy to know that the man they had grown up calling "Uncle Joe" would become their step-father when he married their mother, they were rather surprised to receive a post-card from her from out West telling them that she and Joe were on their honeymoon! This was in 1965 and they were together for 23 years, until Joe died at the age of 91.

Eva then moved to Barrie where John and family were now residing. Things were going along well until John's sudden death in 1991, in his 57th year. Her son Bill, who was living in South Carolina, died just three years later in 1994, at the age of 58.

There was however another family friend Eva had been keeping in touch with who had lost his wife a year of two before. This man, Bill Rennie, was the brother of her second husband Joe's son-in-law (!) and also twelve years her junior. For the next ten years they were inseparable, travelling across Canada in his 27-foot trailer. One time it had brake failure when they were travelling through the Rockies and almost sent them sliding off a mountain into space. However, once the problem was fixed, they carried on and travelled through the States and camped over the years at a trailer park in Florida. There they made many friends and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. They also made trips to Mexico and spent lots of time up north at the cottage in Muskoka. It is fair to say that Eva had the most interesting and exciting times of her life with Bill as her companion and friend, from age, say, 85 to 95!

Unfortunately, Bill became ill and died in 2003, leaving her once again on her own: she had moved down to Scarborough when she and Bill decided to be together. She then moved to a condo in Pickering to be closer to her grandson Wayne and his wife Sylvia, who helped with her shopping and appointments and were able to look in on her on a regular basis.

Ill health then caught up with Eva and, after undergoing a serious operation which she came through amazingly well at the age of 95, she could no longer be independent and on her own in a condo. She resided in a long-term care facility in Ajax until the family moved back to Barrie and were fortunate in being able to transfer her to GPH where she resided for the last year and a half of her life.

Eva was a homemaker during her married life. The cottage was an important part of her happiness. She loved to play euchre; enjoyed travel; liked the TV shows "Jeopardy" and "Wheel of Fortune." For her a meal was never complete unless it included potatoes in some form. She is remembered for saying "I have a d..i..r..th" when she was thirsty, the Irish accent stretching out the word "dirth." Finally, she enjoyed a good joke.

She lived to a great age—just over 98—and, when she died, was ready to move on. During her long life three husbands and both sons had died, yet she remained positive about life.

—with thanks to daughter-in-law Joan Weir.

GPH: 14/08/2006

E

• EATOCK, Joan Ivy *Murcott*

29/05/1925–27/11/2008

B. in Toronto, daughter of Harold and Ivy Murcott. Her parents died at an early age; Joan and her brother Arthur were raised by grandparents from the age of seven and four, respectively.

Joan was a very smart woman and soon reached a point at high school when they could do no more for her. Knowing that her family was of very modest means, Joan's principal reached out to his friend Mr. Coatsworth to arrange employment for her at Coatsworth & Cooper. It turned out to be a life-changing experience for Joan and subsequently for her brother Arthur, who was hired two years later by Mr. Coatsworth.

Not only did Joan excel at her work, she bonded with Mr. Coatsworth and his only daughter, Eleanor, who became her life-long friend of sixty-nine years. Along with Eleanor, Joan held close many deep and lasting friendships with very special women she met an early age, among them Bunny Simpson, Rene Moyer and Joyce Watt.

Joan was a volunteer with the Red Cross during the years of WWII and met her future husband, Bob Eatock, at the home of a mutual acquaintance when he came to Toronto for special training. Bob was a pilot with the Fleet Air Arm of the Royal Navy, and served mostly in the Pacific. They married in his home town of Bolton, Lanchashire, England, on August 17, 1946 at St. Peter-St. Paul church and spent four years together in Britain before returning to Canada with their first-born, Karen.

They had six children altogether: Karen, Janet (m. Dean), Roger, Mark (d. 05/1981 in a motorcycle accident), Laura, and Susan (m. Rogers). Joan's obstetrician, Dr. Betty Stephenson—who went on to become a senior minister in the Ontario government—delivered five of her six babies at Women's College Hospital. She always said that Joan had the most beautiful babies. Joan was a loving and adoring mother to her children.

Mrs. Eatock's husband Robert worked in the printing industry, and set up printshops all over the world. He would be away for six weeks at a time. She went

to one meeting with him in South Africa, in 1967. In 1969, Bob and Joan and family moved to Smiths Falls, Ontario, where Bob was tapped to manage the newest printing plant for his company. They lived in a beautiful home on the banks of the Rideau River; they often travelled on the River in their little boat.

Joan immersed herself in the community and continued her passion for volunteerism that began with the Red Cross. She rose to become the President of the Victorian Order of Nurses for Lanark County, running the office and making rural visits to those in need.

In 1977, when Bob was transferred again, they moved back to the Greater Toronto area, settling in the community of Clarkson / Lorne Park.

Joan was a woman of deep Anglican faith and was a member of the congregation of St-Bride's Church (and a volunteer) until her husband retired and they purchased a lovely property in the countryside of Damascus, near Arthur Ontario. There Joan's husband Bob built the retirement home they designed with his own hands. They lived in a trailer on the property in the spring and summer months as the house was in construction and, in the winter months, they took their trailer on the road to warmer climates, making new friends along the way.

There is nothing Joan loved more than coming home to be with her growing brood of grandchildren, nine in all: David, Briana, Kevin, Quillan, Patrick, Jacob, Angelica, Megan and Kayla. Joan was fortunate to live long enough to welcome her only great-grandchild, Gabriella, born earlier this year.

Before Bob was able to finish the house he was stricken with Alzheimer's disease; Joan spent the last two years at their home in Damascus caring for him before her own health was affected and they required managed care. Bob moved into the nursing home in Arthur. Joan came to live at GPH in 2001 and, for a time, she was here and Bob was there. In 2004 Bob joined her at GPH; both were now conveniently near their daughter Janet Dean.

Although her last few years were marked by a number of health complications that kept her from enjoying life to the fullest, Joan was known at Grove Park as she had been all her life – as a woman of great dignity, kindness and compassion. She always had an ear to listen to others and always a kind word for those who cared for her in big and little ways.

Finally, Joan had a bumper sticker which read: "If a woman's place is in the home, why am I always in the car."

—Thanks to daughter Susan for the lifestory of her mom.

GPH: 07/09/2001

EATOCK, Robert Francis

16/06/1923–07/01/2007

In WWII Mr. Eatock served with the Royal Navy as a pilot aboard the *H.M.S. Formidable*. Some of his training was done in Canada, at Kingston. Before returning to England he went to visit a friend's family in Toronto and met Joan. Their courtship continued by mail during the War.

His post-War employment involved setting up printshops all over the world. He had attended the London School of Economics, so he knew the world of business. He travelled a great deal and would be away for six weeks at a time.

His return was always exciting for his six children: there was always something special for each of them in his suitcase. His stories and photos from these travels are part of his family's memories.

Mr. Eatock was adventurous and creative and full of fun: one summer holiday in Parry Sound he had the children making, then eating, "stone soup."

He retired from Mississauga to a beautiful piece of property in the hamlet of Damascus, near Arthur. He had two dreams. The first was to build a house on this property. He designed the house and it became a family weekend project. Unfortunately he was stricken by Alzheimer's before it was finished. That too ended his second dream, which was to fly again. His plan was to build a glider and soar again in the blue skies with the York Soaring Club, just a few miles away.

The husband and father that his family knew was taken away with Alzheimer's disease.

Mr. Eatock had a curious nature, a great sense of humour, along with a "belly laugh" that continues in his children and grandchildren. His love of music is vividly remembered, along with his piano playing and singing at holiday time and late in the evening when the house was quiet. For some years he played the xylophone with his Groy Lodge group.

He loved to read and loved to write. In fact, he was recognized for excelling in literature. He wrote poems to Joan during their courtship and compiled a book of poetry with a friend while serving in the War.

Mr. Eatock came to GPH on June 6, 2004 from a nursing home in Arthur. Joan was already living here for nearly three years, so it was good to have them re-united.

—With thanks to son Roger, who provided most of this information.

GPH: 21/06/2004 1198

ELLIOTT, John Robert

22/11/1935–10/08/2009

The following, touching account of John's life was written by his wife of fourteen years, Sandra, for our memorial service at GP Home. Her hand-written story is reproduced in full.

"John Robert Elliott was born in Lindsay on November 22, 1935. He was the youngest of four children to Mildred Elliott. He has an older brother Roy and two sisters, Betty and Barb. He was very close to his sister Barb, as there was only 14 month between them.

When John was a teenager, he worked in the bowling alley, setting up the bowling pins. He also worked at Wonder Bread, taking the hot loaves of bread out of the ovens. John quit school when he turned 16, as he said that he got tired of counting the holes in the ceiling tiles.

He left home to find work. He worked in southern Ontario, on the pipelines. When he came to Barrie, he met his wife Doreen Gosling. She had just come to Canada in 1957 from England, with her parents, to live in Barrie. John

and Doreen were marrried on March 25, 1961, at Trinity Anglican Church. Their son Steven was born on August 28, 1961 and their daughter Sheila was born on October 7, 1962.

On May 11, 1963 John was working in Victoria Harbour. At this time, they dug ditches by hand, to lay the gas pipelines. John and another man were digging in the ditch when the soil gave way. John was rushed to Midland Hospital to stabilize him before they transferred him to Royal Victoria Hospital in Barrie. There Dr. Ted Beaton operated on him many times to reset his two broken legs. His right leg has a steel plate in it and screws to hold it together, and he had skin grafting on it, taken from his back.

John was in the hospital for six months, as he had to learn to walk again. When John got home from the hospital, his wife had another daughter, Sharon, born on December 16, 1963.

John spent a year at Workman's Compensation Hospital in Toronto, to strengthen his legs. John could have stayed on Workman's Compensation for life. But he went back to work, because he didn't like sitting at home doing nothing.

His third daughter, Valerie, was born on February 15, 1967.

John's first wife, Doreen, died from a massive heart attack in her sleep.

John and I—Sandra Diamond—knew one another from our church, Trinity Anglican. John sat in the back row, with his wife and four children. I sat in the row ahead of him with my three sons.

We started dating in January 1991. John asked me to marry him in October 1992. We were married on October 7, 1995 at Trinity Anglican Church, after my divorce became final.

When we got married, we couldn't go away on a honeymoon until April, because of John's work. We boarded the Via train at the old Allendale Station on March 31, 1996 and arrived in Vancouver on April 3. John could not believe the beauty of the Rockies. John and I spent the week in Vancouver with his daughter Valerie and her husband Rob.

The first day there, we looked in the phone book to find the closest Anglican Church, as we wanted to go to church on Easter Sunday. Every day we would explore the city. On Good Friday we took the ferry over to Gibson's Landing, where "The Beachcombers" was made. We took the bus from Vanvouver to Calgary.

When we were in Calgary we spent four days with my son Richard and his wife Gwen, and with my two grandchildren, David and Samantha. We then flew home to Toronto.

This was the first holiday that John ever had taken. He got to ride on a train, ferry, and plane for the first time.

John worked in construction with the pipelines up to his retirement on December 24, 1997. Some of the companies he worked for were Superior, Waynco, Cliffside, Rowad, and Rhucon.

John loved to work outside, he always put in a vegetable garden, and tended to his flower gardens. He always helped neighbours if they needed snow shovelling, cutting lawns, raking leaves, or laying sod.

He liked to read books. His favourite writers were Pierre Berton and Farley Mowat, and he enjoyed reading biographies of famous people. He also liked to read about psychics and spiritual powers. John liked to listen to all kinds of music—he favoured classical and opera. His favourite singer was Andrea Bocelli.

Before John got sick we used to go to the Gryphon Theatre. The first time we went to the theatre he asked me if I would like to see Valdy. I had never heard of him. I said to John, "Why would I like to see Valdy?" I thought it was a grocery store [Valdi].

The only sport John liked was boxing. He would sit on the edge of the chair, watching the television. Then he would start to throw punches, then he would get up off the chair and proceed over to the television. You would think he was in the ring with the opponent.

John always had a dog. When I met John, he had a dog named Bailey, who was part Shepherd and part Labrador. In March of 1999 John's beloved dog Bailey died of old age. When Bailey died, a part of John died too. John started to get forgetful and confused about doing things.

In January 2001, John was diagnosed with Lewy Body Disease (which is Parkinson's and dementia). John's brother Roy died from the same disease in August 2001.

On June 29, 2006 I had to put John in the hospital, as he was getting too hard to handle. He was in Royal Victoria Hospital for a month before he was transferred to Aurora Resthaven, where he stayed for eight months. He was transferred back to Barrie, to Grove Park Home on February 28, 2007, where he was a resident for 2 1/2 eyars.

When John went into the nursing home, his body shut down. He refused to walk and to feed himself. It was hard to see him like this, as John loved to walk. When Bailey was alive, he would take her for a walk very morning. Then the both of us would take Bailey for a walk after lunch and supper.

John loved to eat. He would eat more than me and not gain an ounce.

In the last year, John could not chew or swallow food, because of the Parkinson's Disease. He had to eat pureed food or puddings.

He also lost his ability to talk. The only time you could understand him was when he was in pain—he would curse and swear, trying to get someone's attention.

In September 2008 John had broken his right hip. If he was not in the right position in his wheel chair, he could curse until he got someone's attention.

In the month of July [2009] John lost 11 lbs. and you could see him slowly slipping away.

On Friday, August 7, 2009 John took a turn for the worse and was put on oxygen to help him breathe. On Sunday afternoon Bonnie, John's daughter-in-law, came to visit him. She took his hand and said, "Hi Daddo, this is Bonno." She reminisced about things they had done in the past. John awoke from his coma and was following her voice as she talked. John had a special bond with Bonnie.

On Monday, August 10, 2009, when I went to visit John, he was gasping to breathe. Another resident's daughter was sitting with me when we noticed that John was getting quieter with his breathing. At this time Mary came in to take his vitals, and Nancy [Monkman] came in to get him his morphine shot. I said to the nurses, "I think he has just died."

John gave up his battle to live at 2:45 P.M. on August 10, 2009. He closed his beautiful blue eyes for the last time. The nurses on Aspen were so good to me when John passed away. I couldn't have been in better hands.

John's funeral was held on August 14, 2009, from Trinity Anglican Church in Barrie. I told our minister that I wanted John's funeral from the church, as John was married there to Doreen, he was baptized here in November 1962, with his two children, and confirmed there on May 4, 1964, and we were married there on October 7, 1995. I wanted John to have the full circle in the church that he loved and was a part of for 48 years.

I asked Nancy Monkman, if she could, to read her poem, "Thief of the Mind," about Alzheimer's, and to say a few words about John. John and Nancy had a special bond between them. We all sat on the same pew in church. John was on one end of the pew and Nancy on the other end. They would give little waves to one another. When John and I made our tour of Grove Park, Nancy was the first nurse John saw. He said to me, "I want to come here, as Nancy will be my nurse."

The Rev. Canon John Speers gave his "Personal Reflections" on John, as they were good friends.

John was laid to rest in Barrie Union Cemetery, beside his first wife, Doreen. John and Doreen were blessed with three grand-daughters: Natasha Nabozniak, and Caitlin and Meaghan Lynch, and he was great-grandfather of Keiran Nabozniak.

John is finally at peace, and in heaven wth his mother Millie, Doreen, Roy, Barb, and his dog Bailey.

I have lost my soul mate, but we will meet again."

GPH: 26/02/2007

ELLIS, Hilda Elsie *Quick* JORDISON

03/02/1922–11/02/2013

Hilda told me about the events of her life with matter-of-fact candour. These details are supplemented with what was said about her at her memorial service at Grace United Church, across the corner from GPH, on Tues., Feb. 19, 2013.

B. at Fort Qu'Appelle, SK; she had one brother, Cecil.

Both her parents had gone West to SK after WWI. Her father was from Orillia and had gone out West "mad," she said. He was a veteran and had been "gassed" in the War. Her mother was born outside Charlottetown, PEI, and had gone out West "mad": her father had told her that she couldn't marry a Roman Catholic, so she left and went out West! The two met and married, but it was not an ideal match, according to Hilda.

Hilda started to school at Perryville, SK. She knew the Perry family from which the village got its name. It was a one-room school, with several different languages spoken—the children did not know English, difficult for the teachers.

At age eleven the family moved to Charlottetown: her grandmother was terminally ill, so her father, a farmer, took over the family farm. They drove from SK to PEI in a Model A Ford, stopping in Orillia to visit her dad's family. The grandmother died and the grandfather left. The farm was lost and Hilda and her brother came to Orillia to live with grandparents, strict Baptists.

She went to work as a domestic, then in a factory ("Munitions Inspector") during the War effort, then entered the nursing programme at Soldier's Memorial Hospital. She graduated as a nurse in the spring of 1946.

Hilda met a ministerial student, Roy Jordison, and they married in December, 1950. Roy grew up on a farm at Chatsworth, near Owen Sound. His mother died young and his sister went to live with relatives in Toronto, but Roy's father kept him on the farm (market gardening) until he was 21. At that time he enlisted and served in WWII. After the War he used his veterans' allowance to go to university and seminary. The Jordisons spent some years in Trinidad (1958-1962?) and she often recalled that experience.

Hilda and Roy had two children together: Jenna (m. Mark), whose children are Sarah, Eown, Ira and Eva; and Paul. The Jordisons spent some years in Sault Ste. Marie. The marriage failed. Roy returned to Trinidad and Hilda came south to the Barrie area, where she worked first as a VON nurse and then as a PH nurse in Simcoe County.

At her memorial service, Hilda's sister-in-law Rose recalled many visits and trips that they had made together, with a variety of funny incidents. Hilda travelled far and wide in her Volkswagen beetle—to PEI; to Vancouver, where Jenny lives; she raced a go-kart when she was 80. Rose thinks it was after she retired that Hilda decided to take a course in clowning. She had a great clown outfit and called herself "Rainbow the Clown." Hilda made many appearances as Rainbow.

Hilda was well acquainted with grief, losing her brother to an accident in 1974, and then her son. At her memorial service, her grandchildren shared thoughts she had kept from thirty years ago, including:

> The greatest source of comfort comes from love, the love of our children, the love of our parents, the deep love of friendships. Renewal following grief involves new relationships centered around persons (or one person) to care for, to give to, to love.

In the summer of 2007, Hilda came to live at GPH. She involved herself in various activities with enthusiasm and humour. She stayed in touch with Jenna by e-mail.

Hilda was a member of Grace United Church from the early 1970s and she was able to continue her life there with her move to GPH. Art Storey, minister at Grace for many years, spoke of Hilda's "indefatigable" nature and how, in a variety of ways, she brought her enthusiasm and faith to bear: for example, when Art retired she was instrumental in seeing that his, and the theological books of other retiring ministers, were sent to a seminary in Trinidad.

Finally, Hilda was quoted as saying, "It's not just that we believe in God, but that God believes in us."

GPH: 10/08/2007—A1134; W3043

EMERY, Helen

04/09/1922–22/03/2010

B. in Huntsville, daughter of Herbert E. and Ethel Maud Havercroft. Helen had one sister, Ethel Maud, and a brother, Nelson. Her parents moved to Muskoka from Thornbury, with Nelson, on a cold December day in 1920. Helen's father was the station agent for the Grand Trunk Railway and the family lived in a company-owned house.

In 1942 she attended North Bay Normal School and became an elementary school teacher. She spent her career in rural and urban classrooms in and around Hamilton. For some years she taught at Dan Wagner Beaches Public School, Hamilton. Upon retirement she lived in Toronto, then in Barrie.

Helen took an interest in many things, from painting to family history. She loved the outdoors, an avid bird-watcher, she was a member of the Brereton Naturalist Club in Barrie. Helen enjoyed travelling and visited extended family members in various parts of Canada, the United States, and England. She was a supporter of the Leprosy Mission of Canada.

In Barrie, Helen was a member of Westminster Presbyterian Church. Her favourite hymn was "To Love Some One More Dearly," by Maude Louise Ray.

Helen was excited to publish a 22-page booklet entitled *Reminiscences of my Childhood* in 2008. Anne Forman, GPH staff, helped, along with author / historian Gary Denniss of Bracebridge. A book-signing event took place at GPH on Fri., Mar. 14, 2008, where she signed copies for friends.

Reminiscences contains several photos, including one of the GTR house mentioned above. There is also the following poem captures Helen's interest in birds as well as her sharp sense of humour.

Catbird

A bird—
his name?
Catbird,
His fame?
Far-spread;
His dress?
So trim

In grey;
His song?
Now sweet
Now strong!
A tweet.
He mocks
His friends
And talks
Away.
His nest—
He likes
The best
Pine spikes;
They hide
Secure
His pride
All day.

Helen's uncle, Walter HAVERCROFT, lived at GPH, arriving by at least July 1974.

GPH: 11/04/2005

•• EMMS, Dorsey

GPH: —P1036

ENGEL, James Allan

19/06/1929–18/03/2011

B. in Desboro, ON, son of Edward Engel.

Mr. Engel received his schooling in Desboro and Owen Sound.

In Sept. 1948, at age 19, he enlisted in the RCAF, where he served as a heavy equipment operator during his tenure. Over a period of 27 years with the RCAF he was stationed in Aylmer, Trenton, Whitehorse, Base Borden (twice), Clinton (twice), Churchill, Centralia, Exeter, and in France. After retiring from the service, the Engels moved to Barrie and he worked for several years in a few other positions, including at Sears, Canadian Tire, and with the OPP.

He was married to Edna Victoria McRae and they had five children: Jim (m. Mary); David (m. Lorna); Bill (m. Ruth); John (m. Lisa); and one daughter, Katherine (m. Robert Belisle). There are seven grandchildren. He cherished his beloved wife and was very proud of his children.

James was always very active in his church wherever he lived ... it was an important aspect of his life. As well, he always took time to be involved with his hobby of building model boats, plains and trains. He had a passion for woodworking and many among his family and friends benefitted from the wonderful talent he had working with wood.

He was involved in the life of Grace United Church from the 1960s and "the Oak Room" is an example of his woodworking skills. One might say that he is part of the woodwork at Grace!

James always had a sense of humour and a little bit of mischievousness in him. But most importantly, he was a man who cared greatly for humankind. His family was the ultimate treasure in his life, and he was a good friend to many.

Mr. Engel came to GPH from the Waterford Retirement Home.

—With thanks to Mr. Engel's daughter, Katherine, of Port Carling.

GPH: 03/02/2011—A1161

•• EVANS, Joan

GPH: —P1016

• EVANS, Marion

18/05/1910–16/12/2003

B. in West Gwillemberry, the daughter of Edgar and Ida Evans. She had one brother Elvin, and a sister Madeline (m. Bowles) who, at the time of her death, lived in Bradford.

Ms. Evans went to school to be a teacher and taught for several years at S.S. #9, a one-room school in W. Gwillemberry. Then she went to Queen's U., graduated, and taught for the Toronto School Board. She developed a specialization in the teaching of reading.

Her sister recalled that Marion took a summer course just about every summer of her life. She lived across the street from Windemere United Church and was very active there; at one time she was its Treasurer. She also donated flowers for the outdoor gardens and helped with the "clothing depot". In retirement she was a volunteer for "Meals on Wheels"; indeed, she drove a car until she was 90.

Ms. Evans was raised on a farm on the 10th Conc. of W. Gwillemberry. Madeline recalls their going to church with grandmother Evans at the Methodist Church in Bradford. Their father, Edgar, was one of eight children, four boys and four girls. Three of his brothers went West in the teens of the 20th century: Dr. Wilfred Evans answered a government incentive plan and went to Didsbury, Alta.; Elmer farmed in Saskatchewan; Herb also farmed out West (in Sask.?) and went from there to California. Madeline recalled one time when they were all home for a family gathering.

Marion lived an active life. She moved from Toronto to Barrie, to Collier Place, to be closer to her family. At GPH she especially enjoyed the intellectual stimulation of "Chit Chat".

Interment: Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, Bradford.

GPH: 30/08/2000

EVENHUIS, Taetske "Tessie" *van der Kooi*

02/06/1917–25/05/2010

B. in Friesland, the Netherlands. Tess married in 1943, in the midst of the War, and came to Canada in 1950, with two children, six (Will) and three (her

daughter). They were sent to a farm at Dundalk. Her husband was a horticulturalist and they sponsored themselves to come. Tess nursed at RVH. They moved to Fergusonvale; she nursed in Midland. They spent 30 years living on Toronto St. in Barrie, opposite Hillsdale school. They attended Central United Church. Mr. Evenhuis died in 2006: they had been married 62 years. Her daughter died, at 59; she also was a nurse. Tess missed her terribly.

At GPH Tess was instrumental in the start of the programme "Bible Read," because she did not like the regular Bible study! She wanted a verse-by-verse study, so I started another programme that runs on Monday mornings and has also become popular.

Some years ago Tess used to visit Sally COOPER at GPH. They had been neighbours.

At her memorial service at GPH, Tess's son Will provided the following details about his mom's life.

"Mom was the 3rd and youngest daughter of Grietje Zylstra and Rombe van der Kooi. She was born in Wirdum, Friesland, the Netherlands. She did all the things a young girl and young woman would do, including school, and she excelled in sports.

In 1940 she enrolled in the School of Nursing at the medical training Hospital in the city of Groningen, where she met father, who was the Superintendent of properties. She graduated and they were married in 1943. They were blessed with two children, a boy (1944) *me*, and a little girl (1947).

At this time World War II was at its worst in Holland and surviving was very tough and they made a major decision that their children would never have to endure what they did and, when the opportunity came to realization, they immigrated to Canada in 1950 (December).

The first few years in Canada were not good either but they survived that challenge and when Dad got a job with Ontario Hydro their situation improved greatly.

We moved around a lot and, I remember, from Varney to Innisfil to Fergusonvale and, ultimately, to a nice house on Toronto Street in Barrie.

Mom, to help our family financially, worked as an RN at the Penetang Hospital, RVH, and the I.O.O.F. Home, and she also volunteered at the I.O.O.F. Dad and her enjoyed travelling which included places like Europe, Hawaii, the Caribbean, Canada and, especially, Cuba.

When managing a house and property became too difficult, they moved to Heritage Place where they enjoyed 10 happy years together.

With the passing of Dad in 2006 and also the sudden passing of my little sister the same year, mom found life to be very difficult to cope with and, with the great assistance of the staff at CCAC, she found a new home at G.P.H. where she spent 4 years cared for by all the wonderful and caring staff! Also, GPH has wonderful volunteers!

Tessie is survived by a son, son-in-law, daughter-in-law, 5 grandchildren, and 6 great-grandchildren. She will be dearly missed and fondly remembered.

The last few years, with failing physical health, she would often express her desire to go to a better place and be with Dad and her daughter—she was ready—and I believe her wish was granted."

GPH: 01/10/2007

EVERSON, Elizabeth "Betty" *Williams*

23/02/1920–15/08/2007

Betty's daughter Janet wrote what follows about her mother. It is reproduced here, with thanks.

"Elizabeth Everson (née Williams) was very family oriented. She was born on February 23, 1920 in Etobicoke, ON, the fourth child in a family of five, to Janet (Strachan) and Richard Williams. She had two older brothers, Lloyd and Thomas, a sister, Nancy, and one younger brother, Griffith. She was very close to her sister Nancy. They would talk on the phone most Sundays. The family always knew whom she was talking to because there would be loud roars of laughter.

Elizabeth ("Betty") had to leave high school just prior to graduating as her fathre needed her on the farm to harvest the strawberries. Not getting her high school diploma always bothered her. That is probably why education was very important to her.

Betty would ride her bike to work from her family's farm at Royal York Rd. and Dundas St. to downtown Toronto, where she worked as a switchboard operator for Wear Ever Aluminum. Some of you may still have some of their cookware tucked away.

Betty met Harry Everson at a dance. He was told about a girl named Nancy and his friend wanted him to meet her. He started dancing with a girl, whom he thought was Nancy but was actually Betty, her sister. She is the one he fell in love with!

When the Second World War broke out, he asked Betty to marry him and when she agreed, he insisted they get married before he went overseas. He said, "Marry me now or I am not coming back!" She married Harry on July 4, 1942 and their relationship grew very strong.

During his term in the army, Betty received his pay cheques. As you are aware, times were very hard then. She saved every penny and surprised him on his return with the total sum of money. They were able to buy 2 1/2 acres of land, where they built a two-bedroom house, and planted 25 fruit trees, in RR1 Weston (Frith Rd.), which is now the Jane and Finch corridorin North York.

Betty had three children: Richard (Aug. 15, 1948); Janet (Sept. 20, 1951); Allan (Apr. 15, 1957).

They moved only twice: to Weston in 1966 (156 Queenslea Ave.), and to Alliston in 1982 (44 Evans Ave.).

Betty was a "stay at home" Mom. She grew vegetables, made preserves, and froze both fruit and vegetables for the winter. She had two big freezers—one for the meat and the other for the fruit and vegetables. When we came home from school there was always fresh baking: her famous oatmeal cookies, with date spread, or scones and homemade jam. One time when Weslie and Neal (Janet's

sister-in-law and her husband) were at Janet's home for dinner, Weslie mentioned that she did not know how to make pies. Betty responded, "Oh dear, what does your husband think of that?!"

Betty was always a very active person. She rarely sat and watched television; when she did, she darned socks or put patches on my father's and brother's work clothes. She did not like to be idle as this was a waste of time.

Betty has been described as a very "proper" person. We didn't think anything about it, but recall this incident when Bonnie, Rick's wife, came to supper with the family early in her relationship with Rick. Bonnie was asked if she would like more to eat and she responded, "No, I'm stuffed." Betty was quick to reply, "You should say, 'I've had sufficient, thank you.'"

When her children were in high school, Betty worked as a secretary at the Dominion Food and Milling on South Station St., Weston, where her husband was the foreman. Sadly Betty lost her husband, Harry, on Nov. 26, 1983 and her son Allan on Mar. 26, 2000.

Janet loved taking her Mom out. It always seemed to be an adventure. One time she took her to a dinner theatre north of Toronto. When they arrived there, Betty said, "We are not going to eat in a barn are we?" Well, sure enough, the tables were set up in the stalls and we went upstairs for the live show. Janet always had a good hardy laugh when she took her Mom out.

Janet was told numerous times by the staff at GP Home that Betty was much loved. She was always concerned about being a bother. Even though it was extremely painful to receive her daily care, Betty always thanked the staff and would apologize for any problems she may have caused!"

At GP Home we remember Betty for her sunny disposition, her sense of "propriety" as Janet mentioned, and for her recollection of many an old song during resident sing-a-longs.

GPH: 13/02/04

F

• FANJOY, Ruth
28/12/1929–
GPH: 13/06/2002—W3041

FANNON, Florence *Gauthier*
21/06/1923–14/04/2007

Florence was born and raised in Penetanguishene, one of eleven children. She had six brothers and four sisters who, as adults, all remained close. They loved to play cards whenever they got together.

As a young woman, Florence moved to Toronto to begin her working career. There she met her husband Howard. Together they raised their four children: Janice, who lives in Barrie; James, of Consecon, Ont., Robert, of Toronto; Bruce (m. Sirkka), of Aurora. She had three grandchildren: Laura, John and Paul. Mr. Fannon predeceased her.

In the 1980s she moved to Barrie to be closer to her daughter.

Florence was always full of energy. She loved to dance and be with people. In her later years going for a drive was one of her favorite things to do.

— This information was provided by Mrs. Fannon's daughter, Janice.

GPH: 01/09/2006

FENNER, Bruce

26/12/1912–27/07/2005

B. in Toronto, the third of the five children of Benjamin F. and Charlotte Clementine Chaconi. His older siblings were Benjamin and Ruth; the younger were Leon and Doris. Leon was killed in an accident on the Prairies while serving with the Air Force in WWII; Benjamin died at age 89. Ruth is now 94 and Doris 85 or 86.

Bruce's father was an x-ray technician when that was cutting edge technology and, when that was a private business concern, did all the x-ray work for Toronto General Hospital and The Hospital for Sick Children. He became quite wealthy doing this and Bruce had a childhood that lacked nothing. The Fenners moved to a place on Alberta Ave., in the St. Clair area. They went to St. Michael's and All Angels church and all the children attended Oakwood Collegiate.

Mr. Fenner wanted Bruce to become a doctor, so he attended the U of T, becoming a fantastic athlete (basketball, track and field) but did not finish—he didn't share his father's desire to practice medicine. In 1938, on August 5, he married Margaret Quance—they eloped to Kirkland Lake, where he was doing surveying, and were married at home by a Baptist minister.

Bruce became a surveyer for the Department of Highways, was doing airports and such like. He played for the Toronto Argonauts as a running back for two or three years and enjoyed fishing with his dad. After his brother was killed, he felt he should join the War effort, so he enlisted and shipped out from Truro, to serve three years with the engineers in Europe. He did not talk about his war experience: he really didn't see himself as a "veteran," since he saw his war service as a personal response to his brother's death. He only collected a veteran's pension for the last three months of his life.

After WWII he returned to the Department of Highways. He was something of a genius and had already written books on surveying, so he declined to use veteran's allowance to return to University to finish his degree. Later he regretted doing not doing so. Mr. Fenner did the surveying of the Trans-Canada Highway between Sault Ste. Marie and Thunder Bay and eventually became head of surveying for the Ontario Department of Highways.

He loved gardening, so in 1952 the Fenners moved to Mississauga. The family now included two daughters: Anne (m. Bud Steubing), born before Bruce went overseas, and Barbara (m. Hendriks), born after the War.

In 1952 he had two heart attacks. During his recovery he received a gift of some art supplies and began to paint as a hobby. He took early retirement. He had a very good pension, with increases geared to inflation, and joked that he got more raises after retirement than he did working!

He and Margaret wintered in Florida and it was there that he announced his plans to build a cottage at Six Mile Lake. So they put up a Viceroy home and initiated a yearly schedule of summers there and winters at Fort Pearce, Florida, where they made many friends. They sold their house in Lorne Park. In the fall they used to buy a new car, take a cruise or some other trip and then head south.

Eventually Mr. and Mrs. Fenner lived at Barrie Manor, where they spent five years. In November 2004 he had an art show there.

Until about two years ago Mr. Fenner was in good health, but a series of little strokes ate away at him. He very much wanted to attend his grand-daughter's wedding at the cottage on July 16, but was unable to. He died on July 27. The family had a service for him at St. Mathias Church in Coldwater; his ashes were placed at the cottage. The passage from Ecclesiastes "For every thing there is a season," and "Ask and it will be given you …" were used as texts. His long life knew all the "times" listed in the well-known passage.

—Thanks to Barbara for a humorous recounting of her father's rich and blessed life.

GPH: ///—S2029

John Fenton

FENTON, John "Mick"

17/11/1923–23/11/2012

B. in Bradford, Yorkshire, one of four children.

John served in the RAF 1941–46 as Warrant Officer Pilot in Coastal Command. He joined the airforce at age 18 and spent five years training in Canada as well as in Pensacola, FL. He was known to his mates as "Mick" and was remembered for his quick smile and telltale ability to "whistle a tune."

On Dec. 11, 1945 he met Betty at a local dance in Bradford. It was her 18th birthday. They married in 1950 and emigrated to Canada in 1956. They arrived in Montreal, spent three years in Chicago, and settled in Toronto. John used his

business acumen—and years of night-school studies—to gain his CMA designation.

John's business career as an accountant and senior executive found him work with a number of companies, including Crofts, Hallmark, Ami-Steego and Home-Care, Toronto. He was active in church, primarily at St. Andrews Anglican in Thistletown, where he served as a warden for many years.

He passed his love for sports on to his children and grandchildren and enjoyed the game of golf: he spent more than thirty years as a member of the Board of Trade Golf Club in Woodbridge. Apart from Betty and his family, his long-time love was soccer. He followed Bradford City F.C. for more than eighty years!

After he retired, John and Betty spent many years travelling around the world, and more than ten years at their second home in Lakeland, FL. For some four years they lived in Barrie a health crisis brought him to GPH.

John and Betty raised three children: Michael (m. Donna), Richard (m. Judi), and Jane (m. Nigel). Their grand-children are Lauren, Brooke, Patrick, Jordy, Lachlan, and (step-grandchildren) Marc, Michael and Lindsay.

His children write, "Someone said that strength resides not in wealth, knowledge or politics, but in human character. Dad had great strength. If goodness is measured on the basis of pursuing virtues as a way of life (honesty, kindness, fairness & humility) our Dad was always a good man. If true success as a person is equated with how well one is liked and loved by others, Dad was indeed a very successful man. Dad was always hardworking and loving, assisting people in many ways throughout his life. He was ever striving to be fair, non-judgmental and focused on the positive in every situation."

—This lifestory follows, often word for word, the information card prepared for John's funeral. Less than two weeks before his passing, John participated in the Remembrance Day service at GPH, happily well-dressed in his airforce jacket. He had a winning smile and we all grew to like him. John was an "enabler": Betty told me that various people who attended his funeral related how he had helped them at this or that point in their lives.

GPH: 21/01/2011—A1138

•• FERRELL, John

GPH: —A1178

FERRY, Miss Phyllis

23/09/1918–21/08/2006

B. in Barrie, one of the six children of Kirtley and Constance Perman Ferry. Her brothers were Henry, Walter, Robert and Art; her sister, Mary (m. Arnold). Her father and her brothers were railroaders.

The family home is at 53 Burton Ave., so they were neighbours of the MCQUADES, who moved into 80 Burton Ave. about 1921 or 1922 and were there for 70 years. Phyllis was a member of the nearby St. Georges Anglican Church; she sang in the choir at taught Sunday School in her younger years. Her great-neice Sarah lives now in the house at 53 Burton Ave. By the way, that house,

bought before the youngest brother was born —so, perhaps about the time the McQuades bought theirs — was purchased for $2,000, a large sum at the time.

Though she went away a couple of times to work, Miss Ferry always came back to Barrie; from about 1950 she was looking after her parents. She worked at General Electric.

At Central Collegiate Miss Ferry was an athlete and played on every sports team going. After high school, early 1940s?, she played on the Canadian Women's Baseball Team, located in Montreal. Her father, who disapproved of women playing baseball, told her that, if she was going to Montreal to play ball, "take all your things and don't come back!" She did come back and he relented.

During WWII Miss Ferry worked in a munitons factory in Toronto; after that she worked at Reliable Toy. Both she and one of her brothers contracted tuberculosis and went to the sanitarium in Toronto; her brother died there. She used to tell story of the jokes and pranks they played during that year, which included sneaking out for a smoke!

Her house in Barrie was immaculately kept. One of her concerns in her suite at GPH was that her bed be made—we understand where that came from! After she retired she suffered a minor stroke which forced her to curtail some of her activities. Before coming to GPH she lived for two years at Simcoe Terrace.

She is remembered in her family as a "character," and sometimes at GPH we would see a flash in her eyes that betrayed an interest in mischief. At the time of her death she was survived by brother Art and sister Mary Arnold. Her sister Mary is the mother of Terry Arnold, retired firefighter, who often came to GPH to provide fire-related instruction, which included how to use a fire extinguisher. Terry's wife, Nancy, is a nurse, and more recently a theological student and has done pastoral visitation at Grove Park.

—Thanks to Nancy for these reflections about Miss Ferry.

GPH: 27/07/2004

•• FINDLAY, John

02/03/1913–

Mr. Findlay turned 100 on Mar. 2, 2013, the first man in the history of GPH, i.e., since May 4, 1968, to see 100! A remarkable man, he served on the battleship *H.M.S. Courageous* for 2 ½ years, 1935–38, before WWII; and set up a night fighter squadron at Biggin Hill in Britain at the time Coventry was bombed. ... He went to RAF Training School #1 at age 16: see Charles T. Kimber, *The Jubiliee Year, First Edition of Son of Halton. Book I. The Memoirs of an ex-Brat*. London: Thorley Publications, 1977.

He is also a fine poet. ... See the entry on his wife, Mary "May," below.

GPH: —W3020

FINDLAY, Mabel Alice *Proctor*

01/11/1913–17/05/2010

When Mabel moved from Simcoe Terrace to GPH, she was already known to quite a few of us. I recall, twenty years ago, a sprightly Mabel visiting at GPH with her good friends Rev. Doug and Ada Muir. Doug's cousin, Stella MUIR,

lived here, as did, from 1991, one of Mabel's best friends, Vi CHAMBERLAIN. Further, Mabel's husband, Jim, was a Senior Encounter participant. Their son, Ron and his wife JoAnne live in Costa Rico; daughter Valerie lives in South Porcupine.

Mabel had four brothers and one sister: Harold, Norman, Frank, and twins Bert and Catherine. They all predeceased her.

Ron, offered the following tribute to his mom's life.

> Most of the information today I have taken from notes laboriously prepared by mother in July and August 2000. I think we should look into four stages of her life—athletics, travelling, work and caregiver.
>
> Born in Toronto as Mabel Alice Proctor, the family moved from Parkdale to Mount Dennis, where mud roads, boardwalk streets and outhouses were common which, she recalled, as not being very "healthy." While very young, she loved to watch trains and stand in the smoke to get dirty.
>
> *Athletics*
>
> Early in her life, she became interested in athletics and excelled in track and field. She was awarded the Junior Athlete award at Vaughan Road Collegiate and was a track runner for Toronto Lakes and Lakeside Ladies. Having won the Olympic trials and the Ontario and Canadian 60 yard hurdles championships, she was eligible to represent Canada in the 1932 Olympics. Due to lack of funds and family interest, the honour was passed to another member of the Lakeside Ladies. In her words, "a very great disappointment." She went to to play baseball for Lakeside Ladies, where she played the left-handed first baseman for years. Later, she played golf with left-handed clubs, but always wrote right-handed.
>
> Courted by Jim Findlay for four years—they lived on the same street—she had an eye for this young man who never seemed to get his white shorts dirty and went by the name of "Curly" because of his wavy hair. They were married in a church ceremony in Mount Dennis United Church on September 12, 1936 and moved to 84 Queen's Drive in Weston. Valerie was the first born, in September 1939, and I, Ron, came along in July 1943.
>
> *Travelling*
>
> Sometime around 1958, the trailer bug hit mother and dad. Mother was more enthusiastic, because dad said that "cars were never meant to pull trailers." They purchased a 15-foot Pyramid and had to hand-push it to the back of the house, with 6 inches' clearance on each side, to store it. Their first trip waas to a provincial park about 25 miles away and, because of the speed they travelled, they arrived after dark.

When dad retired in 1962 (?) and they moved to Sandycove Acres, near Stroud, they bought a Golden Falcom 18-footer and really began to travel; and mother began to do more of the driving. Trips to Stratford, Lake Louise, Expo 67 in Montreal, Timmins, Gary (Indiana), and finally to Florida. They both liked trailering and mother, being a socialite, liked to meet new friends, many of whom they stayed in contact with for years.

They eventually bought a small mobile home in Town & Country Park in Florida, where they were snowbirds for four months a year. Here mother could practice her culinary skills and socialize day and night.

Work

Mother loved her jobs—Kodak, hospital secretary, church secretary, and, the best one, school secretary in the high school that Valerie and I attended. No hope of skipping classes when your mother could check on your attendance at any time. Here again, she was able to hone her social skills and the majority of the students became her "kids." When she retired, Weston Collegiate awarded her a white "W," the highest honour given by the school. This was the first time it went to an administrative employee. This was also one of the very few times that she was speechless.

Mother was always actively involved in her church, first in Weston and then in Barrie. She could be seen as a busy member of the Ladies Group—taking meeting minutes or at work in the kitchen—and later attending their luncheons as a guest. She would spend hours creating devotionals for services that Doug Muir and she would take to nursing homes and present to residents every week. I have seen several large envelopes full of newspaper and magazine clippings that were used as her research. She always dreamed up a theme around which she would build an entire service. Many of the prayers hat were used were originals written by mother. Not only did she collect spiritual and religious items, but also names and addresses of friends and possessions and lists of conversations and replies to letters from companies! Yes, I'm afraid that Mabel was a "pack-rat." I came across this week her will, dated October 1945 and a list of her operations since 1930.

Caregiver

Mother excelled at being a caregiver. She was willing to assist anyone at any time—visiting a shut-in, driving people to meetings, helping in the kitchen. She was a marvellous seamstress—buttons, hems, waistbands—and resized both men's and women's clothes, and even made many of her own clothes by hand. She ws the one who stayed late to get her work

completed, with no complaint. She was the one who would hug a student at the school who didn't do well on an exam (sometimes me!). She ws the one with a smile and a hug and kind words when she met people in the hallway at Simcoe Terrace or Grove Park. During the last several years, she was the one to apologize for not being able to hear or to see. But she was quick to add that, "my tongue and my brain are still working just fine." She never wanted to let down being a lady.

A few things that you may not be aware of about Mabel. Mother was quite the "party person"—yes, really. For years she wsa the instigator of Findlay Family Fun Parties, when the whole clan got together on the Saturday or Sunday between Christmas and New Years. Even though people brought food, she still had to spend time in the kitchen, and always put out a spread fit for the entire neighbourhood. It was impossible to eat everything in one day and I think that's how I began to like holdovers.

Remembering that she was a tea-totaller, at our wedding, during an extremely hot day in August 1986, she got into the spiked punch ad the remainder of the day was totally perfect! She also at times told some little white lies. When she turned 80, she did not want a big celebration because "then the people will know that I have not been telling the truth about my age." It was a different story turning 90. She wanted to tell the entire world!

GPH: 24/02/2009

FINDLAY, Mary "May" Connery *Baird*
04/03/1912–21/04/2010
B. in Daily, Scotland; married John Findlay at the Manse in Plean, July 29, 1940.
May's lifestory as related by her son, John:

"When our mother was happy, which was most of the time, she hummed. It wasn't really a hum but more of a drone. One note. It was quite comforting to my sister and I as we always knew where Mom was in the house. If we thought we were in trouble but we heard the "mom drone" we knew we were not in very much trouble. Her favourite spot was in front of the fire with a glass of Pimm's no. 1 cup, a Harlequin, and a box of chocolates.

Mom was a chef. She was famous in our Ottawa neighbourhood for her cooking. Our friends and neighbours always adjusted their lives around our folks' parties. Mom and Dad went back to Scotland after Dad retired. During our second visit, my son informed me that he didn't want to go anywhere with us unless we could be back at Grandma's house for all meals! Thanks to Mom both my sister and I became fairly good cooks in our own right. The only thing that used to get

us was when we asked for her recipes. Mom would try to show us but all she would say was, “a little bit of this and a dash of that.”

I remember when Dad convinced her to get a driver’s licence. The instructor came to our house and told Mom to get in the driver’s seat and proceeded to have her drive down Bank Street in Ottawa, a busy route. He told her she looked nervous and was gripping the wheel too tight. He then asked her how many lessons she had taken. When she said this was her first, a very ashen-faced instructor told her to pull over. He asked why she did not tell him this was her first lesson. She said, “You never asked.”

Whenever she went downtown she always dressed “to the nines.” Once when she was downtown, one of her friends asked her if she was doing some painting in the house. Mom said, “Yes,” and “how did you know?” Her friend pointed out that on her arms above her near-elbow length white gloves were dabbles of pale green paint; also, she had paint freckles on her neck. She was embarrassed at the time but oftent old this story with a chuckle.

After ten years in Scotland, the folks decided to come back to Canada. They lived in B.C. for a while, then moved to Barrie to be close to family. As they found it harder to cope, they moved to into a retirement home in Stayner, and then to Mulcaster Mews in Barrie. Mom fell and broke her hip, which we believe started her mental decline. I remember when we moved her to Grove Park. She didn’t understand why we were leaving her there. She thought she was only there for a visit. Over time, with the help of a caring staff, she settled in and became fairly happy in her own little world. She passed away peacefully on April 21, 2010.”

May’s husband John, who lives on Willow at GPH, has provided the following recollection.

My Most Treasured Memory

> I was in the Royal Air Force during WWII. In February, 1941, I was posted overseas to North Africa. Our son John was eleven months old. Every night during my long absence my dearly beloved wife May and our son John kissed my picture and said a prayer for my safe return.
>
> After 4 ½ hazardous years I got back home, in 1946. Our son, now 5 years old, met me at the door. He grabbed me by the arm and shouted, “It’s my Daddy, it’s my Daddy—Oh Mummy, it’s my Daddy.” We stood clasping each other with tears of joy. That is my most treasured memory in our long happy, wonderful marriage of 69 years.
>
> GPH: 15/12/2006

FINNIE, Douglas
03/12/1921–
GPH: 28/04/2004 to 11/08/2004 A-1171

FLANNIGAN, Tom
17/02/1942–17/08/2010

B. in Toronto. His mother's name was Florence. The story of his childhood is unusually complicated: simply put, he "raised himself." Against all odds, he finished high school and apprenticed as a tool and die maker.

It was in high school, when he was in grade 12 and she in grade 10, that Tom met Pat Hammell.

Tom and Pat married in 1963. They were not really city people, so they moved out of the city, to Agincourt, and then to Barrie in 1972. They bought 20 acres in Utopia. The farm became home to a menagerie of animals: a cow, which Tom milked for a year, longer than his allergies to it really permitted; pigs; horses; 100 chickens, raised from day-olds. The chickens ate the cherry tomatoes, as did the horses. Their two boys went to school and learned much at home.

Tom was a civilian instructor in the School of Aerospace Engineering at Base Borden for some twenty-six or twenty-seven years. He was a certified high school teacher, and wrote some of the manuals for the School. His presence provided continuity: all the other staff were air force personnel, so they were transferred regularly. Coincidentally, Mary and John AWENDER'S son-in-law, Andrew Galton, worked with Tom. Mary lived on Pine at GPH at the same time as Tom; John lives on Aspen.

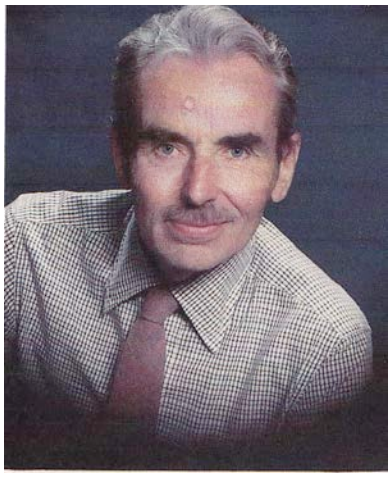
Both Tom and Pat enjoyed the outdoors. For their 25th anniversary Tom promised her a cruise. It turned out to be a weekend at a lodge at Burke's Falls, where she enjoyed the hottub and he the snowmobiling, and the purchase of ten acres of bush property. They built a cabin two miles from the road and snowmobiled in each year for two weeks at Christmas and a week in February.

The onset of Alzheimer's disease meant that Tom could not remember how to do things. He came to live at GPH, on Pine. This became Pat's second home during his stay.

Eventually a lung disease (OEPD?) took Tom's life.

His family was central to Tom's life, all the more so because he had no family as a child.

GPH: 02/03/2009



John Fleming

FLEMING, John

26/01/1920–18/01/2010

B. in southern England. His parents emigrated to Canada, but he returned to England with the Canadian airforce during WWII.

John was stationed near Manchester and in 1945 attended an afternoon dance. Coincidentally, Pauline Whiteley, who was with the Observer Corps, and five friends also liked to dance. Pauline is from just south of Manchester, one of six daughters. On their days off they would go to these afternoon dances. She recalls that there was a tea-room upstairs from the dance hall—it was very nice.

John and Pauline were married that same year and sailed from Liverpool to Canada. They came to Toronto and spent much of their married life there. He had a temporary help business and Pauline worked in it with him.

They bought a piece of property in Innisfil for $500 and built a cottage. Eventually, when they retired, they moved there, making various upgrades.

The Flemings have two sons, Mark, who lives in San Diego, and Brian, who lives in Florida. Both are retired yachtsmen who spent their careers skippering yachts in the Virgin Islands.

John and Pauline were very active in the Y; they spent much time biking, walking and dancing in programmes at St. Georges Anglican Church in Allandale. Pauline continues to be active there.

GPH: 22/09/2006

FLEMING, Joyce

GPH: —A1166

FLOWER, Betty FISHER CALDWELL

29/03/1926–04/07/2009

B. in Shaunavan, SK, the third of seven children, one boy (first) and six girls. Her brother was killed in WWII; he was a pilot.

Life on the prairies at the time was hard and Betty used to tell stories of using dried cow dung to fuel the stove, and of hitching and driving the team of horses to attend social functions with her sisters.

Betty attended a one-room schoolhouse for all of her education, except for grades 11 and 12, when she had to leave the farm to go to a boarding school. There are some photos from those days, including one of Betty winning the school county baseball tournament.

She travelled east to take nursing at Toronto East General Hospital. There she met Marj Caldwell, who set her up on a blind date with one of her twin brothers. As it turned out, she liked the other brother and Betty and Frank were married in 1950. So began a journey of many different roads, including operating the Caldwell Diary in Collingwood with brother-in-law Don and wife Jean.

Son Laurie was born during this time. The name came from Betty's favourite childhood book, *Little Women*. In that book Laurie is one of the few male characters.

Some years later they arrived at "the Caldwell Island," at the corner of Duckworth, St. Vincent, and Codrington Sts. Social gatherings and entertaining was common at the Caldwell house because Betty loved to socialize.

Pregnant with second son Mick, and a baseball lover, Betty travelled to New York City for a vacation. It was during the heyday of baseball and Mickey Mantle was talk of the town. So that's how Mick got his name!

Betty loved to attend parties and gatherings, especially if it involved getting dressing "to the nines." An outing was not complete without earrings, nails painted, and a splash of pink. Performing in skits, wearing costumes, telling jokes, and not being afraid to perform as a Carol Burnett was a highlight.

She was involved in many activities: bridge clubs, women's church group, euchre night at Smokey Holdings. Betty was a talented seamstress and was known for her wedding dresses and formal gowns. She took up golf and curling and in short order became accomplished at both.

Family dinners and birthdays were a special time, especially if you were on the receiving end of the famous money cake. Her grandchildren were her shining lights, and a trip to Nana's involved an endless supply of jellybeans.

Betty nursed at the IOOF for twenty-six years, retiring in 1991 at age 65. She was there the night of the tornado—May 31, 1985. Mick drove her to work that night and she recalled working ankle-deep in water. There were no serious injuries.

In retirement she successfully passed through two bouts of treatment for cancer. This forced her to give up some pastimes, but she continued with social activities, including watching her beloved Blue Jays baseball team. Betty was courageous in a final bout with cancer. She was strong until the end.

Frank Caldwell died in 1961. She remarried, to Ed Flower. He died after they were together eight years. They were two loves of her life. Betty's sisters, except for one in Alberta, all live in Saskatchewan.

Son Mick is a Barrie firefighter; Laurie works at Sears.

— Thanks to Mick for providing a eulogy which he wrote for his mother. To this I have added a few details that Betty had shared with me. She moved to GPH from Mississauga Court apts. and lived on Spruce.

GPH: 08/03/2006

FORD, Alice Olene *Hopkins*

13/07/1919–09/06/2012

"Alice Olene was born on July 13th 1919 at the home to William and Margaret Hopkins on a farm on the 10th of Innisfil. She grew up there was an older sister, Hazel.

Early life

Alice was an active, energetic girl and she ran everywhere she went. In summer it was always in bare feet. Those were the days of coal oil lamps and wood stoves. She was a good student and attended S.S. #9 Innisfil Public School, which was a 1 ½ mile walk from home. Alice won a book as prize for her scholastic achievements. She attended Thornton Continuation School for four years, 1932-1936, boarding in Thornton in the winter for one year. She walked or cycled to school in good weather and walked or ran a mile to catch a ride in the winter for the other three years.

She decided she wanted to be a nurse, but her father felt that she was needed on the farm to do chores and help with the harvesting. By now her sister Hazel had left home to work. Alice worked on the farm for two years, doing the work of a man. She picked stones and built 56 loads of hay the summer before she got married. Not much time to learn domestic skills!

Marriage, family and more farm life

Then one June night she went to a Strawberry Supper Garden Party at Holly United Church. There she was introduced to a young man from Grenfel. His name was Percy Ford. Alice was attracted to his dark hair and brown eyes and good looks. He fell for her blue eyes and long legs. After a short courtship they decided to get married. The wedding took place at the farm on Sept. 21, 1938.

Her farm chores did not end with marriage, as Percy and his Dad had bought a farm on lot 19, 11th Concession of Vespra at Grenfel. This was to be their home for the next 17 years.

Their married life was not uneventful. Their first child, Donald Rae, was born August 4th 1939 and WWII started a month later, on September 1. Now Alice, 20 years old, not only had chickens to feed and cows to milk and a huge garden and lawn to tend, but a house to run, and a husband and baby to look after, all of this with no hydro, bathroom or running water in the house. Hydro arrived in 1945 and her first fridge in 1951.

The maple syrup that was made from the bush lot at the back of the farm helped to bring in some cash. It was sold for $2.50 a gallon. The syrup also came in handy when sugar was rationed during the War. Chickens were killed and plucked and sold at the St. Lawrence Market in Toronto. Cream was sold for $6.00 a can. She made her own butter and traded it for sugar at the grocery store. A week's groceries cost $3.00.

A daughter, the end of the War, and community service

A baby girl named Marie arrived on September 4th 1941, a sister for Rae. Percy did custom work for farmers in the area to make some money and Alice ran the house and barn until Percy came home.

In 1946, Percy's brother Bill returned from the War and purchased the farm across the road. The two brothers worked together.

Alice also found time to do community and church work during these years. She taught Sunday School from 1945-1955 at the Grenfel United Church. She sang in the choir and on occasion filled in as organist. She was President of the Women's Auxiliary and Women's Mission Society. Church was always very important in her life. Many hours were spent at quilting bees with other woman in the community. Cooking and baking for strawberry and fowl suppers that were annual events.

During the War money was raised for the Red Cross with bake sales. Alice became a very good cook and baker.

Leaving the farm for Barrie; the children marry

Over the years Percy had several serious back injuries and the heavy lifting and strenuous farm work became more and more difficult for him. In 1955 they decided to sell the farm. A house was built on property that was purchased on the 90 Highway, south of the farm. After a while he was approached by Jack Slessor, a local Realtor. Since most of his business was in Barrie, the decision was made to move to town and in 1957 they moved into a new home on Eccles St.

From 1957 until 1970 Percy's mother had an apartment with them. Alice was her main mode of transportation for shopping and other errands. This was the beginning of her caregiving career.

After another move to 113 Cook St. in 1960, Alice attended Barrie Business College to learn typing and book-keeping, then got a job at Johnson St. School. It was short-lived, as she had two major surgeries that summer and fall. In May 1964 another move took them to a new home on Albert St. That was the year Rae was married to Mary Dunsmore. Two years later, Marie married Tom Hodgson, a teacher from Oshawa, where she taught.

Back to the country, travel

Percy always always dreamed of living back in the country after he retired, so a new home was built on the 10th Concession, at the end of Snow Valley Road, in 1975. They enjoyed the big garden and the open spaces, but the work was more than Percy's back could stand so, once again, in 1977 they moved back into Barrie, to an apartment on Peel St.

Over the years they travelled to the east and west coasts and the U.S., with friends and relatives. For many years, while Percy was able to travel, they went to Florida for the winter. They made good friends and looked forward to the sunny south, although Alice, especially, missed her family and her granddaughter and three grandsons. From Florida there were several cruises and also a trip to Hawaii.

Red Cross Homemaker and Grace United Church

During this period, when they were home, Alice finally got to fulfill her ambition to be a nurse by taking a Red Cross Homemaker's Course at Georgian College. She graduated in 1970 and enjoyed working for seven years for the Red Cross. She enjoyed helping the older people and remembered many of their names and where they lived years later.

When they moved to Barrie, Central United was their church home. Alice taught Sunday School and was a member of the UCW and helped with catering meals. When they moved to Cook St., a new church was being built in the area. Grace United became Alice's church for the rest of her life. The church people were like an extended family for her, especially after Percy passed away in 1986.

She loved her years there. Alice was President of the UCW for a time, taught Sunday School, and sang in the choir. She was actively involved for over 40 years. She made pies for the Barrie Fair well into her 80s. Alice enjoyed the Friendship Group and was on a committee that formed Meals on Wheels and Telecare. She never complained, but it must have saddened her when her health no longer allowed her to attend church.

Mulberry Lane at GPH

When she went to live in Mulberry Lane [= Retirement Living] at Grove Park [in 2005], it was not strange to her as she had worked at GPH as a volunteer on the Tea Cart for 20 years. She was also active with Meals on Wheels for about the same length of time.

Over the years she taxied dozens of people to church, to appointments, or to play cards and return them home afterwards. She spent her life giving of herself and her time, both to her family and neighbours and friends. Alice was not a hair dresser but gave hundreds of perms and hair-dos.

In the late 70s much of her time was spent caring for her aging parents and other family members who required care. Despite any hardships she had in her lifetime, she never complained nor did she criticize others. She had a gentle, kind, quiet disposition that attracted others to her. She was a wonderful, loving, supportive wife and mother and grandmother and great-grandmother."

GPH: 10/07/2009

•• FORD, Jean
GPH: —S2041

•• FORD, William "Bill"
GPH: —A1186

FOSTER, Lily *Booth*
03/04/1921–10/09/2006

B. in Willowdale, at Newton Brook on Yonge St.; she had four brothers and two sisters. Her father owned Booth Electric. She worked for the Royal Bank for 35 years, mostly at the Yonge and Richmond branch.

In 1953 she married Frank Foster; with the marriage she was blessed with two step-daughters, Jean (m. Kellatt), 18 and her older sister ..., 21. Lily met Frank at a dance at the Palais Royale. Neither was really looking for someone, but they fell in love and had a very happy marriage until his death twenty years ago.

Jean recalls that she was very good at crafts; she painted, knit, and did paper toll. She had "the patience of a saint" and was a good mother. Lily herself told me that she was a gardener and liked roses.

Lily had always lived in Mimico. She left the family home last November when she was no longer able to look after it, and moved into a nursing home, but was not happy. Then last May she came to GPH, closer to Jean who lives at Sandy Cove acres. Unfortunately her stay here was not long.

Her funeral was at her home church, Mimico Presbyterian Church, and she is interred at Cheltenham, with Frank.

GPH: 24/05/2006

[RL] FOSTER, Margaret Alice *Boden*

28/08/1926–

B. in Midland, the youngest of the four children of Maggie and Frank Boden. Her siblings were: Edna (m. McElroy), Philip, Arden. They predeceased her.

Her father was a charter member of the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church in Midland.

After graduation she found employment in Toronto, where she boarded with her paternal uncle Howard and his wife, Minnie, in High Park. Margaret would come home on the weekends, often travelling with friend Lena Wooley from Penetang. Sometimes she would bring glossy pictures of animals and scenery photos from large calendars. Neice Eleanor recalls that some of her earliest memories are of perusing these calendars with her sister.

She married Alvin Foster on Dec. 1, 1962. That day the grass was still green and it was warm enough that sweaters and coats were not necessary. The next fall, on Oct. 5, David was born, a "special needs" child who, much later, when Margaret lived at GPH, lived just down Cook St. at Elaine House. The family was complete when Cheryl was adopted four years later. In Toronto Margaret and Alvin were members of the Church of the Nazarene.

Eventually the Fosters moved from Toronto to Port McNicol, and later to Midland. There were many family gatherings, for birthdays, anniversaries, Christmas, New Years, Easter and Thanksgiving.

After their move to Barrie, Margaret and Alvin were able to spend more time with David. It was shortly after that move that they began to attend Hi-Way Pentecostal Church.

Among neice Kathleen's memories:

• "I begged my Mom when I was a child to have Aunt Marg sleep over when she came for the weekend to her Mom's (my Grandma's). I just loved being near her.
• I discovered Nutella at her kitchen table when I lived with her for the first few months of my working in Toronto. • She took me to my first dental check-up. I wouldn't open my mouth and she had to take me home. I was four years old.
• Every year we *had* to go to the CNE, before her children were born, and later with children. She loved the Food Building. I believe at one time she actually served free samples of tomato juice there."

Kathleen also mentions things they had in common:

• "We love avocados. Although she graduated to putting vinegar on them, I stuck to salt and pepper. But could she ever grow the pits and the plants were prizewinners.
• We love to sing. In the first ever Billy Graham Crusade in Toronto, she sang in the combined choir. She often would join special church choirs for Christmas and Easter music. While I was visiting her last week, we sang her favourite hymn: "My Jesus, I Love Thee" and several other hymns she loved. She said, "I didn't know I could still sing."
• We love babies. Many foster babies she looked after can thank her for loving ministrations in the first few weeks of their lives. One or two she kept for several years. They were hard to leave. But she did let them go because she knew they were going to loving, permanent homes. And there always seemed to be another one needing her gentle care and love."
• We loved my Mom. I believe that throughout Aunt Marg's whole life, my Mom was her second mother. They were 13 years apart, but as close as twins.
• We loved talking on the telephone. Since moving to [Darnley] PEI, we chatted every Sunday evening about 9 P.M. We took turns calling. We caught up on what everyone was doing and her life in the Seniors' residence. She always ended the conversation with, "I love you, and Judith too."

—With thanks to niece Eleanor Maunder. The outline of Margaret's life is drawn from details Eleanor provided. And Kathleen provided the thoughts quoted above.

GPH, in Retirement Living: fall 2004

FRAIL, Emma Jane *Phrampton* PYNN
07/05/1915–15/03/2010
B. Fortune, Nfld.
Married Bramwell Pynn, also of Nfld., in 1941 and moved to Toronto, where her son Robert was born.

In Toronto she attended the St. Clair Church of the Nazarene and there became a lifelong friend of Bev Forget and her mother; many years later, in Barrie, Bev would look after her affairs. (Further, Robert married Bev's sister, Helen.) Bev recalls that, in those days in Toronto, it was their custom to share a roast beef dinner after Sunday morning church.

During their time in Toronto Emma was for the most part a homemaker but also worked as an office secretary.

Emma moved to Barrie after her husband's death. They were married more than fifty years. Her sister Mabel (m. Burton?) lived in Barrie, but has since moved to Burk's Falls.

In Barrie, Emma lived at 2 Kozlov, where she made many friends, who, Bev says, looked out for her in many ways before her move to GPH. She became active at Collier St. United Church and there met her second husband, Wally Frail. Unfortunately he died in a car accident two years after their marriage.

Many of her interests revolved around the church, and she was proud that her son Robert is a (Anglican) clergyman. Emma enjoyed cooking, knitted, and was an avid reader.

Rev. Don Jay of Collier St. United, led her funeral service on March 27.

Emma easily made friends at GPH. She was an easygoing, congenial person.

GPH: 09/06/09 W3047

FRANKCOM, Frank "Pat"

18/11/1924–14/11/2011

Mr. Frankcom was an only child, and little is known of his early life.

He worked for the City of Barrie as well as at various other jobs. He had a shop on their property in Midhurst where he could work on cars. He loved to talk about cars. When he was a little more well, son Barry was often at GPH to take him for coffee.

GPH: 08/04/2004—A1147

FRANKCOM, Leitha *Barclay*

02/11/1928–16/04/2005

B. in Orillia, daughter of Harvey Haddon B. and Luella; she had one sister, Frances, and a brother, Orville.

Leitha worked in a Chinese restaurant on the main street before she was married. Just after WWII she married Frank FRANKCOM and they moved to Midhurst, to the John Wallwin place on Findlay Rd. Mr. Wallwin had bequeathed the home to Frank's mother.

There was a big shop on the place and Mr. F. loved to work on cars there. Mr. Wallwin left behind a 1914 Model T Ford, which Frank got running.

Leitha and Frank had two sons: Barry (m. Marylou); and Jake (m. Linda), who lives in Angus.

Leitha loved dancing, of all kinds; she also liked gardening, sewing, cooking, and cards. They attended the Presbyterian Church in Midhurst.

From Findlay Rd. the Frankcoms moved to an apt. in Barrie, near the Lake, off Kempenfelt Dr. They lived there for 12-14 years; then to Creedan Valley; in 2004 they came to live at GPH, where they had adjoining suites.

Interment: Midhurst Cemetery.

GPH: 08/04/2004—A1148

• FRASER, Edna

18/06/1920–18/09/2003

GPH: 20/04/2001

FRASER, Mae

09/09/1914–01/04/2005

GPH: 06/11/2003

FREEMAN, Lucie *Pelletier* MCKAY

15/08/1921–22/08/2010

B. in Montreal, one of the two daughters of Joseph Renée and Maria. Joseph worked in a factory, in some capacity.

At GPH Lucie often spoke of her childhood in Montreal. Her sister Ella, she said, like to read, but Lucie always wanted to go outside to play. As a child of eight or ten Lucie used to sing duets with Ella at the Baptist Church, French service in the morning and English in the afternoon. Her maternal aunt played the piano.

Lucie married John McKay. They were divorced. Whether this was in Montreal or after the family moved to Clinton, ON, I do not know, but next we find that Lucie owns an apartment building in Clinton, a few miles from Goderich. Her parents lived in the building.

Clarence Freeman met Lucie when he painted her apt. building, in about 1972. He had been widowed in 1954, when he was left to raise his daughter Donalda, nine at the time. So, when they married Lucie became step-mother to her and Donalda took an interest in Lucie's life.

Mr. Freeman died in 1999.

Eventually, through the intervention of the CCAC in Goderich, Lucie came to GPH because Donalda lives in Barrie.

Lucie's sister Ella and her husband lived in New Hamburg, and now in Kitchener-Waterloo.

Lucie's funeral was in Clinton; a minister of the local United Church conducted the service. She is interred at Clinton. In an amazing coincidence, Barbara ROBINSON'S service was also in Clinton, on July 21st, and she too is interred in the cemetery there.

Donalda told me that Lucie loved the lake.

GPH: 15/05/2006

FURTAK, Mae

16/01/1913–23/04/2006

B. in Canada, of Ukrainian descent and is fluent in Ukrainian and English. She worked at Eatons for 30 years.

GPH: 14/09/04 M1224

G

GARDINER, Clarence Andrew

01/02/1925–30/09/2008*

B. in Parry Sound, the son of Robert Andrew Gardiner and Iva Maude G.

His father was a conductor with the railroad and used to take him out on the trains, which he liked a lot.

At some point he went out West, to Alberta, where he lived in Calgary. He had been interested in cowboys from his childhood, and loved the Stampede and rodeos. He had a neice out that he liked, but contact with her was lost when he returned to Ontario. He said that he should have stayed in Calgary.

Mr. Gardiner was a painter and his favourite subjects were horses and cowboys. His art was all that was important to him. He appears to have had no friends in Barrie, apart from Jan, who saw that he got to doctor's appointments and, after his move to GPH, kept him supplied with mint candies.

Other than these few details, we know nothing of Mr. Gardiner's life. He became very deaf, but refused to wear his hearing aids, so that conversation became impossible. This was our loss, I think; his too.

Funeral: McClelland & Slessor, Fri. Oct. 5, 2008; interment: Union Cemetery, Barrie.

On Oct. 22 I sent around this e-mail to GPH staff:

Mr. Gardiner died on Sept. 30; funeral Fri. Oct. 3 at McClelland and Slessor. He had no family. Thanks to staff and volunteers who attended: Barb, Crystal, Dani, Katie (student), Joan (volunteer). You who cared for him were the closest people he had in this world, except for one friend. A reception followed the service (the six of us) and he was buried at Union Cemetery, with his cowboy hat. John Henderson, GPH volunteer, works at the cemetery and was among the workers who helped there. This note is a bit late, but I wanted to salute the caring staff on Aspen who looked after Clarence.

GPH: 12/03/2003

GARDNER, Dorothy

22/04/1920–

Attended St. Giles Anglican Church. She enjoyed music and the radio. For some months after her arrival at GPH, Mrs. Gardner wore a neck brace. We had a lot of fun with that: I called it her necklace! Coincidentally, her son-in-law Dave Mills' mother, Agnes MILLS, also came to live at GPH, on Spruce.

GPH: 16/04/2004 A1037; P1037

GARDNER, Stuart
14/04/1952–
Mr. Gardner lived for about nine months at GPH, before moving to another facility in Barrie on Sept. 1, 2010. We enjoyed knowing him while he was here.
GPH: 30/12/2009 to 01/09/2010

•• GARFAT, Marlene "Molly"
GPH: —M1236

• GARLAND, Beulah Alfreda *Wetmore*
06/12/1921–28/02/2008*
B. in Moncton, New Brunswick, daughter of George Wetmore and Georgie McBrien.. She had three sisters, who survived her: Luella (m. Bob Cameron), Iva (m. Lev Bradley), and Lois (Bernie Faulkner). Her sisters live in New Brunswick.
After graduating from Moncton High School, Beulah met Newton Garland and they were married in their hometown.
In 1948 they moved to Willowdale, Ontario, where they raised their family: Dave (m. Peggy); Eric (Sal); Sheila (m. George Farncombe).The Garlands moved to Thornhill in the 1960s, where Beulah was employed at the Kresge Department Store and Scotiabank.
When they moved to Lakefield in the 1970s, she worked at the Scotiabank in Peterborough. She also helped Newton run the gas station at the corner of Hwy. 28 & 134 near Lakefield.
A year after Newton's death on September 1, 1991, Beulah sold their home in Lakefield and moved to Auburn Village in Peterborough; then, in July of 2002, to Jackson Creek Retirement Residence. Later that same year, after suffering the effects of a stroke, Beulah moved to GPH. Here she could be closer to her children and grandchildren.
Beulah was outgoing, friendly and loved by those whose lives she touched. She was a genuine friend, a devoted wife and mother, a truly wonderful mother-in-law and sister and she was happiest when surrounded by her family. She enjoyed traveling, reading, carpet bowling and a good game of scrabble or Rook, but most of all liked to keep her hands busy while working on crafts such as crocheting, knitting or needlepoint.
Beulah was also known for her cooking and baking great desserts and was often found in the kitchen making something for a church function. Her dedication and commitment to her church and faith were unwavering, and the sense of "belonging" she felt with the Lakefield Baptist Church and congregation continued to give her strength through her difficult times. She knew she was never alone.
Interment: Rosemount Memorial Gardens, Peterborough.
—With thanks to Peggy Garland.

Before Mrs. Garland came to live at GPH, I knew of her through her son Dave, whose wife Peggy is a nurse at RVH and friend of Elaine, my wife. So it was that Peggy and Dave became part of our circle of friends. Eric lives in Toronto and he and Dave were regular visitors; Sheila lives in Calgary.

GPH: 20/09/2002

GARNER, Merle Annie *Fraser*

25/04/1921–30/09/2009*

B. at Garden of Eden, N.S., one of the seven children of Robert and Minnie G. Her father died when she was young and her mother raised the children on her own. Her siblings were comprised of three sisters (Mae, Bertha, Laura) and three brothers (Walter, Alex, Graham). Only Graham survived her; he lives in Nova Scotia. Merle's son Bob continues with her lifestory in these words:

> Merle bravely came to Ontario by herself during the War and worked at an ammunitions plant in Ajax. That is where she met husband Bob, who was living in Whitby and working at a dairy. They married in 1945 and were married for 60 years. We are fortunate that all the family were together to celebrate their 60th anniversary on September 26, 2005 at The Keg. Shortly afterwards, on November 8, 2005, husband Bob, our beloved Poppy, died.
>
> Merle and Bob had two children: Bob and Susan. Bob had three sons: Scott, Martin and Peter. After the arrival of Scott, Merle became forever known as Gran. She always looked forward to the grandsons coming for a sleepover. They camped out in the living room and watched Johnny Carson. Peter and Scott usually faded by Marty lasted until the end.
>
> Merle also had four great-grandchildren: Dylan, Meghan, Carson and Cameron. These children were a great source of pride to her. A visit from them always made her smile.
>
> After marrying, Merle did not work outside the home but took great pride in raising her family. She volunteered at RVH in the Gift Shop for many years and really enjoyed it. She also canvassed for the Cancer Society for twenty years. Merle was a member of Burton Avenue United Church and enjoyed going to Sunday morning services.
>
> Merle, Bob, Bobby and Susan made many visits back home to N.S. During these visits, Merle and her sisters were throughout the house loudly reminiscing and laughing.
>
> Christmas at Gran and Poppy's home was always a happy time and there was a sea of presents for everyone under the tree.
>
> She was a very classy woman and will be missed by her family and friends.

Interment: Innisvale Cemetery.
GPH: 23/10/2008

GARREAU, Emma Fay *Robson*
29/01/1948–30/07/2011
Fay was exceptionally young when she came to live at GPH—62. She lived here just less than a year.
She was one of the nine children of George and Audrey G. At about age 20 she married Dave Garreau. They had no children.
Fay loved country music and, as singers, especially the Hanks (Hank Williams, Hank Snow, Hank Thompson ...), Tex Ritter; her favourite female country singers were Kitty Wells, Loretta Lynn, and Patsy Cline, in that order. She was also a faithful follower of "General Hospital" on TV, having watched it from the start. Fay also liked cats, and had a cat named "Angel" for sixteen years.
Her funeral mass was at St. Mary's, Barrie, on Aug. 6, 2011.
GPH: 13/08/2010—A1184

GAUNTLETT, Dorothy Pearl *Welch*
23/03/1923–01/01/2011
B. in New Liskeard, ON, and went to school in Iroquois Falls. Dorothy had two sisters, Trudy and Helen.
Dorothy's parents built a general store in Holland (Tunis), a village along a rail siding. The post office was called Podder. Eventually the little village became a ghost town. Dorothy loved to sample the new candy that came into the store for her father, to see which ones he would sell. She had lots of fancy dresses as a child.
In the Depression, Dorothy's parents extended a vast amount of credit to people who had no means of paying. As a result they had to close the store. Twenty years later people still showed up at the door with money, paying their bills.
In her teenage years she would go to the Agricultural Hall in Porquis Junction to go dancing. She met Peter, an orphan, from London, England, who had come to Canada in 1932 at age 15. He had a brother who went to New Zealand. Peter may have spent some time in southern Ontario, but both he and Dorothy preferred the north, where they found a closer sense of community.
Dorothy, now 18, and Peter, now 25, were married on Dec. 21, 1941, two weeks after Pearl Harbour. Soon Peter joined the Navy and moved briefly to Toronto before he was shipped out overseas. Their first son, Douglas, was born in Oct. 1942, while Peter was away.
After WWII Dorothy and Peter moved to Timmins, where Brian, their second son, was born in June 1949. They bought a house in Mountjoy Township on the edge of Timmins; the land was cleared to make a huge garden.
Peter and Dorothy loved to camp and fish. The boat was on the car and the trailer packed and ready to go every weekend. During the week, the garden needed tending and Peter would spend hours weeding and thinning the crops.

Summer was fishing, shelling peas, snapping beans, and picking hundreds of quarts of strawberries.

Dorothy was a past grand with the Rebecca's Lodge in Timmins; she was a member of the Lodge for about fifty years. They raised money for various charities, with teas, bake sales, and the sale of crafts like knitting, needlework, and crocheting.

Mr. Welch died in Aug., 2008. This necessitated a move to Barrie, facilitated by her son Brian (m. Jean), who lives at Horseshoe Valley. Dorothy was an ambassador for the city of Timmins and conversations inevitably included her complimentary memories.

Some of the Welches went to San Francisco, and Dorothy spoke of an actress named Phyllis Welch who was a cousin.

Dorothy had two grand-daughters, Michelle and Stephanie.

GPH: 06/01/2009

GAYLOR, Jean *Morin*

29/12/1923–18/12/2006

Mrs. Gaylor spent her early years in Chalk River; then at about the age of eight her family moved to Temiskaming, Quebec.

At a young age, fifteen, she married Albert Gaylor, two years her senior; that was in about 1938. With WWII, he was away for five years.

After Mr. Gaylor returned from the War, he worked with Quebec Hydro for his entire working career, more than forty years. He died at the age of 64, as a consequence of smoking. At that time the Gaylors were separated, but had remained friends. Jean lived mostly between Toronto and Barrie.

In Temiskaming Jean was the cook at the local hospital and cooking remained a passion for the rest of her life. She also enjoyed bowling and bingo.

Together the Gaylors had fourteen children; eleven survive her. She lost a six year old early in life.

When she came to live at GPH Jean was an avid talker, but Alzheimer's disease rather rapidly took much of that away.

Thanks to son Bob for these remarks; he lives in Barrie,.

GPH: 29/06/2004 P-1012

• GERALD, Dorothy *Buchanan*

15/08/1914–02/09/2004*

GPH: 30/08/2000

•• GERVAIS, Marion

GPH: —M1236

GETHOMS, Phyllis

10/09/1911–///

She is a member of Central United Church and knows our neighbours Ray and Katie Burgess, also Central members. She was the Assistant Treasurer for Simcoe

Co. for twenty years, from the 50s to the 70s. She came to GPH from a new Bradford seniors home where there were many Alzheimer's residents.

GPH: 10/11/2003

Dorothy Giffen

GIFFEN, Dorothy Constance *Ingram*

11/07/1920–08/10/2007

Leda GIFFEN was her sister-in-law; Amy GIFFEN and Harry GIFFEN (see *Connections*) were her husband's aunt and uncle. Also, her sister married a Mesley and is broadcaster Wendy Mesley's grandmother.

B. at 452 (changed later to 412) McRoberts Ave., Toronto.

Her father George Henry Ingram emigrated from Liverpool, England, where his family were butchers. He was in the band at Earlscourt Salvation Army. During the Depression he was a coal deliverer, then worked in maintenance at Toronto Station A Post Office.

Dorothy's mother was Annie Elisa Dobbins, who was born at Minesing Station. Upon the death of Annie's father, the family had moved to Toronto. Dorothy was the eldest of eight children, five girls (Dorothy, Ruth, Shirley, Helen, Joyce) and three boys (Donald, Raymond, Tom).

She recalls Sundays (and shoes) as a child in Toronto:

> We always had Sunday shoes and dress, and school shoes and clothes. Don's job was to clean the shoes on Saturday. ... Dad would mend our shoes in his workshop. When they could not be fixed, we all went down to St. Clair to Makers shoe store for new ones. We really had to make them last. We used lots of cardboard in the soles when the leather sole could not be fixed and, if our toe came out the top because the shoe was too small, we would put shoe polish on our stocking so it would not show. On Sunday Mom and Dad would be waiting for us after Sunday School with a supper packed. Sometimes in the summer we loved to go to the Humber River, where we would put towels up on the windows of the car and change into our bathing suits. Put the car right in the river and we would have a great time washing the car. Another Sunday, Mom and Dad came

> to get us and we went apple picking. I remember Don filled his golf pants up with apples so he could hardly walk.
>
> As kids we played hop-scotch, marbles, skipping and ball. We also made scooters with an orange crate—one roller skate and a piece of 2 x 4. We would decorate it and have races. I could make mine go but never had any luck riding a bike.
>
> When I was 14 it was necessary for me to help out so I worked at house work. But I did not like it very much so I got a job in a factory making paper boxes (at Manchester Box Co.) and it lasted 10 years. Then I left to get married.

Dorothy and Aubrey Giffen were married on Apr. 14, 1945 and moved to Edenvale. They had met at the International Poughing Match, held on his father's farm in the fall of 1938. Their entire married life was spent at Lot 1, Concession 12, Vespra Twp.

She found it very quiet on the farm: she was from a big city and a large family. It was War time and things like meat, sugar, gas and tires were rationed. Highway 26 just had one lane of pavement. Their house was large but had few conveniences: no hydro, no water, no indoor bathroom, no radio. There was little money, but she and Aubrey had great hopes.

Christmas came and it was memorable:

> There were great preparations going on at each one-room school house. Also, the local church had a Christmas concert that every Sunday School teacher had all the members of their class take part in. The church was one never to be forgotten by many. The mem of the congregation spent a day gathering spruce branches, and the next day they would come to the church with lots of rope and make a green arch at the front of the church. It was a real work of art! On a set date there would be skits, drills, singing and lots of recitations and, to end the evening, Santa Claus would arrive with bags filled with oranges, apples and candies and a gift for the children. The church would be packed, with folks coming for miles around with horse and sleigh. The horses were put in barns close by while the concert was on.
>
> My husband Aubrey and I did the rounds of the school concerts held in the evening, using a horse and cutter. We went to New Flos School, the 14th concession of Vespra school, 12th concession of Vespra school, Minesing Station school, Sunnidale Corners school, and Anten Mills school! It was really great riding along the snow-covered roads under some very warm blankets, as in those times there was no such thing as snow ploughs. It was a Christmas t hat will be remembered as a very happy time in our lives.

> At one such concert, when the pupils were singing a number of musical selections, Bill, Ernie's son, was standing in the very front row. Next to him was a very pretty girl in a lovely dress. Well, Bill was nervous and he unknowlingly got the hem of her dress and started to twist it. Her skirt got smaller as the twisting went on. You can guess how this ended up. Then there was the time Santa Claus paid a visit just at the end of the program. He was having a great time and everyone was enjoying him and he was talking to the children and adults. Well, he came to one lady and she just up with her purse and WHAM on Santa's head. He didn't take long leaving.

Dorothy was rich in family. Her six children are: Robert (m. Cornelia Kilfscholten); Warren (m. Patricia O'Connor); Earl (m. Joyce Clements); Anne Marie (m. John Arksey); Connie (m. Scott Brown); Dale (m. Debbie Pearson). There are some sixteen grandchildren.

Dorothy was a life member of Edenvale Women's Institute and active in her local church, Minesing United. She was community correspondent for the *Stayner Sun* and the *Elmvale Lance* for many years. In 1985 she was chosen Citizen of the Year at the Minesing Mini Fest. That same year Dorothy and Aubrey celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary and were treated to a trip to Las Vegas and San Francisco. When they celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary they returned to the church where they were married, the largest Baptist church in Toronto.

Aubrey died on May 3, 2004. Dorothy came to live at GPH that same spring and made many friend among residents and staff.

—This biography is drawn from a lifestory that Dorothy wrote.
GPH: 06/04/2004 1184

GILBERT, Arthur

07/08/1916–08/04/2008

B. in Ireland, the son of John and Eleanor Gilbert. His sisters Gladys, Kay (m. Baty) were also born in Ireland. When he was young they emigrated to Canada. Brother John ("Jack") was born in Toronto.

The family lost a house to debt in the Depression and this left a lasting impression on Arthur and his brother. They would follow a coal truck to pick up pieces of coal to take home for heat. Arthur sold newspapers at the corner of Yonge and Bloor, the *Globe and Mail* and the *Telegram*, 2 cents a paper. One time a man gave Arthur 5 cents and told him to keep the change and that was a windfall.

Arthur went to Jessie Ketchum public school, and he and his brother were friends of the Connacher boys, Lionel and Charlie, who would make a name for themselves in hockey. Nephew Peter thinks that Arthur may have gone to Jarvis High School like his father.

Arthur was an athlete—played baseball and loved it. Arthur was a pitcher. There is a story of a "slow pitch" championship game with Parks and Rec, where, in the last inning Arthur pitched nine straight slow balls and struck out the opposing side.

Arthur also loved to go to the racetrack and watch the horses.

He never married formally but had a long commonlaw relationship with Daisy. They lived in Stroud.

Arthur had a great sense of humour; was a somewhat irreverent, unique personality.

He had his own accounting business, where he could work his own hours. This gave him time to relax as he wanted. He liked to do as he wanted.

At the time of his death, Arthur's sister Kay was still alive and living in St. Catharines.

—Thanks to nephew Peter Gilbert for these recollections.

GPH: 19/06/2007

• GILBY, Harold

15/08/1905–10/02/2004

Mr. Gilby is the most elderly man to live at GPH, as of Jan. 2007. He lived to be 99 years, 1 month and 17days. Next is Albert KING, who lived to be 99 years, 18 days; then Jim FLIGG, at 98 years, 9 months and 20 days.

GPH: 24/09/2002

• GILL, Lorena "Rena" Mary *Sallows*

09/02/1920–21/10/2008

"B. to Eby and Myrtle Sallows in the family home in Coldwater on February 9, 1920. She was the fourth of six children. Her siblings, Laura, Ethel, Clifford, Lorena, Gladys and Kenneth, all predeceased her.

Early life

Lorena's family was humble and hardworking. There was little money. Her father worked on the railway, and he market gardened during after hours and on the weekends.

Growing up in this household, Lorena knew well the meaning of hard work, as she weeded the market garden, harvested the vegetables, and prepared them for sale. She also did the household chores alongside her mother. In those times, there were no indoor "conveniences," and they used the Findlay Oval wood stove for cooking and heating. In speaking about her years at home, Lorena stressed that no one ever asked or told her to do the work. She said that she "just knew" the work had to be done, and she did it.

Lorena loved school. Her grade eight teacher told her that she had "real potential." She was so proud of completing her entrance exams for high school, although she never attended because she was needed at home.

She learned early about compassion, as she helped care for her brother Clifford who, as a result of a tragic accident, was bedridden at home for twenty-two years.

Lorena was actively involved in the Coldwater Presbyterian Church. She spoke fondly of her Young Peoples' group, drama presentations, and her participation in the church choir and as a soloist.

As a young woman, Lorena worked as a full-time maid in Orillia with the George family. They had two sons and a large home. By Lorena's standards, they were "well to do." She cooked, cleaned, and she looked after the children. When reminiscing later about her time there, she spoke fondly about how much she enjoyed the George family and how much she learned about fine linens, china, dining and entertaining.

Lorena was popular and went out on lots of dates, because she was happy and fun to be with. She told many stories about cross-country skiiing, skating, dancing, and riding "Harleys." She was always a lady!

Marriage

On April 1, 1944, Lorena married Rodney Wallace Gill in Orillia. They took the train to Midland for a weekend honeymoon. Then, being a career soldier in the midst of WWII, Rodney immediately left for overseas. Following the War, Lorena and Rodney made their home in Coldwater, and they were blessed with two sons, Robert and Paul.

Lorena said that her two little boys "never gave her one ounce of trouble." Being the spouse of an army sergeant meant many good-byes and reunions. The Korean War broke out, Rodney went back overseas, and Rena and the boys moved back with her parents.

In 1952, her niece, Ruby, was born. She was raised in this family home, and she grew up with Bob and Paul. Lorena was like a mother to Ruby, and Ruby gave so much back to her throughout the years. Rena often said how fortunate she was to have such a loving niece.

Because of military life, Lorena subsequently moved with Rodney and the boys to Angus, Base Borden, Toronto, Georgetown, but they returned to Coldwater every weekend and every holiday for visits.

Orillia

In 1963 she and her family moved to Orillia. It was there that Rena and her family began attending church at St. Mark's Presbyterian, under the ministry of Rev. Thompson. In fact, her favourite aunt, Orma Stanton, was instrumental in the foundation of this church.

When Rena moved back to Orillia and lived on Orma Drive, her longtime friendship with Jane Locking really flourished. They had known each other since teen years, and they became the best of friends. Rena was fortunate indeed to have had such a wonderful Christian friend.

Throughout her life, Rena worked outside the home in retail. Most people remember her smile and personal service as she sold shoes in Orillia's Tudhope Shoe store. She also worked as the manager of the men's department in Zeller's. Her husband and sons loved that, because she brought home new clothes for them practically every day!

In 1964, while Rena remained in Orillia with her sons, her husband, Rodney, left for his last military posting, to Egypt and the Middle East, for a year's stint with the peacekeeping forces.

In 1973, at the age of 53, Rena was widowed. She had been married for twenty-nine years, but later said that, the way she had figured it out, with Rodney away on military duty so much, she actually lived with him for thirteen years! That always brought a chuckle to the listener!

Coldwater again; Orillia again

During the following years, Rena returned to her childhood home in Coldwater to care for her elderly mother. After her mother's death, she moved back to Orillia and enjoyed her fourteen years at Crestview Condominiums.

No longer able to get out to church, she watched her television church services on Rogers Cable, given by Rev. Dennis Posno (Collier St. United, Barrie).

For her last six and a half years she resided at GPH in Barrie, where she was closer to her sons. She sincerely appreciated those friends and loved ones who called her and those who visited her. She enjoyed Rev. Cox's visits, too. Rena often commented about how fortunate she was to have the care and concern given by the wonderful staff at Grove Park Home.

Blessed

Lorena was certainly blessed! She was so proud of her sons and their accomplishments in life. Throughout the years, she was fortunate to have the love and support of her daughters-in-law, Bonnie, Carol and Chris. Rena enjoyed watching her grandchildren, Cheryl, Lori, Brad and Haley, as they continued to grow. She always loved seeing the little children—her great great nieces and nephews—Alli, Ashley, Conner, and Carter. She appreciated their parents who shared the children with her and sent updated photos so generously.

During the last year and a half, Rena was graced with the birth of two great-grandchildren, Olivia and Liam. When they visited, they always brought smiles and joy to her.

Rena was happy with her life. She loved to read, She read books to her young sons, and she even loved to read and write poetry. Of course, Bible reading and prayer were a priority. Everyone who knew her, knew that she was a "bingo granny" long before she was a grandmother.

She loved Kentucky Fried Chicken and, even in Grove Park Home, she participated in the Colonel's "Toonie Tuesdays." "Shop till you drop" took on a whole new meaning with Rena! She bought for everybody! She loved music and dancing, and it was hard for her to sit down when the band was playing! She liked reading the horoscopes, and she liked to read tea leaves at social events!

Her interest in fashion was such that she had enough clothes, shoes, purses and jewellry to outfit the residents of Orillia! Even in her final years, she looked like a movie star in her coordinated outfits decked out with matching accessories!

Lorena, lovingly known by her family as "Mom," "Grandma," "Auntie Rena," and fondly as "Rena" to many friends, neighbours and extended family,

had a good life—a long life, a hard life—but a good life. Remembering and honouring her, we value the person whe was: generous …, sweet …, kind …, hardworking …, compassionate …, positive …, and loving. Above all, Rena had a strong Christian faith. Let us all celebrate her life!"

Thanks to son Bob for providing the eulogy for his mother. He mentions her love for clothes and that she worked at Tudhope Shoes. Lorena told me that when she moved into GPH she had 139 pairs of shoes!

GPH: 30/04/2002

GILLESPIE, Dorothy *LaVerdiere*
10/03/1927–26/05/2006*
B. in Stayner, ON,the 5th child of Vincent and Winifred LaVerdiere. The family would grow to include twelve children.
She attended school in Stayner. In 1938 the family moved to 165 Toronto St., in Barrie, where they remained.
After Dorothy married Leonard in 1946, she and her family moved from Crown Hill to Oro Station, where they raised five children: Betty (m. Eacott), Joanne (m. Wallace), Vincent (m.), Debbie (m. Laycock), and David (m. Joanne). Three of her siblings still live in this area.
Mrs. Gillespie was an avid gardener and loved to cook and bake. Christmas dinner was always an "event" in her home, and no one left the table wanting more! She loved to knit and enjoyed making blankets and quilts for family members. She was always ready to make crafts and baked goods for her grandchildren or for the Oro Fair.
She loved hockey and in the winter, if she wasn't at the arena with David, she would be watching her beloved Maple Leafs on TV, yelling at them through the TV set if they weren't doing well. But her proudest moments wree when her children got married, or when she became a grandmother or a great-grandmother.
Two years ago she became a resident at GP Home. She joined in many activities, winning the coveted Easter bonnet contest this year! Dorothy attended church here and was always around to comfort other residents if they were having a bad day. She loved every minute of her time at Grove Park.
At Grove Park Mrs. Gillespie began to collect dolls and had about a hundred of various shapes and sizes. It was her wish that, after her death, these should be distributed to her friends at Grove Park, and this was done. A nice thought. Dorothy's memorial service was held in the auditorium at GPH on May 31, 2006.
GPH: 19/07/2004 Spruce 2014

GILLIS, Florence
21/03/1913–
Left GPH to live with family..
GPH: 06/04/2004 —1175

•• GIVENS, Charles "Bob"
Our neighbour on Roslyn Rd., from 1989!
GPH: —M1218

Joyce Scythes Goodbrand

GOODBRAND, Joyce Elizabeth *Scythes*
13/01/1915–05/03/2009

The following lifestory was written by Mrs. Goodbrand's family. She was an accomplished woman in many ways. Not noted below, but cited in her obituary, is that Joyce lectured at the Royal Ontario Museum (ROM). As an academic myself, I felt a special kinship with her.

Joyce's children are: Gerda Halliday, Marlene, Ken (m. Jennifer), Christine Dalziel (m. Peter).

The start, in WWI

"Like many people of her generation, she [Joyce] lived a life of great change and challenge. Born in 1915, in the second year of World War I, in Weston, Ont., she spent a happy youth with her parents, Harvey and Elsie Scythes [cousin of Fred Banting's father: see also Don BANTING—the Scythes and Bantings lived in the Thornton-Alliston area], and her sisters, Hillary [m. Stoddart] and Elinore [m. McKinnon].

Looking through any of the extensive photo albums she kept, one would notice how much she enjoyed being with people. This was true for the rest of her life. But life was not without dangers that we find hard to imagine today. As a young girl, she contracted typhoid fever, and was quarantined at a relative's home for six weeks, in Barrie, Ont. She was cared for by her mother, who, fortunately, was a nurse.

Mom was a gifted student, completing high school at age 16, focused on math and science. Her father felt she was too young to be finished her

education so, on his insistence, she completed a second full year of grade 13, now focusing on humanities and languages. She was very athletic, and won the local tennis championship three times. She was also a joyful passenger on her father's motorcycle, much to her mother's horror. At that time her father, a kind and gentle man, felt she was ready to help out in the family business, a shoe store on St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto. By all accounts she was prepared to do this.

University, teaching, and marriage

The roaring twenties were over—it was 1932 and the country was in the grip of the Great Depression. There was little money for anything other than the bare necessities. A favourite cousin approached Joyce's father and persuaded him that a girl with Joyce's scholastic ability should be given the chance to attend university. Sacrifices were made, and she enrolled at Victoria College, U of T.

The next four years were some of the happiest years of her life. Friendships and interests that she developed there were precious to her forever. Many years later, she attended her 65th Victoria College reunioin of the Class of 1936.

Trained as a teacher, she first worked at Ontario Ladies College. Later, she taught in Picton, Ont., where she met Charles Goodbrand, a teacher at the same school. They fell in love, and began a sixty-one year partnership.

Whitehorse, the Yukon

They lived for ten years in the Yukon, where Charlie worked as a meteorologist. During this time, Charlie spent one full year in the high Arctic. At the same time, there was a polio epidemic in Whitehorse, so Joyce and the children went to Toronto, where they all lived with her parents in a two-bedroom flat for the entire year! This was, however, a great opportunity for Joyce to reconnect with friends and sisters, whom she had not seen in eight years. Charlie and Joyce, with the children, then drove back across Canada, and up the Alaska Highway, to Whitehorse, where they settled back into their lively community for the final two years.

Toronto

A move to Toronto brought Joyce back into her teaching career, in Classics at Earl Haig Collegiate. As a middle-aged woman with four children, three still at home, she won a summer scholarship to Italy and Greece. With her husband's blessing, she went to study and travel there for six weeks. Dad's only condition was that he didn't have to go!

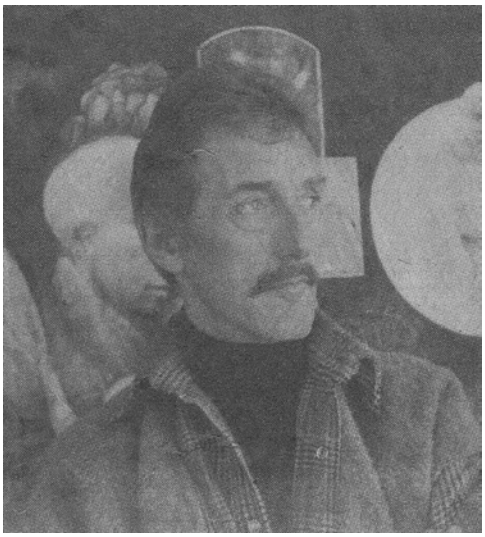
She and Charlie were so fortunate to have picked Mono Mills for their retirement. Building a home, making many new friends, enjoying especially visits from her much loved grandchildren and, later on, great-grandchildren. Like her father, she enjoyed baseball. While she was able, she took each of the grandchildren for their birthday to a Jays game at the Skydome in Toronto. Like her mother, she loved listening to opera on the radio, which she did as she canned fruit and vegetables, made dandelion wine and wrote letters.

Joyce's 80s and beyond

Well into her 80s she drove herself to Toronto, where she took the subway to the University Women's Club for a lecture and overnight. She and her sister, Hilary, were great pals, and loved to travel together—Bermuda, Corfu, sailing on the Richilieu River and, tagging along with a student ship tour of the Baltic Sea, to St. Petersburg, Russia.

Following Charlie's death, she moved six years ago, to Barrie. She accepted her declining years with grace, and she always had a smile for you when you went to visit. As we, her children, grow older, and reflect on our mother's life, we appreciate more and more, what an amazing woman she was."

GPH: 27/04/2005



John Gould

GOULD, John

14/08/1929–24/01/2010

John's obituary in *The Barrie Examiner*, written by Marg. Bruineman, provides the following details about John. The uncredited photo above appeared

with that article. He was one of the most accomplished people ever to live at GPH. During his time here he made many friends among residents and staff because of his infectious enthusiasm for us all.

B. in Toronto. John drew, painted, made films, appeared regularly on the CBC, and hosted a TVO programme on creative writing. His many films chronicled his passion for travel to places where he liked to draw—Mexico, Peru, Japan, or Spain.

In 1971 John and Ingi moved to Waubashene. He commuted to Toronto to teach part time at the Ontario College of Art, which he had attended many years earlier. It was in 1996 that John suffered a serious stroke, necessitating a move to Barrie, where he continued a recovery.

The stroke took away John's ability to read, write, and draw. He did continue to play music and, during the opening of his 2003 show at the Maclaren Art Centre, he played the saxaphone with his group of musicians. This show focused on this post-stroke work. While on the subject of music, John recorded an album called *Good Tunes,* on which he plays the sax.

John's work is represented not only at the Maclaren Art Centre, but at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts and the National Gallery of Canada. Private collectors, including such people as Alan King and Robert Goulet, also possess his work. Indeed, Alex Trebek, a friend from their days together at the CBC, has one of the more substantial collections of John's work.

Finally, John wrote two autobiographical books, *The Drawn Image 1959 to 1979* and *John Gould Journals* (1996).

In 1973 he was named to the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts. He is listed in Canada's *Who's Who*.

Ingi and John have three daughters, Maria, Melissa, and Ellen, and three grandchildren.

John and Ingi contributed much to life on Aspen during his stay at GPH and we have fond memories of them both. He must rank as one of the most creative individuals ever to live at GPH.

John is mentioned at the beginning of an almost-fullpage obituary of Canadian comedian John Aylesworth, published in the *Globe and Mail*, Mon., Aug. 9, 2010.

> Walking to school one day in the late 1930s, young John Aylesworth and his friend John Gould passed an industrial loading dock. On it, they noticed two labourers laughing uproariously.
>
> "That's what we need," Gould said. "A job laughing."
>
> As it turned out, Gould — son of poet and journalist Mona Gould — grew up to become a great Canadian artist. It was Aylesworth who later found a job laughing. ... Not coincidentally, 'a job laughing' became the title of Aylesworth's unpublished autobiography.

Aylesworth created *Front Page Challenge*, which ran for 38 years, and "the most successful variety show in American TV history — *Hee Haw*." The article goes on to say that Mona Gould inspired him to become a writer.

GPH: 24/08/2009

GOVER, Florence *Sutton* HOLLY
17/07/1917–09/02/2007

B. in London, ON. She had an older sister, Ethel, a brother, and another sister, Dorothy ALLARD.

Ethel was one of the first women drivers in their area.

Mrs. Gover's mother was a King, one of fourteen children, from Stratford, so they used to take the train from London to Stratford to visit. Her dad came out alone from SW England, so there were no Sutton cousins here. Neither Ethel nor Dorothy had children, but Mrs. Gover had three children: Jim, Brian, Carolyn; grandchildren: Michael and Jamie; great-grandchildren: Clare and Anne.

Mr. Gover worked for the Department of Indian Affairs.

Florence and Dorothy spent four years in a retirement home in Orillia, Jim's home; she moved to GPH from Soldier's Memorial Hospital.

The following is a slight condensation of remarks made at Mrs. Gover's funeral on February 13, 2007, and then shared at her memorial service at GP Home. The eulogy was written by her son Brian.

Take Heart

When I think of the many gifts that our mother gave us, I think of love, humour and resolve. But I also think of another gift that is especially important at times like this: encouragement.

The word "encourage" means to inspire with hope, courage and confidence. Literally, "in-cour" means to take heart.

You see, Mom encouraged us. She picked us up when we fell down, whether from bikes, trees, roofs, rock faces, romances, what have you. Mom encouraged us to be whatever we could be, provided, as she reminded us from time to time, we didn't get too big for our britches. She encouraged us to remain focussed on our goals, something she and her mother called "Stick-To-It-Iveness." Mom encouraged us at every step of the way.

Florence Gover was born in July of 1917. WWI would wage until well after her first birthday. She was born into a closely-knit and loving family in London, ON. She was the third of four children: Harold, Ethel, (Florence), and a younger sister Dorothy, our Aunt Dot. Throughout her life, Mom remained close to her siblings, but Aunt Dot was her lifelong best friend and sparing partner.

Mom's mother's family, the Kings, had farmed in Canada for several generations. By all accounts, Caroline Sutton, our grandmother, was a wonderful, kind person. I have often though that Mom strived all her life to emulate her mother and, I think, she achieved that goal. She was also determined to have her own daughter one day and to name her Carolyn. The only issue was how many sons she would have before that daughter came along. So there was always the risk that Jim and I would be named Carolyn. In the end, she had her daughter and Carolyn became the apple of our mother's eye.

Mom's father, Frederick Sutton, was the son of a well-to-do Liverpool tea merchant and a relatively recent immigrant to Canada. Mom confided to us that our grandfather was a remittance man, an out-of-date term now, but once widely used to describe men who received an allowance in England. Grandfather Sutton had done something that caused his family to require him to stay here—or, to put it differently, to stay *away from there*. What he did remains a mystery, but he wasn't a scoundrel; he was a gentleman. The day came when his family, which had always stood by him, wrote to say the coast was clear for his return. But by then he had met Caroline King and decided that Canada was the place for him. Together they instilled in their children the key values—love of family, religious faith, humour, stoicism, and a strong work ethic—that our mother encouraged in all of us.

I'm sorry to say thta not all of Mom's childhood wa so idyllic. For instance, she was a sickly child. She endured rheumatic fever in the era before antibiotics were developed. She also contracted a disorder related to rheumatic fever, called Sydenham's chorea, or St. Vitus' Dance. It caused jerky, uncontrollable movement in her face, arms and legs that lasted for months of her childhood.

She also experienced the Great Depression of the 1930s. She never forgot seeing the effects of widespread unemployment and poverty, close up. She told us how her mother would routinely provide food to homeless people who showed up at the door of the family home. She told us how one of the family pets—a turkey—met an untimely demise when hungry relatives showed up unexpectedly and stayed for dinner. Decades later, remembering the incident with some bitterness, she recalled her poor appetite and how she regarded the dinner guests as being nothing but cannibals.

But still, Mom had a spark about her. She was lively, social and a joiner: she was a Brownie leader long before marriage and her own children; an amateur actor, a member of the church choir, and an enthusiastic cottager at her brother Harold's place at Turkey Point. Her sense of adventure

lasted her whole life. During the last month or so of her life, Mom was asked what she would like Michael to bring her back from Australia. "Nothing," she replied, almost immediately, "I want to go!"

Mom worked as an ambulance driver during WWII, when women all over the country took on unfamiliar jobs. Looking back, it is no wonder that Mom was always a better driver than Dad. When the War was over and the men cam home, she surrendered her ambulance job and joined General Steel Wares, where she worked until she and Jack Gover were married on May 22, 1948. Dad had been in the army overseas during the War, stayed in the occupying forces in Germany after that, and wasn't demobilized until July of 1946.

One of the worst-kept secrets around our house ws that Mom was almost seven years older than Dad. She was 30 when they were married, and soon turned 31. When she tried to persuade a 24-year-old Jack that she was too old for him, he assured her that he was a man of the world—and he was, in the sense, that is, of having seen a world war—and that he admired her maturity and broad perspective. Essentially, she was a woman of the world despite never having left Canada up to that point.

Mom and Dad had a classic 1950s marriage. While Dad was, in the jargon of that era, "a good provider," Mom did almost everything else. She worked hard to ensure that we were all fed, clothed and occasionally bathed, with very little help from our father, who had other strengths, and, frankly, other interests.

Let me give you an example. Florence and Jack's daily routine always included tea after dinner. The teapot would be placed on the table between them. When he was ready for his tea, Dad would inquire, "Will there be a beverage?" That was Mom's cue. Mom would then pour his tea. Over almost 38 years of marriage that scenario must have been played out thousands of times.

Let me give you another example from our inventory of favourite family memories. One Saturday lunchtime in 1968, Mom was preparing that great Canadian staple, grilled cheese sandwiches. To this day, we don't know how on earth she gave him such a complicated task, but Mom asked Dad to look in the oven and check on the sandwiches. Dad opened the oven, looked at the sandwiches, closed the oven, moved over to the kitchen window, and gazed out at a vacant field across the street. Eventually, Mom asked after the sandwiches. He replied, "They're burning up." Mom dashed across the room, put out the fire, and started making lunch all over again.

It is no small tribute to say that Mom kept her humour in the face of Dad's apparent helplessness.

Mom was something of a 20th century Suzanna Moodie. You remember Suzanna Moodie: she wrote *Roughing it in the Bush*, chronicling life in rural Ontario in the 19th century. Well, Mom could cook a roast in a woodstove, wire major appliances and teach two sons and a daughter how to fish, although never as well as she could. Although I am not handy, I was very proud when she trusted me with her treasured electric drill, which has now been on loan to me for at least 25 years. I didn't think her drill worked all that well for the first few years I had it, despite buying and trying out several new drill bits. Eventually I reported my disappointment to Mom, who politely pointed out that the drill was reversible and described a switch on the top of the handle with which I might want to acquaint myself. It worked much better after that advice!

Mom embraced the challenges of living in various small towns and larger centres where Dad's work with the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development took us. Along the way, we lived in London, Delaware, Toronto, the Saugeen Indian Reserve near Southampton, Geralton, Orillia and Peterborough. In every place she turned to the church and the Rotary Club to find a sense of community and to make new friends. And she made many friends.

In November of 1965, when we lived on the Saugeen Reserve, what became known as the "Great Northeast Blackout" occurred. Thirty million people in the northeastern U.S. and Ontario were left in the dark in the largest power failure to that point in history. It was a Tuesday night and the power stayed off for hours. But, as Carolyn reminded me the other day, it wasn't off for Florence Gover's children. Mom broke out the candles, and when we went to school the next morning, we were the only three kids there who had done their homewok. It seemed like a cross we had to bear at the time, but, not surprisingly, we all still approach life with a pretty strong work ethic.

There was humour in everything Mom did. We'll always remember her laugh. And she was a good sport. She didn't mind being teased about the occasional culinary disaster, as long as we ate it.

As we were growing up, Mom was popular with our friends. They always felt welcome in her home, our home. Mom fed our friends, listened to their problems, gave them advice. She liked them and they liked her.

But while she was kind, Mom was also tough—*really tough*—middle linebacker tough, in a quiet, stoic way. She seldom if ever complained, despite living through rheumatoid arthritis, osteoarthritis, breast cancer,

not less than three knee replacements (she outlived one artificial knee!), and a shoulder replacement.

When Dad died, so suddenly almost 21 years ago now, Mom decided to return home to London. Aunt Dot had lost her husband, Uncle Tom, five years earlier. Mom leaned on Dot, Dot helped Mom, and once again they became the inseparable friends they had been as children. They had a lot of laughs together for seventeen years. Then it was Dot's turn to need help, so Mom moved into an assisted livng home with her to ease the transition.

Mom needed to draw on all of her toughness when she was faced with multiple myeloma—a cancer of the plasma cells in the bone marrow. The cancer made her weak, fragile and unbelievably tired, but she literally *never* complained. She endured a lot of pain and it didn't end until her death last Friday morning. But let's be clear: although her spark may have flickered from time to time, her love and her encouragement never wavered. I know that it never will. Mom will live on in each of us, through the values she encouraged. She took the best from her parents, shared it with her siblins, passed it on to her children, and revelled in seeing her grandchildren grow into people to be proud of.

She will especially live on in Jim, who of her children is most like Mom. Carolyn and I both agree on that. It may seem odd to describe a man as being like his mother. But Jim knows that description is the sincerest compliment we can give him. Mom had a saying that I used to find mildly infuriating. She used to say, "There is *something* about that Jim." But she was right.

Interment: London.
GPH: 24/06/2004 1226

•• GRAHAM, Joan
GPH: —P1046

GRANT, Ivy *Miller*
22/10/1924–23/12/2009

"Ivy Grant (Miller) was born in the Township of Chisholm in 1924. This was a farming community near Powasson approximately ½ hour drive south of North Bay. Her parents, Rose and Charlie Miller, owned a local farm. Ivy had one sister, Florence. If you could have peaked through their windows, you would have seen a picture much like the chronicles of Anne on the *Road to Avonlea*. However, Ivy grew up during the Depression years. Her family members were homesteaders with a strong spirit of hope.

Ivy never learned to crawl. "What?" Yes, a ground floor was cold and so Ivy went from sitting to standing to walking on their dirt kitchen floor.

School was a one-room school house, two miles away. In the winter she skied to school, half way up hill and half way down. She learned to play the pump organ with mail order lessons. There was no high school. Ivy left her rural home in Chisholm to live with her aunt in Toronto. She babysat, helped with her aunt's boarding house and shared a room with her cousin (Betty). This forged a friendship that would last a lifetime.

World War II was on everyone's minds. Life in Canada included the fears of this war and rationings. Everyone had family members who were involved with the war and were concerned with the future.

After completing Teachers College in 1944, Ivy answered an ad in a newspaper for a position as an elementary school teacher in Daventry, a white pine logging community in the northern part of Algonquin Park. The only access to this area was by train. It was a one-room school house. There were many adventures, including a fire in the school house that burned all their Christmas decorations prior to the Christmas concert. The community rallied, the school house was saved, and the concert continued without rescheduling. This school house still exists today should you be interested in a tour.

Romance began in Algonquin Park. Ivy met Bob and they wed and planned a life in Algonquin Park. Shortly thereafter they built their own cabin from logs that they felled. Thank goodness plans changed and they moved to a location with hydro, running water and an indoor toilet that flushed. However, the family still enjoys this homestead to this day!

Ivy was a teacher, a homemaker and, in later years, a cook at the IOOF nursing home. She was known for her hospitality and delicious meals. The family remembers that it was her goal to try a new recipe each week. She did not fail.

She raised four children (Gord, Donna, ?? ??) who are married with children of their own. All remember her pioneer spirit and her willingness to serve others. Grandchildren were a source of love and laughter. Everyone remembers pancakes after church, puzzles and games and baking and baking and baking. Especially birthday cakes.

Ivy always loved the Lord and attended church throughout her life. Life at Emmanuel Baptist Church began twenty years ago. She was active with the seniors, folded bulletins, prayed faithfully for her church family and devoted herself to Bible study.

Her door was always open and she loved to share her baking whenever the opportunity arose. Extended family, neighbours and Alanon members (and Alateens) were frequently at her table. She took leadership in three chapters of Alanon and was a source of encouragement for many.

Ivy's stroke initially occurred eight years ago. Her active lifestyle was interrupted but not her heart for people. Ivy was a small person with a big heart!"

— Thanks to Donna Sommers, Ivy's daughter, for this account of her mom's life. She also provided copies of two poems that her family have found to be a comfort, namely, "A Cross in my Pocket," by Verna Mae Thomas, and "I'm Spending Christmas with Jesus this Year."

Donna mentioned that Karen Mills, RN, who has held various positions at GPH over the years, was a young nurse at Bayfield Lodge Nursing Home where

Ivy first worked as a cook! That nursing home was where Pizza Hut now stands on Bayfield St.

GPH: 02/03/2006

GRANT, Rose

20/01/1936–14/02/2007

Bill (Grant), Rose's husband, provided this account of her life:

Rose was born in England, at Poplar, and went to a youth group at "Kingley Hall" with her younger sister and friends. After she finished her schooling, she worked for a teak furniture company, before coming to Canada.

She came to Canada when she read an advertisement for a travelling companion, who was my cousin! She arrived the Easter weekend in 1957. Rose came to Barrie for the weekend, then returned to Toronto. Gwen, her travelling companion, decided to go to Nassau, but Rose stayed in Toronto at her job with the Cancer Society.

In 1958 we were married. Rose started to work for the CNR / CPR as a secretary and then was lucky to get a secretarial position in "Product Service" with General Electric. She advanced to an Executive Secretary for the "Boss" of GE Barrie and had many duties: booking transportation, hotels, meetings, and the day to day responsibilities of her position. She worked for GE for twenty-seven years.

We bought our house in 1962 and furnished it with mostly teak furniture. Two years later, Rose and I took a month's holiday in England, as tourists, and travelled from Lands End to John Ogroats. A terrific holiday.

We decided to have a family, so my son Colin was born in 1968; Tracy was born in 1970. The care of the kids, gardening, and her love of reading kept Rose busy.

We took numerous camping trips; trips to Florida with the kids, to Disney World—eight years in a row! We had a great life. Rose helped with my son's university education at U of T, and assisted in two trips to Europe, one as part of his U of T course. She took our daughter to England twice to see old friends. Rose supported me at my interests, e.g., bowling, plus for 35 years a Program Director for the Youth Bowlers (4-18).

At our wedding, my Best Man was my cousin 'Tom,' from Barrie. Rose's Bridesmaid was his sister Iris, from England. After our reception, we left for our honeymoon; Iris went to Toronto, to the airport to return to England. We got as far as Belleville when Rose decided she wanted to see Iris one more time before she left. She did: we drove to Toronto just

before she was to fly away ... little did we know that she would return to marry Tom, who is now my cousin *and* brother-in-law!

When GE (Black & Decker) closed, Rose was out of work, so for several years she worked as a "temp" secretary n Toronto, until she was employed by ULS, a shipping company. She was there almost ten years but, because of lack of business, layoffs started, from the top down, and again she was unemployed and back to resumés.

Then she was afflicted with the awful tragic ailment. I looked after Rose for four years and then had to place her here at Grove Park—a great place—for her last two and a half years.

She was a wonderful wife who gave me two wonderful, helpful children. We all miss her.

GPH: 16/08/2004 A1133

• GRAY, E.
30/12/1907–
GPH: 15/02/1999

[RL] GRAY, Helen *Anderson*
19/11/1929–03/10/2006

B. in Toronto, the youngest of three daughters; her older sisters were Margaret and Marion. The Andersons lived in the Jane-Bloor area, on Windemere Ave.

Helen attended Swansea Public School and Western Tech. Both sets of grandparents were founding members of Runnymede United Church. Before her marriage Helen was a C.G.I.T. leader.

In 1951 Helen married Don Gray, who had grown up not far from her neighbourhood, on Runnymede, near Jane. She worked at Aikenheads Hardware until John was born in 1953. Then she devoted herself to motherhood. Their other children David and Elizabeth followed John.

She volunteered as a church secretary, then, after the children were grown, she worked at the ROM as a volunteer, in the reception area, guiding people around. Helen was an excellent seamstress, tailor, and millener; she made Christmas cakes and was a makeshift chemist. She was a voracious reader, and read everything. She had all sorts of interests, mostly of a historical nature. Helen had virtually all of the novels of Augusta Heyer, a British writer who initiated a type of historical fiction. Some 40 of her novels, Helen's, can be found on the shelves on Willow at GPH.

Helen and Don were involved in the Kinsmen and Kinettes. They travelled, to Scotland, for example.

In 1991 Helen and Don moved to Barrie: they "followed the grandchildren." Don moved into GPH on Sept. 30, 2004, onto Spruce, and Helen moved into the Independent Living area. Don passed away on July 21, 2005.

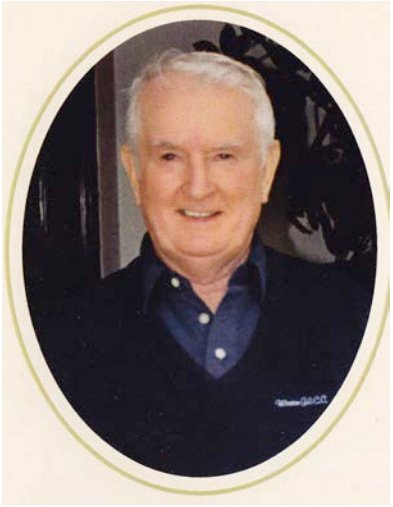
As you may recall, Don was very much a fisherman. In that connection, Helen's motto was, "You catch it, you clean it!"

By personality Helen was an eternal optimist. Her children say, "She didn't worry about her health—she had us to worry about!" At GPH she made many friends; she became everybody's mother, including people much older than herself. People simply took to her because she was interested in everybody. She loved life at GPH, maybe because she found so many people to look out for!

Helen was very much a caring person, and everyone who knew her had that sense that she cared for them too. It was a gift she had.

Interment: Parklawn Cemetery, Toronto.

GPH: 10/2004



Don Gray

GRAY, William Donald "Don"

11/03/1927–21/07/2005

B. in Toronto, son of Harold and Jean. He had a brother and two sisters, all of whom predeceased him.

In 1951 Don married Helen Anderson and they had three children: John, who lives in Newmarket; David (m. Carolyn), a firefighter, who lives in Barrie; and Elizabeth, married to a chiropractor and living in Beckway, Lesser Antilles.

Mr. Gray worked for Liggitt Drugstores, then for Eastgate Motors, and finally for CIBC, as an accountant. He held the C.A.

In 1995 the Grays moved to Barrie. In the fall of 2004, Don and Helen moved into GPH, he onto Spruce and Helen into a suite in the Independent Living area, so we got to know both of them. Don is remembered especially for his irrepressible wit.

Don was active in the Scouts movement; also in Kiwanis and K-40.

Mr. Gray's obituary card referred to his love of fishing:

I pray that I may live to fish
until my dying day.
And when it comes to my last cast,
I then most humbly pray:
when in the Lord's great landing net
and peacefully asleep
That in His mercy I be judged
big enough to keep!

GPH: 30/09/2004

GREER, Marion Emma *Day*
01/09/1915–26/07/2011

Marion's daughter Diane Bowe is a PSW instructor at Georgian College and has been at GPH with groups of students. Another connection is this: Marion's sister-in-law Gwen (Greer) was a volunteer here for years, playing the piano for sing-songs. Mrs. Greer's stay at GPH was short, only about a month.

Grandson Raymond Bowe, who is multimedia editor at the *Barrie Examiner,* wrote an article about his grandmother that appeared in the *Examiner* on July 26, 2011. What follows is drawn from that personal and informative article.

Marion was born in 1915, one year into WWI. Because her birth came at the stroke of midnight, her mother was able to choose her birthday—Aug. 31 or Sept. 1? She chose the latter.

After high school Mrs. Greer went to work helping her father run the post office in their village, Rockwood, near Guelph. Against her parents' wishes Marion went into nursing and graduated from Guelph General Hospital in 1940, one year into WWII. Her parents were fearful of her chosen occupation because of tuberculosis. Perhaps true to her rebellious personality, she ended up working in a sanitarium for TB patients. Also at Toronto Western, on the maternity ward. She was always proud of being an RN and loved talking shop with other nurses.

During this time she met Milton Greer who, at the time, was attending Ontario Agricultural College, in Guelph. They were married on Aug. 8, 1942, shortly before he left for overseas, to serve as a navigator with the RCAF in North Africa.

The Greers had three children, Gary, Glen and Diane. She stayed at home to raise the kids while Milton worked with the Veterans Land Administration (VLA). They settled in Hamilton, then built a home in Burlington.

Marion died a month short of her 96th birthday. Milton predeceased her by almost 30 years. Raymond writes that she was "a tough lady and a firecracker, who always had a sharp tongue and quick wit." She cared for him as a newborn when mother Diane had to stay in hospital a while after his birth. He writes, "Grandma and I always got along famously. As a night owl myself, I was in awe

that she stayed up until close to midnight because she liked to watch the late shows. I thought all seniors hit the hay by 8 p.m.! Not her."

"Grandma was always loyal to her friends and family. She had even faithfully written letters to her nursing school chums up until only a few years ago. She loved watching figure skating and tending to her gardens, not to mention regular visits to the Royal Botanical Gardens, near their Burlington home.

When they retired, Grandma and Grandpa were always going on trips. I still remember sitting in the basement to watch Grandpa's slide shows! If Grandpa wasn't keen on a trip, Grandma just booked it. End of discussion.

Grandma was always a pretty hip lady. She was into yoga well before it was in vogue. Above all, she valued education, fairness and equality. I only hope I can pass on her traits to my children."

Marion was active in the United Church.

GPH: 29/06/2011

GRIFFITHS, Robert

05/02/1918–13/11/2006

B. in Winnipeg, the son of Noel Wilford G. and Phoebe Davies; he had two brothers, Fred, who lived in Toronto, and Ken, who lives in Sault Ste. Marie.

When Robert was young, the family moved to Toronto, to Cranbrook Ave., then, after WWII, into Hog's Hollow, the Yonge and Lawrence area.

Myrtle lived a few blocks away, and both attended Northern Secondary School. But it was at Fairlawn United Church that they met, at the age of 12 or 13; they were inseparable from that time on and were married on August 27, 1941.

Robert served overseas twice with the RCAF. After his marriage he returned overseas, as a navigator on Lancaster bombers, and on Spitfires dropping flares ahead of bombing runs. One time his plane was shot down and landed in the English Channel. He never said anything about this in letters home, not wanting to distress Myrtle, but she had seen a photo in the newspaper, with his name, so she knew all about this incident and his rescue.

Mr. Griffiths never talked about his military service until their 60th wedding anniversary.

In 1951 the Griffiths adopted John (m. Brenda); in 1953 David was born. Dave now lives in Vancouver, having taught school in many places between here and there.

After WWII, Robert taught navigation. An accountant by trade he returned to that business as a tax accountant. The Griffiths lived on Carson Cr., property that the Peoples Church wanted to buy; after the boys were grown, the Griffiths sold their property to the Church. Then they travelled the world, took many cruises, wintered in Florida, going to Vancouver for the spring.

About twenty-five years ago the Griffiths were on a flight out of Los Angeles when a door blew off the plane: it was the last time Robert flew on a commercial airliner! Later, when he suffered a heart attack in Vancouver, he refused to fly home, taking the train instead.

Mr. Griffiths had his own sense of humour: he took his driver's test at 80, passed it, and immediately sold his car and quit driving. He just wanted to prove he could do it!

Robert and Myrtle moved to Barrie about 25 years ago, just to get out of the city. Eventually they moved into the Heather St. apartments, from which they could walk easily to shopping.

In Nov. 2005 Robert moved into Leisureworld; a month later Myrtle moved into Independent Living at GPH. Then Robert was able to move to Aspen at GPH and Myrtle as well, so they were together again. It was good.

Robert's funeral was at Fairlawn United, where they had so many memories. His family found his name, along with other relatives, who served in WWII, on a plaque at the church.

The Griffiths were in their 66th year of marriage, a long and good marriage. Some of the best times were celebrated at the family cottage on Janetewan Island, an island they owned in Six Mile Lake.

GPH: 03/04/2006 A-1147

GRIFFITHS, Myrtle
29/09/1918–28/11/2007
GPH: 03/04/2006

•• GROGAN, Valda "Val"
GPH: —A1144

•• GUBB, Pauline
GPH: —A1165

•• GUIREY, Margaret
GPH: —M1216

H

HACKETT, Jean *Craigie*
05/03/1930–17/05/2010
The story of Jean's life was written by grandson Shaun.

"My grandmother was born in Wiarton on March 5th, 1930 to Leone and J.B. Craigie, however she grew up in Tobermory. She was their second child and younger sister to her brother Glen. Unfortunately, I never knew Leone because I was borne after she passed away. But, both Grandma Jean and my mother often told me about how she had a heart of gold, and that they were very close. I do remember Great Grandpa Craigie who also had a heart of gold, but he was a bit more feisty than most – which is where I think Grandma Jean got that "feisty streak" – from the Craigie side. "I mean that in the most respectful way to you Craigie's in the crowd."

Owen Sound

Her family didn't grow up with much, but she had loving parents and plenty of friends. In her late teens/ early 20's Grandma Jean decided to take off to Owen Sound with Amelia to stay with friends in the winter time. They worked together building apple baskets at Keenan's and the made nylons at the Circle Bar to make money—which, according to Amelia, they ended up spending going out on the town, starting off at a restaurant to buy their usual grill cheese sandwich and tomato soup, then heading out to a movie

It was just over the past few years that I saw pictures of Grandma Jean when she was younger. In those pictures I saw a young girl that was full of spirit and spunk, and had lots of great friends and good times here on the Tub.

Marriage and family

Grandma Jean married my Grandpa Gordon in the mid 1950's and I heard they were head over heels in love from the start. They had been married for 50 years, and there was no mistake, she definitely ruled the roost. They worked hard, but had plenty of great times together—socializing with friends and neighbors, hanging out at the Legion, and going on great trips to places like the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville. They also knew how to "cut a rug." I remember seeing them dance at an event here in Tobermory about 15 years ago, and they looked like a couple of professionals. My wife Jen and I were looking at each other in amazement, and agreed they could dance us under the table any day of the week. Not bad for a couple of senior citizens.

Grandma Jean had one child (my mother Bonnie Drury) whom she loved dearly, and my mother loved her very much in return. However, like most mother-daughter relationships, they sure had their times, but there were always there for each other through thick and thin.

Grandmotherhood

When my mother gave birth to my brother Darrin in Niagara Falls, Grandma Jean got the call that my mother was in labor, so she frantically told Gordon they had to get to the Falls right away—which is about a 400 km. trip. For those of you who knew Grandma Jean well, you would know that she didn't like to ride in fast cars, but she told Gordon to put the pedal to metal and they made it to Niagara Falls in record time.

Both she and Gordon spent countless hours driving back and forth to Niagara Falls, Sudbury, Meaford, Barrie (and all of the other place we lived in our Cross Ontario tour) over the years to help my mother with my brothers and me and to make sure we could spend time with both of our parents. I was telling my mother yesterday that it's a shame they didn't have Esso Points in those days, because they could have racked up enough points to buy a mansion.

Now, those car rides weren't always without stress. I remember my

brothers and I would be sitting in the back seat, reading comics that they would buy for us at the gas station on the way out of town. Gordon would quietly drive the car. Every so often, he would veer off the side of the road just a little bit so you could hear the gravel hitting the wheel wells. That would cause Grandma Jean to jump out of her seat and yell, "Gordon, keep your darn eyes on the road!" (Since we are in a church I left out some of the words she really said, but you get the idea. You had to be there to see it.) You didn't want to mess with Grandma Jeannie. To this day I wonder if Grandpa Gordon did this road veering thing just to get a reaction from her.

Work

Grandma Jean worked very hard different jobs through the busy summer season here in Tobermory. I remember when she worked for her good friends Clayton and Goldie Meilhausin at the Garage Restaurant as a cook. I remember she was always a hard worker, but never lost her direct sense of humour. She shared that humour with everyone, including the people she worked for.

Goldie told me once she came into the Garage Restaurant and Grandma Jean had made a fried egg for Clayton. Jean looked up and said that nobody else wanted the egg so she'd just given it to Clayton to eat. I'm not sure I could have handled my grandmother as her boss – so hats off to the Meilhausins.

The younger kids and adults also really took a shine to Grandma Jean: her dry wit and sense of humour really resonated with them. She never tried to play the Sweet Old grandmother role and never minced her words. That unwavering truth in her character is what I think made her so interesting and likeable.

Family stories

At times, I recall Grandma Jean would get at the end of her nerves … I remember my mother had gone away on a trip somewhere and she came over the stay with me in Barrie when I was about 15 years old. I headed out with some friends on a Saturday night and didn't come home until about 1 in the morning. I thought since my mom was away I could push the limits with dear old gram. When I got home, she came running down the stairs in her nightgown and threatened to call Children's Aid that night so they could take me away and set me straight.

At the time, I remember she actually scared the wits out of me because I wasn't about to call her bluff. She was as tough as nails when she needed to be. But I think all three brothers turned out OK in life and we all agree that things might have turned out a lot worse without the love and support of our Grandpa Gord and Jean.

With everyone I talked to this week, they said the same thing, that her three grandsons meant the world to both her and Grandpa Gordon. It wasn't always just about the driving back and forth, they also took us in for extended stays—in fact my brother Ryan liked it so much, he ended up staying a few years.

Life moves on

As life moved on, Grandma Jean and Grandpa Gordon moved between Owen Sound, Wiarton, and Tobermory.

When they moved into the Bradley Davis Home in Tobermory, her cousin and friend Ruth Anne, or "Ruthie" as she liked to call her, was a huge help to both her and Gordon, especially as his eyesight got worse over the years. Ruth Anne was always there to help clean their apartment, and spend time with Grandma Jean, both before and after Gordon passed away. It was also great to hear that Ruth Anne called Grandma Jeane a couple of weeks ago to check in on her. I heard Grandma asked about whether "the boat" had come in yet," which was always a big topic of conversation with both her and Grandpa.

We ended up moving my grandmother down to a Home in Barrie, not long after Grandpa Gordon passed away, so she could be closer to us, because her health was deteriorating. My family was able to spend quality time with her in the Home for these past few years including a great party my mom set up for her last birthday: her Great Grandchildren acted out plays on the stage in the Home's auditorium to her amusement. Though the noise got on her nerves, I could tell that she was very proud of the family she had created.

When visiting her in the Home, we'd sometimes ask Grandma Jean if there was anything we could do for her. Every time we asked, she would say the same thing "she just wanted to go home to the Tub," which wasn't possible because she was in constant need of support at that time.

Well, my Grandma Jeanne was and always will be a Tobermory girl through and through. And finally she has come home, resting with her parents and Grandpa Gordon. Welcome home Grandma, and may you forever rest in peace. My mother, brothers and I will love and miss you forever."

GPH: 29/10/2008

•• HAJGATO, Zoltan
GPH: —A1180

•• HALL, Clarence
GPH: —P1044

•♦ HALPENNY, Reta
11/02/1908–13/01/2003
GPH: 08/11/1996

HAMILTON, Andrew
14/02/1930–15/08/2006
The following eulogy was prepared by Andy's son, Jim:

"As all of us have, my father had many different roles during his life, he was a

son, a brother, a soldier, a student, a husband, a father, a grandfather, a friend and worker.

Son

Shortly after their return from the former Rhodesia, where they had lived nearly ten years managing a plantation for a wealthy farmer, Andrew and Catherine welcomed the arrival of their 3rd child and only son on Valentines Day, 1930 in Selkirk, Scotland. Dad seemed to have an air of pride about him when he told us on several occasions that he wore short pants year-round until the age of 16. Having been raised in Canada, this really impressed me as a young boy. It was only later that I came to learn that winters in Scotland weren't quite as harsh as those in Canada. Dad was always mentioning quotes that his mother had quoted to him, many of which still provide good advice to this day, such as, "Cut your coat according to your cloth."

A Brother

Dad had two older sisters, Kitty and Nan. I remember while growing up seeing Mum and Dad reading and writing correspondence with Aunt Kitty on a regular basis. Dad was always very proud of Kitty's accomplishments. Sadly she passed away at age 67 in 1991. Dad wasn't himself for a long time afterwards, as he struggled to accept the loss of his kindred spirit.

A Soldier

Dad was also a soldier, in the literal sense—as well as concerning his battle with illness. At age 19, he did 2 years National Service in the British Army, working with radio and electronics, and served in Egypt where Britain was guarding the Suez Canal. A smile would beam on Dad's face as he recalled the morning after one of his night guard duties. Being "Stick Man," as it was called, meant you were allowed to sleep in later the following morning. One morning after guard duty, alone in bed in the barracks, Dad was confronted by a concerned Sergeant who said, "Hamilton, you look a sight!" Dad must have still been a little tired as his reply was, "You're not so hot yourself!" Needless to say the Sergeant was not impressed. Army life exposed Dad to strict obedience, army food and the military way of doing things. Some of these experiences were passed along to us as he showed us how to make beds properly and shine shoes.

A Student

Dad returned to studies while working at India Tyres after his army service. He attended night school three nights a week for six years and four nights a week in the seventh and final year at what is now called the University of Strathclyde. He would travel right across Glasgow and back again by city buses in order to attend his classes. Any complaints by us about the difficulties of going to school or studying were usually met with a remionder of what Dad had done to complete his studies. He graduated with a degree in Chemical Engineering and plans were

finalized for the move to Canada.

A Husband

Dad met mum while they both worked at India Tyres in Scotland. It must have been mum's crackerjack wit as well as her looks that attracted Dad, as he also had a great sense of humour, always quoting one-liners during conversations or while watching TV. After Dad had completed his night school studies, they were married in April 1958. They left for Canada one week later with $600 and all their possessions in search of new opportunities. As a husband, my Dad always liked to "wear the pants," but it was Mum who hemmed them. He always made sure that Mum was acknowledged by the family for preparing our tasty meals and was always very generous at Christmas.

A Father

It wasn't long after their arrival in Canada that the effects of those frosty Canadian winter nights brought along yours truly in 1960, my sister Alison two years later and my brother Murray two years after that. One of our fondest memories was the Sunday mornings when Dad would take us to the park for a ride on the swings and the roundabout. Mum probably would have freaked out if she saw how high Dad pushed us on those swings, but we were young, had no fear and loved the thrill. Afterwards, he would take us to Dairy Queen for an ice cream cone. When it came to discipline, Dad was strict but fair. He was a strong believer in a good education and was always pleased if we had worked hard and done our best.

A Grandfather

October 1990 saw Alison bring Dad's first grandchild, Dustin, into the world and, two years later, Matthew followed. More recently three more grandchildren arrived on the scene: my daughters Sabrina and Alessia, and Murray's son David. When able, Dad was always a willing babysitter.

A Friend

My Dad was fortunate in that some of his boyhood friends from Rutherglen also came to Canada seeking opportunity. We had many family visits over the years with these friends. Dad was always able to make regular visits to Scotland to keep in touch with family and friends there until long distance travel became an issue. Dad liked to keep in touch with friends from work as well. I remember him getting together to have a couple of beers and watch hockey games or boxing matches. As often happens, friends change as times change and when Dad retired he enjoyed going for coffee with his neighbours.

A Worker

Dad's first work experience after high school was as a labourer at a dairy farm in the area where he grew up. He was quite proud of the fact that he could lift two 56

pound weights on the end of a shovel. Following his army service, Dad worked for seven years at India Tyres. At General Tire in Canada, dad achieved the positions of Technical Director and subsequently Vice-President, Quality Control; completed 30 years service with only four sick days, retiring in 1988.

Dad had many interests over the years. He loved his 600cc Norton Dominator motorcycle and would race his co-worker's sports car with it and always won, as the car just couldn't keep up on the bends. Dad joined the Huronia Soaring Association for a number of years and obtained his glider pilot's license. He was also involved in the Barrie Badminton Club and the bowling league at work. Dad also enjoyed travel; whenever he went somewhere he made it a personal quest to go to the top of the highest building or peak. He had annual eastern and western Canada business trips and eventually was able to say he had gone to the easternmost and westernmost points in Canada and stood at the waters edge.

He had a keen interest in airplanes and in 1980, as part of a business trip to Europe, he chipped in his own money so that he could fly on the Concorde from New York to London. For over 20 years he talked about going to New Zealand and was able to do so in 1993 and again in 1995. Dad was also a golfer and used to get the first tee-off time on Sunday mornings with our next door neighbour. He and my mother also enjoyed reading books, especially spy stories. Dad also enjoyed reading the financial papers to keep up on the goings on in the business world. Another of Dad's pleasures was to have a wee dram of Scotch or two and an occasional cigar. Unfortunately in the last few years, due to his illness, he wasn't able to do some of these things any more and I know he missed them.

Finally, we just want to say thanks Dad for always being there, we love you and we'll miss you an awful lot."

GPH: 12/11/2006 2016

• HAMILTON, Helen
30/11/1922–25/12/2004
GPH: 09/02/1999

[RL] HAMILTON, Joan
04/08/2013–
B. in Bath, Somerset, England, into a large family that owned a dairy. In our weekly Chap-Talk programme, Joan frequently recalled with us interesting details of her childhood there. In one session devoted to poetry, on Feb. 19th, 2013, she recited this nursery rhyme, the earliest that she can remember:

A boy stood on the burning deck
His feet were covered with blisters;
He couldn't get his shoes on straight
So he had to wear his sister's.

On the same occasion she recited the following skipping rhyme:

One, two, three, a-lairy
My ball's down the airy
Don't forget to give it to Mary
On a Sunday morning.

GPH: 28/12/2011—Retirement Living

HAMILTON, John
23/01/1917–13/12/2004
B. in Uxbridge to William and Nell H. Mr. H. had one older sister. His father operated a threshing machine. As a young man John played hockey.
John attended school in Uxbridge. He married Doris Long on Jan. 11, 1941. They lived in Oshawa and he worked at Pedlars. He enlisted to serve in WWII, went overseas, and saw action in five countries.
After the War the Hamiltons moved to Toronto where John worked in hardware at Simpson's. With this experience, they bought a Home Hardware store in Kingsville, where they stayed until 1990, when they came to Barrie. Among other things, John was a member of the Lions Club in Kingsville.
The Hamiltons had one daughter, born after he left for overseas, Linda Jill (m. Abbott), and she has two children.
Interment: Uxbridge.
GPH: 16/06/2003

• HARGREAVES, Anne
04/12/1911–25/02/2004
15/01/1999

•• HARPER, Flora
GPH: —A1123

•• HARRIS, Dorothy
GPH: —A1174

HART, Montgomery
04/01/1920–23/08/2004

An extensive story about Mr. Hart appeared in *The Oakville Beaver*, Aug. 27, 2004, "*Chisholm descendant dies. Montgomery Chisholm Hart.*" The article explains that "Monty," born in New York City, was the last descendent of Col. William Chisholm to live at the Erchless Estate before the town of Oakville bought it for a museum. The Harts lived there from 1959 to 1966. He was an engineer and worked on the Oakville Central Library. His education included the deHavilland Aircraft School in London, England, and he graduated from the U of T in 1949. He and his wife Margo raised four children. His hobbies included ham

radios and model trains and planes. The story is copyrighted 2003 by Metroland Printing, Publishing and Distributing.

GPH: 03/06/2004 P-1139

HARVEY, Florence Mary *Payne*

10/09/1918–21/04/2007

B. at Aurora; attended Temperance View Public School. Mrs. Harvey had one older brother, Norman, and a younger sister Doris (m. Robert *Sturgeon).

She went to Toronto to work; met Clarence Harvey at a 4-H Club dance at Bond Head, a dance she went to with her sister and brother-in-law. They were married in 1952.

The Harveys farmed on #88, west of Bradford, and had one son, Walter (m. Lea Ann Anders) who lives now in Angus. Clarence says that Lea Ann is like a daughter to him.

In 1968 they sold that farm and moved to a farm at Stayner. They used to go for drives in that area with Clarence's parents and just took a liking to that particular farm. His mother knew the people who owned the farm. Before they moved to Barrie in 1984, Florence and Clarence used to take bus trips and enjoyed travel. Florence was a gardener.

In 1984 the Harveys made a major move, from the farm to an apartment in Barrie, on Kozlov St. Fortunately Clarence had farming friends outside Barrie and he helped them out.

Florence began to have small strokes, which eventually necessitated institutional care, first for seven months at Mackenzie Place in Newmarket, then at Grove Park Home. She had wanted to come live here; during her stay Clarence visited her every day.

When Florence was well, she used to come and visit friends at GPH. One of these friends was Evelyn GIFFEN.

Clarence recalls that their marriage extended over 54 1/2 years: she was a good wife; they were "real pals."

*Note on Robert Sturgeon: his grandfather was Wildridge McDowell Sturgeon. GPH resident Lois STURGEON'S father-in-law was Edgar Samuel Tannehill Sturgeon. Wildridge and Tannehill were brothers.

GPH: 21/10/2004

• HAWKINS, Evelyn

02/04/1906–06/03/2005

GPH: 19/09/2001

• HEAD, George

19/05/1917–30/06/2006

GPH: 19/09/2001

•• HERCEG, Sofija

GPH: —A1138

HESSER, Dorothy Jean *Archibald*

25/06/1924–25/07/2008

B. in Chatham, ON; eldest child of Arthur and Laura Jean Archibald. Her siblings are: Jack; Joan (m. Reed; Whitby); Marion (m. Badgery; Newmarket); Bob (Brantford); Fred (Exeter, N.H.).

Dorothy grew up in Whitby, where she attended public and high school. She "skipped" grades twice, so she took an extra year after grade 13 in special commercial. She received her B.A. from McMaster U. and went to Teacher's College in Toronto.

While teaching commercial subjects at Ridgeway High School she met Jerry Hesser. They were married in 1949; moved to Toronto in 1963; moved to Barrie in 1974.

The Hessers had four children: Marilyn (m. Robinson; Toronto); Diane (m. Muir; Kitchener); Bob (Port Carling); Karen (m. Robinson; Shanty Bay). There are twelve grandchildren.

Mr. Hesser died in 1990.

Dorothy was active in several United Churches: Ridgeway United; Forest Grove United, Willowdale; and at Collier St. United in Barrie. In Barrie she was also a member of the Maycourt Club; volunteered in Gingham Door, school lunch programmes ...

She loved exercise and outdoor activities: in her early 20s Dorothy biked from Whitby to Ottawa with a good friend; biked in the Netherlands and France and took other Elderhostel bike trips closer to home. Many mornings she rode her bike around Kempenfelt Bay at 6 A.M. until, at about age 75, she developed hip problems. Dorothy cross-country skiied with Jerry from hut to hut in Algonquin Park and with Jerry, kids and grandkids in many reforestation areas around Barrie. She also cross-country skiied with her sister Marion.

Dorothy travelled to the Northwest Territories; hiked in the Grand Canyon; was a member of the Oro-Medonte Trails Association and, as such, helped to establish a rail trail.

Hers was a very close family. Her children and grandchildren spent much time with her at her house on the Lake. There were lots of water activities in the summer; ping-pong in the basement.

Dorothy lived a very full life until Alzheimer's disease incapacitated her: she travelled fairly extensively; lived in Ireland for six months while Jerry worked in Dublin; accompanied Jerry on a working trip to the Far East; had trips to many other places, such as Australia and New Zealant, Alaska, Europe. She was a beautiful seamstress and knitter and took wookworking courses and various other courses to keep her mind sharp.

—Thanks to Marilyn for these biographical details.

GPH: 04/08/2005

Ruth Hickling is in the back row on the extreme right.
Back row, left to right: Evelyn, Ada, Delbert, Aubrey, Franklyn, Faye, Ruth;
Seated: Thelma, Orma, Gertrude (mother), Milton with Wayne, Oscar, Miles;
In front: Doris, Shirley

Photo reproduced from *Kith 'N Kin,* p. 154. This photo hung on the wall in Ruth's suite at GPH.

HICKLING, Lydia Ruth
28/10/1916–21/11/2012*

Ruth was born on October 28, 1916, the eldest daughter of the 14 children of Milton and Gertrude Hickling.

She attended school at SS #2 Oro and when the family moved to Barrie, Ruth went to SS #16 Vespra, SS #19 Oro (Oakland Hill) and for two years Barrie Central Collegiate.

Her brothers and sisters would often walk from Grove St. to Worsley and Clapperton Sts. where the 1st Baptist Church held Sunday school. Ruth taught Sunday school there for a number of years and joined the church in 1934. She belonged to the Young People's group and later the Ladies Evening Group.

In 1970, she moved her church membership to Crown Hill United Church, where she taught Sunday school and belonged to the UCW. One of Ruth's fondest memories was teaching Sunday school with Irene Partridge: on one occasion they had a BBQ with the Sunday school class, a sleepover, walked to a nearby creek for a service and then back to Crown Hill for the regular morning worship.

Ruth started working in the kitchen and doing various jobs at RVH in 1962. In the fall of 1965 she took a Food Service Supervisor Course in Toronto, working and studying at TGH, Western, St. Michael's, Mt. Sinai, Sick Children's and North Western Hospitals. Upon graduating on Mar. 24, 1966, she came back to RVH and worked there until she retired, at the end of Mar., 1980.

In her early years, Ruth played softball, curled and lawn bowled. She enjoyed many crafts, such as ceramics, leatherwork and tray making.

She moved to Bass Lake in 1980 to her brother Wayne's cottage. There she enjoyed long walks through the park. She continued these even after moving to Barrie in 2000. —These details are from "Focus On ...," a United Church publication.

As sometimes happens, this overview of Ruth's life presents only a part of the picture.

Whenever we think of Ruth, we remember what she did for her family: her mother died of a massive stroke at the age of 52. She was working in Barrie as a domestic at the time. She returned home and became a mother to her younger siblings: Wayne was only four at the time. Ruth "stepped up to the plate," so to speak and, as she might say, doing what needed to be done, contributed in a major way to the wellbeing and success of her siblings and, undoubtedly, to the wellbeing of her father.

It was a very large family by today's standards, 24 years between her and her youngest sibling. She recalled fun times on the farm: when the chores were done they'd go out and play ball. They all learned a love of sports.

Ruth was a Boston Bruins fan—the Barrie Flyers were a Bruins farm team. One of the highlights of her life was a trip to Boston with Wayne to see a Bruins game. She liked sports of all kinds.

It was in 2008 that Ruth came to live at GPH. She remained quick on her feet, had a good sense of humour, and continued to enjoy her family. At the age of 95 she did not have a gray hair on her head.

GPH: 21/07/2008—W3030

•• HICKS, Ina

GPH: —W3015

• HILL, Helen HENRY

05/10/1912–24/12/2003

B. in Sellwood ON. She was 12 lbs. at birth!

Mrs. Hill was raised in the small town of Field ON, with her three sisters and five brothers. At a very young age she was caring for her four brothers, as her mother died at the age of 39. She learned to make a meal out of the bare necessities and learned how to make clothing for her small brothers. She ran their home with an iron thumb; her brothers respected her and loved her dearly.

Helen was an avid curler in her day and travelled to different towns in tournaments. She was a volunteer in several organizations in her home town of Capreol.

Mrs. Hill loved cooking, knitting, cake decorating, sewing, and anything she put her mind to. She was self-taught in reading and writing; she loved reading and always took an interest in the world around her.

Her husband Art Henry died in 1969. She married her second husband Tom Hill and they lived in Toronto and in Exeter ON. He died in 1986 and Helen returned to Capreol, where she lived for about eight years. Then she moved to Hornepayne to be closer to her son George and his wife, Carolyn. When George and Carolyn moved to Barrie in 1999, she moved too and lived with them for three years. When she became ill and needed more care Helen moved into GPH.

GPH: ///

•• HILL, Irene
GPH: S2042

• HOBSON, Joan
26/11/1926–31/05/2003
GPH: 09/08/2001

•• HODGE, Lillian
GPH: —S2020

HODSMAN, Helga Lone *Rambush*
24/11/1919–13/07/2011

B. in Norton-on-Tees, Co. Durham, England, the youngest of four children: her siblings were Sigurd (1912), Eivind (1914) and Joan (1918). Her father was Danish, from Esbjerg on the SW coast of Denmark, then a fishing port and now important for its connection to the oil industry in the North Sea.

Some of us got to know Helga first when she came to the SE Programme. We learned there a few essentials of her life: her Danish background, growing up in England, her desire for a large family—she and her husband had nine children. She related stories with wit and wisdom. We also learned of Helga's artistic talent through her photo album of exquisite figurines molded out of asbestos. Eventually she moved into GPH, on Oct. 31, 2007. Following her sister Joan's effort along the same lines, a few years ago Helga wrote a detailed account of her life, some 23 closely packed pages, told in a conversational style.

She had an excellent memory for her early life, which included maids and housekeepers, childhood incidents and shenanigans, the loss of her brother Sigurd, visits to Denmark and her grandmother and other family, life at private school, her close relationship with her sister, her eventual choice of nursing as a profession, how she met her husband Jim, her conversion to Catholicism, their attempts to remain together or at least in touch during WWII, following their marriage on Dec. 22, 1939; his evacuation from Dunkirk; the loss of her firstborn son James in Dec. 1941; a three-year separation, from late 1942; Lona's birth on Apr. 1, 1947 ... and over the next few years, the arrival of seven more children (Niels, Peter, Joan, Mark, Michael, Mary, Chris).

Helga tells us how they came to emigrate to Canada; the flight on July 25, 1948; arriving to work on a farm in the eastern townships of Quebec; lean times and hard work; Jim's decision to leave farming and his start at Johns Mansville in Asbestos, P.Q.; their first car, a 1929 Model A Ford ($200); Jim's brother Tony, who came to live with them; the children's starting school; family visits; the building of a new house (move in date: Nov. 1959); her mother's death in 1967, ten years after her father's.

The memoir explains how Helga came to do sculpting in asbestos and how her work was purchased by Johns Manville to present as gifts for business visitors.

In 1980 Helga and Jim moved to Ontario, to Green Valley, and a house in the woods. Nine years later they celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary and in 1994 moved to Barrie, to an apt. attached to Lona and Lloyd's house. The memoir concludes with a large Hodsman family gathering in Calgary in 1995.

When I read through Helga's memoir the one word that seems to permeate the story of her life is "gratitude." It was, indeed, a rich life, filled with experiences, not all of them happy, true to life, but there is an optimism, a relish for life, and a thankfulness for all the good things that came to her. It is an uplifting story.

GPH: 31/10/2007

HOLK, Terrence "Terry"

27/12/1921–29/09/2007

B. in Hamilton; one brother, Frank, two years older.

They both enlisted when WWII came, Terry to enter the airforce, Frank to go into the navy. Mr. Holk was a bombadier on B-17s; he started out flying on Oxford trainers.

After the War, Terry went to work for Westinghouse and eventually became responsible for Health and Safety all across Canada. He worked for Westinghouse for 46 years.

It was after the War, too, that Mr. Holk married and had two children: Mavis—the name of her mother; and Terry (d. 2004).

In 1993 he remarried, to Helen Travis, of Port Elgin, where he had a summer home. They were both active in the Legion. The marriage took place in Florida and they divided their time between there and Port Elgin.

Helen recalls that he was an avid sportsman; played hockey for the armed forces; baseball: he was chair of the umpires association in Hamilton, a good golfer, a game they both enjoyed; a public speaker. Terry was a real comedian, as aspect of his life captured in a DVD made for his funeral, showing him and friends in various funny costumes.

It was through Helen's daughter that they came to Barrie; and then to GPH.

GPH: 18/10/2006

•• HOLLYWOOD, Betty

GPH: —S2045

•• HOLLYWOOD, Robert "Bob"
GPH: —A1134

•• HOLT, Florence
GPH: —M1219

HOORNVELD, Theo
08/07/1906–12/01/2004
B. in Germany to Dutch parents, Egbert and Altyr; one of eleven children. He was raised in Holland.
Mr. H. came to Canada in 1928 at the age of 22. Among other things he was a sheep herder for three years on a large ranch in Alberta, caring for 3,000 sheep. Because of aluminum poisoning he left the ranch and started down the Saskatchewan River, panning for gold. His boat hit something in the river and he had to land. There in the wilderness, he was changing the dirt floor in an old cabin when he unearthed a booklet entitled, "Who shall rule the world?" He dried it out and read it, and said, "This is the truth, this is what I have been looking for." He intended to go back to Holland, but only made it to Ontario.
In 1942 he married Elsie. They went to Aruba as Jehovah's Witness missionaries, but had to return to Canada because of illness.
Mr. H. was well-known for his beautiful works of art.
GPH: 10/07/2003

HOOYMANS, Henry
31/05/1911–06/12/2006
B. in Oeestgeest, next to Leiden, the Netherlands.
He came to Canada in 1951, to P.Q. at first, where he was placed as an immigrant on a farm. He had two small children and this did not work out. Then they were in Pembroke for 14 years; finally they came to Angus, where they built a house and lived for 38 years.
Mr. Hooymans' son is Casey, who is married to Shirley, daughter of Irma DOBSON; his daughter is Julie Jazminski.
He worked for the St. Vincent de Paul Society for many years and volunteered with the Christmas Cheer programme as well.
GPH: 15/07/2004

HORSBURGH, Nellie Helene *Debroni*
14/05/1921–21/08/2007
B. in Melville, SK, the daughter of Mike and Irene (Lukani) Horsburgh, of Ukrainian descent. Helene was one of eleven children: she had eight sisters and two brothers.
At the age of 16 she began work, as a waitress in Yorkton, SK; a week later she got her first raise! She saved her money and travelled to various places in the United States with Beverly, who remained a life-long friend.

She came to know Alvin H. first as a penpal and travelled by bus to Toronto to meet him. The married in 1957 and lived in Toronto, where their three children were born: Sharene (1959), Candice (1961), and Craig (1964).

In 1968 they moved to Cookstown where they operated a gas station. Pam McIsaac ran a story about her in the local paper, indentifying Helene as a "hard-working woman with a smile for everyone."

Helene and Alvin separated but remained in contact. Helene lived with Candy for some eleven years, then with Craig for another four, visiting Sharene regularly. She often made trips to Winnipeg to visit her family.

I met Helene when she came to the Church of Christ in the mid-1990s. She was a very active person then, living with Craig in Angus.

In 2003 a stroke brought to GPH. At Grove Park she reconnected with her Roman Catholic faith and became a member of the rosary group. With pride she said she was able to recite the rosary in Ukrainian.

At GPH, Jeanne STASEK was a very good friend; they shared a common doorway in the northeast corner of Spruce.

—with thanks to Sharene.

GPH: 22/08/2003

•• HUGHES, Lily

GPH: —S2016

•• HUNTER, Leila

B. in Mindemoya Hospital, Manitoulin Is. Her family lived in Little Current until she was three, then they moved to Minetville, between North Bay and Sudbury. My maternal grandfather, Andrew Hindle, was from Sheguiandah, Manitoulin Is., so I have always felt a certain kinship with Leila.

GPH: 23/02/2004—M1228

•• HURLBUT, Joan

GPH: —S2047

HURLEY, Arthur

24/07/1924–30/03/2008

After WWII Mr. Hurley worked at Chrysler's, inspecting new cars; his work there continued to 1979. He said the best car they made was the 1962 slant-six Dodge, which sold for $2200.

He and Jean travelled in Europe: Austria, Czechoslakia, Germany, Switzerland. They attended the Nurnberg Trials because they knew of a Windsor man (Kringel?) who had surrendered as a war criminal.

GPH: 11/09/2003

•• HURLEY, Jean

GPH: —W3032

I

•• IMRIE, Eva
GPH: —A1161

INGLIS-DINGMAN, Lois *Van Arkel* (sp?) *Hartley*
03/02,1929–16/08/2009
B. in Owen Sound.
Her grandfather emigrated from Holland, by way of Pennsylvania. He anglicized his name, changing it to Hartley.
Lois was one of thirteen children. Her mother died after a fall; at the time she was pregnant with their 14th child. Five of these children died. Three brothers went to work on a farm, where they got room and board.
Their father was in the navy in WWII and the children had to look after themselves.
Lois went to work for Bell in Toronto. She married Ross Inglis (b. 28/04/1922) and they had two daughters: Lynn (m. Real "Butch" Begin), who lives in Lefroy, and Lee Inglis-McLean (m. David McLean), of Barrie. Ross worked for Christies, for the TTC and GO Transit, and Lois later worked for Simpsons in Toronto, until their move to Alcona Beach in 1969.
Ross died on Dec. 7, 1993.
Lois married Russell Dingman in 1999: the Inglis and Dingman families had been acquaintances through the Lions Club: Lois was a very active member of the Lions for over 30 years. In Barrie Lois volunteered at RVH.
Her grand-daughter Lee recalls Lois as a very independent person. After Ross died, she lived with Lynn and her family for a while, with Lee and husband David for a while, at Sandy Cove, and in an apartment in Lefroy, all the while wanting to pay her own way. Lois felt she was too vibrant for the Sandy Cove lifestyle! She had a motorhome to go travelling with Lynn and her family to watch her grand-daughter motorbike race. Lois and Russell lived with Lee and David for three years prior to coming to GPH—all the while remaining independent.
Lois was a giving person, always thinking of others with gifts and hosting birthday parties. Her most common expression was, "Hurry up and wait!" which she used at doctor's appointments, in dealing with the government, and at retail stores.
Lynn has two daughters: Lorice (m. Darryl Martens) of Abbotsford, BC, who has two sons, Emmit and Brennan; Elizabeth (m. Mike Anderson) of Lefroy, who has a daughter, Ivy. That is, Lois is survived three great-grandchildren.
Interment is at St. Paul's Cemetery, south of Barrie, with Lois' first husband, Ross.
See also Russell DINGMAN.
GPH: 20/11/2007

•• INGRAO, Yoli

GPH: —S2043

IVANSKI, Walter

17/04/1919–18/12/2006

Mr. Ivanski was born in Poland and emigrated to Canada after WWII. He and his wife farmed in Innisfil, on the south half of Lot 17, Concession 7. The following is the entry on the Ivanskis and their farm in *Farms of Innisfil. Challenges, Chores and Changes,* published by the Innisfil Historical Society in 2006, p. 118. There is an aerial photo of their farm accompanying the article, credited to Frank Ivanski.

> In 1954, Walter and Maria Ivanski purchased a 75-acre farm from Michael Sokolouiskj (S 1/2 L 19, C 7). The farm had previously been owned by Mike Flegel.
> The Ivanski family, including nine-year-old Frank and two-year-old Halina, moved into the two-storey, white stucco home, which was set back 800 feet from the road. Although the age of the house is unknown, the well, which still serves the farm to this day, is dated 1923.
> After a windstorm destroyed the original barn in 1957, a hip roof barn was built on the same foundation.
> The family income in the early years came from cream shipped to the creamery. Upon his wife's death in 1967, Walter decided to switch to beef.
> Walter spent hours planting trees on the property. The trees across the front yard have grown, making the house almost invisible from the road. The back yard, where the family vegetable garden was once located, is surrounded by trees, including pear, apple, and plum trees.
> Winter brings memories of weekly trips by horse and cutter to Wilson's store for groceries, and of a pond in the front field where neighbours gathered to skate and play hockey.
> Our family has grown. Walter has six grandchildren and six great grandchildren. Nowadays, summer Sundays often find the family gathered, with the great grandchildren feeding the chickens, and offering apples as treats to their favourite cows.
> Walter, now 87, no longer actively farms. His son Frank farms the property and keeps about 20 beef cows and calves.

Mr. Ivanski was an affable resident during his stay at GPH, a gentle and warm person. We are grateful to his family for donating a copy of *Farms of Innisfil* to Grove Park in his memory.

GPH: 28/07/2006

J

• JACKSON, Arthur

16/08/1910–23/11/2006
Arthur used to recite this poem. I jotted it down in the spring of 2004:

She told me to meet her at the gate,
meet her at the gate
but she didn't say which gate.

I've been to her gate, my gate,
Highgate, Reigate, Aldgate, Moorgate,
and I'm in a state!
When I asked a policeman,
he said, "Pop around New Gate,
you might find the lady there."

She told me her name was Riah,
Oh, she was a lovely liar,
but she set my heart on fire,
when she told me to meet her at the gate.

I've been to her gate,
I've been to toll gate …

When I asked a policeman, …

We both ended up swinging on the gate …

A search on the internet found that this poem is a Music Hall song written and composed by Harry Castling and Charles Collins in 1923. It was performed by S. W. Wyndham. The complete set of words can be found at:
http://monologues.co.uk/musichall/Songs-S/She-Told-Me-To-Meet-Her.htm
GPH: 13/05/1997

• JACKSON, Emily
26/02/1902–21/09/2004*
GPH: 13/05/1997

JACKSON, Samuel William Gordon
21/05/33–08/06/2012*
"Samuel William Gordon Jackson, whom all of us knew as "Gord," was born on May 21st 1933 in the city of Toronto. He was the middle son of Joseph William Jackson and Emily Jane Wadsworth. Joseph and Emily travelled from Northern Ireland to Canada where they met, married and started a family.

Gord was blessed with two brothers, Norm his older brother and Stan his younger brother. They spent their childhood growing up in Toronto, living on Langford Ave. When Gord was a teenager his parents bought some land in Guthrie and began building a home. Gord left trade school to help his father with

the house. They both got jobs at Corby Motors and spent the rest of their spare time on the house.

Guthrie

Guthrie would become and remain one of Gord's favorite places. He met many lifelong friends there such as Vern Hawkins. Vern and Marlene Hawkins' home was where Gord met and began courting Marlene's sister June. June was from Orillia and would come stay with her sister and spend time with Gord. They married on June 20th 1959 at St Pauls United Church in Orillia. The ceremony was performed by Rev Alan McCuaig and the songs "The Wedding Prayer" and "I'll walk beside you" were performed by Gordon Lightfoot—who was paid $5! The reception was held at Guthrie Community Hall.

Gord and June bought the land beside his parents' home and, with the help of his father and brother, they built their first home. In the future Gord would return the favor by helping Stan build his house on the other side of their parents. Gord and June would bring home their first of four daughters, Maureen Elizabeth.

27 Marshall St., Barrie

After some time passed they decided to move and build a home in Barrie. 27 Marshall St. is where they would bring home daughter number two, Lisa Anne. A few years later Lesley Erin came along and, not too long afterwards, Robin Michelle.

Gord would spend over 40 years living on Marshall St., raising his family, surrounded by great friends and neighbors. Gord was a jack of all trades in the early years he worked at Armstrong Hardware, then at Jackson Motors, first as a car salesmen then as Parts Manager. Gord finished his working career at the RVH as the Engineering Coordinator.

He worked hard all of his life to provide his wife and children with a beautiful home to live in, and June kept him busy taking down walls, then putting up walls and then taking them down again. He would have built anything to make her happy.

35th wedding anniversary

Gord and June marked their 35th wedding anniversary just before he lost her to a short battle with cancer. He was completely committed to her and the life they built together even after her passing.

Gord spent his final days living at Grove Park Home in Barrie, where he was well liked and will be greatly missed. With Gord's passing on June 8th his life has come full circle. That small stretch of highway known as Guthrie, where he and June were so warmly welcomed as newlyweds and shared so many special memories with friends and family over the years, is also their final resting place. We take comfort knowing that he begins this next journey with his beloved June at his side and surrounded by a community he held so dear."

Interment: Guthrie Cemetery.
—Thanks to Gord's beautiful daughters for his lifestory.
GPH: 07/01/2011

JAMIESON, Gladys Margaret "Peggy" *Lawrence*
26/04/1921–30/04/2010
B. in Port Arthur (now Thunder Bay). Mother's name was Rose and she had come to Port Arthur by stage coach from the U.S.A. Her father was a printer with the city newspaper.
Peggy was one of eight children: Alice, Jimmy, Bobby, Jean (m. Belrose), Doug, Gladys M., Helen, and Marj (Dynes). The first three predeceased her.
She grew up loving skating and speed skating.
In WWII she joined the RCAF. She was working in a military post office when she met Elmer David "Dave" Jamieson. He was in the Navy and was on shore leave. They were married on Jan. 20, 1945.
After the War they lived in Toronto, and had four children: Marlene (m. Beech); Barbara, who was killed in a car accident in 2007; Peggy Susan (m. Hazell); John.
Dave died in 1975. It was then, at the age of 56, that Peggy "secretly" learned how to drive. She continued to drive into her mid-70s. In 1977 Peggy came to Barrie to live with John.
In Barrie Peggy was very active in Parkview Seniors Centre, with crafts, quilting, and helping with various activities.
She had been at GPH less than a month when she died.
GPH: 22/03/1010

JANSEN, Gladys *Lewis* FRASER
27/08/1913–07/08/2011
B. at Chatsworth, near Owen Sound.
Gladys married G. E. Fraser and they had a photographic studio and art supply store in Owen Sound. She received several awards for her photographs of children. They had one son, John, who lives in Barrie. After the death of her husband, she married A. A. Jansen.
Over the course of her lifetime Gladys was involved in a variety of organizations, including the legendary Lady Greys Softball Team; also The Huronia Symphony, the Barrie Opera Guild, the Gryphon Theatre Guild, and the Maycourt Club. The Maycourt Club has been coming to GPH for many years and it is almost certain that Gladys came here to entertain with them.
In 1969 she skipped the Senior Ladies Provincial Curling Championship Rink. Gladys was a member of the St. George's Anglican Church Altar Guild, a past President and club champion of the Golf and Country Club; an excellent bridge player.
Gladys loved to entertain, was a wonderful cook, and amazing dancer, and always great fun to be with.
She first lived in Retirement Living at GPH before moving to the Home proper.

Her son John told me that they have a cottage at Balmy Beach, on the other side of Owen Sound. Just down the Beach my father's cousin Austin Cox had a cottage. We used to visit Austin and Margaret and their girls Karen and Barbara occasionally. John grew up with these girls down the Beach in the summertime. Small world!

Gladys, even in declining health, had a wittiness that was unique. I remember one time in the dining room hearing her sing an old song—I had never heard it—called, "My Hometown's a One Horse Town (but It's Big Enough for Me)." I had to go and "google" it to find out it was written by Abner Silver in 1920.

John and John Hart, organist and longtime GPH friend, were almost daily visitors to GPH to see John's mom, leading to many enjoyable conversations, for me sometimes involving connections we shared between Owen Sound and my own hometown, Meaford.

Gladys died just short of her 98th birthday. A graveside service was held at Barrie Union Cemetery.

—Thanks to John for the copy of his mom's obituary, from which the details of Gladys' life were taken.

GPH: 24/03/2008

• JEFFELS, Hazel Caroline *Hawkins Jebb*

06/06/1911–19/05/2006

B. in Cookstown. Her father died when Hazel was not quite two; her sister Dorothy was 3 1/2 and her brother was about a year old. Unfortunately, in those days women on their own with three children could not make ends meet and the children were taken by the County.

Mrs. Jeffels was placed with the Jebbs. Mrs. Jebb was not a kind woman and Hazel was forced to do household duties at the age of 3; she was kept home from school to do preserving, yard work and so on.

Hazel met Sydney Jeffels when she was thirteen and they rode in the buggy on a Saturday afternoon off and on. She wanted to escape her existence at the Jebbs' and went to Toronto and cooked for various doctors in the Toronto area. While in Toronto, Hazel put an ad in the personal columns to try and find her brother and sister. Dorothy answered first: she was married to Cecil Farnsworth and had two children, Lavern and Muriel. Next her brother answered the ad: Wilfred's adopted family name was Shaw, his wife's name was Pearl, and they had three children, Robert, Doug and Linda. The new-found threesome had many happy times together over the next seventy years.

Though Mrs. Jeffels' adopted mother was cruel to her during her childhood, Hazel looked after her when she fell ill and cared for her until she died. After that Hazel married Sydney and they had two children: William Franklin and Carol Dorothy. Sydney was a barber on Dunlop St. for 40 years and worked in the shop of Jim Fisher, Vi BAYCROFT'S son. Saturdays Hazel would wash and iron mountains of barber towels and uniforms. She looked after the family house, and was never idle.

Daughter Carol recalls that her mom was "the hostess with the mostest": she cooked wonderful, delicious meals for friends and family at a moment's notice and on a limited budget. Sydney was very tight with the household money and she had to "squeeze a penny until it squealed." The treat for the children was to go to Barrie, from Painswick, to a show at Stinson's theatre and have french fries at the City Café every month. The money, of course, came out of her meagre household funds. At home she was the enforcer of the rules, with a kind but firm hand.

Bill and Carol left the nest and started families of their own. Hazel was a loving grandmother to her four granchildren, Scott and Sandra, Tammy and Billie. She had the gift of making each grandchild think they were the favourite one. She had many one-on-one times with each of them—going to the library, out to lunch, and so on.

Hazel did not start to travel until the age of 65 but, when she got "the bug," she visited England, Alaska, Hawaii, continental Europe, east and west coasts of Canada, and most of the U.S.A. She belonged to a euchre club for forty years and spent many happy hours at the First Baptist Church's Friendship Club; she was a volunteer at the Seniors Club.

After Sydney passed away, Hazel continued to enjoy her many interests and lived in her own apartment until she was 87. After she came to GP Home, she enjoyed activities until hearing loss kept her in a silent world. Then, at age 93, she had a stroke that left her unable to converse.

Carol recalls that her mom was the smartest woman she knew, self-taught and worldly wise; kind and forgiving; and a great wife and mother, grandmother, sister and friend. She left an empty spot among her family and friends, but precious and wonderful memories.

Hazel's family is: Carol (m. Joe Frizell) and Bill (m. Judy); grandchildren Scott and Sandra (m. David); great-grandchildren Sasha and Orianna, Bill (m. Kerri-Anne); great-grandchildren Claudia, Tatianna, Orianna, Sasha, Brett and Brock.

GPH: 01/06/1997

JENKINS, Miss Marjorie
29/07/1912–28/02/2005
GPH: 12/07/2004

JOHNSON, Franziska "Vally" *Kimerling* VILLIERS
26/08/1919–26/10/2007

B. in Vienna, Austria, to Antonia and Karl Kimerling; she was the oldest of two daughters.

She attended school until the age of sixteen, whereupon she left to work as a shoe salesperson in an upscale shoe store managed by her mother in Vienna. At the age of 19 (1938), she left Vienna to work in London, England, as a domestic. It was there, in High Park in the spring of 1939, that she met a flying officer with the British Royal Airforce, Rudolph Villiers. A few months later they were married.

After WWII, Franziska and her husband and two children immigrated to Canada. It was here they took more North American names, "Vally" and "Michael." Shortly after coming to Canada another son was born; in 1953 their last son was born.

Vally was a stay-at-home mom as, in those days, almost every mother was. However, she did help out her husband, who was by now working for Orenda Engines, in Malton, by being an Avon saleswoman for about 20 years. She was, in fact, one of the top sales people in Canada. She never learned how to drive, so would have to carry a large sample bag throughout her territory, freshly developed Rexdale, where she also lived.

When the children were grown and off on their own, Vally married again, to Stanley Johnson. They moved to Mansfield, ON, and built a home in the country. For twenty years Vally and Stanley, who was very handy, bought and refurbished old homes and resold them. They worked together closely and were together 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Stanley passed away about ten years before Vally.

By now Vally's family had grown from four children to four children and their partners plus five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, a set of fraternal twins born to her first grandson and his wife. So from a small family—Vally had only one sibling and her furst husband had only one sibling—the family was indeed expanding.

All her life Vally had dogs. The last wo were a bichon frise and a toy poodle. They were both white and looked very similar; their names were "boo boo" and "bam bam." These dogs were Vally's constant companions for about fifteen years or so.

Vally came to Grove Park in March of 2004, to Spruce. She had been living in a nursing home in Toronto, close to her youngest son, but he had relocated his family to Victoria, BC. It was then that Vally came to Grove Park, five minutes' from daughter Carol's home. Grove Park was a dream come true for Vally and her family. She loved it here.

I am the only daughter of Vally and Michael Villiers. She led a wonderful life. Yes, it had its ups and downs, as life does for everyone; however, she was not given to moods nor did I ever hear her say an unkind work about anyone. Vally was always well-dressed and well turned out even if only staying at home.

Possessed with a large vitality for life, her birth in Vienna prompted the midwife to exclaim loudly, "Oh my, aren't you a little miss bright eyes!"

—thanks to Carol, Vally's daughter.

GPH: 30/03/2004

•• JOHNSON, Marilyn

GPH: —M1208

JOHNSTON, Lyman

10/10/1915–16/06/2006

A chiropractor and inventor of chiropractic devices. His office was at Bloor and Yonge St.! He used to lecture at the Chiropractic College in Toronto and local chiropractor Dr. Elizabeth Anderson remembers him from there.

Mr. Johnston has one daughter, Wendy, who was a stewardess with Air Canada and, in that capacity, knows Walter KENT.

The Johnstons are a small family connection because Lyman and his wife Helen were both "only" children; Wendy was their only child. Mr. Johnston's second wife is in a retirement residence in Toronto, with Alzheimer's.

Mr. Johnston had an engaging mind; one could tell that from conversations with him.

GPH: 05/07/2004

•♦ JOHNSON, Mark
28/03/1908–11/06/2003
GPH: 01/02/1995

•• JOHNSTON, Wilda
GPH: —M1196

JONES, Marjorie *MacGowan?*
16/09/1923–01/12/2006
B. in Gladstone, MB; she also lived in Neepawa.

Her husband, Wallace, was in the military for many years, retiring from Base Borden. She was a member of the Barrie Legion for 30 years.

They lived near GPH at Cook St. and Strabane; son Greg lived with them and helped them manage.

Their daughter Diane (m. Morrow) is also in Barrie.

Marjorie enjoyed following two "soaps" on TV, namely, "All My Children" and "The Young and the Restless." She was also a diehard Maple Leafs fan.

GPH: 12/09/2006

JOLLOW, Verna
02/02/1925–
Discharged to RVH 31/03/2006.
GPH: 23/12/2005

JOVANOV, John
07/07/1921– 07/09/2004
B. in Novagradiska, near Zagrev, Yugoslavia, one of four children.

A sister, at age 91, survived him, in Paris; a brother, 80, survived him in the ancestral home in his village. In that village half the street was Croatian Catholic and the other half was Orthodox. His early life was shaped by serving as an altar boy for both! He never adopted the hatreds that fueled the religious wars.

At age 19 Mr. J. was taken by the Nazis to a labour camp in Munnich, Germany. He spent four years there, until Liberation. He could sing and played the guitar, which earned him extra rations when musicians were required to play

for returning wounded soldiers. After Liberation, he stayed another 8-10 months: he was a help to liberating U.S. troops because he spoke German. The troops saw him back safely to his village. He never held any malice from this experience.

In 1948 he came to Canada as a war refugee; he had an uncle in Ontario. At the time, such immigrants were required to do 18 months of service of some kind to Canada. Mr. J. went to Kirkland Lake, obtaining his "certificate," and then Canadian citizenship. He met his wife on a visit to Yugoslavia, in Belgrade, and they were married in 1957. They settled in Amherstburg, near Windsor. Their children Paul and Vesna were born there. They lived on a farm, with all kinds of animals, like pigs and chickens. In the summer relatives and friends would visit the farm and there were always extra children.

Mr. J. worked as a millwright for Chrysler in Windsor. There were times of labour unrest. The farm proved not to be successful and he had his job at Chrysler's so the family moved into Windsor. He worked there for 30 years. At his funeral two younger co-workers appeared to speak of his good character and his ability to teach them their trade.

In 1981 their son Paul was killed in an industrial accident in Windsor. This was a terrible blow, but, once again, it did not leave Mr. Jovanov embittered. In 1997 they moved to Barrie to be close to Vesna. They loved it here.

His daughter used the word "hero" of him, for his optimism in the midst of difficult circumstances.

GPH: 03/08/2004

K

KELLY, James Michael

09/07/1915–15/03/2006

B. in Toronto, the second youngest of nine children. He married Margaret Smythe on May 19, 1945. They had ten children and resided on Sunnidale Rd. in Barrie for 55 years.

GPH: 03/03/2006

KELLY, Margaret Mary *Smythe*

18/07/1920–09/04/2008

B. in Saskatoon, SK. She lived with her parents and brother and sister until she graduated from the U. of Saskatchewan with a Bachelor in Social Work. Margaret came to Hamilton and completed a Master of Social Work.

She married James Kelly and together they enjoyed being parents of ten children.

As the youngest children started school, Margaret returned to her career in social work. She continued to work in that field and was involved in many community activities for forty years.

Alzheimers slowed her working career, but her outgoing and happy socialization skills continued to her last days at Grove Park.

—with thanks to daughter Kathy Green

GPH: 03/03/2006

•• KENDREW, Mary
GPH: —A1171

Dorothy Kenny

KENNEY, Dorothy *Riddell*
19/11/1909–06/09/2007

Mrs. Kenney was a real "Allandaler," and knew a great deal about local history; a keen memory was a big asset. She lived in her own place until coming to live at GPH at the age of 94, almost 95.

Brunton's Hardware on Essa Rd.

Her maternal grandfather Brunton owned Brunton's Hardware on Essa Rd. She went to Prince of Wales School with Mildred MCQUADE. The Brunton house, constructed of blond brick, built before 1914, stood, and stands, across from Burton Ave. United Church—Methodist before Church Union in 1925.

She was born in a house behind Burton Ave. United. After that house was torn down, the family moved across the street to 29 William St. Her dad was a builder and constructed several homes along Cumberland Ave. Her dad had the key to the firehall, which made the kids feel important.

One uncle, Lorne Brunton, was killed at the Battle of the Somme in 1916. Frances has a postcard written home just before that happened. In Fred Grant Square in downtown Barrie is a cenotaph; Lorne Brunton's name appears second on the list of those killed in WWI.

In 1918, to celebrate the end of WWI, an uncle took the kids on a wagon ride through town; they all waved little flags. Dorothy was eight, almost nine.

Her uncle Albert Riddell was a conductor on the Toronto-North Bay train. The children liked to go down to the station when he was working; it stopped in Barrie for tea. Dorothy said that, at the time, she wanted to be big enough to do that!

Jenny WISDOM was a cousin of her mother Margaret ("Maggie"); Dorothy called her "aunt Jenny."

An article about Mrs. Kenney appeared in the *Barrie Advance,* Wed., Apr. 29, 1998, p. B1, entitled, "City fire brigade story rekindles recollections."

Daughter Frances writes this about her mom, on Oct. 9, 2007:

"Mom was born in Allandale to parents Larry and Margaret Riddell. There were four siblings, two boys, two girls. Mom remained close to both her brothers and sister. Mabel still lives in Toronto. Recently their visits were by phone.

Mom left Barrie after learning to drive on a brand new Model T. She drove until she was 84 yrs. old without an accident or a ticket.

She worked at office jobs in Toronto as a secretary and began collecting friends at an early date. Mom, always a homebody, was lonesome and homesick in Toronto and until she'd take her lunch to work with her each day, often it would go uneaten.

In Barrie she met a handsome Czechoslovakian man and married my Dad Fred in 1938.

My Dad was an electrician and mom and he moved to Toronto so he could work. Many of the buildings he wired in the 1940's still stand, such as the Library at the corner of Yonge St. and Lawrence Ave.

They had three daughters. Marilyn who died as an infant. Pat in 1941 and Frances in 1953. Mom helped Dad run the electric business in Leaside, Willowdale and Alliston.

They moved to Alliston in 1963. Mom continued to collect her many new friends and maintain old friendships. Our houses were always filled with people, music and good food. Everyone felt welcome, mom was always smiling. My friends loved my mom. She was always my best friend and indulged me with chocolate and new clothes.

She worked at Maple Leaf Pottery in Alliston and today I have a few pieces she made there, with her writing on the bottom.

Dad died in 1971 and soon mom and I moved back to Toronto. I was in nursing school and my sister Pat had moved to Florida to breed horses for thoroughbred racing. Mom worked at Woman's Bakery in Toronto and her friend list got longer.

In 1977 Mom moved to Florida to help my sister run her beautiful, world renowned horse farm in Ocala. Mom's liveley, bubbly personality bloomed in the Florida sunshine. She and my sister would take Caribbean cruises and trips to California and Las Vegas.

Mom loved to dress up and Pat was always buying her beautiful clothes, gowns and jewellry for these parties. Mom met important people from all over the world. She could talk to anyone; no one ever forgot her. Pat remembers people in Florida always asking her, "How's your mom?" My sister had a private jet and mom would travel on it to come up and see me and my horses. My sister was in the horses business, but I rode and showed my horses for pleasure.

Mom always had dogs. She often talked about her Yorkie, Petunia, her little mut Peanuts, her Shapei, Samantha, and her Schnauzers, Taffy and Tuffy. Mom never had grandchildren—but she always had lots of cats, dogs, horses, rabbits, and goats. They all received cards and love from mom. Cards to me were always including my pets!

Mom came back to Canada in Jan., 1994, where she lived at St. Mary's (church) seniors' residence (in Barrie) until 2004, when she moved to her suite at Grove Park.

We had many good meals and parties at St. Mary's and mom loved to come to my house in Craighurst for meals and celebrations.

Still in touch with many friends and relatives, her shelf was full of cards at Christmas and for her birthdays.

Her likes, loves, stories

She always loved decorating. Her houses were always done with color creativity and flare. She had a green thumb; our gardens were often photographed and inside there was always lots of greenery. Even in her 90's she liked to change things around in her apartment.

She always loved clothes, especially black and white, and even until the last few weeks at Grove Park, she'd always comment on what I was wearing. I'll always remember mom smiling, laughing, dancing (her dance card was always full), cooking (chicken thighs—her favorite). She read a lot. Loved current events and newspapers. She loved Johnny Carson, Wheel of Fortune and Jeopardy, The Young and the Restless, and Colombo.

She loved the sound of sirens and would follow them whenever she could to see where the action was and what the excitement was all about. In Alliston, I remember once Mom ended up in the middle of a police chase. She'd gone out on the hwy., in front of our house, and somehow ended up between two police cruisers giving chase. They looked in their rearview mirrors and couldn't believe—there was mom! When they pulled over, she pulled over! They got out. She got out! It seems the guilty man had taken off to hide in a corn field. I guess mom figured out she'd be of no use any more, so she left to come home—just around the corner, excited to tell us of her adventure.

These stories and more got to be more fun with each telling. Sometimes we'd laugh till we were crying. And even though mom couldn't pronounce the word "Forsythia," she could tell a story better than anyone.

She was a great friend and party girl and a good sport, who never had a bad word to say about anybody. We never doubted her love and she knew we loved her. She brought out the best in everyone.

I don't think I've ever know anyone like mom.

Nov. 19 - 1909
Sept. 06 - 2007."

GPH: 21/09/2004 M1212

•• KENT, Sylvia
GPH: —M1237

KENT, Walter Henry
05/01/1918–08/01/2010

"Walter Henry Kent was born in January 1918. He grew up in Toronto with his older sister Dorothy and younger brother Stanley. In 1936 he graduated at the top of his class from Vaughan Road Collegiate high school. He was an active member of St. Michael and All Angels Young Peoples Group, singing in operettas and volunteering in church activities. Music and sports were a big part of his early life.

His Career

Walter started flying lessions at Toronto Island Airport, gaining his commercial license and joining Trans Canada Airlines in 1941. He followed his passion for 26 years, becoming a line pilot and then a supervisor, and ended his flying career as flight operations manager, heading up all Air Canada flight crews from Pearson Airport.

Some of his flights live on in memory. In 1949 he carried the Hope Diamond, a fabulous gem from New York to Toronto so that it could be displayed at the CNE. And in 1955, he flew the first turbine-powered scheduled flight in North America from Montreal to Winnipeg in a Viscount, which remained his favourite plane. He had a picture of this plane in his room at Grove Park Home. He also flew Air Canada's first jet plane from Los Angeles to Toronto.

In 1967 he retired from Air Canada and for the next seven years served as general manager of the Canadian Institute of Traffic and Transportation.

His Family

In 1942 he married his high school sweetheart Frances, who was registered nurse at Toronto General Hospital. They had three children: Walter William, known as Bill, Marnie and Joan. The family lived in Weston, now part of Etobicoke, where Walter was an active member of St. John's Anglican Church. As chairman of the Vocational Advistory committee of the Board of Education, he was particularly proud of bringing the Registered Nursing Assistant programe to Weston Collegiate and Vocational School. This program enabled girls both to complete their high school credits and meet the requirements to meet the requirements to become an RNA.

A lifelong freemason, Walter was Master of his Lodge and, in his later years, joined the Progress Club that sponsored the local air cadet squadron.

In Retirement

When Walt retired, he and Fran moved to Innisfil and rebuilt their cottage into their permanent home. He joined the curling club, played a little golf, enjoyed his boat, and puttered around the cottage. His four grandchildren, Jeffrey (Lehman), Michael, Fiona and Gillian, came often to visit their Nana and Papa. He was a very patient grandfather who loved to share his hobbies.

After several years of increasing ill-health, Fran passed away just after their 50th wedding anniversary. Several years later, Walter married June and they shared nearly sixteen years of devotion to one another.

Recently, he took joy in meeting his great-grandchild, Cassandra. Two days before he died, he was told the happy news of the birth of his second great-granddaughter, Eleanor.

Up until the last year of his life, Walt followed the news, kept current with world events, could always tell a story, kept his sense of humour, and lived his life with dignity according to the Golden Rule. During his six years at Grove Park Home, Walter was treated with compassion and kindness, two qualties that were a constant part of his life."

— Walter's daughter, Joan Lehman, provided this account of her father's life. Joan lives in Barrie. His daughter Marnie Connelly lives in Ottawa. Walter's obituary appeared in the *Globe and Mail* on Mon., Jan. 11, 2010. Among other details it notes that Walter logged 12,505 hours with Air Canada over his twenty-five year career.

The first plane he flew for Trans Canada Airways was the Lockheed 14. It was this type of plane that had taken Chamberlain to his fateful meeting with Adolf Hitler.

Walter piloted aircraft from the DC-3 through the DC-8. It took seven hours to fly from Toronto to Winnipeg on the DC-3, making stops along the way. He finished his career flying the DC-8 to Florida and the Caribbean.

Walter knew Lyman JOHNSTON's daughter, Wendy, who was a stewardess with Air Canada. Mr. Kent was a consummate gentleman.

This poem appeared on the front of the bulletin at Walter's funeral at St. Paul's, south of Barrie.

High Flight

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds, — and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung

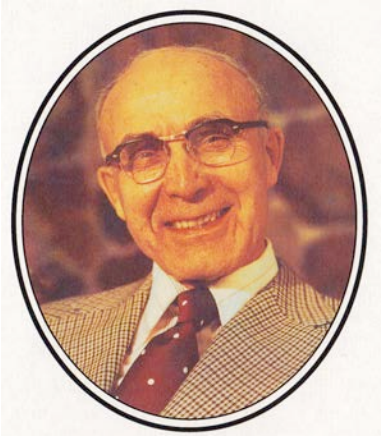
My eager craft through footless halls of air ...

Up, up the long, delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or ever eagle flew —
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

— John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

GPH: 28/05/2004

•• KILGOUR, Louise
GPH: —M1229



Albert King

• KING, Albert Earl
25/11/1908–13/12/2007

"Albert was born in Spring Bay, Manitoulin Island, Ontario on November 25, 1908. His mother, Mary Ann Anderson was born in 1868 in Claremont (Pickering), Ontario and moved to Manitoulin Island in 1880. His father, James King, was born in 1864 in Ayrshire, Scotland, and moved to Canada in the 1870s. James working on building the CP Railway north of Lake Superior and, with his family, lived on a farm south of Mindemoya. Albert's parents were married in 1897 and had 8 children in 10 years—Albert being the youngest.

Albert's maternal grandfather, James Anderson, who had also moved to Manitoulin Island in 1880, lived with Albert's family and died in June 1915 at the age of 100 years and 1 month. Albert was very proud of his grandfather's longevity and it was Albert's wish, for at least 15 years, to also live to 100. Unfortunately, he missed by 11 months.

Albert graduated from North Bay Normal School in June 1933 and taught school in Mindemoya until 1942. He moved to Toronto in 1943 and was a Teacher / Principal in the Borough of York until June 1974. he had a plan for maybe 10 years before returing that, as soon ashe retired, he would move out of Toronto. In August 1974, Albert and his wife Rita moved to Kempenfelt Drive in Barrie. They chose to move to Barrie because of extensive family connections (Coutts relatives) in Barrie and because Barrie was closer to their cottage near Sundridge, a cottage which Albert built mostly himself.

Albert is predeceased by his wife Marguerite (Rita) Williamson of New Liskeard, who died February 21, 1995 at the age of 87. He has one son, Edwin, who lives in Barrie with his wife Ethiopia and their son (Albert's grandson) Dave."

—Biography provided by Edwin.

Mr. King is the second most elderly man to live at GPH. He lived to be 99 years, 18 days. Harold GILBY lived to be a month older: he was 99 years, 1 month and 17 days when he died on Oct. 2, 2004. As it happens, both Mr. Gilby and Mr. King lived here at the same time: Mr. King moved into GPH on July 29, 2002 and Mr. Gilby moved in two months later, on Sept. 24. The third most elderly man was Jim FLIGG who, when he died on May 17, 1998, was 98 years, 9 months and 20 days old. Mr. Fligg was still active at the time of his death.

GPH: 29/07/2002

KOPKA, Herbert

01/10/1930–24/02/2009

Mr. Kopka was born in Kattivice, now in Poland. He had two sisters and a brother.

Near the end of WWII—of course, at the time when it would end was not known—the German army came to Mr. Kopka's school and conscripted the bigger boys into the Army. He was fifteen! Thus he was separated from his parents, but after a few months the War ended. He was reunited with his parents. It was in (West) Germany that he met Margaret. His early life was shaped by the difficulties of the War and the post-War years.

What should have been good years in retirement were spent instead in ill-health, a source of sadness for his family.

GPH: 20/02/2007

KOPKA, Margaret *Bachmann*

20/01/1935–18/09/2008

B. in Kirchworibis, East Germany; she had three siblings. Only Margaret came to Canada.

It was a difficult time in East Germany. Margaret worked in a factory, making clothing.

Margaret married Herbert Kopka in West Germany in 1956; they lived in Bremen. Herbert was a sheet metal worker and a blacksmith.

In 1958 the twin boys Gunter and Gerhard were born. They all worked hard. When the boys were little it was possible to go to East Germany to visit relatives, but when they became adolescents that became hard to do.

The Kopkas emigrated to Canada in 1975, where Herbert had two sisters, living in Scarborough. Eventually Herbert got a job working at the German Embassy, sort of a retirement job.

They moved to Collingwood, but on the day Herbert retired he underwent surgery for cancer. The course of the following years was determined by health issues. Eventually both Margaret and Herbert came to live at GPH, he on Maple, she on Willow.

Margaret had a close friend in Jean YOUNG and they spent endless hours walking and talking.

Gunter recalls that his mother liked the outdoors; also travelling. She was able to make a number of trips back to Germany. Unfortunately her parents did not live to see reunification (1989).

GPH: 11/12/2006

•• KUIKMAN, Boukje "Bea"
GPH: —A1156

KYTE, Velma Rene *Manson*
02/04/1913–17/12/2011

B. to Edna and Edward Manson, in Toronto, a little sister for Ted.

When her mother and father divorced, her father moved to California where he worked for Charlie Chaplin.

Her mother later married William Flynn, and Velma was to have three (four?) more brothers (Richard Clayton, Robert, William, Edward) and two sisters, Flynns! Her grandparents had a hotel in Toronto and Velma spent her early years living in the hotel. When her mother remarried they moved out of the hotel and into her step-father's home. Mr. Flynn worked for the Railroad, as an accountant. Velma often talked of going on trips with him to Montreal, when she was a teenager.

Marriage and family

In 1939 Velma married Austin Kyte. They had four children: Patricia, Raymond, Linda and Michael. Their early married years were spent running CN train station resturaunts for Cara Foods. This took them to Horne Payne, Capreol and Allandale (in Barrie). That is where Velma learned to make her great pies. While in Northern Ontario her parents both died and Velma took over the care of her little sister, Marie.

Barrie

In 1952 they moved to Barrie. She worked in a variety of jobs, including CKVR TV. The children attended school in Barrie, at St. Mary's and St Joseph's

High school. Her daughter Patricia graduated from the Nursing Program at RVH. Austin commuted to Toronto to his job at De Havilland.

When the commute became too much, they moved back to Toronto. Here Raymond went to De Lasalle to finish his high school years. Eventually they made their way to Richmond Hill, where Michael finished his high school career. Raymond went on to attend Teacher's College and started teaching with the York County Roman Catholic School Board. Mike became a letter carrier for Canada Post.

Velma eventually had three grandsons, five grandaughters, and three great grandchildren.

More of Velma's working life

Velma spent many years working in schools in both the Metro Separate Board and the York County Separate Board, first as a school secretary and as an Educational Assistant. At one point she was working as secretary for two schools, both in the same Board. Once she helped to open a new school and set up their library. As an Educational Assistant she worked with special needs children. This was an area close to her heart, as her daughter Linda was a special needs child. In Barrie she was very active in the Association for the Mentally Disabled. She often spoke fondly of her jobs in education.

Life in retirement at Wasaga Beach

In 1976 Austin passed away. Velma would be a widow for 36 years.

She retired when she was 67 (1980) and bought her sister's vacation home in Wasaga Beach. Here she became very active in The Bayshore's Senior's Club and was Club secretary for a few years. Velma loved the dances, cards, mini-put, line-dancing, and bowling at the club.

Velma had been very involved in the Octagon Theatre Club in the City, so she joined Wasaga Beach's theatre club when it began. With her theatre experience, she ran children's amateur variety shows at Woodland Beach for the summer crowd. Her theatre experience led her into professional show business as well: she had an agent and did a few commercials when she was still in the GTA.

Travel

Velma loved to travel. When her children were still at home she got word that her father had passed away in California and her step-mother sent her a ticket to come and visit Los Angeles. She had a marvelous time there. She had always dreamed of a show-business life and this visit gave her a small taste of what that life might be like.

A few years later she took her husband and son, Leo to Florida. Austin was not as much of a traveler as Velma but she wanted him to see some of the world. When Austin passed away, Velma took a cruise to the Caribbean. She loved it. In the theatre group she met a friend who later moved back to his home

in England. Velma was invited to visit him there—she had a marvelous time, going to live theatre in London, shopping at Harrod's, and meeting the many interesting friends of Don, her host.

... and Arctic visits and the far north

She also travelled either with her children or to visit them. She did the Cabot trail with Pat, her husband Al and their two young sons. Her son Raymond moved to Baffin Island, to what is now Iqualuit. She spent a couple of weeks in the summer with him there. Velma was to return to Iqualuit to visit Pat and her family when Pat's husband became the accountant for the Eastern Arctic.

Velma visited Ray and his family in the Western Territories as well. She flew into a small isolated community on the east arm of Great Slave Lake, where Ray and his wife were teachers at the three-room school. Velma kept herself busy working at the local hotel. When Ray moved his family to Fort Providence on the Mackenzie Highway, they wanted their truck brought up from Ontario so Velma and her friend drove it up!

She had many holidays with Ray and his family: Florida, Las Vegas, the western coast of the USA, and New Brunswick. When Pat and her husband bought a vacation home in Arizona she vent to visit them. Velma had several trips with another friend to the Caribbean, as well as to western Canada and Moncton, New Brunswick. She was very upset when travel insurance became too expensive because of her age and she stopped leaving the country, but she still loved her trips to Rama and Niagara Falls to gamble or bus trips with the club to see live shows.

A love of sports

In her youth Velma was quite athletic and she carried her love of sports into her final years. She loved to watch football and was very proud of her grandson who works for the Toronto Argos. She taught swimming, played many sports and kept fit up into her later years.

—Thanks to daughter-in-law Linda for this detailed story of her mom's life.

Postscript

Finally, Velma's half-brother Clayton Flynn was bomb aimer of a bomber crew that crashed on Jan. 1, 1945 while taking off from a British airport in the Shetland Islands. He was seriously wounded. One of his eleven flights was an attack on the German battleship *Tirpitz*, sister ship to the *Bismarck* (see *Toronto Daily Star,* Jan. 18, 1945: news.google.com/newspapers?nid=1601&dat...id...sjid... Velma said that his bomber scored a direct hit on the battleship. See also: www.crcshetland.co.uk/index.php?p=wwiicrashlog There was recently a

programme about this on PBS' Nova series (Jan. 2012). The *Tirpitz* was sunk in Nov. 1944.

GPH: 26/11/2010

L

•• LAING, Dorothy

GPH: —A1184

• LANDREVILLE, Eileen

09/03/1909–12/11/2004*

GPH: 06/10/1989

LANZAROTTA, Olive *Ackley*

18/05/1917–13/03/2006

B. in Auburn, Maine. Her parents, Oliver Israel Ackley and Ethyl Lizzie Tweedie, lived in New Brunswick prior to moving to Auburn, Maine, U.S.A. Shortly after Olive's birth the family returned to Kouchibouguac, N.B., to work the family farm. Two more sisters were born: Dorothy and Bertha.

Her family moved again and settled in Toronto. Olive's brother Arthur George was born there.

Life was difficult during the Depression. Olive and her sisters toiled at any job they could find, working in factories or scrubbing floors to insure that their uch younger brother, Arthur, dressed well and was able to attend school. In spite of the challenging, difficult times, the door to the Ackley home was open to anyone who needed assistance. Whatever food they had was shared.

In 1937 Olive met the very handsome Italian, John Lanzarotta, and soon fell in love with this son of a widowed owner of a grocery store at 625 Queen St. in downtown Toronto. They were married in the Catholic Church in 1938. As Olive was a non-Catholic—her father was a staunch Orangeman, and John was a Roman Catholic, they were considered outcasts by both their families.

In 1939, Olive gave birth to the first of their four children, a beautiful daughter named Rosemary. This reunited both families and all was forgiven. Then two more sons were born, Agustuc and Paul.

With the outbreak of WWII, John enlisted in the Army and served overseas. The war years were very lonely for the young mother and her three children. Her two sisters suffered the same feelings, as their husbands were overseas too. Olive and her three children, and sisters Dorothy and Bertha and their six children shared a rented house until all three husbands came home at the end of the War.

John and Olive returned to the family grocery business, to work and to save for a home of their own. Eventually they purchased land in a small suburb called Downsview, near Keele and Highway 401, later called North York. They built a home and lived there happily for many years.

Their fourth child, Theresa, was born during their years on Jay St.

In the mid-1950s, Olive and John bought property on Six Mile Lake—the 400 feet of lakefront include a log cabin (a shack, with logs positioned vertically rather than horizontally), a boat and motor, and a shotgun! In the late 1950s they purchased a Viceroy pre-fab cottage and had it erected. The family cottage still stands today.

Over a period of five decades, Olive and John were responsible for the production of many cottage memories, of eating, swimming, eating, fishing, eating, boating, and eating that remain locked in their children's and grandchildren's minds, and the minds of their many friends after all these years.

The four children married and left home: Olive and John became grandparents of 11 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

In 1960 John and Olive jumped into the taxicab business, when the opportunity to buy a license came up, #249. Soon the opportunity to purchase another license arose and John purchased #1088. In 1980 they sold both licenses and moved to Barrie where they had a busy social life, playing cards with many friends during their five years here.

In 1985 John's name rose to the top of the Toronto Taxi Cab List and another plate was available for purchase. One of the criteria for ownership was that one drive the cab for five years. So it was that John and Olive decided to move back to Toronto so that John could qualify for the purchase of the license. They purchased a condominium on Yonge St., just south of Finch Ave. Over the required five years, John's cab was used for a minimal number of hours, Mon.–Fri., transporting handicapped children to and from their special schools.

Sadly, John became a victim of Alzheimer's disease and became a resident of the Veterans Wing of Sunnybrook Hospital for eight years. He died on May 31, 2004.

In June 2005 Olive, in failing health, moved to Grove Park Home, a residence that Rosemary thought was the best facility in Barrie. Over the ten months that Olive called Grove Park her home, she was extremely happy.

Olive endured a hard, but happy, rewarding 88 years of life, 67 of those married to John, the love of her life. She was extremely proud of her four children and all her grandchildren.

GPH: 03/06/2005

•♦ LAPLANTE, Peter David Michael
18/08/1933–20/01/2003
GPH: 17/07/1997

LAROUE: see LEROUX

•• LATTIMER, Grace
GPH: —W3018

LAVIS, Joan
02/01/1918–02/12/2008

B. Kent, England. Her father was a Canadian soldier serving in Europe. After the War she emigrated to Canada with her parents. She spent her early years in northern Ontario. The marriage did not survive long and she had no recollection of her natural father.

Educational opportunities were not good in northern Ontario at the time, so her mother sent her to England to live with her grandparents. An aunt was an elementary school teacher and took her under her wing. Joan quickly learned to read and reading became a life-long passion.

As a teenager, she attended Toronto Bible College and was thinking that she would be a missionary to Africa. But she decided that this was not to be her path.

In the 1930s Joan displayed athletic abilities: she was a long-distance swimmer—5 miles and more—and was a cyclist, making cycling trips around southern Ontario. These were not common passions for young women at the time.

Such experiences were indicative of a self-sufficient and independent spirit, as was her decision early in her adult life to become a vegetarian and her decision to remain single.

In WWII Joan worked at the John Inglis plant making Bren guns; she ran a lathe, making the gun barrels.

Joan worked for twenty-five years with the federal Department of Immigration, in Toronto. She retired to Barrie to live with her widowed mother; her sister, Dr. Anita Beaton, was also in Barrie. They were her only family. In fact, Dr. Anita was Joan's step-sister: her mother had remarried—a man from Hunter River, P.E.I.—and he was the only father Joan knew.

Her life-long passion for reading included an interest in "world" religions, of which she was a life-long student. At the end of her life, when she could no longer read—a very great loss—her sister read to her from the New Jewish Publication Society translation of the Bible, from the King James Version, and from Homer's poetic masterpiece, *The Odyssey,* as translated by Fagles.

Joan had three heroes: Mother Teresa, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, and the Queen Mother, whom she admired for her service to Londoners during WWII.

Anita remembers her sister as, "the most sincere, kind, and loving Christian she has ever known." They shared a love of reading, and Anita remembers the weekend, summer afternoon teas they had in her garden, talking about books and philosophy.

Joan started writing poetry at sixteen and continued to write on occasion until she was in her late 60s. Her poems focused on her love of people and nature. Here is an example, dated January 1966.

Jack Frost's Magic!

Crisply crackling, sparkling glow—
Freshly, crunching, glistening snow!
Jack Frost's magic, the new Christmas sleigh—
Come on! Hurry up! You're much too slow!
Give me your hand, and away we go!

Over the hill, around the bend,
Into the snow bank, laughters blend!
Into Fantasia and Fairly Land too—
Where it's "Let's Pretend" and skies are blue—
Where children romp and play for aye—
On a wondrous, glorious, wintry day!

We built us a snow man, round and fat,
With a little red nose, and a black cocked hat!
He looked like Dad, with his impish grin—
We did have so much fun with him!
Night time fell, and Mummy called!
Up the hill the sleds were hauled!

Supper all over, we romped by the fire,
And listened to sister practice for choir.
Up stairs to bed, with stories to hear—
Of brownies and elves, and puckish good cheer!
Tucked in at last, prayers are all said—
Sand Man is galloping, just up ahead!

Joan lived in residence at St. Mary's Church, Barrie, for twelve years; then in a home in Bradford; was happy to come to Grove Park to be close to her sister. She lived in a suite on Maple, where she called the staff "earth angels."

GPH: 12/01/2007

LEA, Norman
20/09/1923–28/12/2004
GPH: 13/01/2003

LECAPPELAIN, Elizabeth ("Betty") *Paul* ARNOLD
01/09/1930–17/10/2007

B. in Mt. Ephrem, N.J. Her family included a number of siblings; at the time of her move to GPH she had a sister living in Arizona.

On June 14, 1953, in New York, she was ordained and commissioned as a Salvation Army pastor and assigned to work in San Diego. In 1958? she married; son Stephen was born there in 1960; a second son was named Thomas.

In 1968? she was divorced and became a single mother, working for the County of San Diego as a social worker in a facility for youth. Betty also worked for Children's Hospital, and volunteered at the Home of Guiding Hands. She resigned as an officer of the Salvation Army. Ten years later she was re-instated and appointed to a facility in Los Angeles, where she spent a few years.

From Los Angeles she moved to Boise, Idaho, for two years, to head the Army's shelter for teenage mothers. She then requested a transfer to be with her

son in Seattle and worked in a hospital. There she met her second husband, John Lecappelain; they were married on June 20, 1987 and came to North Bay, ON. About three years later they moved to Toronto, and about 1993 came to Barrie, where Betty was involved with the Salvation Army.

She loved music and sang in the choir at church; she also played a baritone horn in the band. Betty also played organ, piano, accordion and guitar. Music was an important part of her life. At Grove Park she would pick out tunes on the piano and liked to sing.

Friend Sheila Palmer recalled that, if asked to pick out favourite songs, Betty would select songs about the presence of God. She also related an occasion when Betty started singing a Christian hymn ("To Thine be the Glory") while in a dentist's chair, to relieve the anxiety: the dentist, a Christian, joined her in the song!

With her death, Betty, in Salvation Army terms, was "promoted to glory."

Her son Stephen (m. Maria) lives in Santa Maria, California, and has three children, Carlos, Carmen, and Alex. Thomas predeceased her, in Seattle.

—with thanks to Sheila Palmer; and Stephen Arnold.

GPH: 07/09/2004 A1139

•• LECLAIR, Rita

GPH: —W3029

•♦ LEDREW, Florence

20/12/1911–06/03/2003

GPH: 11/12/1997

•♦ LEDREW, Raymond F.

05/01/1908–28/01/2004

GPH: 11/12/1997

•• LEE, Aldythe "Ollie"

GPH: —W3038

• LEEMAN, Margaret

13/06/1913–25/03/2004

Interment: Mt. Pleasant Cemetery.

GPH: 21/08/2002

• LEISHMAN, Hazel *Drew*

01/08/1919–24/02/2009

B. in Neepawa, MB which, in her childhood, had a population of about 2,000. Her mother's name was Ruckosavich; she was Polish. Hazel's family included two older sisters, Gladys and Alma. Gladys, who lives in St. Thomas, survives her.

Hazel's father died when she was about one year old. On his deathbed her father told her mother to buy a house so that she would always have a place to

live. So it was that Hazel grew up in a house on Davidson St., where she did laundry for families in Neepawa.

Future novelist Margaret Lawrence also grew up in Neepawa and she and Hazel were friends. Margaret's father (grandfather?) owned a funeral home there and the two little girls used to play among the coffins, as Hazel recalled!

The Drews were very involved in the Salvation Army in Neepawa. Hazel wore a uniform and played a cornet. She recalls good times with the young people's group there. Her mom was a great cook and hosted Salvation officers for Sunday dinner after church.

As a young woman Hazel worked in a jewellry store owned by a Jewish family. She recalls spending time with that family on weekends when they would entertain other Jewish families in the town.

In her eulogy for her mom, Allana explains how her parents met.

> Mom moved to Ontario during World War 2 when she joined the Air Force. She was posted to Ottawa, but was sent on a course at the University of Guelph, where she took training in food management and cooking. It was during that course that she went on a blind date with my Dad—Allan.
>
> He was on leave from the Army "in Newfoundland," visiting his family who lived in Acton. That blind date was a very interesting match-up of two very different people: Mom, the religious girl from Manitoba, and my Dad, the pool playing, beer drinking, smoker from Acton. Over the years, we, as a family, laughed and joked about how Mom thought she could "change the bad boy in Al" and how he thought he would be saved by "the trombone playing Salvation Army girl from the west."

In 1942, the year after their marriage, Drew was born. When he was two, a doctor finally admitted that he suffered from cerebral palsy and predicted that he would not live to see his teen years. He lived to be 46 and he and his mother, Allana says, had a fascinating co-dependent relationship over those years. At age 36 he moved into an assisted living program in Barrie. Hazel missed him tremendously.

In 1951 the Leishmans moved to Huntsville, where Allan worked with the OPP. Hazel worked at the Eaton's store, as Administrative Assistant in a doctor's office. Following their eight years in Huntsville, the Leishmans moved to Barrie so Drew could receive more support. In Barrie, Hazel worked as the Accounting supervisor at Hill Refrigeration and at Plastomyr.

Hazel was much involved at Westminster Presbyterian Church. She started a group called the Merry Marthas, that continues of host dinners and socials; it still occupies an important place in the life of the congregation.

The family cottage at Whitney was an important focal point for the Leishmans' life together. Allan and Hazel cleared the land and built it together. She often spoke of their many good times there.

Mrs. Leishman is an articulate and insightful person, full of wisdom about life. This she was able to pass on to her children and grandchildren.

—With thanks to Allana for the articulate eulogy she wrote for her mom. Hazel's memorial service took place at Westminster Presbyterian Church, Sat. Mar. 7, 2009. See also Allan LEISHMAN, in *Connections 2*.

GPH: 28/09/1999

•♦ LEPSCHI, Rosa
24/01/1910–05/07/2003
GPH: 01/11/1983

• LEROUX (or LAROUE) Bernadette
09/08/1912–06/09/2007

"Bernadette was the middle daughter of three girls born to Harry Sopha and Maude Revoy, in Peterborough, Ontario.

Her parents moved the family to Cobalt while she was still a young girl, where they resided for a few years. Next they moved to Timmins, Ontario, where they remained. Bernadette attended elementary and secondary schools and graduated from Timmins High School.

She met her husband Leo Mathieu Leroux and they were married on October 15, 1930.

Bernadette next became a fulltime wife, homemaker, and mother to two daughters, Norma and Paula. She became an excellent baker and knitter. Her baking filled many tummies and her famous slippers kept hundreds of feet warm and cozy.

After her daughters married, Bernadette became nanny to a family in Timmins, with two girls in her care.

Her husband Leo died in 1976 and she decided to move to Barrie to be near her family.

At age 63 she started a new life in Barrie in an apartment. Two years later she became nanny to a family of three girls and stayed with them for ten years—until a hip fracture made her unable to be a caregiver.

Bernadatte enrolled in a cake decorating course at Georgian College and completed it. Her baking became very fancy in her 60's, 70's, and 80's.

She continued enjoying life in her own apartment: knitting, baking, shopping, and taking life easy, until January 2002 when, at 89 years of age, she fell and fractured her other hip and wrist, and then became dependent on others for her own care and day to day living.

She was admitted to Grove Park Home in May 2002, where she resided until her death on September 6, 2007.

She wanted to have her 95th birthday so badly and she reached that milestone on Aug. 9, 2007. She was mom to Norma and Paula, Nana to five grandchildren, great-Nana to thirteen."

—Thanks to Paula for this information about her mother.

GPH: 09/05/2002

•• LETTENEY, George
GPH: —P1047

LINDSEY, Katherine *Brereton*
28/05/1920–12/12/2012

B. in Toronto, one of the four children; one, a brother died while still young, leaving Kay the middle of three sisters. Her father was born in Bethany, ON, graduated from the University of Western Ontario as a doctor, and practiced in Toronto. Charles Brereton Park on Oakwood Ave. is named for him.

Kay went to school at Oakwood Park Collegiate; attended summer camp at Lake Bernard. She learned to play bridge because, as Joe commented, a young woman of her social class was expected to be socially equipped!

She married Wilf LINDSEY on Mar. 7, 1942, when she was just short of twenty-two. Together they raised three children, Kay Anne, Charles, and Joe: see the entry on Mr. Lindsey.

They were living in Weston a the time of Hurrican Hazel, when the Humber R. flooded their basement.

Joe recalls that Kay enjoyed good health all her life and was a good mom. She took cooking classes and was a good cook and an accomplished entertainer; she enjoyed making ceramics, curling, and tennis. Kay also liked old movies and British comedies.

Kay had a kind disposition and Joe recalls her being angry only once, when she was talking with someone at Sears mailorder department!

She lived for some eight years at GPH. A lasting memory is of Kay and Joe playing cards in the activity room on Maple, regularly, maybe weekly or more.

GPH: 21/06/2004 1192

LINDSEY, Wilfred "Doc"
24/07/1914–17/10/2008

B. in Stratford, ON, the eldest of eight children. His father was a Lutheran minister in Elmira; his mother died when he was eighteen.

Mr. Lindsey received his elementary school education in Clifford and Sebringville, highschool in Stratford and Elmira, then took five semesters at Waterloo College (now the U. of Waterloo).

He served in the Canadian army 1942-45 as a training and administrative officer, at Newmarket. It was also in 1942, on Mar. 7, that he married Katherine Rose Brereton, in Toronto. They honeymooned at Kirkland Lake.

The Lindseys have three children: Kay Anne (m. Bell); Charles, of Toronto; and Joseph "Joe," of Barrie.

Work in radio

From the early 1930s to the late 1940s, Mr. Lindsey worked as an announcer, and sometimes writer, at radio stations: CKCR (Kitchener), CJCS (Stratford), CHML (Hamilton), CKCL (Toronto), CFRB (Toronto), CJKL

(Kirkland Lake), and CKGB (Timmins). For example, he acted as the quiz-master on Alka Seltzer's "Did I Say That?" on CFRB. He also worked as an announcer-writer and program director for the legendary Jack Kent Cooke's station, CKEY, Toronto.

In the 1950s and 1960s he continued to work in radio, but moved from there into advertising agencies: e.g., when he worked for Cockfield, Brown Advertising Agency, Toronto, he was the account executive for Canada Packers and later for Lever Brothers, Alberto-Culver, Montreal Trust and Sara Lea.

In 1966-67 he became the general manager of CHIN, Toronto; a year later the Lindseys moved to Saint John, N.B., where Mr. L. worked as executive assistant to the managing director. That was followed by a year or two revitalizing CJLS, Yarmouth. Next, he became president and general manager of CHOO, Ajax, ON.

Speech writer for the Honorable John Munro

Mr. L. capped off his career by going to work for Health and Welfare Canada in 1972. He was a speech writer for the Honourable John Munro.

In 1980 the Lindseys semi-retired and moved to Newmarket; five years later he did retire and they moved to Dunchurch; from there to GPH.

Mr. L. was exceptionally well and widely read. As Joe told me, he read anything and everything.

GPH: 21/06/2004 1193

LIVERSAGE, Margaret Eliza *Whiting*

06/04/1921–07/03/2010

B. near London, ON, daughter of Ross and Eliza Whiting. She was born on the family farm, which is still in the Whiting family and operated by Michael and Krista Whiting. Margaret had two sisters, Marion (m. Hodgins), Eileen (m. Lorne Watson), and a brother, Ellison (m. Ruth). Eileen predeceased her.

Margaret attended the Brick School and Parkhill High School.

Her son Mel continues the story of his mother's life in the following words:

> In 1943 Margaret graduated from Nursing School at the St. Thomas Memorial Hospital, St. Thomas, Ontario. After getting her Registered Nurse's Degree she started working on March 1, 1944 at the Westminister Hospital, London, Ontario. It was, and still is a Veterans' Hospital.
>
> In April, 1944, the Hospital staff held a dance at the Highland Golf Club in London. The hospital Matron went to the London Y.M.C.A. and invited all interested Servicemen to the dance. When the servicemen arrived at the dance the Matron introduced them to the nurses. Margaret was introduced to Royal Air Force Sergeant Eric Liversage. They dated for 5 ½ months until he had to return to England. Followings Eric's return to England they corresponded for over two years. In February 1947 Margaret went to

England. Margaret and Eric were married in the Twickenham Congregational Church on March 29, 1947. Their son Mel was born in England.

In May 1949 Eric accepted a job transfer to Toronto, which brought them back to Canada. Margaret and Eric moved to London a few years later and that is where she lived the majority of her life.

In 1951 Margaret contracted Polio. It greatly changed her ongoing health and abilities. Despite being left with many physical limitations she was able to recover to a considerable extent.

During the following years in London, she became very involved with their local Boy Scouts of Canada organization and their local church, Byron United Church.

Eric died suddenly in December 1994. Requiring the support of family, Margaret moved several times during the last years so as to be near her son and family—to North Bay in 1995 and then to Barrie in 2002.

Margaret had a very fulfilled life. Despite her health limitations from having had polio, she also had abundant good times with all her family and friends

Interment: Parkhill Cemetery, Parkhill, ON.

Margaret's son Mel and daughter-in-law Lynda live in Midhurst.

GPH: 04/12/2009 S2017

LOCHHEAD, Mary Elizabeth "Betty" *Hunter*
09/11/1919–19/05/2007

"Betty was born Mary Elizabeth Hunter in St. Joseph's Hospital in Hamilton, Ontario on November 9th, 1919. She was the first of five daughters to Daniel and Irene Hunter and lived her earlier years on Carrick Street in Hamilton, just a couple of blocks West of "the Delta." (For those who don't know Hamilton it's in the Central East section, down by the Tigercats Stadium).

She went to Cathedral Girls High School where she met and made friends with many girls that she never lost contact with.

She met William Caskie Lochhead, a senior draftsman at Otis Elevator where she worked as a file clerk. They were married in 1946 at St. Patricks church. They lived in a small 3rd floor flat with beautiful views over the rooftops and tall trees of Hamilton for several years before moving into a new house on Second Street in Stoney Creek.

Bill and Betty had two children; David William was born in 1951 and Mary Elizabeth was born in 1953.

She was an active outdoor girl at heart, into biking, hiking and skiing in the winter. She loved to go to Paudash Lake (near Bancroft) in the summers, taking walks in the woods and fishing for Bass and Pickerel.

David has a snapshot of how her remembers her best, the day at Paudash Lake when he was about twelve and she reeled in this amazing six pound largemouth bass. She's holding it up for the camera, her hands were wide like this, and the smile on her face could only be described as dazzling.

He remembers her as a protective, firm, loving and tender mother. She did not hesitate to lay out the boundaries of what she expected of her children and she always was looking out for them. They knew they were always safe with her, that they could always go home whenever, if ever they needed to for more then just a visit.

She was known for her quick wit by all that knew her. She had a wonderful sense of humour and we knew there would always be some hearty laughter when we were with her. She loved to live life and to be with her friends and family.

She had that radiant dazzling smile for everyone. I know that she is smiling now because she's with her husband Bill, her daughter Mary, her sisters Virginia and Cecile, her family and all of her friends that have gone before her."

—With thanks to son David, who wrote this eulogy.

GPH: 21/04/2006

LOGAN, Mary *Reid*

29/11/1929–27/11/2007

B. in Collingwood, the daughter of Alice and George Reid; her paternal grandparents were Ralph and Annie Logan of Meaford. Her dad died when Mary was eighteen.

Mary went to elementary school in Craigleith and to high school in Collingwood. After high school she worked as a secretary; that included two years with the local M.P. and a period in Ottawa.

In 1952 she married Vern Logan; in 1954 daughter Wendy was born, in Collingwood. In the late 1950s they moved to Owen Sound and, in about 1961, to Barrie. Mr. Logan worked in sales for a variety of firms: for the *Toronto Telegram, Toronto Star,* and for Kitchener-Waterloo Frozen Foods.

Following George Reid's death, Alice lived with Mary and Vern, so Wendy got to know her grandmother well. Alice's was a November passing and Vern also died in Nov., on the 20th, in 1984.

In Barrie, Mary was a homemaker but did a lot of volunteer work for Westminster Presbyterian Church, where a baptismal font and cross were dedicated in memory of the Reid family.

Mary later sold Jafra cosmetics and rose to be a district manager. Then she worked in retail sales at Simmons' dress shop in downtown Barrie, and was active as a volunteer at the Parkview Seniors Centre. Mary retired in 2000.

She was a very active person: living in the Blake / Johnson area, she would walk around the Lake to a Tim Hortons in Allandale and back. Before Vern's death they spent some winters in Florida.

Wendy (m. Mortell) has three sons, for whom Mary was a "great" grandmother.

GPH: 27/11/2006

LONEY, Richard

24/11/1919–24/05/2009

B. on the family farm in Joly Twp.—east of South River—and was schooled at the nearby Brennan School.

On Apr. 5, 1943 he married Ruby, who lived not far away and also went to the Brennan School. They had two girls, Sharon (m. John Harrison) and Cindy (m. Frank Thoma). Eventually there were two grand-daughters, Jessica and Holly, Cindy's daughters.

Richard served in the armed forces in WWII and went overseas toward the end of the war. He was wounded at Caen, in France, and sent back to England to recouperate. From there he was sent home, a few months after the War was over. He joined the South River Legion, Branch 360 in 1959.

As a young man Richard had worked in the bush for Edgar White. He worked for CIL in Nobel; at the chemical plant. In Algonguin Park. He ended up working at DuPont, whose plant at North Bay made explosives. He was able to retire early, which enabled him to pursue his love of gardening. He had a great L-shaped garden along the side and behind their house. He grew enough potatoes for the whole family and anyone else who needed them. Had a great rhubarb patch.

The story goes that friend Jean McDermott often "raided" his rhubarb patch, but Jean said that she would only take rhubarb after Richard said, "You haven't been down for your rhubarb yet."

Richard was a big, strong man and liked to help out others. Every year he'd say to friend John McDermott, "You haven't asked me to cut any brush this year." That was his way of volunteering. Once he volunteered to take John's BBQ from his house to his cottage. It fell out of the back of the truck when Richard turned onto Riding Ranch Road—he didn't tell John until he'd fixed it better than new.

When Cindy was a little girl he'd often take her trout fishing. He'd get on his waders and carry her on his back to their fishing location. Set her down at a shallow spot and catch his limit of brook trout. He taught Sharon how to drive—in a standard shift Volkswagen. How the lesson had gone could be determined by the slam of the car door when they returned!

Richard loved the outdoors; fishing and hunting were near and dear to him. He used to rent a cottage on Round Lake when Sharon was young. At their cottage at Eagle Lake, he would sneak out at dawn to go fishing. Daughter Cindy would hear him and head out with him. They'd paddle out into the reeds and Richard would recite a poem, "Forty Swedes came through the reeds." Did he make up this poem? Is it an old military poem or saying?

When Ruby was away visiting Sharon, Richard and Cindy would enjoy a meal of smoked cod and green and yellow beans.

His philosophy of life is recalled by grand-daughter Jessica this way: "Clean the trail for the next person."

Richard was involved in the United Church in South River—he helped to build it, supported it financially, and donated some of the furnishings. Was a member of the Church Board and the worship committee; was active in the men's club. At church breakfasts he was in charge of the toast and when they were over he was the first one up to do the dishes. He'd be there first on a stormy day to shovel the snow. Served as chief usher: a little crabby at times, the women would put him in his place by saying, "Your underwear's a little tight today, Richard."

He was an excellent horseshoe pitcher and shared his homemade rhubarb wine with friends on occasion.

In April 2005 Richard and Ruby moved into GPH. They both lived on Pine, and Ruby continues to live there.

At his funeral, the minister, Dennis Landry—who had been their minister at South River in the late 1980s, early 90s—made mention of a song by the Rankin Family, "We Rise Again." The chorus begins with the words, "We rise again in the faces of our children." Richard left a solid legacy for his children and grand-children.

—Thanks to Cindy for providing a copy of Rev. Landry's remarks at Richard's funeral. They included his own recollections and those of Richard's family.

After the memorial service at GPHome, Barb Caico recalled that, at Candice Godin's wedding in the United Church at South River, she found herself sitting in a pew bearing the names of Richard and Ruby Loney. Candice works in Restorative Care at GPH.

GPH: 25/04/2005

LONEY, Ruby *Eggert*

07/08/1921–12/10/2011

Both Ruby and Richard (see above) lived at GPH. Naturally their stories are intertwined. Cindy wrote me about her mom's life in the following words:

> My Mom was born east of South River, Ontario on a farm, in 1921. She attended a local school up to grade 8 and then stayed home to help her Mother with her younger siblings.
>
> Her best friend and neighbour from a young age was Doris Loney who had a brother Richard, who Mom married in 1943. While Dad was overseas Mom looked after the children of the owners of a general store in South River.
>
> When Dad returned from overseas after the War my parents bought a house in town (South River) and lived there until 2004. Mom's youngest

sister Audrey came to live with them in 1949 so that she could attend high school. My sister Sharon (born in 1948) would have been 1 yr. old at that time. Audrey lived with them until she finished high school and went off to nursing school.

I came along in 1959.

My mother stayed home once she had her own family and was a home maker all her life. She was an excellent Mother, having learned at a very early age how to care for a family. She was a quiet woman but always got her point across and stood up for her children in her own subtle way. She loved to knit and sew and provided clothes for us as a hobby. She wasn't an adventurous cook but I think that had something to do with Dad's love of the basic meat and potatoes. She did love to bake—pies, cakes and an abundance of cookies at Christmas.

She was very active in the UCW (United Church Women) group helping out with luncheons, church bazaars and other fund raisers.

My 2 daughters, Jessica 24 & Holly 21 are her only grandchildren. She was always so happy to spend time with them and was thrilled to be a Grandma.

I guess you could say I followed in my Mother's footsteps. I've been a homemaker since my girls were born and have had (and still have) a daycare business in my home since Jessica was 1 ½—over 22 years.

Ruby died on the same day that grand-daughter Holly graduated in Toronto.

GPH: 25/04/2005 W3012 / P1041

• LONG, Margaret
19/05/1924–08/10/2004
GPH: 31/10/1994

LONG, Twylla *Poole*
18/06/1917–19/03/2012
See the entry on her sister, Marjorie *Poole* BELL MORGASON.

Mrs. Long's brothers had Poole Bros. Hardware on Bayfield St., near the Simcoe Hotel. She did the bookkeeping for them.

During WWII she lived with her two children in a small place at 19 Grove St. Her husband Harry was in the services, at Trenton, but she did not want to go there. He was a POW.

Twylla and Harry had three children: Harry Jr., who died; Michael, Londie (m. Purvis); and they adopted Bonnie, who lives in Atlanta.

For some 29 winters, the extended Long family wintered at Saddlebag, near Orlando, FL. They returned to spend the summers at cottages at Plevna, south of Ottawa. Son Michael lives at Plevna in the summers, and is in the Bahamas in the winter; daughter Londie lives in Nova Scotia, so Twylla's immediate family are some distance away from Barrie.

Twylla enjoyed a special relationship with grand-daughter Christie, who flew up from the Bahamas to spend time with her before she died.

Twylla lived at Leisureworld before coming to GPH. She had lived in some other places as well, Orillia, Toronto ...

Twylla always liked to have fruit and vegetables at GPH and, if possible, she liked to spend her days outside in the fresh air. She loved to read. During her time at GPH Catherine Graham was a frequent visitor and a great friend. Catherine's daughter was married to Twylla's grandson Scott, so they were "almost" family!

GPH: 04/05/2006

LONGMIRE, Castor

08/03/1915–21/12/2010

B. one of nine children of Noah and Esther (?) in Oxford, North Carolina. He was so small at birth that his parents didn't think he'd survive. They used the oven of the stove as an incubator. His daughter Brenda says that he got the unusual name "Castor" because he was fed a mixture of Graham wafers and *castor* oil. Of course, he did survive, grew tall and outlived his siblings. Oxford is near Raleigh, so near Duke and several other universities and he grew up with a love of football and basketball.

Castor worked in the tobacco fields as a child. It was hot, and they'd put a little oatmeal in the drinking water—a small handful to a quart—and this made it both refreshing and energizing. He also used to eat oatmeal out of the hand, as a sort of snack.

To Canada the first time

He first came to Canada in 1935. His brother Forest was already here, at Delhi, working in tobacco. Castor worked in a truckstop where he befriended a couple of truckers. He travelled with them to Hershey, PA, and then got a bus to Buffalo; then a bus to Detroit. The bus travelled through southern Ontario, and through Delhi. Castor went to a barbershop, where he met a man who, like himself, was from Oxford, NC. That man took him home for a meal and then to his brother's. Castor worked for nine (?) months on his tobacco farm and then he went home for Christmas: by electric train from St. Thomas to Buffalo, then by fast train to Raleigh. He decided to come back to Canada.

Canada the second time, marriage

Castor met his wife Mary when he was working for Imperial Tobacco and with with his brother, a grower. Friends (Twylla) told him they had someone they

wanted him to meet, so he went by after supper and Mary was there. He later told them he'd like a date. Mary had worked in a law office in Toronto. Castor went for supper to her mom's house, with these mutual friends. Her mother needed someone as a grower, so Castor did that for two years and lived with Mary's folks. They got married. At some point Mary worked in an insurance office in Delhi.

New Lowell, tobacco farming, kids

The Longmires bought a tobacco farm at New Lowell. Castor was a good farmer and the business was very successful. Castor often spoke about his progressive methods, irrigation and so on. Castor and Mary raised two children, Graham, who now lives in Collingwood; and Brenda (m. Lowe) who lives in Sutton. There was time for fun too: he liked to tell the story of their pet pigeon that Graham brought home one time; also cats and ducks.

Castor would tell you that he made a lot of money and spent a lot: they enjoyed life. Mary did not fly, but they travelled all over North America. He had all the toys, he would say. They wintered in Florida fourteen (?) winters and two in Arizona. He liked Cadillacs and Buick Park Avenues. And, one time, he had a Ford Mustang. He told me about one time outracing an Olds '98 on the 401, exceeding 110 mph!

Retirement meant a move to Wasaga Beach, where Castor and Mary lived for twelve years. She died suddenly one Dec. 27th.

Castor was involved in the Presbyterian Church in Wasaga Beach and he was also involved politically: at one time he was the Deputy-Reeve for Simcoe Co. Another, long-term involvement was with the Masons, some 61 years; another was with the Shriners, where he was a member of the "Jesters."

Some people and places; GPH

Castor met "Mrs. Cannon" of the Cannon cotton mills—think Cannon towels—before he left NC; he was working in a restaurant. Much later he met "Colonel Sanders" in North Bay at a Shriners' gathering. The "Colonel" sat down beside him and they talked for an hour and a half. And "the Colonel" supplied the chicken!

Eventually Castor came to live at GPH. A person who "had it all," as he would say, was content in his one room. He made many friends, worked in the café for some time. In his early 90s, he looked and had the health of someone twenty years younger. He loved to talk. It was a very big deal for him to reach the age of 95, in 2010.

I copied down this saying that he brought from NC long ago: “The sawingest saw I ever saw was the saw I saw at Arkansas.” Again, these little nonsense poems:

1, 2, 3
Mama caught a flea;
flea died,
Mama cried,
1, 2, 3.

Oh well,
pussy’s in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled her out”
Little Tommy Trout.

GPH: 24/06/2004 1190

•• LOZA, Pauline
GPH: —S2030

• LUCK, Harry
30/07/1913–
The Lucks and the Partridges were the two first pioneer families to settle on the Penetanguishene Road. They were United Empire Loyalists. The military had surveyed the area. The shape of the lots along the Road was determined by the strategic value of the Road: the 200 acre lots were deep and narrow so that more settlers could be placed along the Road, enabling a larger militia to be raised more easily, in the expectation that the Americans would attack again.
GPH: 1/02/1998

M

Edythe MacDonald

MACDONALD, Edythe Alice *Gilmore*
27/04/1927–24/06/2012*
B. in the East end of Toronto, the fourth child of Robert and Jean Gilmore. Edythe had four siblings: Birtha (died at 3 mos.); Jean, Billy, Graham, and Earl.
She grew up with her family in Monarch Park, off the Danforth.

Childhood and young adulthood

At twelve she watched her father leave for War, in 1939.
She grew up loving Country and Western music, and Cowboy heroes—which probably led to her hobby of horseback riding. She once told her family that her grandfather had told her that back in the day, he was approached by Frank and Jesse James to ride with their gang. Thankfully, he passed on the offer.
As she grew older, the family got word of her father being severely wounded. Hoping for his return home, Edythe went to the train station to greet her father, now as a grown-up young woman. The police had interlocked arms, barricading people back from the train. She was able to break through with all of her strength and might, only to discover that word had not gotten to her family that her father was not yet ready to come home.
As a young woman, Edythe loved to travel with her girlfriends in different areas of the United States and in Canada. She loved to go see live shows put on by Gene Autrey and Hopalong Cassidy. Even though she could not sing a note to save her soul, she had the ability to remember all of the words to every Western song. She even incorporated music into memorizing theories or terms. This came in handy when she met Red, as he played guitar.

Marriage

As a young woman, Eydthe started working at Lever Brothers Canada. That is where she met her future husband, Ronald ("Red") John MacDonald. They were married February 5, 1953, when she was twenty-five, at Davenport United Church, and remained happily married until his sudden death in 1993. (In those days a woman was expected to quit work upon her marriage! This did not suit Edythe's independent disposition, but "that's the way it was.")

Robin and stories about Edythe and Robin

Edythe and Red had Robin on April 26, 1960 and loved every moment they had with her. Edythe would take Robin everywhere, especially to reach safety. In fact, when Robin was a little girl, Edythe fled out of the house on Cordella Ave. (in Toronto) with Robin because a bird had flown into the house! Despite Edythe's love for horses, she was bound and determined to keep them safe from a harmless bird.

One time Edythe took Robin with her on the subway to go to her mother's house in the East end of Toronto. However, Edythe, with no sense of direction, and excitedly got on a west-bound train, heading in the completely opposite direction, despite living in the East end her entire life. When Edythe realized they were going the wrong way, she exited the subway only to bump into one of Red's good friends who worked at the TTC. Confused and puzzled, he asked where Edythe and Robin were going at that time of day, *in the West End*. Reluctantly, Edythe told him that she had a dentist appointment. She was too humiliated to tell him she was going the wrong way, because he knew well and good where her mother lived.

Circles of friends: Paradise Point, the Signal Band

Edythe lived with Red on Cordella Avenue for over thirty years. There they made many good friends and neighbours. Edythe and Red also owned a cottage on Paradise Point on Georgian Bay, near Port McNicol. This is where the guitar comes in, as the weekends at the cottage were a singalong with Red, with help for the lyrics from Edythe singing all of her favourite cowboy songs. Card games, board games and bingo were Edythe's favourite hobbies and were played there often.

Through the course of their marriage, Red belonged to the Toronto Signal's Trumpet Band of which Edythe was a huge part, in terms of trips with the band, the parades with Red—she was his biggest cheer leader, and the parties and celebrations with the friends from the band for their entire married life.

Grandchildren Craig and Melanie

Edythe's only daughter Robin married Steve Morrison in August of 1981. Together they had Edythe's grandson ("Prince") Craig and granddaughter ("Little Angel") Melanie. Edythe and Red "spoiled them rotten" and, after his passing, Edythe continued to spoil them silly. Seeing that Craig and Melanie were

Edythe's only grandchildren, Robin her only child, and Steve her only son-in-law, the sun rose and set on the four of them. Edythe thought Steve was simply the best son-in-law and claimed him as her own son.

Edythe taught her family many life lessons. For example, some of her favourite sayings offered to Robin and Melanie were, "Find some new friends, but keep the old: the one is silver, the other is gold," "A still tongue keeps a wise head," "If you don't have anything nice to say about somebody, don't say anything at all," "People who live in glass houses should never throw stones," and, "You should never have to apologize to a true friend."

A new circle of friends in Barrie

When Edythe moved to Barrie after Red's death, she was fortunate enough to meet other new friends. In particular, Henry and Jackie Jones. Edythe considered them as her adopted daughter and son and was very involved with the Jones' family as well as her own. Edythe valued Jackie's friendship as much as Jackie valued hers. Jackie was always there for Edythe when she needed her, and helped Robin beyond the call of duty when Edythe became ill with Rheumatoid Arthritis. It was arthritis that eventually brought Edythe to her final destination, Grove Park Home.

A feisty and caring disposition

Though Edythe was an extremely stubborn and feisty woman, she had nothing but love, laughs and advice for her family and friends. She said that she always felt blessed to have such amazing people in her life. Her intuition and instinct toward life and people blew everyone away. Her knack for just "knowing" and being able to comfort someone was truly outstanding.

When Edythe would fall ill and quickly recover, she would say, "The Good Lord decided not to take me yet" and be excited to spend more time with her family. Robin would jokingly say, "Ma, he would bring you right back here anyway."

Edythe's family and friends enjoyed her company and wisdom greatly, and recognize just how much she accomplished in her eighty-five years of fruitful life. God bless Edythe. We love her with all of our hearts and she will be greatly missed by her dear family and friends. Much to Robin's jesting, the Good Lord finally decided to keep her.

— Thanks to Robin and Melanie for this fine account of Edythe's life and times. Interment is at Barrie Union Cemetery.

GPH: 16/07/2010—A1187

MACDONALD, Harold

03/12/1919–12/07/2012

B. in Gananoque and was the oldest of four children; he had a brother and twin sisters.

As a child, his younger brother always called him Bobba ... apparently

"Harold" was too difficult to say and Bobba was as close to "brother" as he could come at the time. He continued to refer to him as Bobba even in their adult years.

The War and after the War

Harold joined the Air Force as a young man but contracted Tuberculosis while training for overseas deployment. He spent seven years in hospitals recovering from TB. When he recovered, he pursued a career in Geology, primarily because he had friends working in the mining industry. He said he had no apptitude for Geology so he attended Queens University as a mature student where he obtained his BA.

After graduation he embarked on a teaching career that took him to Dryden for a few years before settling in Barrie, where he taught at a number of high schools, primarily commercial subjects.

Rita

Harold and his wife Rita made Barrie their home for over 45 years. Here they pursued their love of travel, nature conservation and, most particularly, bird watching. Together they traveled to many places, including Costa Rica annually for over 30 years where their passion for birding was indulged.

For many years there were dogs in the MacDonald household and one of the highlights of Harold's last six months at Grove Park was having visits from the various service dogs that came to see the residents.

The way he was

He was a very private man but was well read and conversant on many topics. He followed current events and most recently offered opinions on a variety of subjects, including politics, problems facing the youth, and the use of marijuana for pain relief—which he was all for! Quite something for a man nearly 93.

GPH

Although he was only at Grove Park Home for a little over six months, he developed a great rapport with his caregivers. He spoke with them about their families and was interested in their lives. The staff were truly saddened at his passing and universally referred to him as a great person and a gentleman. He always made sure he had candy to give to the young folks who delivered his mail and his paper as well as to distribute to the staff to take home to their kids.

Nancy's reminiscences

"When I was a kid, it was always exciting news to hear that uncle Harold was coming home for a visit. On those summer mornings, after breakfast I would walk across our backyard to my grandparents' house to see him, inevitably to hear my

grandmother say he wasn't up yet. He wasn't an early riser back then, a trait I guess I inherited from him. After some not-so-patient waiting, Nanny would eventually say to me, "I think he is awake now, so go on up." I would make my way upstairs and sit on the edge of his bed while he asked me about school and how many A's I had on my report card and what was my favourite subject.

Sometimes i would take up one of his geology books and open the pages to the colour pictures of various minerals, ores and rocks. He would cover the names and quiz me to see if I knew which one was mica, which one was feldspar and which one was pitchblend. I usually could get them all.

Often he would send me downstairs to get my grandfather's deck of Bicycle playing cards. Those cards were so well worn that each of them was uniquely creased of fingerprinted or torn or bent. Uncle Harold would hold them up one by one while I identified for him every single card, ... all 52 of them by suit and number ... simply by recognizing those distinguishing marks on their backs!

When, after many years, I saw uncle Harold last summer, one of the first things he said to me was, "Those cards ... you knew every one of them ... how did you do that!?"

My mother now lives in the little house where uncle Harold and my dad grew up. When Al and I visit here there we sleep in the same bedroom as he did and I always fondly recall the visits we had there all those years ago."

More GPH

When I met Harold, he explained to me that his wife had died two years ago "and it has been downhill ever since." They had a close relationship and he was lost without her. We talked about the birds in my backyard and about their many trips to Costa Rica, where Rita had catalogued more than 500 different types of birds. He also liked to talk about cars—in particular a second-hand Audi A8. There were only four like it in Ontario and it had been owned by a doctor in Orillia. He had lots of problems with that car, but obviously he liked it for its rarity. And there was a Buick Electra as well.

A few additional notes from Nancy

"Harold was in Ongwanada San in Kingston. I know he taught at Barrie North Collegiate ... The family house is at 176 Charles St. North Alley in Gananoque and, apart from a few changes and updates, it is still very much as it was in the 50's when I was a kid. ... One things about cars, my dad, Garfield, was Harold's younger brother by ten years. He taught Harold how to drive. My dad learned in the Air Force and gave the 'driver's ed' to Harold once he was released from hospital. I recall the first car Harold bought: it was a two-tone beige and green Hudson. It sat at my Grandparents' house for many months while Harold worked in the mines in Quebec."

—Thanks to niece Nancy Cafik for most of this information about her uncle. She is married to Al and they live in Peterborough. He is also survived by nephew David MacDonald and his wife Heidi, of Lansdowne, ON, and by his sister-in-law Beverlie MacDonald.

GPH: 27/12/2011—M1216

•• MACDONALD, Margaret

GPH: —W3045

•• MACDONALD, Maureen "Pat"

GPH: —P1014

MACDONALD, Olive Louvain *Redman* WHITE TOMLINSON

30/04/1915–28/08/2011

B. in Glastonbury, Somerset, England, daughter of Albert R. and his wife. He was a blacksmith. Olive had one brother, Joseph.

Her unusual middle name, Louvain, came about in this way. It was some months into WWI and her father called home from France, from a place called Louvain. Her mother thought he wanted her to call their child by that name, so she was named Olive Louvain!

Olive's family emigrated to Canada in 1923 and settled in Toronto. Her father's trade got him a job with the TTC, putting down and maintaining streetcar rails. Olive grew up in Toronto.

She married Alfred White (d. 1969) and they had four children: Gary, Sandra (m. Waythomas), Elaine, and, eleven years later, James ("Jim"). The three older children have lived in Los Angeles for many years.

They moved to Keswick and that's where the children grew up. Alfred had a nursery business, called Louvain Nursery. Olive was a stay-at-home mom.

After Alfred died, she married Herb Tomlinson, a taxi driver in Keswick. They were married for eight years. Her third marriage was to Wally MacDonald, and lasted three years. Following his death, she lived in a seniors' apartment building in Keswick. She became the volunteer driver for other residents of the building and joked, in her eighties, that she couldn't give up her driver's license because other people depended on her!

Jim (m. Shelly) lives at Elmvale. Thanks to Jim for these details about his mother.

GPH: 28/02/2008

MACDONALD, Roberta *MacIntyre*

06/03/1934–01/05/2010

B. at St. Peters, PEI, the third of the six children of Neil and Mary MacIntyre: Matilda, Paula, Roberta, Joseph, Phyliss and George. She married Orville MacDonald on Aug. 3, 1953 and they had six children: Vivian, Virginia, Cathy, Glen, Beverly and Debbie. Mr. MacDonald was in the air force, so they moved a lot—Saskatchewan, Nova Scotia, and Ontario. They retired in Barrie; Mr. MacDonald died in Sept., 1995.

Vivian wrote a remarkable eulogy for her mom, some of which appears below. Mrs. MacDonald lived at GPH almost four years; we remember her well.

Mom

"Mom had simple needs with simple tastes. She was never a "girlie girl." First of all, who names their daughter after her two grandfathers, Robert and George? With a name like Roberta Georgina, she never had a chance. It was a rare occasion that one would see Mom in a dress. She was more comfortable in pants (with an elastic waist) and a blouse. Attempts were made over the years, starting with her fashionable sister, Phyliss, who was always trying to improve everyone's hair. Mom used to get really annoyed at us when she would brush her hair, because we would always ask her where she was going!

Although Mom didn't care for fashion, she liked accessories, especially her purse. Mom loved this little brown purse with two little handles. She carried it everywhere and never closed it. I can still visualize her at Grove Park Home, sitting in *her* chair, with her purse on her arm, demanding of anyone who went by, "Excuse me, ma'm, where is my car?" She was always looking for her car.

Mom's favourite pastime was sitting around with friends and family and having fun. She loved to laugh and sing. She didn't sing well and as soon as Mom started to sing, the hounds would howl. There are so many stories about Mom at the trailer and with Phyliss and her husband in Moncton, N.B.

She loved laughing, but she wasn't able to do enough of it. Unfortunately, she had far too many tears. She did not have an easy life. She was born in St. Peters, PEI, during the Depression and was the third of six children. They lived in tough economic times. Mom had a hard life, as there was not a lot of money or love to go around. Her parents didn't show affection to their children. Mom was told she was ugly and stupid by her elder sisters. She always had poor self-esteem. There was a lot of alcoholism and physical and emotional abuse. Mom and Dad married out of necessity and not out of love, so her life continued to be difficult. Six children in nine years, not conceived in love.

My mother didn't achieve any peace until the last few years of her life, when dementia allowed her to forget her misery and she could start to laugh and giggle again. It allowed her to show her true personality and to be the feisty, funny resident that Grove Park staff enjoyed immensely. They got to see a side of our mother that we didn't see often. How ironic that dementia would be so freeing."

GPH: 06/06/2006

•• MACGILLIVRAY, Jean
GPH: —A1129

MACINNES, G. Belle *Sheppard*
18/05/1916–31/12/2007

B. in Toronto, daughter of Edgar Hebert Sheppard and Agrnes Marsh Towers; she had two sisters, Franklin ("Frances") (m. Semerjian; m. Turner), her twin, and Bernice (m. Baker).

Belle attended Shaw Business School in Toronto and moved to Gravenhurst in the 1940s. She married Keith MacInnes in 1947; son Donald was born there on May 10, 1951.

She worked for Rubberset in Gravenhurst and, later, for many years, as secretary for the Principal at Gravenhurst Public School.

Belle was part of the United Church choir and sang at many weddings; was part of the Gravenhurst Opera Centre. She had a great love for classical music and opera. In the mid-1980s she and Keith moved to Sandy Cove Acres in Stroud. Mr. MacInnes died in Oct. 1992.

She moved to Barrie to live at 12 Kozlov St., then to 6 Lay St. to live with Don and his wife Dale. After illness Belle moved to Simcoe Terrace; illness also saw her move to the I.O.O.F. home and, finally, to GP Home, a short distance from Don's home.

—Thanks to Don for these details about his mother's life.

Don works for the Post Office in Barrie, for years at the main post office, downtown; I knew him there—and liked him—years before his mother came to live at GPH.

GPH: 31/03/2006

•• MACKENZIE, Marion
GPH: —P1018

MACKIE, Hugh
30/09/1927–
Moved to IOOF on 21/09/2012.
GPH: 18/07/2012—M1216

•• MACLELLAN, Lima
GPH: —W3012

MACNEIL, Pearl Elizabeth *Beeho*
04/07/1913–15/05/2005*

I used the following meditation at Pearl's funeral service, May 18, 2005, at Steckley-Gooderham's, Wolsely St., in Barrie.

"She ran well and finished her race."

Pearl's life was typified by a remarkable faith that provided her with a safe haven in some very difficult times. This faith enabled her to carry on when her husband left her to raise four children by herself, and to reach out and look after all the others around her in their close-knit community in Montreal.

Towards the end of his life, Paul likened his life experience to that of running a race, pressing on to gain the prize. In this case everyone who runs and finishes wins the prize, which is eternal life with God. It is an apt image because running requires discipline, overcoming adversity—for example, some runners cheat, practice, and keeping in mind the larger picture. Humour does not hurt either.

All of Pearl's life was informed by her love of God. She loved the Bible, Christian songs, and prayer. She modelled in her own life what we find as an ideal in the Scriptures. Further, she was able to pass this on to her children, whose lives are marked by a similar optimism and a caring for others that were so central to her life.

Pearl was blessed with a very long life. For a long time she has wanted to go and "be with the Lord." The Lord kept her here long after she was willing and eager to go. So it was that she came to live at GP Home and to meet John, with whom she formed a loving relationship. This relationship was sort of the icing on the cake at the end of a long life. A gift of God.

I don't think it's too much to say that Pearl was a saintly person. There is talk of Pope John Paul II being recognized as "a saint" in the Roman Catholic tradition. But there are many other saints, for the word simply means "holy one," or Christian. Pearl was certainly that and leaves to her children and grandchildren a family heirloom of faith, loving, caring, optimism and humour.

GPH: 23/01/2004

MAKI, Fanny
12/07/1935–
Moved to Simcoe Terrace 07/04/2008.
GPH: 12/04/2007

•• MANDAR, Donna
GPH: —W3011

MANSER, Evelyn *Podawsky*
30/08/1922–23/02/2010
B. in Sundown, MB, near Winnipeg, one of twelve children. Her father William owned the General Store in the village.

Evelyn was educated at Wayne State U., in MI, and completed her undergraduate studies at Western, in London, ON. Later, when her children were still young she completed an M.A. in education at the U of T.

She married Robert Manser in ca. 1954. They had met through mutual friends. He was a pharmacist and owned several pharmacies in Toronto. Though they had been told they would not have children, they had two boys, Mark and Robert, who were born in Bayview Village and were raised in Thornhill. Evelyn taught special needs children at a number of schools for the North York Board of

Education. She loved the hands-on experience of teaching and declined to move into administration.

Evelyn stayed at home to raise the boys when they were young. Rob has quite a number of stories of their childhood, including the one where, at age 4, he put the family car into neutral!

Mr. Manser died suddenly in 1980 after suffering a massive heart attack. She retired about four years later, at the age of 62 or 63.

She herself suffered a severe stroke ca. 1998 that took away her ability to speak. Mark bought a house for her near his in Innisfil, where his wife Gerry's mom also lived and helped care for Evelyn. Eventually more care was needed and Evelyn moved to the IOOF and later, in the spring of 2008, to GPH.

Her sons remember Evelyn as a remarkable parent, caring, patient, and giving. She was an avid reader and liked doing the crossword puzzle in the weekend *Toronto Star* ("took her about an hour"—Mark). Evelyn had good writing skills and often said that she should have written about her experiences teaching special needs kids. She also liked to cook Ukrainian cuisine: perogies, borscht ...

Evelyn had a sister Ida in Toronto. Her adopted daughter, Lauren Gibb, is Joni Mitchell's daughter by birth.

Like many GPH residents, Evelyn was a child of the Depression. Rob told me the story of the occasion during that time when his mom was given a dime—a fortune—and put it in her mouth for safe keeping, only to swallow it accidentally! Mark recalls one of his mother's bits of advice: "If you want to have friends, keep your mouth shut and just listen!"

At GPH Laura Amon was often with Evelyn for one-on-one care, and helped many of us get to know her better.

GPH: 22/04/2008

MARCHAND, Antoine "Tony"

29/12/1920–04/03/2012

B. in Forget, SK to Adolphe and Emerentienne Marchand. Tony's father came from Trois Rivières, Quebec and settled out West in the early 1890s. Tony was the 2nd youngest of 11 children, two of whom died before he was born, one at birth and the other at age four.

His parents farmed.

Life on the farm in Saskatchewan

The crash of the stock market in 1929 and the subsequent Depression made the years 1935 and 1935 the most challenging for the entire Marchand family. Southern Saskatchewan was further devastated by drought and agricultural misfortunes.

The land was parched, the wind relentless as dust storms rose upwards to the sun in huge clouds. Dust was everywhere, including window sills, dishes, on faces and even in one's teeth. As damaging and discouraging as the dust was the invasion of billions of grasshoppers. The intruders were so thick you could not see

a square centimetre of your house, as they created a wallpaper of themselves. There was nothing green left. This was very hard on Tony as he had to become "a man" at the age of 14, taking care of his mother and younger siblings while his father travelled north with the older children in the hope of saving the herd of 60 cattle.

In WWII Tony was a boxer. He went to NY after the War as a professional boxer but hurt his hand and that ended his boxing career. A favourite photo shows him with the legendary Joe Louis.

The Marchand brothers

Tony was part of a foursome with his brothers known as the "Marchand Brothers," formed in 1951. They had a lot of land they needed to harvest but, every fall when the harvesting was completed, he would come to Toronto to work. Most of the time he was able to secure employment with Frigidaire, where his brother-in-law was a foreman.

It was while working at Frigidaire in 1953 that Tony fell in love with Rita. This work was always something that tied him over through the winter until his Saskatchewan wheat farm needed him back in the spring. After he married, he sold half his land but did keep 320 acres which he had his loyal and good friend Walter manage and take care of. Tony had a special interest in the weather conditions and the price per bushel of wheat in Saskatchewan!

Marriage

Tony married Rita that same year (1953) and they settled in Scarborough. They purchased their first home in 1962, had four children—two sons (Ronald; Larry), two daughters (Marlene; Lorraine) and stayed there until they moved to GPH. At GPH Rita and Tony had suites across the hall from one another on Willow.

After coming to Toronto permanently Tony worked for a company whose speciality was making fuel pumps for prestigious aircraft. The plant shut down the same day as daughter Marlene was born. A welder by trade, he then worked for Steelcase Canada, a company that made office furniture. Tony spent twenty-six years there.

A sense of humour

A favourite family story involves Tony and Rita's first date. She had a new car and was doing the driving, but did not want to take him all the way home because she didn't like the neighbourhood. She dropped him off a distance from where he was living and he had to walk the rest of the way.

Ron, in his eulogy for his dad, recalls that playing in the house was well tolerated by his parents. Their basement was wall-to-wall hockey puck markings. Windows were broken, furniture destroyed. Table tennis and darts were a

favourite pastime. Tony taught Ron to drive a car at age 10: they went down the country roads of Tamworth at Uncle Gerry's farm.

Tony and Rita loved to go dancing. Ron speaks of the many times Tony was seen sitting in his rocking chair, suit on, and Rita in the bathroom upstairs getting pretty. Every so often Tony would shout up, "Rita, are you ready?" and she'd respond, "Almost." They were rarely home before 2 a.m. but always up for church on Sunday morning. They danced and socialized well into their eighties.

The place of faith

Tony attended church weekly and prayed daily. However, he was distracted if young children were in the pew in front of him: he would have to win their affection! As the church became more multicultural and every language but English was spoken, he was the nice, funny man who made the children laugh. He always made everyone around feel good. That was true at GPH as well

—With thanks to Tony's brother Roland, sons Ron and Larry, and daughters Marlene and Lorraine: what appears here is directly quoted from information they helpfully provided. Roland Marchand wrote an autobiography called *A Journey into the Past*. He lives in Calgary.

GPH: 08/05/2008

•• MARCHAND, Rita

See Tony MARCHAND.

GPH: —W3031

MARSHALL, Lillian *Ferguson*

23/08/1912–24/11/2007

B. in Weyburn, SK. Lillian became a teacher and taught for five years in three different places. She "came East" for a vacation, where she met her husband, Joseph Keith Marshall, who had been gassed in WWI. He was twelve years her senior. He was in the army reserves.

The Marshalls had three children: Paul (m. Mary Kay Garrity, daughter of Kay JOHNSON); Ron; and Linda (m. Cryderman), who lives in BC.

In Barrie, Lillian taught at Johnson St. school.

Thanks to a "soldier's allottment," Mr. Marshall and his brother owned tracts of land on north St. Vincent St. He developed Orchard Dr.; he and Lillian built a log cabin which is still there, though it no longer looks like a log cabin.

The Ferguson family is related to the Coutts family: see the entry on Beth *Coutts* KENNY). Lillian's funeral was on the same day as that of her cousin Isabel Coutts.

Lillian loved to recite poetry. On our first meeting she recited a poem about a songsparrow, and another from Robert Louis Stevenson's book of poems for children.

She had nine grandchildren and sixteen great-grandchildren.

GPH: 30/04/2007

• MARTIN, Ada
27/02/1896–02/01/2003
GPH: 30/12/1999

• MASHINTER, Betty
03/05/1923–
GPH: 23/11/2000—(later) P1043

• MASHINTER, Harvey
21/03/1922–14/04/2003
GPH: 20/11/2000

•• MASSIE, Paul
GPH: —A1175

MATTOCKS, Muriel *MacLennan*
11/03/1930–07/11/2006

Muriel was a second-generation resident: her father, John MACLENNAN, lived here from June 1993 to December 1997.

She was the daughter of John and Beatrice, and was born in Toronto; she had four brothers (John, Ken, Hugh, and Paul) and a sister, Elizabeth, who died in an accident at the age of four or five.

Muriel received her education in Toronto; high school was in north Toronto, then she graduated as a nurse from Toronto General Hospital. She worked in New York City for a short time, then volunteered for the Anglican Mission Hospital in Aqaluit, on the Bering Sea.

It was at Aqaluit that she met Don Mattocks, who was stationed there with the RCMP. They were married in Edmonton July 30, 1954. Don joined the armed forces and was stationed at various places in Canada and overseas.

Together Muriel and Don raised three daughters: Donna (m. Warzin), Kimberly (m. Downey), and Jennifer (m. Boyles).

Their last overseas post was in London, England. The lived at Caterham and had a wonderful time, during that three years, exploring the British Isles and continental Europe. They returned to Canada, to Barrie, and took up residence in 1977 at the corner of Steel and Cook Sts.

Muriel worked for seventeen years at Dr. Rick Irwin's nurse, retiring in 1995.

"Family" was Muriel's hobby and she lived to enjoy twelve grand-children and one gt.-grandson.

She came to live at GPH in December 2003. During her stay, Don was almost always here too and we got to know and care about them both. His concern for her during her increasing illness is an example to all of us.

GPH: 03/12/2003

• MAW, Bert
11/10/1926–26/09/2005

GPH: 08/04/2002

Muriel McArthur

MCARTHUR, Muriel Catherine.
31/08/1913–14/10/2006
B. at Oro Station, daughter of Fanny Kirkpatrick and Alex McArthur. She had two sisters: Myra Isabel and Florence Cavell (m. G. Robert Campbell).
Known as "Mac" to her friends, her obituary read, in part:

> she began her nursing career in 1937, when she entered the School of Nursing at The Toronto General Hospital, where she was employed until joining the RCAF in 1941. Her Air Force service career took her to Europe twice—to England during the Second World War and to Metz, France where she was the matron of the RCAF's NATO Air Division from September 1954 to September 1957. She was matron of RCAF hospitals at Goose Bay, Nfld., and Rockcliffe, Ontario from 1957 to 1959. In 1958, she became an nonourary nursing sister to the queen and was re-appointed for a second term in 1959 where she was presented to Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip at Government House. In 1961 she was promoted from Squadron Leader to Wing Commander of the Canadian Armed Forces. *Muriel was the first woman to attain this rank in Canada*.
>
> In 1963 she was invested to the Order of the St. John Ambulance by Governor General Vanier at Rideau Hall. This was followed by work on the Surgeon General's staff and the appointment as matron of the Canadian Forces Medical Services. She held this post untinl her retirement from the Air Force in 1965. Shortly afterwards she moved to Edmonton where she nursed at the university of Alberta untnil her retirement. In 2002, she was awarded the Queen's Golden Jubilee Award.
>
> When she was 86, she decided to move back to Ontario to be with her family. This was a huge move but most beneficial for everyone. The

family immediately embraced Murial from the eldest niece to the youngest great nephew. It was a lovely time together, indeed.

The Barrie Examiner, Fri. Oct. 20, 2006, p. C13, where additional information about Muriel's family can be found. The italics have been added to the original. Muriel was a member of Westminster Presbyterian Church. A memorial service was held at GPH on Sat. Oct. 21 at 2 p.m. She had a remarkable life of service.

GPH: 12/04/2006

•• MCBRIDE, Ella

GPH: —M1225

MCDONALD, Margaret *Charteris* TREVETT

04/03/1918–11/03/2006

"Margaret Charteris was born in Toronto in 1918. Her mother was an accomplished seamstress and her father worked for the railroad. She was essentially an "only child" for the first ten years of her life and was doted upon by her parents and relatives. Her brother, Stan, was considered to be more of a pest when he came along, because he was so much younger and was a boy.

Margaret grew up in Toronto and completed her high school at Vaughan Road Collegiate Institute. She later attended the Ontario College of Art where she met her first husband, William (Jack) Trevett for whom she also worked as an executive secretary.

Margaret became a full time homemaker after the birth of her daughter, Judi who was followed by brother Tony, three years later. After escaping the 1950 Winnipeg flood, the family returned to Ontario and resided in the small town of Mimico. During this time, Margaret was active in her community, in her church and supported her husband in his typesetting business. She also volunteered her time teaching art to children in the community.

Margaret travelled extensively with her husband in his capacity as a typesetting executive. Once her children were grown, she rediscovered her passion for pottery and spent three decades developing her artistry and skill in creating pots, dishes, figuerines and jewellery that were sold throughout southern Ontario.

With the death of her son and her husband within six months of one another, Margaret withdrew from her many community involvements for awhile and involved herself in the lives of her daughter, son-in-law and grandsons.

The rekindling of a previous friendship with a long-time friend, Herb McDonald in 1990, resulted in a marriage and a move to Vancouver where Margaret developed new friendships. This union was short-lived and she returned to Toronto. She resided in the Ajax area for the next ten years and as her growth declined, she moved to the Barrie area so that she could be close to her daughter, grandsons and three great granddaughters.

Margaret was fiercely proud of her family—daughter, Judi, her grandsons, Jondavid and Cameron and their partners and their children Taylor, Devyn and Teegan who all lived within a few blocks of Grove Park Home in Barrie.

Margaret was also passionate about words. She was the Scrabble champion of her retirement residence in Toronto. She read her beloved *Globe and Mail* daily cover to cover, and loved to complete the crossword puzzles. A dictionary was always close by in case there was a word that she didn't recognize. She enjoyed reading good novels and biographies and exchanged letters with relatives in England and Wales and with a dear friend and fellow potter in South Africa.

Margaret resumed her water color painting briefly when she resided at Grove Park and loved the view from her room where she could observe the inner courtyard and garden. She regularly observed the squirrels and birds and loved to paint the flowers.

Margaret's family is most appreciative of the caring and support provided to her by the staff and volunteers of Grove Park Home in her 15 months as a resident. God bless you all!"

—Judi Shields

GPH: 07/12/2004

Bill McCuaig

MCCUAIG, William "Bill"

30/05/1924–30/05/2012*

B. May 30th, 1924 in Oro Township at the home farm. He was the youngest son of Henry and Mary McCuaig of Oro Township and a big baby at birth—13 pounds? 11.5 pounds? Bill had three siblings, an older brother, Jack, and two sisters, Catherine and Anne.

Military service, Marriage and Children

Bill served overseas in WWII as a member of the RCAF, 1943-46. At 72 he was able to attend a reunion of veterans in Holland.

After the War he worked in Labrador as a bulldozer operator, building roads. He later returned to his homestead—which was known as the Lazy M Ranch—and continued farming, after buying his uncle's farm. He raised pigs and then got into beef cattle and always had a couple of horses, from heavy horses to thoroughbreds.

In 1958 Bill, at age 36, married Marilyn Bradley and they had four "WONDERFUL" children: Mark, Greg, Dianne, and Ruth. There are ten

grandchildren: Chelsea, Bradley, Andrea, Jennifer, Colton, Cody, Kelli, Matt, Shannon, and Jeff.

Bill and Marilyn went with their children on many camping trips and traveled across Canada and part of the States. Some of these trips had a few mishaps on the way which did not seem so funny at the time but now are quite humorous and are lasting memories. He loved to travel and attended the Calgary Stampede.

Oro Lion's Club Founder

Bill was a founding member of the Oro Lion's Club—some forty years ago—and became a life-time member after serving over 30 years. The Lion's Club and members were always near and dear to his heart. Bill found it very rewarding when he was able to provide Christmas hampers to families in need each year.

Our dad was not always the fastest moving man in Oro. His children recall many a Sunday morning when Marilyn was in the car laying on the horn and Bill was just getting in the shower—ten minutes after church had already started.

When farming was not enough to support the family, Bill purchased a school bus and started to drive for Guthrie Public School and East Oro, as well as for many school and sporting events. He had a special place in his heart for all the students that traveled on his bus and it was very apparent that the feeling was mutual. Many of the children referred to him as "Uncle Bill" and sometimes, "Uncle Dudley."

Oro "Citizen of the Year" in 2000

He liked sweets and pies. And arguing politics. Enjoyed helping people. Made maple syrup. Motorcycled out West when he was a white-haired senior! Played hockey himself and later coached kids' hockey. Bill was frugal, spartan, typical of many of his generation. He was Oro Township "Citizen of the Year" in 2000. And when he retired from driving his schoolbus, Guthrie school presented him with a steering wheel with a plaque on it!

New Start

In 1997 Bill married the new love of his life, Joyce Jonker (née Edgerton). Joyce was also born and raised in Oro Township and knew Bill her whole life. In their teenage years Bill often gave Joyce rides home from dances when her brothers had "ditched her" to take their girlfriends home. So it was that many years later they reconnected and married. Bill had many enjoyable times with his step-children, Richard and Mary Jane and their families.

Unfortunately, their time together was shortened by Bill becoming afflicted with Alzheimer's Disease. Bill moved into Grove Park Home in Barrie on Jan. 12th, 2009, where he was well cared for by the staff.

—Thanks to Joyce and Bill's children for this lifestory. Readers will note that he died on his birthday.

Interment: Guthrie Cemetery.
GPH: 06/06/2008

MCCULLOUGH, Pauline Muriel *Wareham*
23/03/1931–08/11/2011*

B. in Barrie, at home, 17 Burton Ave., in Allandale, daughter of Fred and Violet Wareham. Her six siblings are: Jean (m. Taylor), Evelyn (m. Saxton) who survived her, and Howard, Marie (m. Miller), Ramona (m. Needham), and Ruth. When she was eight, Pauline's mother died.

Pauline attended King Edward School, where she enjoyed sports and sang in Bill Bell's choir. Her church was Essa Rd. Presbyterian, and she sang there in the choir when Dr. Sinclair was the minister.

High school and Rayner

High school was at Barrie Central Collegiate (BCI). That's where she met future husband Rayner. She left school after Gr. 10 to work as pharmacist's assistant at George Caldwell's drugstore.

Pauline and Rayner were married at Essa Rd. Presbyterian on Oct. 20, 1951, which she recalled as a beautiful fall day. The reception was at Baystairs Lodge, Minet's Point. For the first six years of their marriage they lived at 49 Mary St., right next to Rayner's parents.

Stephen was born in 1953, and Pauline became a homemaker fulltime. Nancy's arrival came three years later, in 1956.

Rayner was working for Imperial Life and his career took them through a series of moves: to Toronto, where they lived near Casa Loma (1957-59); Windsor, for five years; Brandon, MB; Hamilton; and finally, for family reasons, back to Barrie.

Both Pauline and Rayner were heavily involved in church life in their youth and when their children were small. In Windsor they were Sunday School teachers and Rayner oversaw the entire programme at the United Church where they worshiped.

Back to Barrie's east end

Back in Barrie, the McCulloughs lived in the east end, on Melrose St., just a couple of doors from Rayner's mother. She and Pauline were good friends.

Pauline's relationship with GPH was initiated through her neighbour Vera WILDMAN, who used to come to GPH with the S.E. Programme and then became a resident (1983-89).

Through most of their 60 years of married life Pauline suffered from a mental illness. Rayner and their children could write a book about all that she went through, and all that they went through, from very good times together to some very difficult times.

Children, grandchildren, and Grove Park

Pauline loved her kids and her grandchildren deeply. She was personable and a good conversationalist. During her brief stay at GPH we talked briefly almost weekly and at some length a few times. She had a good memory and recalled with me the various cities in which they had lived—I too had lived in Brandon—and the trips she had taken with Rayner to conventions, where she would take the excursions that are offered to participants and spouses. Pauline mentioned Denver as a place she had enjoyed.

Hospitalized in 2011, she then lived for a month at Coleman Health Care Centre while she waited to come to GPH, which is where she wanted to be. She made friends with residents and staff alike.

Pauline died after a very brief illness, during a respiratory outbreak.

GPH: 07/07/2011—P1019

MCDONALD, Margaret ("Maggie")

04/03/1918–11/03/2006

A freelance journalist for *New World, Saturday Night,* publications of E.P. Taylor. Her husband was a graphics artist and eventually started his own business, Graphics Arts Industries. She has one daughter, two grandsons (John David and Cameron) and great-grandchildren.

GPH: 07/12/2004

• MCGILL, Agnes Hamilton *Thompson*

09/02/1924–27/12/2003

Born in Orillia at Soldier's Memorial Hospital to John and Janet Thompson. She grew up at the Ontario Hospital, where her father was the Administrator. They lived in a home on the property, and were quite prosperous. She never knew a Depression.

She attended Hillcrest Public School on Coldwater Rd. and then graduated from ODCVI.

She met her husband Bill at the age of 13! They dated until Bill went off to WWII. They married when he returned. They had three children: Nancy, Tom and David.

Bill and Agnes were very active in their community: they owned the local hockey team, partied at the Legion, and Bill even dabbled in politics (provincially with the Liberal Party). They were a big part of the social scene in Orillia.

She worked in a local hat store for a few years. As the children got older, Agnes and Bill travelled more with family and friends. Off they'd go in their motor home to see the world.

They owned their own trucking company, for which she was the Vice-President. Her kids honoured her by putting "Big Ag" on the front of an 18-wheeler! They bought a boat: a 58-footer, called the Tika. They parked this at Couchiching Park Marina for all to come and play.

Agnes led an active and fulfilled life with her family and friends. She had a brief scare with cancer which forced her to travel to Sudbury for

treatment. She survived cancer, but had a CVA (stroke) in 1998 which left her partially paralyzed on the right side. If that wasn't devastating enough, Agnes lost her eldest son David to cancer, then Bill died a year later of a heart attack.

After Bill's death, Agnes fell and broke a hip. She went to live with her daughter Nancy for three years. She attended the day programme at Grove Park for three years and met many new friends. She came to live at GPH in Nov.

During her short stay at GPH she again met new friends and 'tried her hardest to drive the nursing staff crazy'.

—Thanks to Nancy Tuck for this.

GPH: 10/11/2003

•• MCGRATH, Helen
GPH: —S2031

•• MCGRATH, John
GPH: —A1157

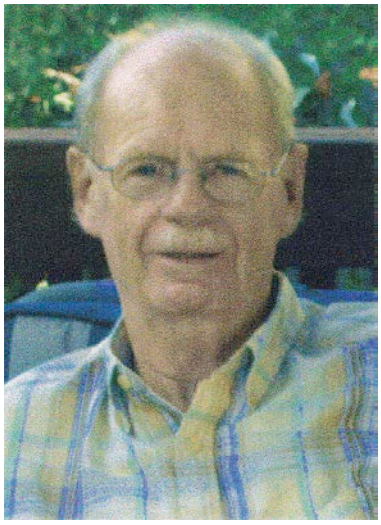
MCILVEEN, Dorothy
28/08/1924–05/02/2005
Came to GPH from Burlington.
GPH: 17/08/2004 A1171

• MCINTOSH, Lorne
25/05/1909–03/05/2003*
GPH: 08/08/2002

•• MCKAY, James
Mr. McKay knows more about the movies than anyone else whom I have known among GPH residents.
GPH: —A1130

•• MCKEE, Dorothy
GPH: —W3046

MCKEE, Rita *Shanahan*
26/05/1913–21/07/2006
One of eight children. Lived at Edgar, down from the "black" church. Three sisters were nurses, including Helen, whose name is on a ward at RVH. Her sister Evelyn was a teacher; Mrs. MELADY took over for Evelyn when Mrs. MELADY went to Parry Sound. They had a "reunion" some years ago.
GPH: 11/11/2003



Bob McKee

MCKEE, Robert "Bob"

23/04/1934–13/01/2010

B. in Montreal, the first child of Ron and Stella McKee. His siblings are Audrey (m. Roger Carter) and Kenneth (m. Lynda), who continue to live in Quebec.

Bob grew up in the Côtes de Neiges area of Montreal. While hanging around St. Mary's Hospital hoping to catch the eye of a pretty young nurse, Bob met Shirley Bradford. After her graduation, they married in 1959.

Together they had three children: Graham (m. Darlene), of Barrie; Sharon (m. Charles Campbell) of Thunder Bay, and Bradford ("Brad") (m. Janice), of London.

Bob began his career at a young age as an office boy for a Montreal company and, through hard work and dedication, he was promoted to purchasing agent. He was then transferred to Ontario as a sales representative with the same company. He retired from his sales career in London as the Eastern Ontario sales manager.

This was a very satisfying career for Bob, as it combined two of his passions: meeting people and travelling. In their retirement, Bob and Shirley moved to Barrie, where Bob embraced volunteer work, driving for the CNIB, ushering at his home church, Emmanuel Baptist, and helping in the clothing room at Innisfil Community Church.

Bob took an active role in the lives of his children and grandchildren and enjoyed entertaining them with his unique sense of humour.

In 2001 Bob was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease but never for a moment let this discourage him or change his positive outlook on life. Bob spent the last year and a half at GPH where he was lovingly cared for.

Interment: Elmwood Cemetery, Sherbrooke, Quebec.

— Thanks to Shirley for this: it was printed in the order of service for Bob's funeral, Jan. 15. Bob and Shirley's son Graham was our son Jason's coach

in the Barrie Christian Hockey League for 2007-09, midget level, before we met again by way of GPH.

GPH: 07/08/2008

•• MCKELVEY, Marjory

Turned 100 on the 25th of July, 2010.

GPH: —P1037

MCLEAN, Edith *Keith*

09/01/1926–08/04/2008

B. in Saint John, N.B., one of the four children of Samuel Keith and Mary Ellen Nelson: Archie, who died at age 12 of polio; Eva (m. Liddicoat); Edith; Mary (m. Highland).

She met her husband at age 15. Sinclair ("Claire"), from the Truro area of N.S., was driving a taxi in Saint John and drove her home from a waitressing job. When later another waitress suggested Edith come along on a double date, Edith's date turned out to be Claire! He moved to Toronto and when he had got settled, she moved to Toronto. That was in 1940 and she was 16. She had gone to work after grade 8 to help her family financially.

Edith's mother died in Nov. 1945 at age 54. Eva then moved to Toronto and lived with Edith and worked at the same restaurant. Mary was only eleven and their father brought her to Toronto and she lived with Edith and Claire, becoming like their daughter. Mary eventually married and raised eight children; she died of lung and brain cancer in 2005 at age 69.

Claire and Edith had two children: Claire Robert, who lives in Windsor; and Kathy (m. Ledyit), who lives in Barrie. They moved to Barrie in December 1965 and lived on Yonge St. at Minet's Point. Eventually Claire and Edith went to live with Kathy and her family. Claire died that same year, in September 1999, of bone cancer. He was the kind of person who kept everyone talking, so he was vastly missed.

Edith worked until she was 70. She had a chauffeur's license for twenty-five years; at one time she drove for a V-P of General Electric. She also managed the Wayfare Restaurant, which was located where McDonald's is now, on the #400 at the south end of Barrie. Before she retired she worked as a car jockey for Paul Sadlon's GM dealership.

Kathy recalls that, in her childhood, they did not have "much," but Edith would say they were "rich with love." Everyone was welcome at their table: childhood friends would be there for dinner. There were lots of homemade pies, cookies; Edith became a second mom to Kathy's friends.

Edith's life was "all about family." She was a loving, caring person and when she died Kathy lost her "best friend, hero, and confidant."

She never looked back after she moved to Ontario.

GPH: 26/01/2007

Elva's birthday, with great-grandchildren

• MCLEAN, Elva Florence *Jory*
08/08/1907 25/07/2009*

B. in Dalston, daughter of Laura and John Jory. She grew up with six sisters and three brothers: Gladys (m. Ed Woods), Bertha (m. Ralph Gavin), Verna (m. Al Thomson), Margaret (m. Ross Bertram), Ilene (m. Howard Caldwell), and Hilda (m. Tom Hamilton); her brothers were Lorne (m. Jean Thompson), Howard (m. Isabelle Coward), and Gordon (m. Grace Kilgore). Her sister Ilene alone survives her. They attended school and church in Dalston.

On June 30, 1928, she married Kenneth Lauder McLean of Edgar. Elva and Ken had five children: Audrey (m. Walter Carruthers), Orma (m. Emerson Trask), Ron (m. late Joyce Wood), Garry (m. Margaret Whitbread) and Shirley (m. Barry Norman). They farmed on the 2nd of Oro. Elva worked very hard on the farm helping with planting, harvesting and the usual chores. Elva and Ken were members of Dalston United Church. She was also a member of the Clowes Women's Institute and the Dalston U.C.W.

In 1963 they moved to a farm in Dalston, which they worked while their new home was being built. They did escape from the farm once in a while. They travelled to Niagara Falls, Ottawa, Gananoque, Thunder Bay, and the East Coast. Ken passed away in August 1974. Elva later made trips to Florida and the West Coast.

Elva worked for several years in food service and retail. She worked in the kitchen at the Edgar Radar station that employed so many from the area in the 1950's. Elva continued living in the Dalston home until 1997. She was 90 when she sold it and moved to an apartment in Barrie. After two years, she left her apartment and stayed with her three daughters. Elva moved to Barrie Manor for a short time and then to Grove Park Home in 2002.

She was Grandma to 11, Great Grandma to 18 and Great Great Grandma to 1… a rare five generations.

Elva had many hobbies including sewing, knitting, crocheting, gardening, and playing the organ. She loved her family, pink poppies and dancing!

At Grove Park we remember her not only for her very great age, but also for her warm smile and twinkle in her eyes. Her death came unexpectedly just *two weeks short of her 102nd birthday*.

GPH: 23/03/2002

Elva's stay at GPH included the years that Shirley's mother-in-law Grace NORMAN lived at GPH. Indeed, they both lived on Pine. There are more family connections: Elva's daughter Audrey married Isaac CARRUTHER'S son, Walter; further, Eleanor, who works in the laundry at GPH, is related to Elva—Eleanor was a Jory.

Merrie McLeish

Just one of many beautiful paintings by Merrie McLeish that adorn the walls of GPH. This one pictures the alley behind the old Robinson's Hardware in Barrie.

MCLEISH, Merrie *Priddle*
28/06/1930–29/01/2011

Merrie's lifestory was read at our memorial service for her by her daughter Betty Wilson. It is printed below, with slight changes made on February 16. Merrie first came to GPH to live in Retirement Living, where she was an effervescent spirit. She also brought some of her paintings, several of which remain, thanks to her family. Indeed, at her memorial service, Betty presented us with a painting of Merrie's that hangs on Aspen wing. Another, with a local connection, hangs outside the dining room on Retirement Living: it is the alley behind the former Robinson Hardware, downtown. So, Merrie has passed on, but we will enjoy her artistic talent for years to come.

The Wonderful Life of Merrie McLeish

Merrie McLeish was born in 1930 to Dr. O.D. and Isabell Priddle in London, Ontario. She grew up in Hamilton, where her father was the Minister of Trinity Baptist Church. As a child, Merrie remembered roller-skating, skipping and teaching Sunday School.

Merrie was shy in high school but, when the boy with the blue eyes that matched his sweater got hurt playing football, she was brave enough to go to the hospital with her mother to visit. And soon she was going steady with Duncan McLeish. Merrie and Duncan enjoyed their high school days at Delta Collegiate, dancing to "Moonlight Serenade" on Friday nights at the Teen Canteen.

When Merrie graduated, Duncan was already off flying jets with the Air Force. He was Top Gunner in his squadron and she couldn't have been prouder. Merrie was always so impressed and completely in love with her guy.

After high school, Merrie did her Bachelor of Arts Degree in Geology at McMaster University in Hamilton. Although she was offered a great job upon graduation, she didn't even reply to the telegram. She was getting married and going off to Chatham, New Brunswick, with her jet pilot Duncan McLeish!

Merrie and Duncan had wonderful years in the Air Force: living in Trenton, Ontario; Zweibrucken, Germany; and Marville, France; taking the opportunity to travel throughout Europe. During this time, Merrie was painting up a storm and happily starting a family. Her eldest daughter Margaret was her German souvenir and Baby Betty came along in France.

In the late 1960s, Merrie and Duncan moved with their children back to Canada and lived for a few years in Montreal before settling in Ottawa in the 1970s. As a mom, Merrie would drive the green Volvo up to the school on days she thought it was too cold to be walking, spend hours researching projects, and help to write essays, and if there was a dentist appointment, she wouldn't return right away to school saying, "How often do I get to take one of my daughters out

for lunch and shopping?" Merrie continued painting and taught night school art classes at Nepean High School. Duncan became a computer programmer, an exciting new field in the 1970s, and completed his Bachelor of Arts degree at Carleton University.

Summers were spent on Lake of Bays at the cottage that Duncan had built and continued to work on throughout his life. When Duncan retired, they decided to move closer to the cottage. Barrie had an Air Force Association that they could be a part of and an Art Club for Merrie. Barrie also had a Branch of the University Women's Club, which Merrie had enjoyed in Ottawa. They settled in Barrie, spending summers up north with their grandchildren and enjoying their retired life together.

Merrie never lost her teenage infatuation with her guy. Sadly Duncan passed away in the fall of 1999. Merrie carried on with a positive attitude and great strength for over ten years. During these years, she never missed a summer at the cottage and had many lovely vacations with grandchildren in the Caribbean. During her five years at the Grove Park Home, she was happy, witty, and enormously positive. Merrie was always ready to go for lunch, or to pack up and head off to the cottage, or for a visit with her family in Toronto.

Merrie Isabell McLeish was a beautiful person who was always so kind, caring and loving. She will be remembered for her pure spirit, thoughtfulness and her gorgeous artwork. We will always cherish the memories we have of Merrie McLeish."

Retirement Living, GPH: 24/10/2004
GPH: 19/01/2009

MCLEOD, Joan
22/01/1929–12/06/2011

B. in Toronto (?). Joan was adopted and the experience with her adoptive parents coloured, she said, her view of life and religion.

She met her husband at the "Icelandia" skating rink, which operated in the summer. They were from different ends of Toronto. She said there used to be a rink near Avenue Rd. and Bloor St. that had a live band. Joan was athletic, swam, and continued to like sports over the course of her life.

Joan had three children and, when the marriage ended, she raised them by herself. She worked in a laboratory.

Sadness brought her to GPH: that is, her daughter, who was caring for Joan, died. When we talked she said that she looked at what she was grateful for. Joan was a well-spoken and reflective person.

GPH: 19/11/10—M1216, 27.

• MCLEOD, Mary *Clegg*
26/12/1913–25/09/2005

B. in Toronto, the daughter of William Stewart and May Ineson Clegg. She is the eldest of a family of three sisters: Edith (m. Smith), Nora (m. Purdy),

and Madeline (m. Knapp), and one brother, Harold Ross Clegg. She alone survives.

She attended General Mercer Public School and went to work as a house cleaner. Mary met Robert Alexander McLeod and they were married in February 1935.

The McLeods had three children: Wesley Stewart (m. Ruth); Robert Alexander; Lynda May (m. Dol).

Mr. McLeod was a cyclist. He was the British Empire champion Gold Medalist in the 10 mile bicycle race in 1934, and Silver Medalist in the individual time trial. He also represented Canada in the 1936 Olympics in Berlin.

Mary worked at various jobs: cleaning houses; munitions, during WWII; saleswoman in an electrical, lighting and appliance shop. She was a volunteer at York County Hospital; and, a housewife for most of her life.

The McLeods moved from the inner city of Toronto to North York in 1950, where they built their own home. It took three years: they lived in the garage, then the basement, and finally the house was completed in 1954. This was an interesting experience for all of them.

Her children recall her gifts for knitting and crocheting. Their family doctor was amazed at the amount of scarves, sweaters, hats, mitts, gloves and socks she made for other people, as well as for her family. Mary also did a lot of home preserves and jams. "Mom has always been a generous soul."

Mary's husband, "the light of her life," died on July 3rd 1958 of a brain tumour, at the age of 45. She never really got over it and she remained a widow—45 years of widowhood. Mary never had a desire to remarry, even though her children encouraged her to do so.

Mrs. McLeod loved reading, crossword puzzles, cycling, shopping, cards (especially euchre), and jigsaw puzzles. She pursued all these activities up to the age of 88.

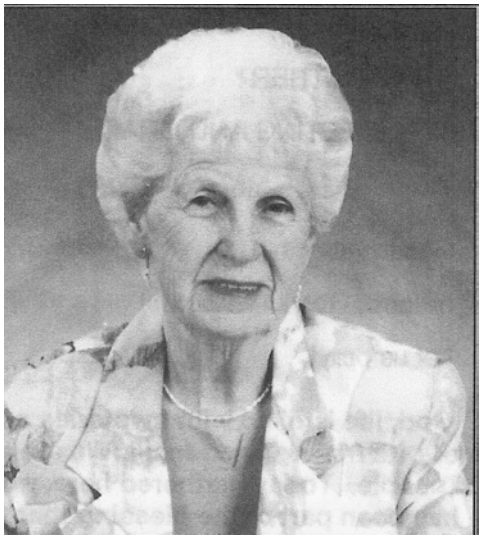
Her children recall that Mary always had a keen eye for "bargains" when she was shopping, even if she didn't need what was the good buy: she usually gave it away to someone who could use it!

Mary has eight grandchildren and thirteen great-granchildren.

GPH: 12/11/2001

•• MCLEOD, Rita

GPH: 23/11/2004—W3041



Viola McLeod

MCLEOD, Viola Elliott SWITZER *Cruse*
18/04/1914–08/05/2008

B. in Hamilton Twp., in Kendall, ON. She attended public school in Bewdley and, in 1926, at age 12, started High School in Orono, while living with her grandma and grandpa Fowler. At Christmas that year, her Dad came to get her to go home for the holidays; he told her she could not attend school the following year: her mother had passed away and she would have to stay home to keep house.

Viola was born into the second family of William John Fowler and had half-brothers and -sisters.

In 1933 she was married to Edmund Switzer Jones and lived on a farm near Midland. She raised six children: Marvin (m. Shirleyann); Beryl (m. Gerald Adams); Wayne (m. Lori); Beverley (m. Doreen); Larry (m. Anne); Peggy (m. Garnet Sallows). Viola worked on the farm, gardening, canning, pickling—she won a lot of Red Ribbons for her baking and preserves at local fairs.

Vi's Coffee Shop opened a couple of miles down the road from the farm in 1952. It was well-known for the best hamburgers in the County.

She bought a restaurant and service station in Hepworth in 1956, only to find out that the road between Owen Sound and Sauble Beach was going to be under construction for the next two years. She had to sell, but all was not lost: a little chipanzee named "Bimbo" had come with the business as a tourist attraction. He was the best pet Viola ever had. The business sold, Viola got a job running the bake shop in the new IGA in Orillia, while she waited for the one-year lease to be over at her old Coffee Shop, now named Taylor's.

The restaurant was re-opened in 1957 and operated until 1963. That year she had the Fireside Motal built in Collingwood, while living in Marvin's trailer parked in the yard.

Viola married Jake McLeod in 1964.

She sold the motel and moved to Scarborough on Sept. 10, 1969, and began a career selling real estate; she bought a house at 4 Jeffton Cres. Viola worked with a man named Tim Horton and his wife: selling them a cottage, qualifying them for a mortgage. As far as she knew, he owned a Do-Nut Shop, but was not aware that he was an NHL hockey player!

Viola loved to dance. She heard about the "Solo Club" and saw an ad in the paper. Went and sat in the parking lot, not wanting to go in. But the Solo Club gave her lots of friends, including Inga Neilson, Emily Clark, Leona Watters, Mary Best, and Jessie MacDonald, and they stayed life-long friends.

Her favourite TV shows featured golf and figure skating; and "Dancing with the Stars" was on TV the night before she went to Heaven.

Viola loved to travel, or to just get in her car and drive. When grandson Brent was born, she was on a trip across the United States, with a return through Canada. She went to Aculpulco (1959); England, Ireland, Scotland (1968); New York (1978); Australia, New Zealand, Fiji (1977); Denmark, Norway, Finland, Sweden, Lapland, Arctic Circle (1980); Europe (1978); Hawaii (1980).

The trip to England in 1968 involved this event: she sailed on the *Empress of England*. Passengers felt a jolt as the ship left Montreal, but nothing was said until they reached England. They were informed that the ship had run aground and had a huge hole in the bottom; they had had to pump out thousands of gallons of water all the way across the Ocean. The ship immediately went into drydock.

Viola's daughter flew down a couple of times to Panama City Beach to drive her home, thinking that she was in her 80s and shouldn't be driving that far alone. At the crack of dawn, Viola was lifting the blind to see if it was raining. If not, it was time to go to the golf course. A "go" cup in one hand, a muffin in the other. If it was 6 a.m., you were lucky to have slept that long. Viola had a hole-in-one not once but three times!

When Viola was in her mid-80s, Larry and Anne asked Viola to write down some of her childhood memories, in her own words. Some of her reminiscences follow.

Little Memories from the First 16 Years of my Life, 1914-1930

• Going to Bewdley in Dad's Ford car for a 5 cent ice cream cone.

• We went to Zion Methodist Church—One Sunday after I could walk good, during the sermon, I was walking down the aisle. The minister stopped talking and told my parents to take me out, because it was disturbing him and other people were not paying attention to the sermon.

• I think I was somewhere between 5 and 6, mother took me on the train from Port Hope to Toronto to the Eaton's Santa Claus parade. I remember the floats and walking through the Eaton store.

• In my youth we always had goose for Christmas and turkey for New Years.

• Uncle William John Fowler installed a bathroom and indoor plumbing at our farm before any other in the area. He also installed a 100 foot windmill and laid pipes to all the fields so they could be used as pasture for the animals. Russ and I both climbed the 100 foot windmill.

• We used to have very severe thunder storms. Russ used to get Lloyd, Mary and I around the kitchen table with one hand on the glass bottom of the oil lamp. You were supposed to be safe if you were holding glass.

• My Dad was a drover, who bought cattle from local farmers and then went to Montreal to sell them. I was to take Dad to Port Hope to catch the train for Montreal, by horse and cutter. As we got to the station, the train was just pulling out. Dad gave Trixie a couple of slaps with the whip and we caught the train in Cobourg—7 miles down the road. As he jumped out of the Cutter, he took off his coon skin coat, he yelled at me, "Put that on over your coat before you start home."

• Half a mile south of the Village at a crossroads known as Kidd's Corner there is a monument to Joseph Scriven, who wrote the hymn, "What a Friend We Have In Jesus." I was there with my parents and family the day it was unveiled. I was about 5 years old at that time.

• Mother took Russ, Mary, Lloyd and I to Orono to see Grandma and Grandpa i the Ford Touring car. That day the car did not have enough power to get up a big hill, between Kendall and Orono. So she turned the car around and backed up the hill. I seemed to have more power in reverse. [Fuel was fed to the engine by gravity in the old Fords.]

• In 1928 Dad traded in the old Fort Touring car for a 1928 Pontiac Coupe. What a change to have glass windows and a gear shift instead of pedals.

• Mother passed away when I was ten. I think the four of us were expected to be very grown up for our years.

Thanks to Viola's family for this biographical information.
Interment: Orono Cemetery, Orono.
GPH: 05/08/2005

• MCNIVEN, Beatrice
03/09/1915–30/04/2004
Mrs. McNiven was a tremendous reader and "talking books" were a great source of enjoyment for her. She knew the FISHER family well and helped with

concerts at Barrie Central Collegiate. Great talents came to Barrie; one of these was Oscar Peterson, whose arrival for his concert was delayed by a snowstorm.

Betty's nephew, Brian Blackstock, forwarded a short piece that she had written shortly before she died.

> For a great many "inner city" youngsters, there is little compassion, little security, and a complete void of what our country is: trees, lakes, birds, the feel of grass on bare feet, lying on your back on a lightly-wooded slope, looking up a a brilliant blue sky, conjuring animals out of the shapes of puffy white clouds; learning that, in the woods at night those huge, awesome trees are our friends and some whisper to you as night birds call to one another.
> GPH: 08/01/2000

•• MCPHATTER, Kenneth
GPH: —W3036

•• MCPHATTER, Mae
GPH: —W3038

• MEADE, Mary Monica ("Molly")
26/03/1924–05/05/03
GPH: 17/08/1999

MEIER, Lydia *Garliki* SALZAUSEN
26/11/1924–14/05/2012

"Lydia Meier was born in Solotwina, Poland, on November 26, 1924, daughter of Heinrich and Wilhelmine Garlicki. Her parents owned and operated a hotel where she spent the first 16 years of her life. She received her German citizenship on May 10, 1940 and fled Poland with her parents and grandparents on September 6,1940 after the hotel had been occupied by the German army. This much we know from stamped documents by the North East Immigration Control Centre.

In 1943 Lydia lost both her parents. Unfortunately, their story was lost over time, but both were back in their birthplace Kutno. Heinrich died March 26 at the age of 45 and Wilhelmine followed on July 16 at the age of 39. Their cause of death is unknown.

Lydia stayed with relatives in Germany and married her first husband Rudolf in Salzhausen on May 24, 1947. Rudolf and Lydia had one son, Gary.

They left for Canada in a Greek run ship, the *T.S.S. Neptunia* from Bremerhaven to Quebec City and landed on May 24, 1955.

Lydia received her Canadian citizenship on September 21, 1960, a date she celebrated every year.

Rudolf and Lydia were divorced April 26, 1966 and the following year she married Bernhard Meier on June 29. They moved to a farm in Cookstown where

Bernie boarded race horses and bred Great Danes, while Lydia commuted to Toronto, working for CIL paints as a keypunch operator.

In 1968 Bernie and Lydia opened their doors to Bernie's sister Annie from Germany, who came to Canada with her two young girls after the death of her husband. This resulted in a lifelong friendship between Lydia and Annie. Even though Lydia's marriage to Bernie ended in the early 1970's the two women remained as close as sisters.

Lydia moved back to Toronto and continued working for CIL. As technology changed, she lost her position as a keypunch operator and was demoted to work in the mail room until her retirement at the age of 65.

Once retired, Lydia decided to move to Barrie to be closer to Annie and her daughter Annette. She bought a condo by the lake, where she enjoyed daily walks along the water, right up to a month before she came to Grove Park Home.

Lydia's stay at Grove Park was a brief 3 weeks. She fell asleep peacefully on May 14, 2012 with one of Grove Park's caring staff by her side."

— Written by Annette TerStege, with help from her mom.

GPH: 23/04/2012

MEIJERS, Helena "Lenie" *Roorda*

25/02/1930-20/11/2010

B. in Amsterdam. At the age of seven she lost her mother and this loss rippled through her family's lives in both positive and negative ways. As a teenager during WWII, she experienced malnutrition and shortage. As many war children, she learned resourcefulness and frugality.

In 1951, as a student nurse in Wolfheze, she met Enno Meijers and together they immigrated to Canada to start a new life. They married in 1953 and moved to Weston, ON. Children came quickly—six of them—and life became full. In later years they often reminisced about those early immigrant days.

Helena and Enno's children are: Helena (m. Henk) Top-Meijers; Hinke (m. Ed) Weening-Meijers; Gloria (m. Calvin) Van Eek-Meijers; Corinna; Enno Jan (m. Ruby Gietema) Meijers; Phyllis (m. Jeff) Alberts-Meijers. In turn, there are fifteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren in Holland and Canada.

In 1976 Helena and Enno moved to South Windsor, CT, and, in 1980, to Sioux Center, IA. Although the years in the United States challenged her culturally once again, she found continuity in home, children, projects and bargains. Thankfully, Sally Ann knows no borders.

The Meijers returned to Ontario in 1986 and lived in Milton before eventually coming to Barrie (2000). At each point in her life, Helena made friends quickly and was appreciated for her genuine love and strong sense of justice. She was a woman of strong faith and she modeled her love for Christ in very practical and generous way.

Helena's life was punctuated by the birth and lives of her six children. They affirm, "She loved and protected us ferociously and we, in turn, adored her. She was creative, fun, interesting, loyal and encouraging.

She struggled with Alzheimer's Disease for many years. Her five years at GPH enabled many of us to get to know Enno and their children. Helena's artistic

abilities were evidenced in her artwork in her suite. Helena missed speaking her mother tongue, and visits by friends and family of Dutch descent were especially welcomed.

— These remarks about Helena's life are drawn from the lifestory that her children prepared for her memorial service at First Christian Reformed Church, Barrie, on Nov. 25.

GPH: 10/01/2005

• MELADY, Regina

23/01/1911–23/04/2008

GPH: 04/06/1996

MELLING, James "Jim"

02/09/1911–31/07/2007*

"As a youngster in England, Jimmy the youngest of five, lived in a 4-room row house at No. 1 Bedford St., in Wigan, Lancashire, with his brothers, sisters, mother, father, and grandmother. For quite some time no one could decide on a name for Jimmy and he was called simply "Baby."

He arrived in Canada by boat with his family at the age of nine, in 1920.

On September 18, 1937 Jimmy married the love of his life, Lillian Clifford, and they settled into a long, happy, quiet life together.

In the late 40's he purchased their first home, at 60 Rosemeade Ave. in Etobicoke; he proceeded to install indoor plumbing to replace the outdoor facilities in the yard. He would often walk the 6-7 miles to work at Toronto Carpet and return home by street car and bus. On one of these early morning trips he met an unfriendly skunk down the street and had to return home, clean up, and change clothes before going to work—with an unusual scent accompanying him.

He loved to travel and visit both his and Lillian's relatives in the U.S.A. They visited places like Old Orchard Beach in Maine, Skyline Drive in the Smoky Mountains, Springfield, Mass., and New Bedford, Mass., near Cape Cod.

In the early 50's Jimmy was the Cub Master of the 3rd Humber Bay cub pack and later on he became the District Boy Scout Commissioner for Etobicoke.

Jimmy loved to sing and for many years he and his sister Ethyl belonged to St. James Anglican Church Choir in Etobicoke.

Jimmy and Lillian always looked forward to their month-long vacation in Clearwater, Florida, where they visited her cousin Sarah and Sam, brother Earl and Peggy, along with many friends from Canada, U.S.A., and England.

Jimmy was heard agreeing to the statement "Growing old is not for sissies." He knew what it is to grow old, because he lived until almost ninety-six.

On July 31 at 4:35 a.m. Jimmy peacefully passed away in his sleep to end a long, happy and contented life here on earth."

— Written by Ron Melling.

GPH: 28/10/2004

MELLING, Lillian *Clifford*

29/11/1913–08/10/2008*

"Lillian was born Nov 29, 1913 in Three Rivers Massachusetts U.S.A. Her mother was Irish and her father was an American. She lived in the U.S. until, at the age of six, she and her mother moved to Canada. Lillian spent the rest of her life living in Toronto, Burlington, and later in Barrie.

On September 18, 1937 Lillian married the love of her life James (Jimmy) Melling and they settled into a long, happy, quiet life together. They lived their lives together as one and were rarely separated.

Lillian, Jimmy and Ron, as a young family, spent many vacations in Gravenhurst, on Lake Rosseau, often joined by Ethel and Fred O'Brien—Ethel was Jimmy's sister. There were many family get-togethers and singsongs with Lillian's family at Christmas and at birthday parties.

Lillian was an extraordinary home maker. Her home was always impeccably clean, neat and ready for visitors at any time. An excellent meal could be made, a cake baked and a cup of tea ready in what seemed like a matter of minutes. She always looked forward to, and enjoyed visits from Donald and Betty (brother and wife) and Betty and Joe (sister and husband).

Lillian was a very strong woman: no task was too difficult and, in her opinion, willpower would get the job done.

She belonged to the Ladies Auxiliary at St James Anglican Church in Etobicoke, where Jimmy sang for many years in the church choir.

After retiring, Lillian and Jimmy always looked forward to their month long vacation in Clearwater Florida, where they visited her cousins Sarah and Sam, brother Earl and Peggy along with many friends from Canada, U.S.A, and England.

On October 8, 2008, with her family around her, Lillian peacefully passed away in her sleep to end a long, happy, contented life here on earth; she completed her journey to join Jimmy, her husband of 71 years, and be eternally together."

Lillian came to GPH with Jimmy to live in the Retirement Living apartments. For a time after that she lived at Victoria Village, before returning to GPH to live on Pine with him.

Lillian's siblings are: Donald Ross, Gordon Ross, Betty (m. Kennedy), Kenny Ross, Eileen (m. Gibson), Joan Ross. Son Ron and daughter-in-law Margaret have two children, Brad and Jennifer (m. Moss); she has five great-grandchildren: Jordan and Parker Moss; Lorin, Larissa, and Leanne Melling.

—with thanks to Ron.

Lillian recalled to me going down to Queen's Park for "end of War" celebrations in 1918 and riding on a soldier's shoulder. Her mother had a boarding house (?) and took in soldiers returning from overseas before they dispersed.

GPH: 27/06/2006

MESKENAS, Helga *Matthies* ZIMMERMAN

20/12/1925–20/12/2005

B. in Berlin, where her father was a tailor; she had one brother, with whom she lost contact.

Mrs. Meskenas went to school in Berlin and lived through WWII there. After the War she married Hans Zimmerman and they had three children, Ingrid (m. Heyworth), Monica Zimmerman, and Dagmar (m. Ray). The children were also born in Berlin, except for Monica who was born in Magdeburg.

By the time Mrs. Meskenas emigrated to Canada, in 1958, she had divorced. She came with her children to Toronto. They had no relatives here, they stayed with friends for a couple of weeks, then they were on their own. It was difficult. They worked at what they could find, mostly housekeeping. Monica fell ill with rheumatic fever.

In 1967 Mrs. Meskenas moved to Barrie. She was remarried, briefly.

One of her greatest pleasures was driving. She loved to drive; Ingrid says that any car would do! She liked to drive in the country. Mrs. Meskenas was good with her hands and enjoyed such things as making pottery; she also liked gardening.

She died on her 80th birthday.

GPH: 10/05/2004

MILES, Marjorie *James* HEWITT

03/10/1915–

B. in Maple Valley, north of Orillia, the daughter of John and Annie (Lank) James, and younger sister of Harry and Myrtle (m. Tracy). She attended Maple Valley school and worked in Toronto for Jackie Eaton until 1937, when she married Wilbert Hewitt.

The Hewitts had four children—Carol (m. Wm. McKernon), Jim, Joan (m. Bill LeBoeuf) and Randy—and lived in Orillia. Mr. H. died in 1949. She went to work for Gray Coach Lines, passed a nursing assistant course, and used this new knowledge for her family.

In 1952 Marjorie married Sidney Miles and he became a good father to her four children. Time passed and Mrs. Miles excelled in her many interests: she took French, piano and auto-harp lessons, and she made and taught pottery. She also enjoyed many hours working in her flower gardens. An active member of the Orillia Horticultural Society, she competed in their annual flower exhibitions and won many, many first class ribbons over the years.

Now that her children were living and working on their own, Mrs. Miles found employment at the Adult Rehabilitation Centre in Edgar. There she taught arts and crafts for ten years.

As a senior citizen, Mrs. Miles spent the next twenty years in her home with "Big Sid." In 2001 Marjorie and Sidney moved to live at Champlain Manor Retirement Home, in Orillia. But, on Nov. 11th Sid died and Marjorie was on her own again.

For the next two and a half years Mrs. Miles enjoyed her new surroundings, taking part in the activities provided, looking forward to the excellent meals, and making new friends. But in the summer of 2004 Marjorie spent a month in the hospital and could no longer return to Champlain Manor. It

was at that point that she came to live at GPH. Mrs. Miles moved to Victoria Village on Apr. 21, 2005.

—Mrs. Miles' daughter Joan LeBoeuf has enriched life for all of us at GPH with numerous of her beautiful paintings.

GPH: 05/07/2004 1221

Veda Miller

MILLER, Veda Noreen *Trace* DRAPER

09/07/1928–11/11/2012

B. in Allenwood on July 9, 1928, specifically on the 10th Conc. of Flos Township, to Earl and Dorothy Trace. She was the first niece to be born in the Trace family, so the aunts and uncles were very excited.

Veda didn't have many toys: she had an "outdoor" cat that she would sit on the porch and dress up in doll clothes. That was her enjoyment.

Ten and a half years later sister Roberta was born, her only sibling, but she wasn't around much to enjoy her. Veda worked at Allenwood Beach when she was young, went to public school in Allenwood, and then to high school in Elmvale, staying with a friend of her mom and dad, Howard Springs, in the winter.

Marriage and children

On Jan. 12, 1946 Veda married Don Draper. They lived on the 9th Conc. of Flos and that year had a daughter, Lois (m. Swan); the following year they had a son, Joe ("Trace," m. Marlene), when they lived on the 3rd Conc. of Tiny Township; a year later they moved to the 5th Conc. of Tiny and had another daughter, Francis (m. Gordon).

Farming

On their farm they grew a lot of Christmas trees, had a garden and a few animals. At Christmas time they would go to Toronto and sell these trees.

In 1956 Ved and Don moved to the 10th Conc. of Flos. The children went to school in Elmvale, so they took turns driving them to school, along with the neighbours.

Veda enjoyed entertaining her sister and brother-in-laws. Aunt Erma and her family would come from Sudbury and they would all want to stay at Aunt Veda's. She would be busy cooking and baking for everyone and trying to find room for the fourteen of us.

She liked gardening. Veda had almost 700 laying hens, so she sold eggs. She enjoyed having a visit with all her customers that came to buy eggs.

The three children got married and she enjoyed having her grandchildren around.

In May 1969 Don died. She had to go out to work. She went to Leonard Beardsal, a neighbour, to look after his wife, to do the housekeeping and the cooking. Veda worked there until her Mom died. Her dad was uneducated in housework, so she went to his house at Allenwood Beach to do housekeeping for him. At the same time, she kept her own house because she liked time to herself. He had a place in Florida and in the winter she would go down for six months and stay with him. Eventually he sold both places and got an apartment in Elmvale.

Remarriage: Norm Miller and his children

Veda married Norm Miller in Sept. 1975. Norm had four children: Peggy and Ariel, both married, and Robert and John at home. They lived on the 9th Conc. of Flos. She had her garden and did a lot of knitting. At this point she had eight grandchildren. Norm died in Sept., 1996 and Veda moved to Elmvale. She bought a house on a lovely street, at 3 Bertram Dr., and had good neighbours that helped her out. Veda stayed there until she moved to GPH in Nov. 2011.

Veda was a quiet person. She loved her family, friends, and neighbours. At her funeral Veda's grandchildren recalled wonderful times with her and of their deep appreciation for her.

Interment: Allenwood.

GPH: 17/10/2011

•• MILLS, Agnes

GPH: —S2017

MITCHELL, Ruth

19/09/1922–09/03/2013*

When Mrs. Mitchell came to GPH, she had just lost her son, her caregiver, to a sudden death, and this meant that she had to give up her home as well. She had an interest in angels I noticed, and was articulate and well-organized, also a person of style and fashion. Her daughter Susan provided the following story of her mom's life.

"Ruth was a "giver" and she gave many gifts to others throughout her life.

Ruth's early life and the first date

She was raised in Mount Albert by her parents, Violet and Charles Brooks. An

excellent student, she skipped two grades which resulted in her completing high school at 15 years old! Too young to attend Teacher's College or university in those days, when she met Kenneth Charles Mitchell, the love of her life, she decided to marry, at age 17 (1940). On their first date they went to see the movie, "Gone With The Wind."

Her dad died when she was 16 and her mom when she was 21.

Mount Albert United Church: a singer

Ruth was the youngest member of the Mt. Albert United Church choir and played the piano for Sunday School for two years. This is where she met her long-time best friend, Laurene Rutledge, at the age of three. Laurene is still doing well for her 90 years and was able to visit mom once or twice at Grove Park. Ruth remained a woman of faith throughout her life.

Her dad made an ice rink in their back yard so she learned to skate at a young age and continued to enjoy the sport.

A first home in Willowdale; children, a good listener

When Ken joined the Canadian Army, Ruth lived in a flat in Newmarket with their young son Larry and daughter Barbara. When he returned in 1946 they bought their first home, in Willowdale (Toronto). Susan was born in 1948 and Ted in 1950. As a professional homemaker, not only did she keep the family home immaculate at all times—she was known as "tidy idy"—she was a good cook—well known for her perfect yorkshire puddings—and participated in the parent-teacher association. It was important to her to be involved with her childrens' education and ensure they enrolled in sports and other activities.

Her children would enjoy bringing their friends home, knowing they would receive a warm and cheerful welcome. She was a good listener and engaged easily in conversation on any topic. Her voice was soft and she would never yell. Her love for her children was unconditional. She tried to live by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Sayings such as "Patience is a virtue" and "Follow your heart" were high on her list and were passed down to her 4 children and 11 grandchildren. She is also blessed with 9 great-grandchildren.

She was a fun-loving, gracious lady of quiet sophistication, who enjoyed social activities such as dancing, get-togethers with family, friends and the community. It was like Ruth to sacrifice much for her children, putting them before her own needs, saving her nickels and dimes all year to ensure she could give them wonderful birthday and Christmas celebrations and fond memories.

A car dealership in Sarnia, and return to Toronto

Ken realized early in his life that he had a love for motorcycles and automobiles and became a licensed mechanic and, soon after, launched a successful career as a car salesman and manager. In the 1960s Ken purchased a Chrysler car dealership in Sarnia. Only Susan and Ted moved with their parents, as Barb had married and Larry had joined the Canadian Navy. It didn't take long for Ruth to embrace her new community and she became the president of the Ladies Kiwanis Club. Unfortunately, Ken was diagnosed with Diabetes, the business was sold, and they returned to Toronto in the late 1960s.

Barrie

When Ken retired, they decided to purchase a home in Barrie, in 1990. Throughout their entire marriage, Ruth was a very devoted and loving wife to Ken. Her world revolved around him on every level. When he died in 2001 it was extremely difficult for her because they had been married for 61 years and she was terrified of living on her own. Her youngest son, Ted, moved in with her and as she developed some health issues later in life, he became her caregiver. It was shocking and heart-wrenching for her when Ted died of a heart attack in 2011 at the age of 61. At this time Ruth was mostly bed-ridden and her children had to make the difficult decision to place her at a nursing home. The family lucked in with Grove Park Nursing Home. Although this was the last place on earth she wanted to go, she adjusted better than expected due to the excellent staff.

A little more about Ruth and her interests and hobbies, volunteer work

Ruth was very fond of the family pets (dachshunds) and would take them on long, brisk walks every day. That's how she kept so fit! (No doubt the dogs were in good shape too!) She enjoyed dressing to the nines every day, her hair always coiffed, clothing pressed, makeup and earrings on, and she loved her high heels! The fact that she seemed to prefer eating salads over comfort food and dessert contributed to her living a long and healthy life. These good habits were built from much discipline, energy and determination—of which she had plenty.

She dedicated much time and energy to volunteer work. She was involved with Meals on Wheels and Help Mate, where she was called upon to train other volunteer workers. In her 50s she decided to venture into the retail working world. Her first job was with a leather goods shop, Leathersmiths, in downtown Toronto and then she moved to a ladies clothing shop called Dalliards in the Don Mills Plaza. Not only did she receive accolades for her excellent customer service and sales abilities but she also was able to balance the till every day. It was obvious that she had a good sense of business.

Knitting, Scrabble; a stroke in 2012

Ruth had many talents and one was knitting, which she thoroughly enjoyed. She was a giver. She spent endless hours knitting hats, mitts, scarves, etc., for the

Salvation Army, Cerebral Palsy and Diabetes associations. Nobody could beat her in the game of Scrabble. As the queen of gaining the highest scores for words that were quite often challenged, her competitors would soon learn that she was always right due to her extensive vocabulary. Along with Scrabble, she enjoyed card games, such as bridge and cribbage, and completing as many crossword puzzles as she could find. Following her stoke in 2012, she lost her independence and ability to speak more than two or three words. This would was devastating for her as she was so articulate and impeccable with her words.

Music and a sense of humour

Music was a big part of her life and she loved all varieties—except heavy metal! Gospel music was her favorite and she would watch the Gaithers (Christian music) and Lawrence Welk TV shows religiously, and listened to country music as well. She enjoyed watching sports (particularly hockey, baseball and figure skating) and was known to be a very good sport herself. Everyone would comment on her wonderful sense of humor and recall her as someone who had a smile on her face and enjoyed a good laugh or two. Many people have remarked on her sparkling green eyes and how beautiful she was on both the inside and outside.

She was an extraordinary and talented lady. She enriched us with many gifts."

GPH: 20/06/2011

MOBACH, Daniel

01/10/1926–23/10/2005

Born on Sumba Island, Sumatra area, Dutch West Indies (Indonesia). His parents were missionaries of the Dutch Reformed Church and he was taught by his parents until the age of 12. His father was the director of a school which offered secular as well as theological studies; his mother taught life skills to girls. Often the two groups, boys and girls, would marry and return to wherever they were from, carrying the Christian message with them.

At age 12 he was sent to Holland for schooling; he lived in The Hague with aunts and uncles.

Then WWII came. He and his brothers worked as couriers for the underground resistance. Two older brothers were caught and sent to concentration camp, where the younger of the two died. He had to flee. After the War he was reunited with his parents and sister. His parents' home was in Appeldorn. His sister still lives in Holland. His youngest brother, at age 16, died when an airplane crashed into his school.

In 1951 Mr. Mobach married Eleanora van Denakker and the following year they came to Canada, arriving at Picton. One month later their son Bernard was born; he was followed by Jacqueline, Martin (at Dorchester), and Elizabeth. After Elizabeth died at shortly after birth of "RH factor," they adopted Daniella.

Mr. Mobach worked in accounting; he was an office manager at Chrysler for 10 years, for Hertz, and others. In 1962 they moved to Mississauga; in 1967 to Oshawa; finally in 2000 to Barrie. The move to Barrie happened this way: friends saw Tollendale Village when it opened and encouraged the Mobachs to move there. They did. Mr. Mobach's breathing became easier because of the cleaner air.

There were various health issues for Mr. Mobach, including a heart attack and prostate cancer. His stay at GPH was short because he died in his sleep unexpectedly. Mrs. Mobach remembers her husband as a very independent person, and as a perfectionist.

23/08/2005 M-1195

• MOLL, Mary
10/10/1909–04/02/2004
GPH: 18/07/1996

•• MOOOSANG, Lola
GPH: —P1020

MORGASON, Marjorie *Poole* BELL
25/03/1926–20/08/2009

B. in Barrie, daughter of Ernest Poole and Mildred Urry. She had six siblings: the children's names are Twylla (m. LONG), Walter, Betty (m. Pike), Mary, Lesley, Dawn (m. Bonney), Anne (m. DeGroot). The family lived at 121 Bayfield St., corner of Bayfield and Sophia.

Marjorie's grandfather was a builder. The Urrys had a cottage on Little Lake. During some epidemic their family doctor told Marjorie's mother to keep the kids as long as possible at the cottage—they were there until December!

Ernest Poole was a salesman and travelled across northern Ontario.

In 1945 Marjorie married Archie Bell, from Binbrook. He worked at Stelco. For five or six years in the mid-50s they lived in Elliott Lake. Archie did carpentry for Dennison Mines.

Marjorie and Archie had five children together: Rick, Glen, Phil, Lesley (in BC), and Lor (in Alberta).

Eventually Marjorie was divorced fom Archie. In June 1984 she was remarried, to Clifford Morgason. They were very much involved in the relocation programme of First Baptist Church that saw the congregation build at the end of Grove St. E. In 1986 she and Clifford made a trip to Europe.

Marjorie liked to go for drives in the country. She also enjoyed playing cards with friends.

At the time of her death, Clifford was living in Stouffville at the Bloomington Cove Nursing Home.

As a point of interest, Urry's Sporting Goods in downtown Barrie became Poole Bros. Cycle and TV Repair, a business operated by Marjorie's brothers.

Marjorie's sister Twylla lived at GPH at the same time as Marjorie. There have been several sets of sisters who lived here: "the Todd girls" (Lois

STURGEON and Agnes KNEESHAW); Emily JACKSON and Elsie SLATER. For eleven other sets of siblings who lived at GPH, see *Connections 1,* pp. 240-41.

At GPH, Marjorie was a pleasant, gregarious person who enjoyed anything and everything that was going on.

Interment: Barrie Union Cemetery, in the Urry plot.

See also the entry for Twylla LONG.

GPH: 30/04/2007

• MORLEY, Winnifred

08/04/1907-15/05/2007

Mrs. Morley celebrated her 100th birthday at GPH. Some months before that she fell and broke a hip, which shortened her life.

GPH: 05/01/2001

MORTON, Dorothy *Lowry*

14/04/1920–22/06/2012

B. in Iroquois Falls, one of three daughters of Samuel and Cassandra Lowrry. Her sisters were Grace and Tess.

Dorothy was a veteran: she served as a driver for the Army in WWII. She met and was engaged to a service man, a dispatch rider, named Jack Myles. He was killed by sniper fire after the War had, in fact, ended. Tragic. She did not marry for another twenty years, when she married Ken Morton in 1965. Dorothy had known him and his wife some years before Ken was widowed.

Mrs. Morton was a jeweller and bookkeeper. Dorothy took a course to be a jeweller and worked at Reeves jewellers in Barrie, then in Newmarket, at Hempens.

In 1985, after Ken died, she moved into the just completed Collier Place and attended the United Church. It was from Collier Place that she moved into GPH in 2004. Dorothy lived in the second last room from the west end of Maple wing. It was her habit to go down to the Maple dining room early, at least for the evening meal, and check out the menu and wait. I often talked with her there.

—Thanks to Dorothy's sister Grace and her husband Carl Mason for help with this information. They live in the east end of Barrie.

GPH: 30/07/2004

Montelongo, Italy, birthplace of Vincenzo Mucci

MUCCI, Vincenzo

28/11/1932–26/06/2010

Mr. Mucci's son, Joe, provided this lifestory for his father, and the photo of his birthplace. Thanks, Joe!

Vincenzo Mucci was born on November 28th 1932 in the village of Montelongo in the province of Campobasso, in central Italy. His parents were Giuseppe and Rosina Mucci, who were farmers. Vincenzo, Frank, Costanzo, and Tonino were their sons. Vincenzo moved to Toronto in 1951 and, soon after, joined the Canadian National Railroad where he worked maintaining the rail lines. His three brothers soon followed and settled in Montreal.

In 1956,Vincenzo returned to Italy and married a village girl, Elena DiPaola. They started married life back in Canada on Gilbert Street (Little Italy),Toronto, and then bought a ten acre property on the 10th Line of Toronto, Gore (near Wildfield in Brampton), where they built their own home. Vincenzo and Elena raised their sons Joe, Pasquale and David there. They also had a daughter, Rosina, who passed away a couple of days after birth,

During retirement Vincenzo moved to Meadowland Drive in downtown Brampton. He was predeceased by Elena Mucci, who passed away in 2000. Diagnosed with cancer, Vincenzo moved to Grove Park Home in Barrie to be closer to two of his sons and their families.

Vincenzo loved to hobby farm and was very generous with his crops. He took pride in his winemaking abilities. Others thought his wine wasn't the tastiest but definitely the strongest! I recall a former rugby coach visiting and conversing with my dad while heavily partaking in the vino and leaving a lot happier. Vincenzo thoroughly enjoyed spending time with his

grand-kids: Vincent, Maria, Alex, Matt, Jessica, Vincent (not a typo), Bianca and Savannah.

GPH: 16/08/2007

MULLINS, Eileen *Armstrong*
26/03/1922–31/08/2004
Mrs. Mullins came to live at GPH from Simcoe Terrace. She has a son, Craig, in Toronto; a daughter, Linda Hebb, lives in Barrie.
GPH: 18/08/2004 1224

MURRAY, June *Morrison*
15/06/1928–21/04/2009
Born near Holstein, Ontario, June was the baby of 8 children. Her father Alex died when she was only 10 months old, leaving her mother Mary to raise the family on her own. With help from her parents, Mary taught all her children about country life, community and family on their farm.

After high school, June enrolled in Nursing School at the Brantford General Hospital School of Nursing and just prior to graduating, she met Albert Murray, the man of her dreams. They married and began raising a family of four children in a century farm house just outside Burford. Joanne, Greg, Lynn and Lori soon learned to appreciate country living, attended a one-roomed school house and later went on to further education at various facilities.

As the children grew up and embarked upon a variety of careers, June and Albert moved to Bloomfield where they spent their retirement years. Active in their church, community, avid travellers, and card players—they enjoyed life to the fullest for fifty-one happy years.

June moved to Grove Park Home in 2004. The wonderful staff quickly became an extended family and gave her life years of quality. She will always be remembered at Grove Park Home as the retired nurse who would assist, in her way, with the night rounds.

June is survived by her four children, two grandsons and four great grandchildren.

At GPH Debbie Dewolf-Vokey, Cathy Jackson, and Laura Amon became like daughters. Lynn says, "they shared wonderful moments with her over the years. They gave her an added quality of life that enriched her days greatly. The family is very thankful for having them in their lives."

—Thanks to Lynn Murray for this biography of her mother.
GPH: 28/06/2004 1229

MUSGROVE, Philomena *Maguire*
05/11/1921–12/02/2012
B. in County Cavan, Ireland.

At the age of seven she lost her mother; within a year her youngest brother died; at age twelve her father died! Four siblings remained, three sisters and a

brother. She joined her older sister Maureen at boarding school when she was about thirteen.

After boarding school she went to work in the family pub, which her older brother had inherited. Unfortunately he drifted into alcoholism and was abusive to Philomena and her younger sister. She left and went to work running a hotel in Dublin, living with her younger sister Nancy, who was finishing university. The two of them travelled to London and worked for a year, but yearned to to back to Ireland.

Genevieve, her youngest sister, had gone out to Canada, married, and was pregnant with her second child when she asked Philomena to come over and help her.

In the early 1950s Philomena emigrated to Canada. Here she met Morris Musgrove. They were married in 1957 and lived in Midland. Daughter Monica—a familiar face at GPH—was born in 1960.

The Musgroves decided they wanted to buy a business, as she was eager to work, but not for someone else. For several years weekends were spent looking at different businesses. They purchased a motel called The Skyline, just outside of Barrie, at the end of Bayfield St., in 1966. Philomena was in her element talking to customers. She ran the business until Morris had a stroke, in 1987. It became time to close the business and take care of him. Eventually Mr. Musgrove went to Sunnybrook Hospital, the Veterans Wing, to live his final five years. As of 2012 that motel is still there, though it has not operated as such for a long time.

In 1990 Monica and her mom took a trip back to Ireland to visit the place where Philomena was born and raised. They were able to see the family business, which she had so dearly loved and missed.

Morris died in Oct., 1997.

For ten years Philomena lived at home with Monica and then came to live at GPH when Monica could no longer provide the care she needed.

Before dementia exacted its toll Philomena displayed a strong character, generosity, sharp wit, and a brutal honesty that was appreciated by all who knew her. Monica remembers her as "one of a kind."

—with thanks to Monica.

GPH: 24/10/2007

MYERS, Harold "Jack"

19/10/1920–17/10/2008

Mr. Myers was one of five sons and two daughters; one brother and one sister are still alive; also his wife, Lorraine, who lives at GPH. Jack's grandfather, father, and brothers were involved in the Barrie tannery. He was an expert in leather and travelled widely as a buyer. He and Lorraine loved to dance to the music of the big bands, and did so in Barrie, Orillia, Toronto.

Jack and Lorraine have one son, Shane, whom our family knew before either Jack or Lorraine moved into GPH. Our son Michael bought his first electric guitar at Music Pro in Barrie: Shane was the salesman and we continued to converse with him on visits for as long as Shane worked there. Shane offered the following eulogy for his father:

As I was driving to Barrie Wednesday afternoon to see dad in the hospital, I began to wonder how I could ever sum up his life in a few short paragraphs. What words could I use or what stories could I tell that would truly capture his essence. As I drove further, alone, pondering this question, I realized that I can't. No words or phrases could ever truly sum up his life and the contributions that he made to so many along the way. So, instead, I would life to share with you some of my memories that helped define my father to me.

Anyone who knew Jack, knew that he loved to fish. If there was water in it, Jack had fished it. I swear, if Jack thought he could catch a fish in a glass of water, he would put a line in it. I remember fishing trips we used to take together in the spring to Algonquin Park. We would wait till the last of the winter ice had melted and pack up the car with tents, poles, tackle boxes and enough food to feed the Chinese army! It wasn't until I started my own family that I realized it was never about the fish. Rather, it was about the time we spent together getting those fish.

Jack loved to travel. Our family would venture out every spring to discover new and exciting destinations. Cruises always seemed to be the flavour of choice. Jack loved to be out on the open ocean. He would spend countless hours just watching the sea go by. Many times I thought he must have been a pirate in another life. As I grew older, my participation started to fade. However, Jack and Lorraine continued to travel each year, exploring together exciting locales around the globe.

Jack had a zest for life—whether it be Saturday night dances at the Barrie Legion or dinners out with friends. Simply put, "Jack enjoyed life."

Nothing gave him more pleasure than his own family; he was truly a devoted family man. As our family grew over the years, Jack's heart also grew. His love for Lorraine continued to grow with each passing year. He absolutely adored his daughter-in-law, Sharron. His greatest joy came from his grandson, David. No other grandfather could have been prouder.

This leads me into my final thoughts. How do I sum up my father? He was my teacher, counselor and friend. For all that I am today, I have him to thank. Good-bye Dad. I will miss you.

GPH: 10/09/2004 A1161

MYERS, Lorraine Ann *Glassford*
27/05/1927–11/01/2010*
B. in Orillia, the daughter of Mancsell G. and Ann Lorraine Walsh. Lorraine had one sibling, a brother Bill.

When Lorraine was sixteen, her mother died of cancer. Her father was in showbusiness and away a lot so, following her mother's death, she went to Toronto to live with a relative, later returning to Barrie.

During the War, she worked at General Electric as a solderer and had an apt. at the bottom of St. Vincent St.

Future husband Jack knew her from the time she was about fourteen and they went out together for twelve or thirteen years before they were married in 1953. Prior to their marriage, Jack drove a taxi cab. They loved to go to dances and would go up to Penetang to dance to big bands.

Following their marriage, they lived in a apt. in downtown Barrie, above a store. Then, in 1963, they bought a house on Queen St., where they spent their entire married life. Lorraine was petite and very pretty and the two of them made a handsome couple. Jack became a successful furrier.

In 1954 Jack's father bought a cottage on Eagle Lake and this became a family gathering place. Lorraine spent the summers there. It was that same year that Lorraine and Jack adopted Shane, and Lorraine became a devoted mother. In the summers niece Barb (m. Smiley) and nephew Barry Glassford would spend the summers with Lorraine and Shane at the cottage, so they become very close.

Shane grew up and married Sharron. When their son David was born, Lorraine became an equally devoted grandmother.

Jack and Lorraine lived a busy life. They were members of the Country Club and the Legion; loved to go to dances. Travelled: some seventeen cruises; travelled the world—to Hawaii, Venezuela, and enjoyed life to the fullest.

When Jack's health failed, he was hospitalized and then came to live at GPH in Sept. 2004. She came to spend time with him most days, and eventually came to live at Grove Park too. Then they spent much of their day together.

Jack died on Oct. 17, 2008. Their relationship was close—they were married some 57 years—so her passing less than a year and a half after his was not a surprise to her family.

GPH: 08/02/2008

N

NADON, Mary *Dwyer*

10/11/1926–25/04/2008

Five children: Rosanne (Vancouver); Lorraine; Noel (in Ottawa); two more daughters in Mississauga and (?) near Barrie. Her husband died after she moved into GPH. Came first with S.E. Programme.

GPH: 26/03/2004 2029

•• NEALE, Edna "Mae"

GPH: —P1030

NEILLY, Winnifred

21/01/1925–28/10/2009

B. in Gilford, the daughter of Martha Steele and Wilfred Neilly, and the youngest of their five children: Margaret, Elmer, Anna, Ross, Winnifred. Only Anna and Ross married.

She went to school in Gilford, Lefroy, and Bradford, and was actively involved in the Gilford United Church: Young Peoples group, choir, and played the organ for many years, even after moving to Barrie.

Winnifred worked primarily for Metropolitan Life and for Lakeview Dairy, in Barrie.

In Barrie she was active in Central United Church: choir, pastoral care, visiting at the hospital, serving hot meals in the schools. She had lots of friends and kept in touch with family and friends who lived far away.

Judy Neilly Unger provided the following eulogy for her aunt.

It's difficult to know where to start when you lose a family member. Words like caring, non-judgemental, giving, a distinct laugh, a true friend come to mind when I think of Winnifred.

She was Aunt Winnifred to Bob, Barry & myself, a great aunt to eight nieces and nephews and great great aunt to Harrison & Trent. We were her only immediate family and everyone is her today.

She never forgot a birthday or other events—there was always a card in the mail. She was there for our family following my Dad's early death: helping to pay for education, loaning money for a first car or just buying groceries. Her generosity was without strings. She just asked that we come and visit her when we could. And occasionally if she needed something done it was "when you are in the area."

Aunt Winnifred grew up in Gilford and was very involved in the Young Peoples church group and this may be where she developed her love of music. After finishing school, she went to work at the Angus Forestration, then Metropolitan Life and finally Lakeview Dairy. She was always establishing more friendships, some of which would last a lifetime.

I don't remember the farm house in Gilford but do have memories of the apartment on Bayfield Street and climbing those steep stairs to the 2nd floor; the house on Mary Street when Grandma was still alive; and the Grove St. apartment where grape juice mixed with ginger ale was served while watching "Leave It to Beaver," and eating off TV trays.

Each one of our family has thier own special memories: a trip with her to Expo '67, shopping at Woolworths, going to the CNE by bus, meeting her for lunch at Lakeview Dairy, or her showing up at baseball games at Queens Park in Barrie.

Our kids remember peanut butter / marshmallow squares, getting books to read and receiving a looney for every year of their age. Oh yes, and they remember the organ and trying to play it! More recently we have memories of Christmas and her at the head of a very long table—and hoping our kids would practice their best manners! Her role at each of the family events was to say grace.

Her health began to fail following her fall and when we visited she began to tell us stories that we had never heard before. Stories about her early years, teenage fears, trips with friends, individuals she had met while doing community work, never about the fact that she had helped someone, it was always about the interesting person she had met.

Dorothy and I will remember our shopping sprees at Grove Park. We got her out of her "Blue Comfort zone" and into black and white, pinks and a bright red top that she is wearing in the picture today.

We know she was a special lady as evidenced by the turnout today. We want to thank the staff at Grove Park for the compassionate care provided to their "Winny." She always tried to smile for them and not complain. Although we will miss her, we know that she had a great life and touched many people along the way.

GPH: 09/03/2007

NICHOL, Rosetta "Rosie" *Green*

01/01/1909–31/08/2011

B. in Forest Gate, England. She was the eldest child of Edward (d. 1967) and Rosetta (d. 1945) Green.

At the age of one, in 1910, Rosetta emigrated to Canada with her parents, to Toronto. She had a younger brother John (m. Ruth Rivet; no children) and a younger sister Edith (m. Stewart Beckett; five children).

She married William "Bill" Nichol in Toronto. Bill was born in Scotland, but like Rosetta, came to Canada at a young age, two. He was an upholsterer with Simpson's.

They had three children: Dave, who has lived for some 14 years in Nova Scotia, the last ten at Wentworth; Jim, who lives at Moonstone; and Helen (m. Hicks), who lives in Barrie. In 1943 the family moved to Orillia for reasons of her husband's health. He worked at Otaco, a farm equipment company.

It was in Orillia that Rosetta identified with the Brethren church, the West Side congregation that later became Hillside.

Up until about the age of 90, Rosetta continued her weekly baking. Cooking was a favourite activity for her.

Dave recalls the following story his mother told. Her parents were going to split up and Rosetta was to go back to England with her mother. But her mother said they would not be returning, so they didn't. The ship they were to sail on was

the ill-fated *Empress of Ireland,* which sank on that voyage, its 96th, May 29, 1914, near Rimouski, Quebec. (Doris PARSONS came to Canada on the *Empress*; so did Kim SUTTON and her mother, Oct., 1912. There is a photo of the ship in *Connections,* p. 295.)

Rosetta believed that she was related somehow to the Queen Mother. That question awaits a family genealogist!

Mr. Nichol died in 1989. About ten years later Rosetta moved to the Brethren-run nursing home, Elam Home, at Waubashene. She lived there for six years before coming to GPH in 2005. It was at GPH that she celebrated her 100th, 101st, and 102nd birthdays.

Rosetta's daughter Helen volunteered for some thirty years at GPH, long before her mom came to live here.

GPH: 01/11/2005

NICHOLS, Edith

15/10/1919–06/07/2011

Mrs. Nichols was born in the year following WWI. She moved to GPH from Leisureworld, Orillia, on the last day of 2009. Her son John lives in Shanty Bay.

GPH: 31/12/2009

• NICHOLS, Irene Onetta

04/03/1910–03/03/2003*

GPH: 03/12/2001

NICHOLS, Kathleen *Haskett*

26/01/1918–16/03/2007

B. in Barrie, the daughter of Fred and Mary Haskett. Two of her siblings died in infancy, one of polio and the other of dysentery; besides these she had two sisters, Ida and Mary, and a brother, John.

Her father worked on the railway some. He was injured when he was hit by a car while walking down the hill on Little Ave. He had enjoyed fiddle playing, but could not do this after the accident. That took place when Kathleen was twelve. She walked a mile to St. Mary's School, but her mother got upset with the teachers, so she went to Prince of Wales School which was only two minutes' walk! Her father died at age 72.

Part of the Haskett house was rented and two aunts lived upstairs; there was a big garden. This was on Ellen St.

Kathleen married Orville Nichols and they had four children: Helen, Roy, Susie (m. Young), and Lynn (m. Weir). They lived on Sanford St., which Lynn says was called "incubator alley" because there were so many children. Sanford St. is not far from Ellen St.; it is north of Bradford St.

Mrs. Nichols kept a regimented routine when her children were young: Lynn recalls that on Sat. the children had their chores, to be inspected by their mother; on Sun. night they had their bath and got their shoes clean for Mon. morning and the start of a new week.

After Mr. Nichols' death in 1975, Kathleen stayed at Sanford St. and eventually moved to Creedan Valley in Creemore; then to GPH in 2004. Charmaine, who is staff here, cared for her at Creedan Valley. Here at GPH, Mrs. Nichols "loved" all the staff. She kept peanuts and candy in her suite for visitors.

Lynn recalls that her mother is remembered in her family for her sense of humour, her ability to keep confidences, and her love of her children and grandchildren. She liked to debate and laugh. She told her family, "Look for the good in everyone," and, "Scratch the surface and you will find good in everybody."

She saw everything as an adventure.

At GPH Bibby PARRISH was a special friend.

Mrs. Nichols told me that she knew Eileen *Armstrong* LANDREVILLE who, she says, won a beauty contest at about age eighteen, when her boyfriend was Leo Landreville, later her husband. Eileen grew up on Bradford St., not far from Kathleen.

GPH: 14/05/2004

NICHOLLS, Doris *Blamire*

28/12/1914–14/01/2011

B. in Bolton-le-Sands, an old, large village of the City of Lancaster, England. In 2001 the population was about 4,100. She was one of the five children of Albert and Nancy Blamire. The family emigrated to Canada when Doris was a girl, to Woodbridge, ON.

Marriage

As a young woman, Doris worked for Neilsons as a candy packer / supervisor. Loraine believes this is where she met Thomas Nicholls: he was a candy maker.

In 1937 Doris married Thomas Arthur Nicholls. They lived at several locations in Toronto before moving to Barrie in 1978. Together they raised three daughters, Fran (m. Mel Jordan), Janet (m. the late Ken Trumble), and Loraine (m. Dan Wolf). Eventually they retired to Barrie, where their daughters lived.

Gardens, birds, flowers

Doris was always very witty, loved a good joke, and had a wonderful sense of humour. She was spunky and sassy. Her children recall that she and their father were always together and loved to walk everywhere. Indeed, neither drove a car—there is a story about Thomas' brief experience driving. They kept a beautiful garden; roses were among their favourites.

Doris and Tom raised "show" budgies in the basement of their homes in Toronto for many years, and shipped them all over Canada to clients and breeders. She also worked in a dress store as a salesperson and sold Avon for many years.

(Much, much later, Loraine and Dan recall that Doris used to visit them and, since she had always loved gardening, she liked to pick weeds out of their

garden. By this time there was some cognitive disability and Doris picked Dan's tall, prized buttercups as "weeds.")

Travelling

Doris and her sister Hannah (m. Weatherall) used to go to Florida to visit their sister Jean (m. Perkis), staying for six weeks each time. They did this for many years.

Not having a car did not prevent Doris and Tom from travelling. They became ardent travellers, taking bus trips to many places. In fact, they were co-ordinators for these trips arranged at the "Get Together" club for seniors at the "Army, Navy, Air Force" (A.N.A.F.) in Barrie. Tom died on Oct. 2, 1986; they had been married 49 years.

Senior Encounter and Grove Park Home

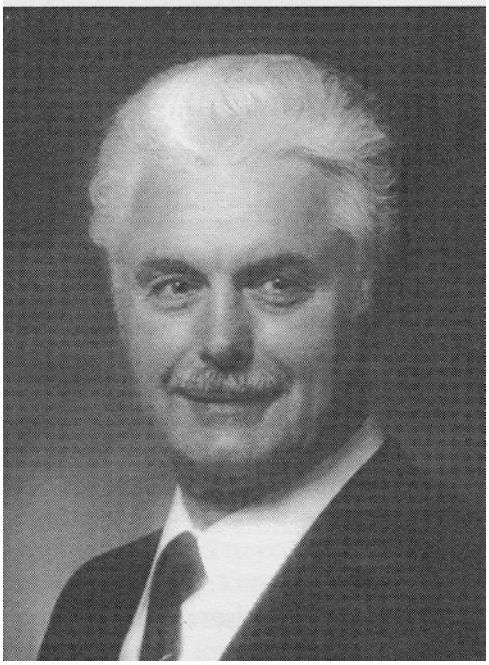
Doris participated in the Senior Encounter programme at Grove Park for five years. She looked forward to going there every day. And then, she moved into Grove Park and spent three and a half years as a resident.

She was loved by everyone and had a good life. She was a very strong woman. She loved her family and left ten grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. Fran recalled that Doris lived with her family for some eleven years and helped her grandchildren with their homework.

The connection of Doris' family with GPH goes back a long way. Fran again remembers that her children came to GPH at Christmastime from their school.

Doris had ten grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

GPH: 27/08/2007



Ross Nixon

NIXON, James Ross

02/04/1921–17/04/2007

"James Ross Nixon was born in Barrie in 1921. He was the first of three children of James and Cassie (née Cameron) Nixon. As a youth, Ross loved hunting and fishing, playing football and riding his motorcycle.

In many ways, World War II was a God-send for Ross. After studying to become a navigator, he joined the Royal Air Force Ferry Command. Over the course of 5 years, he flew 72 times across the Atlantic Ocean, ferrying new aircraft manufactured in the United States to the war theatres in Europe, Africa, the Middle East and beyond. He often said that his military experience transformed him into a citizen of the world.

In the fall of 1945, Ross enrolled in the Civil Engineering Program at Queens University and graduated four years later. He met the first love of his life, Kathryn (née Campbell), in the late spring of 1950 and six months later they were married a settled in Barrie. Over the next ten years they were blessed with four children: Richard, Bruce, Janice and Donald.

Ross owned and operated Nixon Building Products throughout Simcoe Country for fifteen years. He then worked as a consultant for the Ontario Development Corporation until 1985, when he started a self-storage business in Barrie.

Sadly, Ross's first wife, Kathryn, passed away in 1984. Four years later, Ross fell in love with and married Linda (née Greig) and continued to live at the Nixon family home at 8 Castle Drive.

Throughout his life, Ross was very active in many community organizations, including the Royal Victoria Hospital, the Shriners, Probus and the Christian Men's Business Association.

Ross remained a devout follower of His Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ throughout his life and often spoke of the time when he would meet his Saviour face to face. He was at various times an active member of Emmanuel Baptist Church, Collier United Church and Willow Creek Baptist Church."

—This is reproduced from the programme bulletin of Ross's funeral.

See the article on Linda Nixon by Dave Dawson, with photos by Mark Wanzel, "The Suite Life," in *Simcoe Life*, May/June 2008, pp. 23-25. Her photo is on the front of the magazine, with the caption, "Signature Style. Entrepreneur designs home away from home."

GPH: 19/06/2006

• NOBLE, Iris

17/09/1920–20/02/2004

B. in Vanderhoof, B.C. Her father was Frederick James Turner (31/05/1889–08/05/1973); her mother was Ethel Elizabeth Kupke (08/01/1898–30/01/1932). She had three brothers, Les, Dennis, and Cecil.

On Aug. 10, 1940 she married Victor John Thomas Noble (d. 23/09/1990); together they had two children, Douglas (m. Fran) and Diane (m. Bill). Doug and Fran have children: Nathan, Stacey, and Lindsay; Diane and Billís children are Melessa and Sarah.

Doug remembers his mother as kind, caring, supportive and loyal in her relationships as daughter, sister, wife, mother, and friend. She was independent; her hobbies were knitting and shopping at the mall.

One of her good deeds was involved knitting: she knit 80 outfits for Guardian Angels, an organization which distributes them to premature babies in hospitals.

She enjoyed trips to Calgary to visit her daughter.

GPH: 13/12/2001

NOBLE, Myrtus "Yvonne"

11/08/1937–07/04/2009

Mrs. Noble lived on Aspen and then Pine from late 2008 until the spring of 2009. She left GPH on Mar. 26, 2009 and died two weeks later at RVH.

GPH: 27/10/2008

NORMAN, Grace Dorothy *Batstone*

30/09/1916–29/08/2008

B. Nippers Harbour, Nfld. Her father's name was James (?), a fisherman and merchant; she was the middle child of three: she had an older brother Selby, who became the postmaster in Nippers Harbour, and a younger sister Nellie. She attended a two-room school to grade 11.

She married Reginald Lawrence ("Lawrie") Norman, a teacher, in the mid-to-late 1930s. He taught in Pacquet, Nfld., and became school principal; he

was also a lay preacher. Sons Ted and Barry were born in 1941 and 1948, respectively, in Nfld.; in the early 1950s a daughter was adopted, Betty.

Her husband went to university in Montreal (McGill) and was ordained as a United Church minister. He had two brothers who also became ministers in the United Church, and served in Ontario—Tom and Kenneth!

Mr. Norman suffered from asthma and the family made many moves in SK, AB, and BC in the quest for a better climate. After they returned to ON, he was minister of the Dalston–Edgar–Crown Hill charge of the United Church; Ballantine (near Sunderland), Currie (near Woodstock), and Palgrave followed. Rev. Norman died of a coronary on Jan. 29, 1967 at Palgrave.

After her husband's death, Grace came to Barrie and bought at house at 209 Wellington St. Marion Walker, a neighbour, became a close friend. Grace learned to drive.

She loved to travel and spent winters in Florida; travelled to Europe. For a couple of years Grace worked in a retail clothing store in Barrie. She always liked to have people around.

Eventually Grace moved to Collier Place; then to Barrie Manor; and then to Grove Park, when she was experiencing some dementia.

She played the organ and sometimes filled in as organist for services led by her husband. Grace was a lifelong member of the U.C.W. She liked to knit, made afghans, and did crafts. She was very clothes-conscious and wore dresses or skirts. This was true of her early years at Grove Park too: Grace was always well dressed.

Her funeral was from Collier United Church.

Grace's son Barry is married to Shirley McLean, whose mother Elva McLEAN lived at GPH. Both lived on Pine; their stays overlapped during Mrs. Norman's time, 2005-2008.

GPH: 10/01/2005

•• NUTTALL, Amy

GPH: —M1217

O

•• OAKLEY, Eva

GPH: —A1147

• OBERER, Helen *Langs*

29/10/1917–20/02/2007

Mrs. Oberer was born in Washington state. However, the Langs were from the Preston area of ON. Her family moved out to Chilliwack but, after Helen finished school, she returned to Preston and worked there during WWII. Her parents later returned to ON as well.

The Oberers had three children, a son Peter; two daughters, one in Michigan and another in Germany.

Helen was the secretary of Central United Church for twenty-five years and her husband, Elmer, was the custodian there for ten to twelve years.

The Oberers liked camping and once camped all the way out West and back; Helen swam in Lake Superior.

Helen maintained a twinkle in her eye and her mind was clear until the time of her death.

GPH: 12/06/1998

O'BRIEN, Doreen Evaline *Graves*

29/11/1931–21/04/2007

B. in Barrie, the daughter of Ethel and Charles Graves; she had two brothers, Jack and Don.

Doreen was educated in Barrie and, after graduation, worked at Base Borden in the School of Infantry. Later she and some girl friends travelled to Calgary where she worked for the Income Tax Department. Eventually Doreen returned to Barrie and was employed by the *Barrie Examiner*.

She married Lawrence F. O'Brien in March 1958 and they had three sons: James, Michael, and Patrick. Their marriage started an adventure of nineteen years with the Canadian Armed Forces: they lived in seven different locations, including three years in Soest, West Germany; their last posting was four years in Nova Scotia, after which they returned to Barrie. That was in the 1980s.

Doreen was a member of the Ladies Auxiliary of Branch 147 Canadian Legion and she held numerous positions on the executive.

During the years of travelling with the military, Doreen was always able to keep the family on track even though Lawrence was away for months at a time. She was always willing to help others, was a good person, and is missed by all who knew her.

— Thanks to Lawrence for these details of Doreen's life.

GPH: 02/08/2006

O'BRIEN, Yvette

31/03/1930–01/05/1012

Yvette was married to George and together they raised three children, two daughters and a son.

Mrs. O'Brien worked in retail sales.

She attended the day programme at the I.O.O.F. home in Allandale. Favourite TV programmes were "Wheel of Fortune" and "Everybody Loves Raymond." Yvette suffered from Alzheimer's disease and that prevented her from telling her own story. At GPH she loved to sing along to the old songs.

GPH: 04/08/2010—M1221

O'CONNER, William "Ralph"

01/04/1926–28/05/2008

Mr. O'Connor's obituary read as follows:

Peacefully at the Grove Park Home on Wednesday, May 28, 2008, Ralph O'Connor in his 83rd year. Beloved husband of the late Kay O'Connor. Loving father of Pat and her husband Warren Giffen, Brenda Marie O'Connor, and Ralph and his wife Brenda O'Connor. Grandfather to Jerry, Gail, Barbara, Danny, Philip, Tracy, Malcolm, Michael, Jeff, Kristina and 8 great grandchildren. Survived by his brother Lou O'Connor and his uncle Harv Urry. Friends may call at the Steckley-Gooderham Funeral Home ... on Friday, May 30, 2008 from 7-9 p.m. Funeral service will be held in the chapel on Saturday at 11:00 a.m. Interment to take place at Barrie Union Cemetery at a later date.

GPH: 14/03/2003

•• OGRODNICK, Marie "Josee"
GPH: —P1019

OLDHAM, Mary *Pearce*
21/03/1922–23/06/2007

Raised near Wallacetown, ON, daughter of Ernest and Alice Pearce; she had three sisters and one brother.

She married Charles Oldham and, after a period helping his elderly parents on the family farm near Iona Station, they then moved to Paynes Mills. He took his diesel mechanics license and started a construction business, Charles Oldham Construction.

Prior to marrying Charlie, Mary went to Westerfelt College in London and took a course in bookkeeping and related subjects, which later was helpful with their business. She was very efficient. He had motorscrapers, bulldozers and worked on the roads in their area, putting in culverts, roadbuilding and so on.

They had two daughters, Beverley (m. Beattie) and Barbara. Mary involved herself in church activities, sang in the choir at Frome United Church, played the piano, and, because Barbara is handicapped, worked in the association for the mentally handicapped. She was an excellent cook (lemon pies!), sewed, and managed a large garden.

Charles became interested in planes and flying as a teenager. He built small planes and flew them. Mary worked toward her pilot's license, and was able to "solo," i.e., fly alone in the plane. She also enjoyed flying as a hobby. For a few years they had a helicopter, a Hughes 500. They belonged to a flying club—the Flying Farmers Club—and made trips to various flying shows, including a large one at Oshkosh, WI.

Mary and Charles travelled a lot: Florida, Alaska, the Holy Land, Hawaii.

Charles died in 1984, and she continued on in their place with its garden and grass landing strip. Mary came to GP Home from a home in St. Thomas, because Bev lives here in Barrie. Barbara lives in Tillsonburg.

Bev has two daughters and one of them, Katelyn, has worked at GPH as a dietary aid. Small world. Jennifer is the second daughter.

Interment: Cowall-McBride Cemetery, Iona Station.

—with thanks to Bev Beattie.
GPH: 15/03/2006

ORMISTON, Janet Jessie *Stephens*
05/01/1927–29/04/2010
B. in Maxville, ON, the youngest of the 10 children of Edna and Dawson Stephens. This is her lifestory as told by daughter Paddy, who works in the Retirement Living section of GPH.

Janet's formative years were busy—the family was constantly moving, in the car, chickens and dogs included; as the family found it difficult to make ends meet, they would simply move.

After the death of her mother at age 53, when Janet was 7, she went to live with her sister Pat and her new husband Jim—Pat was 15 years her senior and lived in Parry Sound. She really grew up with Pat's children, Bill, Bob and Belva.

When Janet felt the need to get out and seek work, she moved to Barrie and worked for Bell, where she made some great life-long friends.

On one of her visits back to Parry Sound, she found herself working an odd job one weekend, as a housekeeper for one of her sister Pat's friends, Vera. Vera's brother Norris was home on leave from the Air Force and showed up in his uniform, and he "had eyes" for Janet. A year later, in 1948, they were married. They lived in Barrie in a small apt. and eventually a small house on Boys St. First born was a son, Terry, and four years later, a daughter Paddy.

In 1957 the family moved to Port Colbourne, where Norris had secured employment. They lived in a small apt. over Norris's workplace, until they bought their home in a child-filled, friendly neighbourhood, close to schools. Their home had a big yard that would later be a playground for the whole neighbourhood but, most of all, it had a large kitchen where Janet could bake. She loved to bake, especially for charitable organizations.

When the kids were big enough to fend for themselves, Janet went out to work at Walkers and, eventually, to Zellers, in the pharmacy department.

In 1968 and 1971 her children left the nest, so she continued to work in retail, where she could meet people and help them find what they needed.

In 1989 Janet and Norris celebrated 40 years of marriage, in Niagara Falls at the top of the (then) Seagrams' Tower with family and friends. Tragically that same year Norris passed away, in his 68th year.

Janet, with strength and determination, remained in the family home and dedicated herself to charity work, because she always had a smile to share.

When the house got to be too much work, she decided to move to an apartment ... not just any apartment ... her dream apartment: a corner apt. ... so as to get a nice breeze through the place ... across the hall from the laundry room ... close to the back exit door ... right next to her parking spot. She secured the apartment before the house was sold, and the house sold the next week! And she had more wonderful neighbours than she could possibly have hoped for.

Now, without a house to tie her down, she travelled ... to Venezuela, the Netherlands, Texas, Florida, with a couple of cruises in between.

When at thome, a simple walk in Lakeview Park or a drive to watch the boats some in off the Lake at sunset or just sitting visiting with friends—she was happy and her heart was full.

Always intending to move back to Barrie, in 2006 she got her wish to do that and be closer to her family. She came to live at Mulberry Lane at GPH, where she was warmly received by residents and staff. She made friends quickly and thought they were all so kind.

Not long after she had settled in, a trip to the hospital determined she needed more care. Janet got her wish once more and moved to Maple where she was received with open arms and resided for three more years, sharing her smiles with everyone she met.

Janet was a proud member of Grace Rebecca Lodge, a Scout mother, worked until the age of 77 delivering “Meals on Wheels” to seniors, became a proficient hand stitching quilter, and belonged to a quilters group called “Nimble Fingers,” which did charity quilts for fire victims and people in need. A quote from the local newspaper: when asked why she did this work, her reply was, “People are very thankful, sometimes they lose everything and people always need a blanket.” Not to mention making sure her kids got to piano and dance lessons, Sunday school, Scout camps, and the list goes on.

Janet was lucky in life. She let the flow lead her. She was dedicated to the needs of her family and always had a smile for those who touched her life. She was a giving person—giving of her time, her patience, and her love. She kept the faith and kept her kids in line, but gave her love freely. She will be sorrily missed and remembered by all she has so dearly touched.

GPH: 12/03/2007

•• ORR, Robert
GPH: —P1031

Lorne Orser

ORSER, Lorne
10/07/1910–01/12/2009

B. on a farm near Owen Sound, the youngest of three brothers—the other two were Harold and Bill, and one sister, Edna (m. Webster). His parents were Frank and Lillian.

After living in Holland Landing and briefly in northern Ontario, he settled in Barrie. Here, in 1936 he married his true love, Marion Craig, at the Anglican rectory at Craighurst. Marion worked for a time at Windemere resort and Lorne near Temagami, in the bush.

They bought a little two-room house on two and a half acres of land on Bayfield St., near what is now Georgian Mall, for $475. Daughter Carol (m. Peter Oliver) was born there. Then they moved south into Barrie, where Nancy (m. Charles Drury) was born, returning to Bayfield St. and Cundles, where they had many happy times and lots of close friends, including the Ferris, Bell and Miller families.

Most of Lorne's working life was spent at Barrie Tannery Co., where he knew Jack MYERS and our neighbours on Roslyn Rd., Ray and Katie Burgess.

In 1956 the Orsers moved a bit further north, to Midhurst, where they spent forty wonderful years, very involved in many aspects of the community, including the building of St. Paul's Anglican Church, the establishment of the nature trail along Willow Creek, and helping neighbours Bob and Maria Burns and the Harpells with all kinds of projects.

Lorne and Marion moved to GPH in 2008 following three enjoyable years at Whispering Pines retirement home.

At Lorne's funeral service, at St Paul's, the following eulogy was read by son-in-law Peter Oliver, and grandson Mark Oliver. It has been abbreviated and edited some.

> It is impossible to speak about Lorne without including Marion. Most of us have seen them holding hands while shopping at the mall, attending church, or wherever they might be. They were truly a devoted, loving couple. On Nov. 27, 2009 they celebrated their 73rd anniversary with a dinner in the family dining room at Grove Park.
>
> Lorne loved all his family, continuously keeping track of his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. he knew when (grandchildren) Craig would be returning from Iowa, whether Mark had sold his quota of Infinities in each month, what Karen was doing, and how Chris was managing his business ventures. He and Marion created the focal point for our frequent extended family gatherings.
>
> Lorne and Marion were both gifted with a truly generous spirit. Lorne was always willing to give sound advice to his family and neighbours. They gave freely of their care and hospitality. Carol and I are especially grateful for their providing a home for our daughter, Karen, and her two daughters, Wendy Lee and Margo, when they returned home from British Columbia. They shared the Orser home for about a year. When I returned to school at Queens U. for some six years, 1967-73, Lorne and Marion were entirely supportive: they would arrive from time to time at our modest home near Kingston with a care package—a side of beef quietly slipped into our freezer, or a bag of potatoes or winter clothes for the children, practical gifts, always anticipating what was appropriate and needed.
>
> Lorne was no stranger to hard work. As a young man, Lorne worked at hauling gravel with a team of horses from a gravel pit at Midhurst Station for 30 cents an hour. Subsequently he worked for a trucking company, making deliveries for a minimal wage. He was frugal and diligent, carefully saving his money. Eventually he became a supervisor and paymaster at Barrie Tanning Co., where he worked for over twenty-five years.
>
> He was highly respected and regarded as a friend by the employees and his co-workers. Every Thursday, he would drive to the Bank alone and draw enough cash to pay all the tannery employees. He would help make up the pay envelopes and then walk through the plant, giving every person a pay envelope containing cash. No security was provided. The payroll involved about 100 people.
>
> Lorne had big, capable hands that were rarely idle. He was always involved in some project, building, fixing, or organizing. He enjoyed

working with stones and gathered and helped split rocks for his beautiful stone fireplace and the stone work on their house in Midhurst. He also laboriously built the sturdy free-standing stone retaining walls beside the house and along the driveway. Even in his early 90s he did not hesitate to climb a ladder to clean his evetroughs or to shovel heavy snow from the sloped roof.

At Whispering Pines, in his late 90s, he would go out an gather Mullen weeds, which have a thick stem, dry them and varnish them to make excellent walking sticks.

Lorne loved music. He insisted that both of his daughters take music lessons and obtain their grade eight in piano, paying for their lessons from a modest salary. He loved to hear the girls play the piano or hear Nancy sing or play the saxophone in the Barrie Collegiate Band.

Another of Lorne's loves was his cars. He could tell you about each car he owned over the course of his lifetime and how much he paid for it. He always cared for his cars very carefully, washing them by hand while the weather was warm enough and ensuring that they were properly serviced. He was a careful driver for over 80 years, without accident. He passed his written driving test at age 94, with only one minor error.

As a young boy, basic arithmetic skills were drilled into Lorne. He never lost those skills. He used to drill his girls with the times tables and, when his great-granddaughters, Wendy Lee and Margo, lived with him many years later, he repeated the tradition! Lorne never bothered using a calculator as calculations could be performed faster in his head.

When Lorne retired from Barrie Tanning Co. they purchased a house and several acres of land along Willow Creek in the Village of Midhurst. He subdivided the land and sold the building lots for a nominal price which, nevertheless, provided him and Marion with a sufficient retirement living. Those who did business with Lorne always became his friends, as he was known for his fairness and generosity.

Lorne had a magnetic personality. This is because he was genuinely interested and cared for each and every one of his family and friends. He made every one of us feel special.

Interment: Midhurst Union Cemetery.
GPH: 30/11/2009

Marion Orser

ORSER, Marion *Craig*
23/01/1916–22/06/2011

B. in Vespra Twp., the daughter of James Craig and Minnie Black. Her father was born at Big Bay Point and his family moved to Midhurst in 1898 to farm on the 3rd Conc. of Vespra. Her mother was born in Midhurst, where her grandfather had a blacksmith shop and where her grandmother was the local mid-wife. Much of Marion's life was tied to her contributions to life in the village, its history, and its Anglican congregation.

As the entry above concerning Lorne relates, Marion and Lorne were married in 1936. She had worked for a time before that at the Windemere Resort. They bought their first little house where the Georgian Mall now stands, and proceeded to have two daughters, Carol and Nancy. There were moves further south, to Cundles, and then back to Midhurst in 1956.

In his eulogy, son-in-law Peter Oliver says that Marion "was always busy, baking, cleaning, cooking, gardening, feeding the birds, even the crows, chipmunks and squirrels. She was very creative, engaged in quilting, with a quilting table often set up in the basement. Alternatively she would sew leather gloves or make matching dresses for Nancy and Carol for their piano recitals. Nancy especially remembers the little smocked dresses, because she would inherit Carol's and so seem to be wearing the same dress forever."

The Village

In 1967, Canada's Centennial Year, Marion "was instrumental in forming the Midhurst Historical Society and in developing its first two projects: a booklet on Midhurst history and the historical cairn on Finlay Mill Road. A few years later she helped produce an enlarged history of the village and then, in 1976, organized a trip to Midhurst, England, to forge a link which still exists." She and her cousin, Hunter Russell, organized and developed the nature trail along Willow Creek."

Peter writes, "I think it may have been the centennial year when Lorne and Marion Orser were pronounced by the local residents to be king and queen of Midhurst and were paraded through the village in a open convertible."

"In 1985 Marion was named Vespra's Citizen of the Year, 'the lady who gets things done.' She was praised for her devotion and service to the Midhurst community. She was noted for always welcoming new-comers with a gift of baking and organizing farewell parties for those who were leaving the village."

St. Paul's, Midhurst

Marion "was devoted to St. Paul's Anglican Church, where her mother had served as an organist. ... She loved the historic little old wooden church for which she and her late husband, Lorne, had spearheaded the funding and actual building of the parish hall. Notwithstanding her personal attachment to the old churchbuilding, Marion was ready to move with the times. She led the way in fundraising and literally proceeded on foot leading a procession from the old church to this (the) present more modern and accommodating building as her new place of worship. She and Lorne both continued to be staunch and generous supporters of this church which was so very special to them."

Family

Marion and Lorne were married some 73 years, a lifetime for many. They were "a model of true love and unending kindness towards each other." As well, they raised two four fine and caring people, two daughters (Carol and Nancy) and two sons-in-law (Peter and Charles*). At a great age—Lorne was 98 when he moved into Retirement Living; Marion was 92—they came to GPH and quickly endeared themselves to everyone. They were both people of faith. At the time she died, Marion was ready to move on. As Peter says, "She was more than ready to leave this world, fully confident, as always through life, that she was in the Dear Lord's hands."

*Charles Drury's mother, Mae DRURY, lived at GPH from 1991-98. For her lifestory, see *Connections*, p. 72. Mrs. Orser's lifestory is generously indebted to son-in-law Peter Oliver's eulogy for her. The *Springwater News*, no. 342 (July 7, 2011) printed about Marion's contribution to her community. It was authored by Ruth Byers, in the column "Heritage Matters," and includes two photos.

GPH: 11/08/2008

•• OSACHUK, Stephen
GPH: —P1017

• OTTERBEIN, Becky
27/07/1912–11/05/2006
GPH: 06/01/1994 M-78

OVERTON, Elizabeth *Sargant-Hall*
25/02/1925–14/08/2012
B. In Staffordshire, England; she had one sister and one brother. She was a nurse on a submarine in WWII and met her husband, John, a Canadian serviceman, during the War. They were married in 1945 in Scotland and Elizabeth came newly married to Canada, a "war bride."

Mr. Overton worked at Malton for A.V. Roe and was involved with the Avro Arrow. They were also beekeepers and had a 10-acre apiary where they had 900 colonies.

In 1966 the Overtons moved to Schomberg where they continued their apiary on 57 acres and they were there until Mr. Overton died, at which point Mrs. Overton moved to Simcoe Terrace in Barrie. In August 2012 Elizabeth moved to GPH, but died soon afterwards.

They raised three children: George, Michael, and Carol (m. Akers). Elizabeth has five grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.
GPH: 08/08/2012

P

• PAINE, Elma
18/07/1913–03/09/2006
GPH: 04/09/1998

PANTON, Winifred *Grewar*
01/11/1926–04/02/2006
B. in Dundee, Scotland, daughter of George and Catherine Grewar. Mrs. Panton had two sisters, Nellie and Alice, and a brother, Alexander ("Sandy"). Alice and Sandy survive her.

Winifred married Doug Panton in 1945, at the end of WWII, when she was 19 and he was 27. He had served in the War and had been a P.O.W. They met at a dance; he said it was love at first sight.

After the War, the Pantons lived at Wolverhampton, in England. Mr. Panton worked as a police officer. Their son Doug was born on April 21, 1946; another son, Alistair, was born four years later.

They emigrated to Canada in 1957, and came to Toronto. Mr. Panton found a job working in policing with CP Rail. The winters proved hard on his health and they considered returning to England, but when they found out Jane, born in June 1961, was on the way, they decided to stay in Canada.

Winifred went to work at "the Permanent," which eventually became Canada Trust. They moved to Willowdale, where they bought a house in 1962. They stayed there for some twenty-five years, retiring in the late 1980s. In 1991 they sold the house and moved to Greenbriars, in the Nottawasaga complex outside Alliston.

Life changed dramatically for the Pantons when Winifred suffered a stroke in March 1994. Doug took care of her until she moved into Simcoe Manor, at Beeton; he died in February 1996. Daughter Jane (m. Richards) recalls her involvement with Mary Hutterer in activation therapy for her mother at Simcoe Manor—Mary worked at Grove Park Home as an adjuvant in the late 1980s.

Finally, after years of waiting, Winifred moved into Grove Park on Nov. 1, 2005, now much closer to Jane who lives in Minesing.

Mrs. Panton's son Doug lives in Toronto.

GPH: 02/11/2005

PARISH, Owen

12/12/1914–11/01/2005

B. in Toronto into a family of four or five; one sister. He married and worked all through the Depression. There are two daughters: Kathleen (Barrie) and Ellen (Markham).

He loved hockey and football. He used to go to Varsity Stadium and watch the Argos play. He had a rose garden.

Mr. P. worked for 57 years for Hughes and Co. at 786 King St. W., in Toronto. There were about 35 employees in the business, which began in the 1870s? It closed some time after he retired in 1975. Hughes also had the second floor of the Tip-Top building.

Typical of many men of his generation, he was always interested in how many miles to a gallon a car got. He was surprised at the escalating costs of everything: he remembered coffee being 10 cents a cup.

The Parishes lived in various locations in Toronto and area: Richmond Hill, Keele and Wilson, Eglinton and Dufferin.

His son-in-law recalls him as always gentlemanly, a very good looking man. He had two grandchildren.

GPH: 22/04/2004 1187

•• PARK, Norinne

GPH: —P1011

PARKE, Ruth Madelaine *Mortley*

04/07/1920-27/05/2011*

B. in Clarkeson, ON, the middle child of the seven children of Frank and Amelia Mortley. Her sisters were Audrey, Dorothy, Joyce and ...; her brothers were Bill and Ross. Ruth was the last surviving of those seven siblings. Her mother was "lame" and her father left her with "all these kids." Both parents died rather young, at the age of 57, her mother of diabetes. Despite these handicaps, hers was a happy beginning. She remembered her mother as kind, and reflected that she only ever got one "spanking"—for jumping on the bed.

It was through "war work," i.e., working in a factory during WWII, perhaps in Leaside, that she came to meet Walter Parke: his sister Ruby worked with Ruth. She recalled that when they first met, she was "bowled over," as they say. Walter Daniel Parke had come from Ireland as an infant and his family

settled in Thornhill. They were married in the Rectory of St. George's Anglican Church, Willowdale on Aug. 16, 1946. She was 26.

Ruth and Walter had four children: Dan, Pat, Terry and Cheryl.

During their married life they moved around a lot, but always came back to the Barrie area, so in the spring of 1963 they bought the house at 217 Crawford St. Walter died at age 57 in 1977 and Ruth stayed on there through the tornado of May 31st, 1985 when the windows rattled as the tornado passed not so far from Crawford St. (Patterson Rd. and Tiffin St. area, west of the #400).

Ruth babysat when her own children got a little older.

After she left 217 Crawford St., Ruth made a whole series of moves that eventually brought her to GPH. First she lived at the Kozlov St. apts. On her own, she kind of came into her own. Wherever she was, Ruth made friends easily, so she had lots of friends at Kozlov St. And she loved to shop, so she would just go across the street to the mall, where she made friends too. All along the way Ruth was loyal to the friends she made, keeping in touch if possible.

Her family remembers great Christmases. She loved family get-togethers and birthdays. From one move to another, Ruth had that special talent of making a place to live a home. She was a generous, welcoming person, who would insist that a drop-by visit by family included staying for a meal. Her house was always spotless. Among family stories is the time Dan tipped her into a wheelbarrow and took her for a ride!

She simply loved life. She was always ready for some fun, as some of her many photographs reveal. Ruth liked to take pictures with her Polaroid camera. Pictures of family and friends. Before Walter died, they discovered camping and, afterwards, there was a trip to Florida and another with Pat to the Bahamas. Ruth remembered birthdays of grandchildren with cards and $5 for a small treat.

From Kozlov St., Ruth moved to Breanne's at 216 Grove St., then to Oren Blvd. with Pat, then to Simcoe Terrace, to RVH, to a nursing home in King City, to Breanne's, to GPH. Quite a journey. She loved her suite at GPH, new and clean, 2nd floor, southern exposure. She again made friends, was always grateful, generous and welcoming. Ruth bonded with the staff, who share with you, her family, a sense of loss.

Ruth was a wise person. She was a good teacher about life, but also continued to learn about life for as long as she lived, from her children and others around her. She liked a good joke—those little jokes people tell, like, "What happens to little girls who eat bullets? —They break out in bangs!" She was a spiritual person, a religious person if not formally so, and recognized the importance of forgiveness and moving on. Pat told me that she had one time said, but not, I believe to her in particular, "Don't think you're better than anyone else, but remember that you're just as good as anyone." That kind of advice will lift anyone's self-esteem.

GPH: 10/09/2007—S2015

• PARKER, Jean
07/08/1905–12/04/2005*
GPH: 01/06/1991

•• PARRISH, Bibanne "Bibby"
GPH: —A1183

PARTRIDGE, Elizabeth ("Beth") *Drury*
07/06/1910–08/08/2008

Beth was the daughter of E.C. Drury, Premier of Ontario, 1919-23. She lived just beyond her 100th birthday, sound of mind, with a remarkable memory for local history. Beth had many friends, and continued to make friends at a great age. She is survived by her son, Richard, who lives in Toronto. The following eulogy was provided by nephew Charles Drury, whose mother, Mae *Emms* DRURY, also lived at GPH. It was written by Beth's son, Richard.

Life in 1910

Elizabeth Marion Partridge was born 100 years and two months ago. Perhaps to understand a little of her character we need to know that in 1910: sugar cost 4 cents a pound; the average wage was 22 cents an hour; most women washed their hair once a month and used borax or egg yolks for shampoo; only 14% of homes had a bathtub and 8% had a telephone. Beth was probably born at home as 95% of others were.

Aunt Beth did not want a celebration of her 100th birthday. She didn't want people to make a fuss over her or to feel an obligation to visit an old lady. It took considerable persuasive efforts by Richard to change her mind. He succeeded by pitching the event as a family reunion that would allow all of us to get together. As someone who valued her family and loved to see them together, this idea was irresistible. Debbie from Grove Park Home was determined Beth would walk to her party and with practice she did. However, when she walked into the room with her walker and saw all the people she threw up her arms and just about gave Debbie a heart attack!

That's the kind of woman Elizabeth Drury Partridge was. She didn't think of herself, she didn't spend money on herself, and she didn't think of herself as being special. But she was a **very special woman** who was beloved by all who knew her. She was a "giver" — a friend to anyone in need who always had a cheerful word and a helping hand for family, acquaintances and complete strangers.

Early life at Crown Hill

Beth had a very happy childhood on the family farm at Crown Hill, with her parents and siblings Carl, Var, Mabel, and Harold. After high school, she attended MacDonald Institute, at what is now the University of Guelph, and qualified as a dietitian.

But tragedy struck the Drury family in 1931, with the death of Beth's mother, Ella Drury. Without thinking of herself, Beth put her career plans on hold and returned home to manage the household for her father and to care for her young brother, Harold. A decade later, Beth was able to resume her professional life as the dietitian at Royal Victoria Hospital.

Marriage

In 1950, she married Uncle Howell, and moved to the Partridge / King household on Poyntz Street, where she remained for more than half a century. She was a devoted wife to Howell and a loving mother to Richard. She also looked after Howell's aunt Emma through her final years. Beth was also an active volunteer in the community and at Collier Street United Church.

Beth always delighted in visits from her grandsons, Stephen and Tyler, and the other family members and friends who loved her so much. A cup of tea and some of Beth's baking was only part of the joy of a visit to Poyntz Street, or when she would come to visit with her famous tea biscuits.

In her later years, Beth made many new friends at Victoria Village and Grove Park Home. In fact, wherever she went Beth made friends and cared for others. Even when her body began to fail her, she did not complain about her situation. Instead, she maintained her keen interest in others and what was happening in the world. She was concerned about the preservation of rural Ontario and had a passion for social justice. Nelson Mandela was her idea of a great man.

While Beth was a modest and quiet woman, she could be strong-willed and uncompromising in defending the underdog — qualities she no doubt picked up from her father.

An example of her kindness

Beth once befriended a family who had recently immigrated to Barrie from Pakistan. The parents and the three children adored Beth, who helped them make a new life in Canada. But the parents were very traditional and they insisted that their daughter adhere to their rules: no talking to boys, remaining at home except for school and dressing conservatively until a marriage was arranged. When the daughter began to break these rules, her parents disowned her and threw her out. Beth took her in — in part because she wanted to see her continue her studies. Several months later, Beth met with the parents to forcefully tell them that their daughter was a good, responsible girl who was doing well in school. Beth told them that

part of moving to a new land was making changes and it was natural and healthy for their daughter to have relationships with peers, even boys. Beth insisted that the parents take back their daughter and make compromises. Beth pulled this off because of the strength of her principles and the respect the family had for her.

Matriarch

As the last surviving child of Ella and Ernest Charles Drury, Beth has been the matriarch of our family. Her passing leaves a large hole in our lives. All who knew and loved her, including Richard and Myra, Stephen and Tyler, her nieces and nephews and their families, the caring staff at Grove Park Home and many others, will fondly remember her.

Several years ago, Rich and Myra encouraged Beth to think about what kind of funeral she wanted. She asked that the casket be closed so that her family and friends would focus on each other and not on her. She asked for a very short or no eulogy at all and in this we may not have met her expectations. But most of all, Beth wanted beautiful, uplifting music. Much of the music we are hearing today was selected by her, including "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" by Bach, which we are about to hear. Beth wanted us to listen to this beautiful music and contemplate the many things we have to be joyous about. Our memories of Beth are a joy we will always have with us.

Interment is at Crown Hill Cemetery.

GPH: 21/06/2006

PATRICK, Frank Frances*

06/03/1919–23//03/2007

B. in Aurora. His mother's name was Jenny, and he had two siblings, Goldie and Rebecca.

Frank went to school in Aurora, and then served in the Armed Forces in WWII, as a corporal in the Air Force. He was a mechanic, working on aircraft engines at Gander, Nfld., then at Dartmouth.

He and Eva Emerson were married on May 27, 1944. They lived in Dartmouth for nine months towards the end of the War. She got a job at Moore's chocolate factory on Prince Albert Rd. She recalls living in one room, with one washing day—just like other couples at the time.

Frank was transferred West in anticipation of serving in the war against Japan. They were located near Victoria but the War ended and he was discharged.

Back in Aurora he worked for electricians, then started his own electrical business, Aurora Cashway Electric. This business continued over a period of about thirty years.

In the 1950s he and Eva bought a property at Wasaga Beach. Eventually the cabin they built gave way to a Viceroy home. They moved there in 1976, but continued to go back and forth to Aurora. Frank retired at age 63. He and Eva bought a place in Florida, at Ormand Beach, enjoyed winters down there.

In 1999 Frank experienced a serious bout with cancer, from which he was not expected to survive; but he did.

Together Frank and Eva raised two children, Tim and Sue. Sue and her husband Jim lived next door to her parents at Wasaga Beach.

Frank is remembered for his innate mechanical ability. He has the first Model-T Ford in Aurora that wasn't black: he painted his yellow! He constructed a table saw that included Model T parts; worked on compressors; loved to tinker at things and build. He also got involved in real estate.

Frank is remembered as a good husband, father and grandfather. Family was everything for him.

Interment: Ebenezer Cemetery, near Wasaga Beach.

GPH:

•• PATTENDEN, Hallie *McKay*
GPH: —A1187

• PEARSON, Lorna
03/07/1916–23/03/2004
GPH: 14/11/1995

•• PEDWELL, June
GPH: —M1193

PERRY, Betty Doreen *Cardwell*
23/12/1925–15/06/2009

Janni E. Hobson, Betty's granddaughter, wrote the following eulogy for a memorial service in honour of Betty held on Monday, June 22, at 1 p.m., in Oro Station. Thanks is expressed to Janni for sharing with us her thoughts about her grandmother. Betty's husband, John Perry, died when Jannie was about three, in 1989 or 1990.

"Betty Doreen Perry was born in Toronto, Ontario on December 23, 1925 to Dr. Robert and Jessie Cardwell. Betty had two older brothers, Dr. William Cardwell and Dr. Robert Cardwell. There has always been a family joke about Betty and her siblings. The question has always been asked, "Do you know the line of action?" The answer has always been "Bill, Bob and Betty!" Betty traveled from Toronto, to Whitby, to Penetangushene and Barrie, with her parents, for her father's practice. Her father's medical practice had a great influence on her, prompting her to become a Registered Nurse.

Betty attended Nursing School in Toronto. She became fast friends with Jean Culham, her roommate. These two had a great bond, like sisters! In a letter

that Jean wrote to Betty in 2008, she reminisced about nursing school. Jean mentioned that she wished she had given Betty more closet space while rooming together! She said that maybe they would have the chance to room again and she would make sure that Betty had her fair share of closet space! Betty graduated from Nursing School in 1948. She and three friends, including Jean, had their photo taken for the front page of the *Toronto Star*. Betty then went on to start her career at the Toronto General Hospital. After her placement, she became the first Industrial Nurse in Barrie, at Canadian General Electric on Bradford Street. CGE later became Black and Decker.

On April 19, 1950 Betty gave birth to her only daughter, Beth Joanne Perry (later Murray). Betty and Beth sure were a pair. For those that knew them, I'm sure that you will agree, they were the complete opposite of one another! Beth's dear friend, Paula Yanch, made them a trio. Paula was like a second daughter to Betty. On September 22, 1999 we all mourned the loss of Beth when she passed away from cancer.

Through the years Betty enjoyed her nursing career, her frequent luncheons with the G.E Girls, traveling to Cuba, Florida, California and other destinations, outings with her dear friend Jim Bormann, golfing, cooking Sunday suppers, long days at the cottage sunbathing, scootering to her hearts content and eating black cherry ice- cream at the Centennial Beach Marina in Barrie, just to name a few of her pastimes.

In her later years, Betty charmed the staff at Grove Park Home. She told stories of her past nursing days and, of course, Princess Diana's life story in detail, from the wedding gown to Camilla! She sure did keep the staff on their toes and also had them in stitches with her humour! Betty suffered a broken her hip in September 2008 and was eager to walk again by March 2009. The staff of GPH called her "A Miracle," as most people don't bounce back like Betty Doreen Perry did. She truly had her wits about her!

Her granddaughter Janni made daily visits to see Betty. They had a precious bond, which most knew, as Betty made sure that all knew her granddaughter! Janni took care of all of Betty's affairs and wellbeing. They spent a lot of time together doing Betty's nails, choosing outfits for the week, walks in the garden, shopping, and outings for breakfast. Betty always knew Janni was there—when Janni rubbed Betty's shoulder Betty would say, "Oh, Janni, you're here!" Betty truly enjoyed her time at GPH with all of the activities, always chatting with staff, spending time with volunteers, particularly Joan [Kanis], attending luncheons, and spending time with Janni and her husband Scott. On her 83rd birthday, Betty celebrated with Janni and her mother-in-law Brenda. They had tea, Swiss Chalet dinner, black forest cake; they wore tiaras, played with noise makers and balloons, and Betty enjoyed lots of new clothes!

Betty Doreen Perry was a charming, witty, independent, educated, and well-dressed lady. She touched all of our hearts. She will always be remembered as a humorous and strong lady that had the heart of a lion. Her time here truly was a wonderful journey that will always be remembered."

GPH: 11/02/2008

PETKUS, Peter

14/04/1922–

Mr. Petkus stayed at GPH for about two months.

GPH: 10/11/2003

•• PETTYPIECE, Helen

GPH: —M1191

PHILLIPS, Peter Gwyther

24/03/1933–31/10/2009

Peter's wife, Val, provided this account of his life. Thank you.

"Peter Gwyther Phillips was born March 24th, 1933 in district of Whitworth and Wardle, in the County of Lancashire, in the U K, to Bessie England and Samuel John Clement Phillips. His baby brother Robin unfortunately died at six days old in 1937, so Peter grew up an only child in a privileged family, with a Merchant Marine Captain for his Dad. His father didn't want his son to follow in his footsteps on the dangerous and unpredictable sea. So when the time came, Peter went on to become an electrical engineer instead.

He married Gladys Stevens Hogg October 13th, 1956 in Edinburgh Scotland. They had three wonderful children, Christine, September 1st 1959, then Richard, March 24th, 1963 and then Nicholas, September 13, 1965. The family moved a lot due to Peter's contract assignments all around Scotland.

To Canada

In the summer of 1967 the family took a big step and immigrated to Canada where Peter worked for Montreal Engineering, settling in Montreal, Quebec. One of his assignments took the whole family to Kingston, Jamaica, for a year. He was extremely well travelled and also worked on assignments in Cochabamba Bolivia; Baghdad, Iraq; Columbia, Maryland; and Winnipeg, Manitoba. Not always a great foundation in a marriage. In 1980, Peter and Gladys sadly divorced.

As a newly single guy Peter took a great interest in the *Gourmet* magazine and educated himself in the art of gourmet cooking.

After returning to Toronto from a three-year assignment in 1984 in Nairobi, Kenya, he set out to meet new people. He joined a dating service called The Phone Club and he was given the first names and the phone numbers of a few ladies to meet, and one of them was elementary school teacher, Val Parkin.

Val and Peter really hit it off, especially when he cooked a special meal for her, and were married July 5th 1985 in Scarborough, Ontario.

Peter was now working for ACRES International, who transferred him down to the Niagara Falls office just a short time after being newly married. That didn't go over too well with Val, but she had to give in since he made more money than she did! They settled in St. Catherines where she was able to continue her career and he was a fifteen-minute ride to work.

Not long after arriving in St. Catherines Peter began having TIA's and was placed on medication which seemed to keep them under control.

To many places

The second half of Peter's career sent him to Bolivia, Kenya once again, Ghana, Peru and Bangladesh on a variety of other assignments. In between the workload and travel, he enjoyed his ham radio and the CBC radio or BBC World Service whenever he could. He was an avid fan of the Toronto Blue Jays Baseball team as well as the Toronto Maple Leafs.

Peter managed to find the time to take Val to visit where he had lived and worked in Bolivia for their trip of a lifetime.

By 1990 Peter's doctor diagnosed the beginning of Macular Degeneration. In 1997 Peter decided he needed to retire early as his eyesight was getting much worse and it was too hard for him to continue working. He sadly had to give up driving his new BMW sports car also. He still enjoyed cooking and Val adapted all his recipes to a size 48 font so that he could still read them.

Retires

By this time Val was ready to retire too and they chose to move to Barrie where her son Chris Parkin lived with his lovely wife Diana. Peter's eyesight became worse and also, in hindsight, apparently masked that he was also developing Parkinson's disease. He managed to fall three different times, breaking each of his collarbones and then finally his shoulder in 2007, which resulted in his placement in Woods Park for Rehab, and not long after that he arrived in Grove Park when he could no long stay at home as he had become a two person transfer.

And so he settled into his new home, getting to know the wonderful staff of Aspen Wing, and they too, began the process of getting used to Peter's ways. Peter didn't venture into partaking of the activities of his new home unfortunately. He preferred to enjoy the personal space of his new room instead. Always the properly polite Brit, he made sure that Val always kept the candy basket refilled for his "ladies" and never forgot his manners.

I think we shall miss his wickedly spontaneous sense of humour the most. He could shoot out a zinger so quickly, you wouldn't expect it, or believe it! Carla especially was on the end of many of those barbs he would launch!"

GPH: 07/09/2007: A-1139

PHILLIPS, Sharon Joanne *Hildebrand Young* HANDLEY

25/08/1941–06/07/2009

Daughter (adopted) Archie and Ada Young. The latter died when she was 12 (?) and her father died at age 58 in 1960. She was left alone, with no grandparents. Her uncle and aunt, Bud and Elsie Heard—Elsie was Ada's sister—kept track of her but they had their own family ...

In the same year her father died, 1960, on June 4, Sharon married Arthur Handley. They had one child together, Dan, and divorced.

Sharon remarried, to James Lyle ("Mike") Phillips, and they had a son, Don (m. Ann). When Don was 11 months old, and Dan only 5, Mike died of a heart attack—on Sept. 16, 1970. She had already rented an apt. on the ground floor in anticipation of his return from the hospital.

London was Sharon's home. She took the job of superintendent of an apt. building.

Eight years ago, in 2001, Sharon moved to Barrie to be close to her son Don and his family. For a short time she lived at the St. Mary's apartments, then moved to Heritage Place at the IOOF Home. In 2005 Sharon moved to GPH where she lived on Willow. Tony and Rita MARCHAND and Viola TRAMER were her tablemates.

In the months before her sudden death she enjoyed coming down to the café in the afternoons and having coffee and chat with volunteers Joan and Nora. She was much attached to her family and loved her grandchildren. Don and Ann's kids, Amanda, Allison, and Kiernan, saw her on the weekends: she already had birthday cards ready for her family through the end of the year!

Sharon's son Don provided the following for her funeral on Fri., July 10. Rev. Colin McDonald, of Central United Church, who led the service, read it to us.

> My mom never missed special occasions, especially for her grand-kids. Although she could ill afford it, she would always get them cards and gifts for birthdays or Christmas, usually months in advance. She was planning on going shopping this week, and on her list was a birthday card for Kiernan whose birthday is in December.
>
> Mom made the most of her conditions, letting the kids ride in her various wheel chairs which, for Amanda, was before she grew taller than Gramma. Being the first grandchild, Amanda was always near and dear to her heart. Amanda would sleep over at Gramma's, which was very exciting. Why, you might ask? —"because Gramma let me watch TV." And there was always a treat at Gramma's—Smarties or Rice Crispy squares.
>
> Her two sons also loved her very much. Dan and his family live in London, where we all grew up, and they were unable to see Mom as much as she would have liked. Then again, Don lives in Barrie, where Sharon

moved to a few years ago, and I'm sure she would have liked to see us more too, as all Grammas do.

We'll remember Mom for being loving and encouraging. Mom was always there if you did something wrong. One of her last comments to me was "to encourage the kids to be the best they can be and encourage them in whatever road they choose. Tell them you love them and always keep the doors of communication open." We will Mom, we will.

GPH: 28/02/2005

•• PINKERTON, Mary
GPH: —S2019

PHYLLIS, Aileen *Heckford*
12/02/1929–28/07/2007
B. in Oshawa and grew up in Toronto. She married WWII veteran Gordon Phyllis. Their five children were born in Toronto.
Mr. and Mrs. Phyllis moved to Newmarket and opened a business, Newmarket Sports and Cycle; after that they opened a sandwich shop, "Soup and Sub."
After they retired they moved to Sutton; later to Beaverton.
Mrs. Phyllis enjoyed gardening—roses were her favourite flower; she was a gifted painter, in oil and watercolour; sewed. She was a collector of bears, especially teddy bears, of which she had some two hundred or so; she also made them.
Mr. Phyllis liked gardening too; and cars: he liked buying cars and they explored the country in them.
Aileen also had a great love for two dogs, a poodle and a bishon-frisha. In particular the poodle was a great comfort to her after the onset of Alzheimer's disease.
Mr. and Mrs. Phyllis moved to Barrie where son Gordon and daughter-in-law Eda live. Gordon died suddenly of a heart attack on Feb. 27, 1996. She was lost without him, but was able to do some travelling and went to Europe with Eda and Gordon; she also did crafts.
For the last eight years of her life, Aileen shared a house with Gordon and Eda and they cared for her as long as possible. Mrs. Phyllis moved to GPH in May of 2007 and died here peacefully at the end of July.
GPH: 07/05/2007—A1036

PIIRVEE [previously PILEMANN], Raimund Johannes
01/03/1923–03/10/2011
Raimund was born in Tallinn, Estonia, to Johannes and Marta. He was the eldest of three children; his sisters are Evi and Vilma.
He went to school in Tallinn and completed middle school in 1942. It was "the War" and he joined the air force so he could go to university, to study

forestry. He continued this in 1946-47 at the Baltic U., located in the city of Pinniverg.

Raimund was among the first group of Estonian men to come to Canada after WWII, in 1947. He signed up as a "lumberman" and worked for Abitibi. In 1949 he came to the U of T, where he obtained a B.Sc. in forestry. During the summers he worked in the pulp and paper industry. Then, in 1954 he went to Duke U. in North Carolina, and received a Master of Forestry diploma. His thesis title was *Volume-weight ratios of green bark and of green wood for loblolly pine* (Duke University, 1956), 46 pages.

Returning to Canada, he went to Vancouver where he worked in forestry ministry consultation work and how the computer could be used in that industry. He worked on the first computer program that applied computer technology to the forestry industry. He worked in Prince Rupert, BC, and was responsible for ensuring that millions of feet of timber exported to Japan had been cut according to government regulations.

He was in Panama for two years and, during that time, also spent time in Jamaica.

Then he was in Newfoundland. Next came Ottawa. He worked for a company called Computing Devices Co. and was involved in writing programs that used satellites to determine what was happening on the ground in forestry operations. He retired in 1986.

Raimund wrote various books and technical manuals relating to the forestry industry and was a member of several professional organizations.

Aside from these contributions, he was actively involved in the Estonian community in Canada. He produced *Estonians in Canada, vol. 1*, etc., and contributed articles to the "Free Estonia" newspaper. From 1972-86 he headed the Estonian Association of Canada.

But there is more to his story. At the Baltic U. he met Salme. She had wanted to study medicine but the class was full, so she studied philosophy, in fact foreign languages like Spanish. Salme came to Canada with the first group of Estonian women to emigrate to Canada, arriving in Halifax and then making her way to Montreal. She married and had two children, Martin Harris (Kenora) and Linda Gregory (the States), and was later widowed.

Raimund had married but it had ended in divorce. He and Salme met again in 1979 when they were introduced by a mutual friend. They were married in 1984. Raimund liked boats and built an 18 ft. fiberglass boat—this was an interest that Salme shared. He came to live with Salme in Phelpston! She has written the story of her own life in a book entitled *From Siberia to Canada*.

Mr. Piirvee is one of the most accomplished residents to live at GPH.

— Thanks to Salme for telling me about Raimund's life. He spoke German and told me that, if he had gone back to Estonia in the Soviet era, there would have been *Vergeltung,* "retaliation." For materials that Raimund published in Estonian, check on Google.

GPH: 20/04/2007

PLUZAK, Krystyna *Wildhirt*
25/06/1925–28/12/10

B. in Szczebszeszen, Poland. She came from Germany to Canada via ship after WWII. Krystyna met her husband Stanley in London, ON, and they were married on Apr. 29, 1950. Together they raised five children: Krystyna, Barbara, Anita, Stanley, and Richard.

Krystyna enjoyed a wonderfully full life in London, where, in later years, they lived with their son. Mr. Pluzak died in 2002. Following his death she moved to an apartment complex where she made friends and was very active. A stroke that resulted in the loss of ability to speak led to her move to GPH in 2007, so she could be close to two of her daughters, Barb and Anita. They saw well to her needs and she was always fashionably dressed.

Gladys THOMPSON lived next door to Krystyna and the two of them could often be seen sitting together outside their suites: "they could have been sitting on a veranda in the South sipping on julep tea," noted daughter Krystyna.

Krystyna's death followed the unanticipated death of her much-loved daughter Anita (Bangay) by a few weeks. This strikes one as not coincidental: Krystyna, at the age of eighty-five, went to be with her.

GPH: 27/09/07—A1166

• POOLE, Nellie *Bell*
30/08/1911–13/06/2006
GPH: 12/11/1997

POSIE, Elizabeth
09/10/1930–20/09/2009

B. in New Richmond, Quebec, in the Gaspé.

She spent her married life in Britain. With her husband Tom she had four children, two sons and two daughters: Cathie (m. Baldwin); Doug; Brenda (m. Middleton Posie); Tom.

Elizabeth was a homemaker and factory worker. She enjoyed gardening and baking.

She moved to GPH from Roberta Place.

GPH: 22/06/2009—P1031

• POSTLETHWAITE, Mary Elizabeth "Betty"
23/02/1933–27/07/2004
GPH: 16/05/2001

PRANCE, Frances *Corcoran*
31/05/1929–21/10/2010

B. in Toronto, daughter of Edward and Sylvia Corcoran. She had two brothers, Vernon and Howard, and one sister, Evelyn.

Frances became a legal secretary and worked for the firm Allan and Meyrick. The Allan Expressway is named for Mr. Allan.

George, her husband, who has a precise memory for dates, recalls that they met on Mar. 28, 1951, on a "blind" date arranged by friends. They were married on Sept. 10, 1955.

Three years after their marriage son Stephen was born; then, in 1959, Mark; finally, in 1961, Lawrence ("Larry").

They spent most of their married life in Toronto. Their move to Barrie occurred on Jan. 11, 1994: it was close to family—Mark was living in Barrie—and closer to the family cottage on Georgian Bay.

Her life was occupied with the raising of their family. Frances did enjoy knitting and was, we would say, a voracious reader—a book a day!

GPH: 25/05/2007

• PRATT, Gladys
28/12/1919–28/02/2004
GPH: 13/06/2001

PRESTON, Margaret Elizabeth *McVanel*
06/06/1935–14/10/2009*
Marg's daughter Debbie wrote the following lifestory of her mom.

"Known as "Marg" to almost everyone, Margaret Elizabeth McVanel was born on June 6, 1935, in Shelburne, ON. She was the second of the four daughters of Sam and Florence McVanel: Madeline (m. Art Colton) is the eldest, then Marg (m. Don), Blanche (m. Al McMillen), Donna (m. Cliff Wilcox). Donna alone survives.

When Marg was growing up and in grade two, she met lifetime friend Diane (m. Cecil Ray). After she finished school she worked at Loblaws in the butcher department, downtown. Later she worked as a nurse's aid at Pine Grove Home in Maple.

Marg met Donald Preston of Sundridge in 1953 and, through him, was introduced to a very large clan of Prestons—and it's even bigger now! She was also introduced to the Church of Christ and was baptized by George Johnson. Don and Marg were marrried on July 3rd, 1954.

She helped Don start up his business and helped do the books and booked appointments for over 25 years in their auto body shop. It was in 1976 that they moved to the 5th line (of Angus).

Marg and Don had two children, Debbie, born in 1955, and married to Richard Chen in 1980. Debbie and Richard have two children: Shawn, a teacher, married to Manisha in 2008, an accountant, and Shevon, an RN. Darlene was born nine years after Debbie, in 1964, and married Don Lee in 1995. They have one son, Michael, who is in grade six. Michael loves cars, just like Grandpa Preston, and he can name them all!

We should also mention that, in Huntsville, in 1969, Don and Marg were foster parents to three children, Jimmy and a brother and sister (Diane).

Marg was known for her great cooking and baking! No one came and went without her pies and coffee. Marg loved a good hockey game too: she'd be yelling and rooting for those Leafs to get a goal! This was a big joke in the family, as uncle Cliff is a big Montreal fan. Marg and nephew Mike Kent had a great time with hockey as well. Marg also loved playing her Lost Heir card game!

She organized great sing-songs at the churches they attended, with wonderful luncheons provided by her and Don.

Marg was always a strong person, which made her an even stronger mother: she never took No for an answer.

She had a difficult time after Don's sudden passing in July 2002, but she struggled through and lived in her little apartment that she and Don built in 2001 at the end of their home. Unfortunately one early morning in February 2007 she fell and shattered her right femur. The doctors put it together as best they could, but told her she would never walk again; she would be wheel-chair bound or bedridden. Marg persevered through these difficult times, and two hospitals later moved to Grove Park Home in October 2008 (Oct. 14), after having two heart attacks as well.

At Grove Park, on Spruce, Marg was able to keep up her correspondence that she loved with the help of her good friend Jean James, who kept her in supplies, because mom loved to send cards to encourage people. She received notes, phone calls, and visits from her families on both sides and this was a great support and encouragement to carry on. She loved her visits with anyone who came, especially those bringing food treats! Her eyesight was failing some, but she was still able to read her Bible and daily devotional and enjoy her BIG word books.

Marg became acutely ill in the last couple of weeks. This time she couldn't seem to bounce back, so it is with great sadness we meet today. But we know that she has a faith that will endure and now she is with our Lord and her hubby. She will be at peace."

GPH: 14/.10/2008

Charlie Price in the Peter Witt Streetcar, Toronto

PRICE, Charles
17/07/1934–08/03/2012*
B. in Toronto, to Douglas Price, who was from Bournemouth, UK, and Ida. When Charles was three, his dad died. Ida remarried, but Bill Harper also died, when Charles was only ten. However, his two older sisters, Margaret and Ida became like a mother to him.

Charles left school young. One of his early jobs was delivering bread, with a horse-drawn wagon. The horse's name was Sully, and Charles developed a life-long love of horses, and other animals.

He married Dawn Williams. Their mothers both worked at the same bakery in the 1950s and the two mothers thought their children should meet! Dawn was an immigrant from SW England. They had two children, Steven and Debra (m. Blackhall).

Eventually Charles worked for the TTC, where he drove everything—buses, subway, streetcars ... but streetcars were his favourite. When son Steve was a child, he would drive for special charters, where a historian, Mike Filey, would provide a running commentary. Once they attended a special meeting in Cleveland that involved a private charter. He was also a railway enthusiast and had a model railway.

He had a real love for model airplanes and tanks—he built about a thousand (1000!) models and was featured in a *Toronto Star* story. On a visit to the Smithsonian, Steve recalls that he easily identified correctly a hundred or so

aircraft in a display where the viewer had to identify various types of aircraft by their silouette.

He knew the technical details of a large number of WWII aircraft. Indeed, so much did he talk about such things that, when Steve was five or six, he thought WWII was still going on and told some young friends that one day the war would be over. He was shocked to be told that WWII was over ... and went home and told his dad what they had said, "You won't believe ..." He thinks maybe this happened in the time of the Viet Nam war contributed to his conviction.

Charles loved his family. When the first grandchild was born, Steve's son Sean, Charles retired two years early so he could look after him while the parents were at work. He continued child-minding with his next three grandchildren, Luke, Emily and Colin. He was a person who "wore his heart on his sleeve" and conversations that broached the subject of Dawn's death in 2004, his children, or his little dogs, would bring tears to his eyes. The same held true when it came to the subject of the crucifixion of Jesus. He was a religious man, Anglican by faith tradition.

Steve recalls his father's sense of humour—a million jokes, for every occasion. He enjoyed teasing. One time he came home and told Steve's mom that Egypt had bought the TTC's surplus streetcars and he'd been asked to go to Egypt to help instruct in their use ... Dawn started to talk about visiting him there ... And then Charlie broke out in laughter. Another time he came home and reported that his streetcar had been followed by a UFO. He played Santa numerous times at the TTC, fittingly I think, with his white hair and mustache, and twinkling eyes.

When we talked at GPH, Charlie's interest in battleships came up—another interest, and he proceeded to offer technical details about various ships. I brought in a book called *H.M.S Warspite* and read a section on the daily routine of a sailor on that ship and we talked about that ship and he offered, correctly, that it was not the first British ship to carry this name. He had an amazing memory for all these things and had a true academic interest.

Charles came to live at GPH from Lakeside Retirement Home. Thanks to Steve for his dad's life-story and to Debra for contributing some additional details; and for the fine photo of their dad in the historic Peter Witt streetcar.

GPH: 21/09/12

PULLIN, Dorothy Louise *Thackeray*

11/03/1913–10/05/2004*

Dorothy Louise cam into this world 11th March, 1913, daughter of Frederick Gordon Thackeray and Ethel Louisa Carey. Dorothy grew up in Toronto, was baptized, attended Gladstone Public School where, from all accouts, she was a very creative writer, enjoyed music but fared poorly in math.

The family moved to Vancouver. There, on the 21st of December, 1921, Dorothy's mother died in childbirth while delivering a baby boy, Gerald Chester. At the time Dorothy had one younger sister as well, Olive Barbara, who was three.

A very difficult time followed for Dorothy's father. He was unable to work and care for 3 children all under 8 years old. Olive and Gerald were adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Norton, who owned a canning business in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Dorothy was placed in an orphanage for 3 years where she was well cared for, until her granny from Sheffield, England, arrived to take care of her.

Dorothy attended commercial program after grade 8 and soon was employed by York Trading Company. It was here that she was to meet her future husband, Gordon Charles Pullin. They met in the elevator and Dorothy was immediately attracted to his blue eyes. By the time the elevator reached the chosen floor, Gordon had already arranged their first date.

During those years she enjoyed roller dancing at Centre Island and Dorothy and her best friend Ella would take the train north to Bala for the weekends.

Dorothy was married to Gordon Charles, December 31, 1938 at St. Saviour's Anglican Church in Toronto. The next few years saw them in Sudbury and points north. These were good years; they built a hunt cabin together and made many lifelong friends.

In 1950 Dorothy and Gordon adopted Susan Jennifer and, three years later, Stephen Charles and returned to Toronto, where they lived at 379 Scarborough Rd. until 1968. She held a part-time job at Walkers Dept. Store in Shoppers World.

March 18, 1969, Gordon died. They had spent the day before, St. Patrick's Day, together at St. Margaret's Hospital singing Irish ballads to each other. After Gordon's death, Dorothy moved to St. Thomas where her step-mother and father lived. She was employed by Walkers Dept. Store and, afterwards, Marks and Spencer. In her mid-60s she suffered cancer and was unable to continue working.

Mom took great pleasure in her century home in St. Thomas and was an enthusiastic gardener.

In 1985 Dorothy moved to London and lived at 1622 Lenard St. until she was well into her 89th year. She next spent one and one half years at The Maples Retirement Home and her last year at Grove Park Home in Barrie.

Dorothy talked fondly of her life and said she wouldn't do anything different. Her only regret was not being able to travel to England.

GPH: 06/03/2003—O97

•• PUTT, Elizabeth "Beryl"

GPH: —M1198

R

RAITUMS, Emma *Kalnins*

07/08/1917–31/01/2008

Mrs. Raitum's daughter, Penny Paquette, provided this biography of her mother and it was read at her memorial service at Grove Park. Thanks to Penny for writing this shortly after Mrs. Raitums' passing.

"Born in Riga, Lativia. She was the middle child in a family of six siblings and had a wonderful, happy childhood. Her father died early, so her mother, Emily, had quite a large family to raise, but by establishing a grocery store she was able to make a comfortable living.

In 1941 she and my dad, Addie Raitums, married and had one child; they moved to Sweden in 1944. They travelled by fishing boat from Latvia to Sweden during the War. They crossed the Baltic Sea, with enemy planes overhead. Trying to gain their sympathy, they put me, a one-year old, in a carriage on deck so the pilots would see a baby was on board and not attack. They didn't.

With the War over in 1945, instead of staying, they and my father's brother and family immigrated to Canada. They arrived in Halifax, N.S., on Christmas Eve, 1949. The Salvation Army welcomed everyone on board and made sure every child had a new toy. I never forgot that. I was six years old.

We lived in St. Paul's, P.Q., Dunnville, Ont., Ajax, Ont., and settled in Toronto.

During the voyage from Sweden to Canada, being on different ships, my parents got separated from his brother and family. Several years later, after moving to Toronto, my dad was walking down Bloor St. when my uncle rode by in a streetcar and saw him. I remember how excited and happy everyone was that they had found each other again.

As time went on, my parents Emma and Addie saw their daughter, Penny, get married, have a son, and later give them two great-grandchildren.

In March 1990, Emma became a widow. My husband and I were living in Barrie—since 1980—and I hoped she would also move here. In 1991 she joined us, here.

A lot of happy years and holidays followed. Also grief, in the passing of her son-in-law, my husband Denton. We were trying to pull everything together when her health at age 90 needed more care than I could give her by myself. So we both decided, along with her doctor, that long term care would be the best thing.

She made her final move, to Grove Park, on Dec. 31, 2007. She was so happy to make new friends and join in all the activities. We were looking forward to hopefully a few years of being in such a restful and friendly environment. Waiting for spring, and asking me to bring her plants for her window. She loved gardening.

I knew she was getting tired, but it still came as a shock when, on Jan. 31, 2008, she passed on to another home quietly in her sleep.

'What a journey she had.'"

Unfortunately, Mrs. Raitums' stay at GPH was brief, exactly a month. She had an eventful life and we had looked forward to hearing much more about it. Finally, I can add that she liked to watch "Wheel of Fortune."

GPH: 31/12/2007—Spruce 2011

RALPH, Fern

25/05/1922–17/02/2005

B. in Toronto, a 5th generation Canadian. She was one of six children, among whom was an identical twin sister. There mother died when she was three and when there were two younger children. A grandmother came from Uxbridge to help their father raise the children. He worked at Silverwoods dairy.

Mrs. Ralph went to school in Toronto, married, then, at about age 30 came to Barrie. She was a housewife and mother, working outside the home occasionally at different jobs. She and her husband raised two children: Randy, who did not marry (d. 1998) and Glena (m. Owen). There is one grandchild, named Sarah. Mr. Ralph died in 1993. He was a stonemason by trade.

Mrs. Ralph was a great crocheter. From her mid-40s she also collected Royal Doulton figurines; her favourite was one called "Sarah," like her granddaughter.

It turns out that Mrs. Ralph's daughter worked at the Alcan depot on Bell Farm Rd., then Alliance Blvd., and knew my father who made many trips from Meaford to Barrie to pick up aluminum windows and doors. When I spoke with her on the phone she inquired whether the Ralph Cox who lives at GPH was "that" Ralph Cox. Small world! I remember him speaking of a "Glena" at Alcan.

GPH: 06/12/2004

RANSOM, William "Bill"

30/05/1932–13/02/2009*

Mr. R. farmed at Tottenham, two miles E. of the town on his parents' farm. He had 200 acres, and a "cream quota": he fed the skimmed milk to pigs. He and his wife had one son, who was killed in a car crash at age 21, in the 1980s. His wife died in 1989. He sold the farm but severed a lot and built a new house. Mr. Ransom came to GPH from RVH: he suffered a heart attack, then a stroke.

Bill's lifestory is told well by his best friend Kenneth Mabee, who provided the following for Bill's funeral at the Abrams Funeral Home, Tottenham. Rod Abrams recalled with me how, when he was a child, Bill used to take him for rides in his stock truck, and let him sit on his knee and "drive."

> Bill was the only child of Leonard and Edna Ransom. He was raised and worked with his parents on the home farm on Sideroad 10 and northeast corner of Concession 4 Tecumseth. [The farm consisted of 200 acres of land. When the quota system was introduced, they had a cream quota and fed the skimmed milk to the pigs.]

Bill was an avid card player and learned to play euchre at a very young age. His parents went back and forth to many friends' places and in winter traveled by horse and sleigh to get there and took Bill with them.

When harvest time came and the grain had to be thrashed, Bill got out of the dirty jobs like in the granary or tramping the straw stack as he wasn't well so his cousin Evelyn had to do it. When Bill got older he helped his Uncle Russell Wright drive a stock truck for awhile.

In 1959, Bill married Margaret McCullough and had a son Leonard. In 1981, at age 21, Leonard was killed in a car accident. Bill then lost his wife in 1989. After a bit he and his Mother, who lived with him, sold the family farm and moved into a new bungalow on Concession 4, on a lot they had severed. Shortly after moving to the bungalow, his Mother passed away.

Bill kept going to his card games, which he loved, and met up with Helen Smith and they had 15 wonderful years together. But in May 2004, Bill had a severe stroke and spent his last 4 1/2 years in Grove Park Home, where he passed away on February 13th 2009. Helen has been a wonderful and loving companion for Bill and always by his side until the end.

I think of all the good times we have had over the years - back when on Saturday nights we'd get together with Herb, Murray, and Sam and go to shows or maybe to Sunnyside or whatever. In later years, the many card games we had together and the many holiday trips that Bill, Helen, Ailene and I had, especially the one to Alaska by car. Bill was my boyhood friend and my best man at my wedding.

At GPH Bill spent a lot of time watching the Country Music channel on TV. This provided him with a pastime. When I visited, we often talked about country music.

GPH: 06/03/2003 — O97

RATCLIFFE, Miss Gladys Ledlow

15/01/1914–10/04/2006

Her mother died when she was four and she and her sister—family name, Ledlow—went to live with others: she was adopted by the Ratcliffes. They moved to Forest Home, outside Orillia, and she cared for them until they died.

She raised foxes (silver and others) on the Ratcliffe farm, "Big Spruce Estates," near Leigh's Corners in Oro Twp. This was had work and she found it difficult to "put down" the foxes.

Ms. Ratcliffe came to GPH from Soldier's Memorial Hospital in Orillia. She had a sister in Orillia and attended Bethel Baptist Church there. She enjoyed knitting and used to keep a daily diary.

She offered this saying which she had heard as a girl:

If wishes were horses,
I'd have one by my side.

On this saying, "If wishes were horses, …" see Caroline *Ada* DONNELLY, in *Connections*. If you type this saying ("If wishes were horses, and beggars could ride") into Google on the Internet you will find much more.

GPH: 09/05/2005 A1130

• READ, Carman
03/03/1926–02/02/2004
GPH: 30/03/1998

REID, Constance "Connie" *Julien*
24/08/1927–02/10/2008

B. in West Chezzetcook, N.S., the youngest of the four children of Rose and Arthur Julien; her siblings were Lottie, Doris, and Gloria. She was of Acadian heritage.

Connie spent most of her life in Dartmouth. She went to school there. In WWII she worked at the Magazine, removing detonators from unexploded bombs! It was during this time that she met Stewart Reid, who was in the Navy.

Stewart was from Murray Harbour North, P.E.I., where his family were farmers, in a big way.

They were married in 1950 and had three children: Donald and Brian were born in Dartmouth. Then Stewart left the Navy and joined the Air Force, and it was with the Air Force that they were posted to Gimli, MB. Daughter Rose (m. Goulet) was born in Gimli.

In 1966 the Reids returned to Dartmouth. Stewart died in 1984 and almost immediately Connie began to lose her sight. But she continued with lots of activities, joining a club that did shopping trips and so on together. She remained a firmly independent person.

She succumbed to Rose's pleading and moved to Toronto in 2001, leaving in Dartmouth sons and grandchildren and many friends.

Rose says that they had two amazing years together before dementia began to appear. Connie had made Rose promise that if the time came when she could not do certain things, Rose was not to do them. That brought Connie to GPH where her irrepressible sense of humour quickly made her friends with residents and staff.

In response to the question about Connie's habits, Rose told me that her children were her hobby. Christmasses were amazing times.

Finally, Connie loved to sing. Family get-togethers were times of singing and fun. She was a country and western fan, and liked Kenny Rogers and Garth Brooks.

Interment: West Chezzetcook, N.S.

—with thanks to Rose.

GPH: 29/04/2005

REES, Eileen Joyce *Cresswell*

11/10/1924–21/11/2007

"Eileen Joyce Cresswell was born 83 years ago in a small village in Surrey, England; she was the third child in a family of nine.

Joyce was the very first of her family, and one of the very first in the village, to be accepted into high school, and was getting ready to possibly attend university in the future. However, the War started and her school closed, as the building was needed for a hospital and military center. Their village is in the south of England, and she had many stories of the planes going over in the evening to bomb London, and of the many tasks they were all assigned to "help" with the war effort.

Joyce met Leighton Rees when he was stationed briefly in her village, and they got married when he finally came home from the War. They had three children, and bravely made the move to Canada in 1957.

Joyce became a librarian with the North York Library; her favorite job was being the librarian on the Mobile Library that travelled to the primary schools in the North York area, before schools had their own facilities.

They were great parents and theirs was the house that people gravitated to. They were the adults that kids were comfortable with: it was an inviting home to "hang out" in, to play music and, sometimes, to talk out problems.

Joyce and Leighton retired to Barrie in 1985. They were a very close couple and did everything together: listening to music, gardening, reading, going to movies, and making many road trips out West. They both loved the mountains and the scenery of Western Canada and the States, and were really interested in all the historical places along the way. Leighton loved to drive, and Joyce was a great map reader and planner—a perfect match.

Their family is scattered all over the map, which seemed to cause them some sadness in the last years of their life. Carole (m. Baird) lives here in Barrie; Tony lives in Geneva; and Martin is in Montreal. Their five grandchildren are in Calgary, Denver, Montreal and Toronto. Her surviving brothers and sisters are in B.C. and England. Joyce and Leighton also have five great grandchildren.

Joyce's husband passed away two years ago, and in the spring their family are taking their ashes to Leighton's birthplace to be laid to rest together. It is how they would have wanted it."

—Thanks to Carole for this biography of her mother.

GPH: 24/04/2006

REID, Marjorie *Burger* McKEEVER-REID

23/04/1911–17/12/2009 (= 100!)

B. in Allandale, one of the four children of Charles and Lillian Burger. Her immediate family were railroaders from Allandale and district. She is survived by her brother Floyd and sister Denelda.

At some point the family lived on Ferris Lane, i.e., "Cundles" village; later her parents lived at Holly.

Marjorie married and had five children. She was divorced, remarried and had two more children, so that her children were six daughters and one son. Her son predeceased her.

Mrs. Reid lived for 57 years on Newton St., in a "wartime" house. From the age of 12 or 13 she went to Essa Rd. Presbyterian Church, where she got a Sunday School award. Later she was at St. Andrews, downtown.

Marjorie waitressed at Lakeview Dairy on Dunlop St. for Mr. Kinsey, who was also the Mayor of Barrie. It was the first Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet in Barrie and Marjorie met Colonel Sanders when he came to Barrie to visit it! People say this was *the* restaurant for chicken at the time.

Four of five Marjorie's Barrie daughters attended her memorial service at GPH on Jan. 20, 2010, and they provided these thoughts about their mother, whose health failed only for a few months before her death. Of course, a photo of her hangs on the "Century Wall" at GPH.

> Our mother was a very caring and loving person and was known for giving and helping others. Grove Park was a place for mother to see these same things happening every day.
>
> We are sure that is why mom was so happy here, as she could take part and witness the kindness shown to everyone residing here. It made us, her family, content, to know that her last years were happy, and that move was cared for in a loving and thoughtful atmosphere. We are so grateful to the staff and volunteers of Grove Park Home.
>
> GPH: 15/02/2008

RICCI, Ludwika "Louisa"
04/02/1921–04/06/2012
GPH: 09/10/2009

RICHARD, Emile Joseph
02/-4/1919–29/07/2009

B. in St. Anne, Kent County, New Brunswick, the oldest of thirteen children, two of which died at a young age. His father was a blacksmith, specializing in making wagon wheels.

Emile left home around the age of 18 to work in a lumber camp near St. John, N.B. and continued to work in lumber camps throughout the State of Maine until early 1953.

He married Imelda BOUCHER of St. Norbert, N.B., on Sept. 1, 1947. Their daughter Jeannine (m. Mike Jessen) was born on May 20, 1949; son Normand (m. Margaret) was born on Dec. 15, 1950.

In April 1954 Emile left for Toronto to find employment before moving the rest of his family. He found work with the CNR as a freight handler; Imelda and the children soon followed. He worked hard for the railway and also did home repair jobs for the neighbours to supplement his income.

Youngest son, Vincent, was born on Dec. 12, 1957.

Emile retired at age 65 and then he had time for his real passions: cross country skiing, fishing at Glen Haffey Conservation Park for trout, and winters in Florida.

In 1987 Emile and Imelda brought a trailer at Port Severn and a boat; then the real fishing began. During these summers, Emile spent countless hours on the water, fishing. When he filleted a pike, you knew you wouldn't be any bones in the fillets! Emile and Imelda's annual fish fry became a special event that everyone looked forward to. They continued to spend their summers at the trailer until the fall of 2006.

In the fall of 2007, Emile and Imelda moved into GPH. On the evening of July 27, 2009, Emile passed away, with his family by his side.

At GPH Emile shared his fish stories and enjoyed playing cards. Our son Jason, a volunteer at GPH, played euchre with Emile many times with a group that included Eila TIFFIN, and Harold Bolton and Eva Brown from Retirement Living.

Emile's funeral mass was at St. Mary's on Aug. 1; interment is at St. Mary's Cemetery, Barrie.

GPH: 01/11/2007

•• RICHARD, Imelda

GPH: —M1212

•• ROACH, Robert

GPH: —P1029

ROBBINS, June *Johnston*

27/08/1922–29/07/2008

B. in Toronto, the eldest of the three children; Charles was her brother, Catherine her sister.

The family moved to Midland when June was six. She often recalled the wonderful times of having the privilege of bringing meals to her grandfather at the Midland Fire Hall, where he looked after the horses used for the fire team.

June was a very talented dancer and as a young woman, was approached to become a professional dancer. She also had a flair for language and at one time carried five languages. Again, she was approached to seek further language education with the promise of a career interpreting for the Canadian Embassy. However, these were difficult times during the Depression years and there was no money for further studies. June also loved to swim and just for the fun of it swam across Little Lake in Midland.

Before her marriage she worked as a Bell Canada telephone operator in the Midland office.

On Nov. 19, 1945, June married John Robbins of Penetanguishene. They had three children: William, Barry, and Deborah.

In 1964 June re-entered the workforce. She worked in retail for a few years and then worked at the *Midland Times* newspaper office for 20 years. John died on Aug. 10, 1988; she retired in July 1989.

June had a very creative flair and that talent could be seen in the hobbies she enjoyed, such as decorating her home, gardening, sewing, knitting, embroidery, needlepoint and playing the piano. She loved to feed the wild birds and, during severe winter storms, could be seen outside concerned for the birds—removing the accumulated snow from the feeders and adding more food. She taught Sunday school at the Presbyterian Church for many years, and enjoyed several years of volunteering her time as a teacher for the mentally handicapped and helping with crafts at the Georgian Manor. June loved to go out for coffee and a restaurant meal or for a drive in the country, and she loved to jump in the car and just go for a drive.

My mother's love of music, dance and singing was a part of her life. She could be seen dancing and singing with her children, or when alone doing housework; she couldn't resist dancing to a lively song.

She had a gentle and compassionate nature, and it was often said the June always knew the rights words to say and when to say them.

June was known for her sense of humour and her inclination to giggle. Once she got laughing, there was sometimes just no stopping. I can remember during comedy skits on television, or funny movies, there were times when she would laugh so much, she would have to leave the room so she could get control of her laughter. With an equal sense of passion, she would shed tears for people who were hurting, even these she didn't know.

June was not only my mother, but my best friend. As the Lord loved her during her final days, she knew a deep peace. I am confident that her spirit is secure with her Heavenly Father and I rejoice at the thought. So it is with much love that her children say goodbye for now. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, eternal life is a promise.

—Thanks to Deborah for this biography of her mother.

One final note: Irene VASEY went to school with June in Midland; Harry WILLSON worked for her husband. When I asked Deborah about this last connection, she wrote me as follows:

"My dad was plant manager at Decor Metals (later Firestone) and hired Harry. They worked together until Harry left to work elsewhere. Dad was an industrial engineer and he retired from Firestone in May 1988 when he could no longer work due to terminal mesothelioma (asbestos caused lung cancer). He continued to work two or three days a week as a consultant with Firestone and was at work the day before he died. Dad passed away on August 10, 1988."

GPH: 11/08/2004 M1216

ROBINSON, Barbara *Graham*
19/05/1922–02/07/2010

B. in Stanley Twp., south of Clinton, the daughter of "Goldie" and Marjorie. She was the second of four children: Bill (served in WWII); Barbara, Jack, and Mel. Her parents farmed.

She went to High School in Clinton and then got a job working in an insurance office in Kitchener, sharing an apt. with a girlfriend.

Fred's sister worked with her brother. During the four years that Fred was Overseas, Barbara wrote to him; his sister wrote to her brother! When he came back, Fred went to see her: they married on Nov. 2, 1946, the start of a marriage of 63 years.

They lived at 233 Dovercourt Rd., then Horseman St., Etobicoke, then moved to their cottage, south of Bayfield. Fred worked as a millwright at Ryerson Press, then for GE. When Barbara worked outside the home, it was in an office. In retirement they spent their winters in Florida.

"The kids" wanted them closer. They had friends at Sandy Cove Acres, and moved there.

Barbara and Fred raised four children: Linda, a schoolteacher; Bill, who has his own carpentry business; Cathy, mother of two; Bruce, who was poisoned while doing renovation work and now drives for a food bank.

Fred remembers Barbara as easygoing; loved her children and grandchildren; a good cook; no arguments. She succumbed to Alzheimer's eight months before coming to GPH.

She is interred at Baird Cemetery, near Clinton, in a family plot.

GPH: 27/11/2008

•• ROBINSON, Phyllis
GPH: —A1139

•• RODGMAN, Mabel
GPH: —M1221

• ROSS, Frances ("Molly")

•• ROSS, Hazel
GPH: —P1038

•• ROSTE, Mary "Jackie"
GPH: —S2012

RUMLEY, Verna *Simpson*
19/02/1930–11/05/2008
B. in Spa Springs, N.S.; her mother's family name was Zinc.

"At the age of 15, she left home, travelled from Nova Scotia and made her way to Ontario, where eventually she nursed in various places: Beardmore, Burke's Falls, Midland, Picton, and Kingston.

Her life consisted of the importance of family: her late husband, R. Harold Rumley; her five children, Ronda, Rhoda, Pattie, Irene and John; her eleven grandchildren and her three great-grandchildren.

She was known for her determination and her smile, both very characteristic of her personality. She loved gardening, enjoying the flowers, and nature. She loved birds and she always insisted on having a bird feeder close to a nearby window. She loved to take long drives in the country, enjoying the scenery and the rural atmosphere.

Genealogy was a hobby that she took up in her later years, tracing her family ancestors, and making several trips back to Nova Scotia researching family relatives. She loved the east coast, the ocean, lighthouses and talked often of being back home and the Bay of Fundy.

Although Verna called Grove Park her home for just over six months, she was well known and well liked for her positive attitude. She greeted everyone with a big smile, her face lighting up when she received visitors.

Verna was well loved and will be greatly missed."

— Thanks to Irene van't Slot, Verna's daughter.
07/11/2007

RUTTER, Gwen *Lodder*
29/09/1917–23/04/2007

Gwen (Lodder) Rutter was born in England on September 29, 1917. She lived in a town called Finedon Northamptonshire. This was referred to as the Midlands, being about one hour from London. Her mother's name was Francis (Stanley) Lodder and her father's name was Frederick Lodder.There were six children in the family, five girls and one boy.

Mom worked in a shoe factory growing up. She met the man she would marry during the Second World War. He was a Canadian soldier over in England. She married Richard Carl Rutter on November 15, 1941. They came to Canada in 1945. Mom was a war bride. They moved back to Canada to a small town called Coboconk where my Dad was from.

Mom left all her family in England and came to Canada not knowing anything about the country she was moving to. But Canada became her home and she never regretted moving from England. Dad passed away in 1975. She never re-married.

She loved her home and liked to make things nice and comfortable for her family. Looking after her husband and her daughter Jane was her joy. She never worked outside the home. She liked to garden. She belonged to the Anglican Church in Coboconk and made sure everything was ready for Sunday service. She always cleaned and changed the linens and set out the proper colours for the service. During the winter months she enjoyed knitting. She always liked to knit slippers for friends and family. She was a grandmother to two boys and a great grandmother to one girl and four boys. She was a kind and friendly person who was nice to everyone and had many friends. She had a good sense of humour and enjoyed a good laugh.

A couple of her favourite sayings were: “Pink makes the boys wink” and “Blue for true.” I think the staff on Pine will remember her saying “Pink makes the boys wink.”

Another little rhyme she liked to say went as follows:

1 2 3 Mother caught a flee
Put it in the tea pot
And made a cup of tea
The flee jumped out
Made Mother shout
Father ran down
With his shirt tail hanging out.

Mom is survived by one sister Dorothy Underwood of England. Predeceased by her brother John and her sisters Rene, Muriel and Joyce.

—This was written by Mrs. Rutter’s daughter, Jane Fountain.

GPH: 22/05/2003

S

SARENCHUK, Michael

17/11/1921–18/06/2011*

B. in Benito, 37 km. SW of Swan River, MB. He had two sisters, Bess and Marg; the former lives in Vancouver and the latter in Edmonton. His parents farmed; they were homesteaders. His father worked in a flour mill, clearing the land as he was able, until they could move there.

As a young man who was sometimes a bit of a rascal, he underwent a conversion experience at the Pentecostal church in Swan River. It changed his life. He went to Western Pentecostal Bible College, in Winnipeg. As a student he

would go out preaching on weekends, to little places like Arborg and Kilmarno. His ability to play the violin and accordion came in handy. He would also wash windows to make money to pay for his education. From Winnipeg he went to Saskatoon for a further year of theological studies. Back in Manitoba, he was pastoring a church in Roblin. It was there that he met Michael and Nellie Seaman, friends who would figure large in his future.

Michael learned of a new ministry in Swan River. The Living Word Bible College would train people to work in the Ukrainian community. He was there for several years and helped with the beginning of a radio programme.

Then, he was encouraged by friend Michael Seamen to come East. It was in Toronto that he met Susan Sura, also of Ukrainian descent. They met at church and were married on Dec. 2, 1950. She was a pianist, so he thought she would be a great help in his ministry.

They lived at Parry Sound where Michael had pastoral duties at a local church but, with the encouragement by Michael Seaman, he left that to become a teacher, starting in the Hockley Valley in a one-room school (Mono Amaranth Public School), taking courses in the summers, eventually becoming a school principal in Orangeville and the Brampton area. This career extended over a period of twenty-five years.

Michael and Susan had four daughters together: Jane, Lois, Launie and Ardith. Typical of his generation, he spent a lot of time at work and was very strict with his children, who were "to be seen but not heard."

Eventually he had three grandchildren: Andrea, Matthew, and Emily; and then two great-grandchildren, Darren and Dylan.

In the early 1970s the marriage ended and Michael came to Barrie and began another career, in real estate, with Royal LePage. His daughters married and the father-daughter relationships got better with the incorporation of sons-in-law. He was there to help them out, helping with moves, painting and so on. He and Susan gave the marriage another chance over a period of some years in the 1980s-90s, only to separate again in about 2000.

With his children in the Toronto area, Michael moved for a time to Whitby, then back to Barrie, eventually to Simcoe Terrace and then to Grove Park Home in 2005. He had a lot of health problems in later life: bypass surgery, Parkinson's disease, circulatory difficulties, some dementia. The last two or three years were painful and difficult in every sense and his various health challenges fueled one another.

Reflections on Michael's life have to include:

• The role and importance of the Bible and church in his life. Several times he told me of his life as pastor of a congregation, playing the fiddle and accordion. This was the church in Roblin, MB. Michael's faith was important to him and he initiated his children in the Christian faith. At GPH he made a great effort to come to my Bible study and went to worship with the congregation that meets next door.

• Family birthdays were important: he would bring the cake, decorated to suit the honoree. Family gatherings, with everyone around the table, put a smile on his face. His family was important. He got on well with his sons-in-law and more than once commented that they were all the same age, three of them at that time.

• Michael liked to eat, as many of us do. Lois and Phil tell a story from their trip to Florida: Michael ordered the "senior's breakfast," inexpensive and rather small. Lois and Phil had the buffet, a heaping plate of food. Seeing the difference between his small meal and their larger one, from then on he would say, "I'll have what he's having!"

• He worked hard at each career. Like many teachers of his era, summers were filled with going to university. He enjoyed being out with the kids on the playground.

• Michael instilled a love of nature in his children. Jane remembers him taking the girls fishing in the Hockley Valley. He fished while they collected frogs and whatever along the shore of the stream.

• He liked baseball and coached kids baseball teams early in his career. Maybe that was responsible for the baseball hat he wore at GPH.

• The last two or three years were a time of suffering for Michael. His health was deteriorating in every sense. He couldn't see; he was always cold and wore heavy gloves to keep his hands warm. Movement of any kind was painful—he would scream out in pain. His mind was not always functioning. Yet, yet still at times he had a sense of humour and we still laughed about things. There he would be, eating in the dining room, his gloves on the top of his toque-covered head where he knew they could not be misplaced! It was difficult and few of us would get through it any more gracefully than he did. I salute him.

Finally, he moved on, and left pain behind.

Interment is at Union Cemetery, Barrie.

GPH: 11/02/2005

SAWYERS, Doreen *Draycott*

14/03/1926–19/02/2008

B. and raised in Toronto; father was Jessie Draycott. She had a sister Christine (m. Tilley) and brothers William and Maurice. Her father died at age 59.

She married Dalton Sawyers and they had three children: John, Sharon (m. Dean), and Ralph. John lives in Barrie; Sharon in Woodville; Ralph in Wasaga Beach.

Her working career included Regal Toys, A & P; she retired from Robert Simpson Co. Her hobbies included making crafts (découpage), watching "soaps" on TV. Mrs. Sawyers lived at Collier Place in Barrie after her move here in 1992. She was a volunteer at RVH for seven years. Doreen was afflicted with Parkinson's disease. Before her move to GPH she was a participant in the S.E. Programme.

Her funeral was from Burton Ave. United Church; interment is at Pine Hills Cemetery.

GPH: 07/01/2004

SCHALY, Maria *Vanderlugt*

01/08/1910–29/03/2012

B. in Hoek van Holland (the "Hook of Holland").

She married Walter Schaly in 1932. He was a market gardener and sold vegetables and flowers from door to door, to regular customers.

In 1948 they immigrated to Canada with their seven children: Burt, Hank, Lynn, Arie, Tys, John, and Alida (m. Eises). They arrived at Montreal and were sent to King City, to work on a farm for a year; then they worked for the Camerons on the 8th of Vespra for a year. The Schalys bought a farm at Thornton and were there until about 1970, then moved to a house near Angus. Next they moved to a house on Grove St. (52?). From the time she was 90 until she was 97 Maria lived at Tollendale village.

Alida told me that her dad as a "field man" when she was a child. That is, her parents helped to get Dutch immigrants places to work with local farmers. She recalled the children would have to give up their beds to strangers for a night or a few nights.

Maria loved flowers and gardening. At Tollendale she had three plots to grow things. She had never driven a car but had, she said, driven a wheelbarrow!

Walter died in 1982.

GPH: 14/09/2007

• SCHEERLE, Anna

02/10/1908–22/03/2005

GPH: 29/01/1999

SCHIER, Wilbur

27/04/1917–18/02/2006

"B. in Bracebridge Hospital, to William and Eugenia Shier, their third and last child.

Mr. Schier atended Public and High School in Bracebridge. As a teenager he always had a summer job, either at local service stations or on one of the many Muskoka golf courses as a caddy.

In 1937, at 20, he joined the staff of the local Bank of Nova Scotia, as a Junior, at $8.00 a month. In 1939, he was transferred to the Town of Markham, at that time a small village. When war broke out, he tried to enlist at Camp Borden, but was rejected because of some minor ailment. In March of 1941, he was accepted into the air force, to train as a pilot.

In June of 1941, we were married (in Orillia) and Wilbur was to report at Camp Borden on June 16, 1941, where he was stationed until June of 1943. By the end of June, he was on his way to England, where he was in training until D-day. By this time he was in the Army, having been "washed out" in the Airforce, and joined the Royal Canadian Service Corps. On D + 4, he crossed the English Channel to France, and from then on he was involved in bringing supplies to the front lines, where he saw many boys killed on both sides of him, which affected him for the rest of his life.

Wilbur returned from Overseas in December of 1945. We settled in Barrie; he worked at the Bank of Nova Scotia at the branch at "The Five Corners." There were 17 boys returned from "Over There" all placed in the same branch, for one year. Then they were all moved to different towns, and we went to Parry Sound for five years. We loved it.

Then we moved to Bracebridge for one year; then to Toronto for four years; then to Trenton for five years. Then to Sault Ste. Marie for seven years, and then back to Toronto, where Wib retired in 1977, at the age of 60. We had built a cottage on Georgian Bay, out of Parry Sound at Snug Harbour, so we insulated it and lived there until we sold our home in 1997, and moved to Barrie in September of that year.

Wib became very ill on November 30, 2001—an aneurism, and his condition ony worsened from then on. He was in hospital for some time, then in Barrie Manor, then in Creemore briefly, then back in Barrie Manor, then Woods Park, and finally at Grove Park Home, where he died on February 18, 2006.

We had two children, Barbara, of Nobel, Ont., and one son, Jeffrey,of Sault Ste. Marie, both of whom idolized their father. We would have been married 65 years on June 2, 2006."

— Betty Schier

Mr. Schier was handsome, with his strikingly white hair. He looked like Hal Holbrook when Mr. Holbrook is costumed to play Mark Twain. Finally, Mrs. Schier is a friend of Ina Miller, sister of Reta HALPENNY.

GPH: 02/07/2004

• SCHOLES, Mary

06/05/1913–24/02/2006

GPH: 25/03/1998

SEAGRAM, Charles

20/05/1918–29/01/2008

Mr. Seagram's father- and mother-in-law, Bill and Kitty LITTLE, lived at GPH, so the Seagram family has had a long association with Grove Park.

GPH: 09/02/2004

[RL] SEAL, Nellie *Earnshaw*

13/10/1919–09/05/2012

Note: Nellie's mother-in-law, Alice Seal, lived at GPH from Mar. 25, 1980 until Nov. 25, 1983. Nellie came to live in the Retirement Living section of GPH in 2006. She participated in Monday afternoon "Chap-Talk" until early 2012 and often shared with us aspects of her early life in Wales, the War years, and her life experiences in Canada. We could not have enjoyed her friendship more. When Nellie was hospitalized in Jan., 2012, she dictated her memoirs to daughter-in-law Marilyn and what follows is based on that and upon details of her life as shared with us in Chap-Talk.

B. in London in her grandmother's house on Oct. 13, 1919. A brother, Eli, was born in Dec. 1914 but died four months later while her father was serving in the War. Her parents bought a small farm near Burnley, where she spent the first eight years of her life. The Depression came and the family was poor but they had a garden and grew their own vegetables and always had milk and eggs. For the sake of her father's health—he had been invalided out of the War—they moved to small village hear Rhyl in North Wales in Apr. 1928.

In Wales her father raised chickens and sold eggs. Her mother took in tourists; Nellie gave up her bedroom and slept in a little room at the back of the house (straw mattress and an orange crate for a night table). Her father suffered a heart attack, so Nellie had to leave school at 14. At 15 she went to work in a bakery; at 17 she worked in a confectionary and café. At 19 ½ a blind date with John Seal, to see a movie called "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," led to more dates until, four months later, he was posted down to the Aldershot military base. Busloads of children arrived from Liverpool: three, ages 7, 9 and 11, very poor, were handed over to Nellie's mother for a year.

When the bombing of England got very bad they received a mother with newborn twin boys and a two-year old. The babies were ill; they had them for a year. John was home for a week in Dec., another in Apr. 1940, then was captured at the Battle of Dunkirk. They received news that he was missing and then in Jan. 1941 news that he was a POW in Poland. Occasional letters came. In 1944, in the face of the Russian advance, the POWs were marched over the mountains with rags on their feet and arrived at Munich. Months passed, the War ended, and finally a telegram arrived on May 16 saying that the troops were coming home.

Nellie and John were married on Oct. 4th, 1945. It was the first time the church bells were rung in her church since before the War. They participated in the custom of the bride and groom pulling the bell's ropes to symbolize working together. She worked in the Post Office with John's dad.

Son John was born Feb. 1st, 1947. Nellie's dad died two years later.

They emigrated to Canada on the *Aquitania* in 1949. Nellie's mother came with them. John and Nellie bought a house in Barrie on Dalton St. John got a job at a garage, earning $32 /wk. and Nellie worked at Zeller's for $18 /wk.

Son David was born Feb. 21st, 1953.

Nellie had both mother and mother-in-law living with them. She became involved as a volunteer with Meals on Wheels, Red Cross, at Trinity Anglican Church, and RVH.

John married in 1970, to Marilyn, and David in 1973, to Janice.

Nellie's husband John died on May 24th, 1979.

In 1994 son David and his family moved to Calgary, so there were visits back and forth until, sadly, David died in Nov. 2000.

Nellie took great pleasure in four grandsons, Michael, Andrew, Scott, and Jeffrey, and great-grandchildren, Kristen, Owen, and Carolyn.

She had many, many friends and, after her move to GPH, formed close relationships with those who live on Mulberry Lane. Nellie was vivacious at a great age, and told stories with humour and zest, stories like her motorcycle ride at age 85 ...

GPH Retirement Living: 09/2006

SEFTON, James William ("Bill")
25/10/1915–05/01/2007

"Bill was born in New Jersey in 1915 and then moved with his family to Wigan, England; and then back to Canada a few years later. He attended Appleby College, a private boarding school in Oakville, Ontario. In fact, he was the last living member of his graduating class.

Near the time of the Depression, he started his first job, at the age of 14—as a fill-in driver for one of his father's coach buses.

Loblaws

In 1932, at seventeen years of age, Bill's mother sent him to work for a good friend at Loblaws. This is where he would spend the rest of his working career. He retired from that same company at the age of sixty-five, having spent most of his years driving transport trucks. He ended his career as a yard man, where he took care of all the trucks. This is where he developed a fondness for GM vehicles. In the winter, he would arrive at work before all of the drivers and he would start up all the trucks, close to one hundred trucks in total. When all was said and done and it was time for the drivers to pull away, most of the fleet would be well down the road, except for the remaining Ford trucks—they wouldn't start! Because of this, he would go from a Chevy to a Pontiac every three years, and continued this routine for as long as anyone can remember.

Work was important to Bill, and his family remembers how it became such a part of their lives as well. His son Ron can remember riding his bicycle to the local Loblaws store to help his dad unload each and every case of food from his transport truck. Then Bill would take Ron for a short drive in the transport. Later both Ron and Marion followed in their dad's footsteps and had jobs at Loblaws themselves.

Bill had a strict rule not to phone him at work under any circumstances. He had an admirable driving record: millions of miles, accident free. There was only one incident, which occurred outside of Belleville, one Christmas Eve. While heading home in a white-out snow storm, a car drove directly under the front of his tractor trailer. From that day forward his life would change. Not making a big deal of the accident, Bill was home for Christmas the next day. But a head injury had caused him to lose his sense of smell and his sense of taste. Ron chuckled when he said, 'Thank goodness for smoke detectors—it was the only way to know the toast was ready.'

Bill took only one or two sick days during his entire career! He even returned back to work only one day after breaking his elbow in a work-related fall. He would receive Worker's Compensation payments for that injury for the rest of his life.

Family, friends, and helping out

Bill was a husband, a father, a grandfather, a great-grandfather, and a friend.

He had many, many friends: the Darlows, the Dancys, the Houghtons, the Fishes, the Burketts, and the Armstrongs—these are just some of the many that were important to him. He was always doing things for his friends, like driving them anywhere they had to go. He also had many close friends among his 'boys'. Starting in the 1950s Bill got involved in many different boys' groups, but the one that stands out the most is the one that became his life's work: the Zion Wexford Christian Fellowship, where Bill helped many boys to believe in themselves, to help guide one another, and to make a commitment to the community they lived in.

In 1962, Bill became a Mason in East York through a friend he met at Zion Wexford and joined the Markham Masonic Lodge when he and Sarah later moved to Markham.

His friends also played a large part in introducing him to his wife: Sarah Jardine Murray. They married in April of 1941 and lived to celebrate their 61st wedding anniversary. The last three years were hard on Bill, after Granny's passing. He missed her every day, and is probably happy to be with her again now. In fact, he's probably already eaten a warm piece of one of her famous apple pies. They had two children: Ron and Marion; three grandchildren, Tara, Scott and Cheryl; and a great-grandchild who will carry his name: Paul James William McFaul, son of Cheryl and PJ.

A thing for clocks, TVs, and electric trains

Bill had a thing for clocks and always had to have one in sight. He was known for being on time, all the time. And he expected everyone else to be as well. Lunch always had to be at 12 noon, and dinner had to be at 5:30 p.m., sharp! Any later, and he was not a happy man.

Despite his busy work schedule, Bill would always make time, usually late at night, to build and flood an ice rink in the backyard for Marion and Ron to skate on. He even hung a light from the clothes' line in order for them to see in the dark.

Bill liked his television from day one. Marion and Ron remember him coming home one day with one of the first top-of-the-line black and white televisions. Some of his favourite shows: Ed Sullivan, Jackie Gleason, and Jack Benny, to name a few. He had strict rules about the television; however, he seemed to always be the first to break these rules.

Bill also had a passion for electric trains. And made an electronics expert out of Ron at a very young age. Ron can remember taking telephone cable with 50 to 75 pairs of wires, and breaking down those pairs to just two or three, in order to wire miles of electric train tracks and accessories with his dad. Bill even took a couple of cement blocks out of the wall to run the trains into the TV room! The Sefton family would have annual vacations to visit relatives in New Jersey, and they'd return home with boxes of new electric trains and accessories.

Bill spent many years of his life traveling to Woodbridge every Sunday morning to see Uncle Art and Aunt Mary. He helped Uncle Art at Woodbridge Dairy. As a five or six year old boy, Ron would often travel with him and remembers arriving at their destination and running from bedroom to bedroom to wake everyone up. Their work day consisted of many things: for example, building a wall. But since Bill was more of a one-man wrecking crew, many of their days consisted of dropping the tools in place of the clubs for a round of golf.

Teaching the kids how to drive

Bill was a teacher, more specifically, he tought Marion and Ron how to drive. He had a unique way of teaching. He would sit in the passenger seat, open up a book, and wouldn't look up until they reached their destination. For Marion, her dad never said a word. For Ron however, his dad only said something if he could feel his young driver changing gears. The whole point was to be able to drive a manual transmission car and not feel any change in motion when you braked, or changed gears. Bill's teaching technique was passed on to Ron and came in handy when Ron taught his own kids how to drive. Both Tara and Scott are very good drivers of manual transmission cars. Even today, when Scott drives the firetruck at work, he is very conscious of giving his Captain a smooth ride.

Even with Bill's driver training, however, Ron still wound up in a bit of a bind. His sister Marion had her very own new car, a Vauxhall Victor, four-door sedan. She was in the process of getting her driver's license and hadn't yet had the opportunity to drive her new car. Ron, however, did get to drive his sister's new car—right into the back of a brand new Chrysler Imperial! Then, a year or so later, while out late one evening, Ron parked his dad's car upside down on a lady's front porch. Bill, however, didn't make a big deal of it.

In fact, he never really got concerned over major problems. No problem was too big, and nothing in life was worth getting upset or concerned over. This was reinforced one night to Ron at the dinner table. Ron was working as a mechanic and had brought some of his work problems home. After talking to his dad about these problems, Bill simply said: 'That's enough, if you're not happy, do something else.' One week later, Ron took his dad's advice.

Tara, Scott and Cheryl also have many memories of their grandad. The Easter egg hunts; the riding lawn mower; Grandad's little red peddle car that Scott and Cheryl fought over; croquet in the backyard, ping-pong, shuffleboard; the many, many, slide shows of family trips; and the Father's Day gifts made specially for a grandad. They also remember his fondness for chocolate: sneaking his own stash of chocolate éclairs and chocolate donuts to the basement, where Granny couldn't find them. In fact, Scott remembers helping himself to his grandad's favourite ice cream: neopolitan. The three-flavoured ice cream: strawberry, vanilla, and of course, chocolate! Only, Scott would make a special point of helping himself to *only* the chocolate. Grandad was never impressed the next day when his favourite flavour was gone, delicately scooped out by his little grandson.

Retirement: desk in the basement, yardwork, diary

When Bill retired at the age of sixty-five, he often said that he would spend his retirement hibernating and relaxing. He enjoyed being at his desk in the basement, and sitting in the sun in the backyard. Although he didn't do much housework, he did enjoy doing some yardwork, especially on the large lot in Unionville. One time, when Ron and Janice went to visit, they found Bill out in his yard pruning. Now, it's unsure whether it was a result of retirement boredom, or the love of pruning, but they found Bill pruning everything in the backyard, as short as he could. Every tree, shrub and plant was cut back to nearly nothing. Bill could also be found driving the riding lawnmower so close to his shrubs that he would drive it right over the flower beds. Sarah, however, never complained, mainly because she was happy enough that he wasn't in the house!

Bill always liked to write things down, and he did so for years. Bill kept journals, just like this one. Every day he would write down what he did, whom he saw, who had called on the phone, and where he went. He would record such things as 'went to the drugstore to pick up pills' and 'drove Sarah to a hair appointment.'

On this day, January 9th, in 1999, Bill wrote: 'stopped snowing during the night. Nice day. Went for a morning walk. It started snowing again at 4 p.m. in the afternoon. Stayed in. Watched Bowling. Relaxed.'

I've learned a lot about Grandad in the last ten years that I've known him. And I've learned even more in the last few days reminiscing with family. When referencing the poem that Scott quoted earlier: Grandad was a remarkable man, and at the age of 91, I think it's safe to say that he had a remarkable 'dash.'"

—eulogy read at Mr. Sefton's funeral

GPH: 24/06/2004 1221

• SHAW, Norma

18/12/1912–09/03/2003

GPH: 20/01/2003

•• SHAW, Patricia "Pat"

GPH: —S2038

•• SHULTZ, Eileene

GPH: —P1032

SIMMONS, Bart

01/06/1916–16/10/2004

Bartlett Hook Simons Sr. passed away peacefully at RVH around 4:00 P.M. on Oct. 16th 2004. Bart Sr. was finally at peace in order to meet in heaven with his beloved Violet Catherine (McLeod) Simmons who passed away at the RVH on Nov. 13, 1998. It had always been Bartís dream to finish his days on earth at the Grove Park facility, and he was granted that luxury. Bart Sr. was of

sound heart and mind to the end under the compassionate care of his (3rd son) Dr. Bruce McTurk.

Dr. Bruce and Bart had a relationship that started 40 years ago when Bart's son, Jeff and Bruce were friends from hockey and school. For many a time there was laughter and serious debate around the kitchen table at 25 Dalton Street with Bart and Vi and the boys.

Bart and Vi begat two sons, Bart Jr. and Jeffrey. Bart Jr. is an environmental engineer whose company's aim is to implement climate control worldwide under the auspices of the Kyoto Protocol. Bart and his wife Youta have a son Eri and two daughters, Hannah and Sophie. They live in West Vancouver, B.C. Jeffrey is a veterinarian doctor in Peterborough, ON, and, with his wife Sue and son Chase and daughter Abigail, live on Chemong Lake in the hamlet of Ennismore.

Bart and Vi were married young and the marriage was interrupted by the war. Bart was overseas wit the Royal Canadian Air Force Marching Band, with which he played the trumpet. After the War, Bart returned to Barrie and began work at Simmons and Co., the family business on Dunlop St. in downtown Barrie. Bart eventually bought out the store from the family and ran the store with Vi for many years. When it came time for retirement, the store was sold proudly with the Simmons and Co. Ltd. name and is still a vibrant business in the Barrie community, with over a hundred years to its name.

Bart and Vi retired quietly at 25 Dalton St. and commuted to their beloved cottage at Canata (sp.?) on Georgian Bay. The cottage was built by Bart's father Vivian and has survived for 80+ years. Bart's brothers Ken and Bin are deceased. (check); Don (retired), with his wife Gerta, live in a condominium on Kempenfelt Bay and also have a cottage on Georgian Bay.

In all, Bart lived a full and wonderful life. He was a family man, a business man, and was involved in Collier St. United Church for many years. He represented truth, honour, and dignity, and was a true soulmate for his beloved Vi. He was a gentle father and did not impede the desires of his two sons. He was thoughtful, insightful, and always wore a smile, no matter the circumstances. May he rest in peace along with my beloved mother.

From my brother and myself, our spouses and our children we would like to thank most of all John Hart, our cousin, for his devotion to Bart and Vi. Without John Hart's unspoken compassion and dedication to the comfort and joy of our parents' lives, we could not have been one family, due to geographic restraints. We are deeply indebted to John for his relentless efforts.

To all the people and employees of Grove Park and especially Dr. Bruce McTurk (whom my parents trusted to the ends of the earth), we thank you. To all the people who knew Bart and Vi, we have lost true people, but they are now together and are at peace.

I end this discussion with a poem that my father wrote to my mother when she died. He can now recite it to her face.

For Violet

The brightest star
That shines above
Still shines for me
She was my love.

Your love never leaves
She shines just for me
She's my angel of love.

She and God look after me now
My own bright star
And my master to whom I vow.

—Jeff and Sue Simmons
GPH: 19/11/2003—1042

SIMPKIN, Margaret May *Kennedy*
01/05/1924–05/08/2012

B. in Weston, Ontario, one of the thirteen children of Jessie (lived to be 103!) and Alexander Kennedy. They lived in Toronto.

Margaret's brother Frank hosted a weekly luncheon that Margaret and George would never miss. Many of Margaret's brothers and sisters as well as her mom Jessie would attend these as well.

Margaret married George Simpkin in Toronto. It was a happy marriage that lasted more than fifty years, until his death in 2006. They were introduced by friends. Like many of their generation they danced at the Palais Royale to the sound of the big bands, where Jack and Lois COOPER were also in regular attendance.

Together they raised three children: Nancy (m. Smurthwaite), Gord, and Ron. At a young age, Nancy married Chris Smurthwaite and moved to Europe where they participated as Christian Missionaries of the North Africa Mission. They had three children: Nathan, Anne Marie and Michael.

George was an architect for the City of Toronto, later to become Director of Senior Housing and Development. After the children got older, Margaret returned to work and, among other things, worked at the Reitmans store at Fairview Mall.

Margarent and George were "snowbirds" and spent many winters in Seffner, Florida where they owned a trailer. Margaret's favourite home was on Kingslake Road in North York where they lived for over twenty-five years. She and George could always be found sitting on their front porch drinking coffee, visiting with neighbours, drinking coffee and feeding the squirrels and blue jays.

About 1998 they moved to Barrie to be closer to their son Ron, his wife Karen and their three granddaughters.

She loved her grandchildren and derived great pleasure from them. There are six and, as of the time of her death, four great-grandchildren.

Her family remember Margaret as a happy person who loved to talk. She liked shopping and she and George used to plan their garage sale maps. Margaret enjoyed earrings and jewellry, and music: "The Lawrence Welk Show" and "The Gaither Gospel Hour" were favourite TV programmes. For many years, wherever she was, Margaret followed the soap opera "Guiding Light."

Margaret began to show signs of Alzheimer's disease about fifteen years ago, but it progressed slowly and it was only in 2010 that she came to live at GPH.

GPH: 10/05/2010

•• SMITH, Kathleen "Kate"
GPH: —W3014

•• SNIDER, Donald "Don"
GPH: —M1197

•• SNOWDON, Dolly
GPH: —M1224

SPANTON, David
20/07/1931–28/01/2004

B. in Dunoon, Scotland. He had two sisters and three brothers (Fred, Bill, Jim). His father was an electrician.

Mr. S. came to Canada in 1960. He had already married in Scotland: a son, David John Spanton, lives in England; a daughter, Marion Starbuck, lives here. In Canada, he worked for McDonnell-Douglas in Malton. At some point his marriage ended; he came to Wasaga Beach.

In Wasaga Beach he met Anne McDonald, a Torontonian who came to Wasage Beach at age 18, and they were only married 4 1/2 years at the time of his death, of Parkinson's disease. Anne has three children, one of whom is a youth pastor in Loon Lake, SK.

Mr. S. liked to watch hockey, play cards, do crossword puzzles, and, Anne says, "sit in the sun."

His ashes are to be returned to Scotland for burial.

GPH: ///

SPARLING, Violet *Norman* DANIEL
02/03/1922–30/08/2008*

B. March 2, 1922 in Croydon, England. She had four brothers: Derek, Frank, Jim, and George; and two sisters: Ruby and Irene.

During WWII she joined the Women's Land Army and loved to share her many stories of being in the Land Army. She was finally recognized by the British government only this July past for "unsparing efforts as a loyal and devoted member of the Women's Land Army" by way of a comemorative pin. Violet was so happy to be acknowledged after all these years. So many of the women who served in that role died before this happened.

Violet married John Leo Daniel, a Canadian soldier, born in Peterborough. He was stationed in England at that time. They had two sons: John Frank and Michael Henry. John was born six weeks after Violet arrived in Canada following the War; she sailed here on the *S.S. Letitia*. The Daniels settled in Toronto.

In Toronto, Violet began her twenty-five plus year career with I.G.A. stores.

The family cottage at Lake Simcoe was purchased, and many years were spent upgrading the property. Violet would take the bus up from Toronto to Barrie after her Saturday shift at work so she could be with the family and enjoy as much of the weekend together as possible.

She was suddenly widowed in 1971. At the time, John was preparing the Lake Simcoe home for retirement so that they could move to Innisfil after his thirty-five years with C.I.L.

Shortly thereafter Violet made the move to Innisfil with her eldest son, John. He completed what work his Dad had started so his Mom could live there year-round.

In the mid-1970s Violet married Ray Sparling, a friend and widower, also a veteran of WWII. He was one of four boys, from Meaford. They enjoyed several years together until his death in 1978. By this time both sons had married and she was a grandmother a few times over.

Many summers were filled with grandchildren coming for weeks at a time to visit with Grandma at the Lake. She spent endless hours playing mini-golf, making forts, cooking up dinners after long hours at the beach, and even catching frogs—which, by the way, she would secretly release when the kids were asleep. She loved all her grandchildren.

Violet was able to attend her first grand-daughter Michelle's wedding to Chris Paulin, and enjoyed the addition of two great-grandchildren, Heather and Hayden. In her room at Grove Park she was surrounded by photos of all her family: John and Shirrell and their three children: Jeffrey, Shaun and Scott; Michael and Heather—both deceased—and their six children: Michelle, just mentioned, Michael, Melissa, Christopher, Aaron and Julia.

She loved to share stories of her family with the staff and other residents.

After selling the family home in 1994, Violet moved to an apartment in Bradford. She was still able to live independently for a few more years. From there she moved in with John and Shirrell, and stayed with them until she came to live at Grove Park in 2003.

Violet made lots of friends here. She was active in so many of the activities, and was even recognized by A-channel TV for her donation of numerous afghans that she crocheted for dialysis patients at RVH. She often spoke of how well she was cared for and of the respect and dignity with which she was treated.

She was a very nurturing soul. Whether it was babysitting a child, tending to a sick relative or an old friend or even looking out for another resident at Grove Park. Violet was truly in her element in being able to help someone else.

Violet spoke sadly about the untimeliness of her daughter-in-law Heather's death, followed shortly thereafter by that of her younger son Michael,

both at such young ages. She was always anxious for news of their children and of how they were managing on their own without parents to guide them. All six have grown into fine young adults. Their parents would be very proud.

She boasted about how Michelle, Michael and Heather's eldest daughter, took the reins and steered her sisters and brothers during the years after their parents were gone. It gave her comfort to follow John's boys as well, watching them grow into young gentlemen and making their parents proud. Seeing her grandchildren flourish confirmed Violet's success as a good mother to her own two sons.

Finally, Violet never had a negative word to say about anyone. She always found the good and focused on it. She had a way of helping others find the bright side in any situation and to make the best of it. She will truly be missed.

B. in England. Came to Canada in 1946, eight days on a ship called the *Letitia*. Six weeks later she gave birth to a child.

Mrs. Sparling has ties to Meaford. She married Rae Sparling, one of four boys.

GPH: 26/01/2004

SPRING, Lillian

08/03/1917–12/08/2004

Mrs. Spring's mother-in-law, Mary Parnell SPRING lived at GPH for about four years from 1976–1980, as did her aunt-by-marriage Leda Parnell GIFFEN, who lived here from 1978–1991. Mrs. Spring was married to Kenneth Spring and their names appear as benefactors on one of the suites on Oak wing.

GPH: 03/05/2004 3044

• STAFFORD, Joyce

STARRS, Doris *Burley* FINLAY

03/03/1920–24/09/2007

Mrs. Starrs was one of six children, four of whom were daughters. She said that there was no money in their house when she was a child. Her father drove a streetcar on Coxwell Blvd. in Toronto at various times, then worked at a hotel. Her mother worked hard, in various bakeries along the Danforth, serving. She would work until 11 P.M. Her husband's family (the Finlays) was Scottish, from Dundee; her family background was also Scottish.

She told me that she tried to give her son Scott all the things that she had not had when she was young. This is probably not unique among people who grew up in the Depression and knew well what it was to have little.

In the early days of her marriage she and Emerson lived in Sunnyside, the Beaches area now; then they moved to Agincourt. They purchased land in Haliburton, accessible by boat, and built a cottage by hand. Doris liked fishing and loved golf, winning various trophies in competition.

Before her marriage Mrs. Starrs word for Brinks at their head office, as a money counter. Emerson was a salesman and was with Five Roses Flour for many

years. He also had a business producing comercial ovens, Ward Oven Co., which he sold in the late 1960s.

Emerson died in 1973.

Doris remarried in 1975/6. She and George moved from Scarborough to Sandy Cove Acres. They bought two homes: they lived in one and had one built.

For some years they had a condo in Florida and spent their winters there, until Mr. Starrs became too elderly to drive. Then they sold their condo and simply went for shorter periods of time.

Doris moved from Sandy Cove to GPH after a number of bouts of illness.

Her remains are to be scattered in Haliburton.

Son Scott lives in Pefferlaw.

GPH: 29/07/2004 S2017

•• STASEK, Jeanne

GPH: 29/09/2003—S2041

STEC, Katherine

17/07/1919–01/10/2004

B. in the Ukraine, she and her husband were displaced by WWII. The end of the War found them in a displaced persons camp in Belgium; daughter Anne was born there.

The family emigrated to Canada, to Hamilton. Mr. Stec died, leaving just Katherine and her daughter. It was in Jan. 2003 that Mrs. Stec moved into GPH. Her great faith and optimism are well known to staff and friends she made. She enjoyed coming to church on Sundays and made a special friend in Ryan Klemm, young son of one of our church families.

GPH: 13/01/2003

•• STEPHENS, Mary

GPH: —P1015

• STEPHENSON, Don

08/03/1926–27/11/2003*

GPH: 01/05/2001

STEVENS, Linda *Brandon*

20/04/1952–22/08/2012

B. in Newmarket, one of twelve children, six boys and six girls; Linda was the second eldest.

Linda was developmentally handicapped but married twice—her first husband died—and had a daughter, Tanya, and three grandchildren. She lived in Bradford and Elmvale and, for the last ten years, with her sister Faye Whitman in Barrie.

Faye remembers her sister as a happy, cheerful person who liked to make up names.

Linda lived only briefly, about a month, at GPH and was in palliative care when she came.

GPH: 20/06/2012

• ST. JOHN, Myra

05/05/1910–11/01/2005

GPH: 01/04/1997

STODDART, Ada *Bowman*

11/01/1916–07/02/2010

B. in Barrie, one of eight daughters. Her family worshiped at Trinity Anglican and she attended Anglican churches all her life. In her 20s, so, in the late 1930s, Ada went to Toronto and spent all her life there. Ada moved to GPH from Mulcaster Mews Retirement Home. While here she returned to one of her hobbies, quilting. Ada seemed a little bit "crusty" but this just framed a delightful soul. I liked her a lot.

Jennifer Miller, Ada's granddaughter, provided the following information about her life.

> She was born November 1, 1916 in Barrie as Ada Bowman. (She just had her 93rd birthday this past fall). Her parents were James Bowman and Francis Annie Carter Bowman. She was the second youngest of six girls and her mother died, I think, in childbirth with the youngest; Ada was about 4-5 years old.
>
> The father was a farmer and obviously couldn't care for all these children, especially the younger ones, so she and a few others were sent to live with different relatives. He kept the oldest ones on the farm. Ada went to live with the Sproule family in Toronto. It was important to her father that the girls be able to keep in touch with each other and maintain sibling bonds even though were not able to live together. He would often "send" for the children to have family visits together. This developed over the years to become a "Bowman" family reunion that continues today, even though all the sisters have passed away. Up to four generations gather annually and continue the tradition started long ago, to practice the same princple of family keeping in touch.
>
> I'm not sure exactly the relationship with the Sproules but it seems like she felt that she didn't "fit" so well: she felt she was made to work more and harder than her equals her own age and I think she resented this.
>
> Anyway, she grew up and met Harry Stoddart—I really don't know how they met—and married. They had two children Peter and Sarah; five grandchildren (Sarah's) and, subsequently, six great-grandchildren.

Ada was a homemaker mostly with some occasional work later in life at Eaton's. During their lives together Harry and Ada travelled throughout Canada, mostly on camping adventures, and were very involved with Scouts. She spoke of many a friend made through this connection and many photos in her albums are from these years.

Later in life, after the children left home they enjoyed more luxurious accomodation when they travelled—in motels!

Ada was a keen knitter and quilter throughout the years. She especially enjoyed making baby sweaters, bonnets and blankets. I have discovered her extensive vintage "library" of patterns! Up until the week she passed away she was hand quilting and nearly completed another quilt. Our generation have all benifitted from this, with the gifts of precious quilts to serve as memories, handquilted with love from her.

After Harry passed away she was independently living in the house they had owned for 60 years on Roehampton Ave., until the age of 90. She enjoyed sitting on her front porch waving to passersby and keeping in touch with those in the neighbourhood. As everyone in her immediate family had passed away by then these neighbourly relationships were very important to her.

Both Peter and Sarah went to live with her a few years previous to their own passing.

I think everyone who has ever known Ada would describe her as outspoken and feisty. This determination to be independent and in charge kept her going for many years.

GPH: 19/03/2009—A1156

•• STOTT, Mary
GPH: —S2046

STRANG, Alexander
13/03/1919–19/08/2007
B. in Glasgow, the son of James and Catherine Strang.

The Strangs were all railroad people. In the Depression there were no jobs and Alec's family emigrated to Havana, Cuba. They returned home on a leave and left Alec with his grandparents.

At the age of 16 his grandfather sent him to Canada. His parents were already here, working with the railway in Haileybury. He graduated from the School of Mines and sometime later took a job with Northern Ontario Power Co. The War came and he signed up, which took him to Great Britain and on to the war in the Far East, to Burma.

He returned from WWII as an employee of Ontario Hydro, which recognized his years with Northern Ontario Power Co. In 1947 Alec married Audrey Frew. Her parents farmed north of New Liskeard and knew the Strang family: her father used to go to market in Cobalt and would drop in the the Strangs on his way back home. Audrey's father drew Alec a map of how to get to their farm and he visited!

In 1958 the Strangs moved to Barrie, where Alec continued to work for Hydro. Audrey had trained as a nurse in Niagara Falls and in 1959 went to work at Royal Victoria Hospital, where she was eventually Head Nurse on floor 5A.

The Strangs have three children: Jim, Patty (m. Wainwright), and Lynne (m. Martin).

Alec and Audrey were involved in St. Andrews Presbyterian Church; he was role clerk and taught Sunday School.

In 1999 Alec suffered a stroke which curtailed many of his activities. Until that time he had enjoyed hunting, fishing, and reading. Audrey cared for him at home until a greater level of care became a necessity.

GPH: 23/11/2006

STRAUB, Herbert

08/03/1925–24/01/2006

Herbert Straub born March 8, 1925 in Offenbach / Main across the river from Frankfurt. Herbert had a brother Ernst who was 10 years older. Herbert went to grade school for 8 years and when he was finished he continued his education as an apprentice in trade school for 4 years to become a machinist.

He was called to military duty for training as a glider pilot; he piloted large gliders. This suited Herbert for as a teenager he would build and fly gliders from a mountain near his hometown. At age 15 he had joined a glider club. He always loved building things, he had a natural aptitude and would tackle any project. His military training was almost completed when the war was coming to an end. He was transferred to the infantry and fortunately saw little action. He was captured and taken as a prisoner to an American camp in France. Herbert was released when the war finally came to an end one year later and returned home.

Herbert and Anna met through friends and became engaged, marrying soon after. They moved in with Anna's parents who had a home in the country near by. They had a daughter Elfrieda in 1949 and a second child, Ursula, in 1955.

They decided to immigrate to Canada; Herbert moved first to establish himself and find work. Anna and the girls followed him 6 months later to Toronto in the Beaches district. Herbert and Anna purchased land near Shelburne and built a cottage alongside his brother and wife. The cottage had several small ponds providing hours of entertainment for the children and years later the grandchildren Brandon and Taylor. Opa (Herbert) would take his two grandsons for tractor rides on the property and sit around the campfire at night roasting marshmallows. Herbert loved fishing and gardening. He had a large vegetable garden both in the city and at the cottage.

Herbert worked thirty-six years for McNamara Construction, most of it with their marine division, building harbours, dredging and such like. The places he worked included Goderich, Owen Sound, and Tobermory.

When Herbert retired they sold the cottage and moved to Barrie to be closer to the children and grandchildren. Herbert now had more time to devote to his hobby, stamp and coin collecting. He and Anna also had many wonderful vacations to exotic places, the Orient, cruising to the Islands, Spain, Morocco, Australia and New Zealand. Herbert was also able to continue gliding, and did so on trips to Connecticut and Roanoke, VA.

Herbert became ill and moved into Grove Park where he resided for 17 months, making many new friends. Anna came daily and they both participated in the activities together until he passed away on January 24th. His wife Anna, daughter Elfriede and husband John Alexander will miss Herbert as will Ursula and her husband Richard and the two grandchildren Brandon and Taylor McNeil.

—Ursala

GPH: 20/01/2005

• STUDDY, Roy

25/07/1923–07/09/2003

GPH: 19/12/2002

STYLES, Irene *Monteith*

10/06/1916–20/15/08

B. at Giffnock, near Glasgow, Scotland. Irene was the youngest of three daughters; her sisters remained in Scotland.

Her grandfather John had a tartan shop in Glasgow. Irene's mother was fifteen years younger than her father, but died of cancer at age 50. Her father lived to be only 72.

Irene was Presbyterian and said that she went to church a lot in her youth.

Irene was working in England (Blackpool?) when she met airforce serviceman George Styles at a dance. They married at the end of WWII. He was Welsh and had come to Canada at age 7 and then gone back to Britain in the War.

So it was that she was a "war bride." He returned to Canada first, to Winnipeg, then she followed eight months later—that would place her arrival in the winter. She, like many "war brides," knew no one here. Later they were in Toronto, where he worked as an airframe specialist at de Havilland, but she did not like Toronto.

In later years, after George had retired, they lived in Meaford, where he worked for Traders Finance. Irene said that George was "a good talker."

Irene had three children, all in Barrie: Bryn, Cathy (m. Bridger), and ...

Lola Lawrie was a great friend of Irene for many years. When Lola was 96 and Irene 89, they took a cruise together out of Miami. Lola's nephew, 78, met them in Miami where he lived. Lola was still alive at Irene's passing—104!

Irene had a great sense of humour and loved puns and words. We always had fun mixing words when I visited with her.

GPH: 20/15/2008

SUGDEN, Charlotte "Ruth"
30/09/1913–
Moved on June 5, 2007 to the Windsor area, closer to family. Ruth had come to GPH first with the S.E. programme. She had been a model as a young woman and was "drop dead" beautiful.
GPH: 08/03/2005

• SULLIVAN, Mary Jane *Elliott*
14/09/1924–15/12/2003
"Mother was born in the village of Coldwater, in her parents' home on the banks of the Coldwater River. Her mother Hattie was a Lovering from North River, a school teacher who had married Ab Elliott, a Coldwater grocer, after he returned from Europe in 1918, where he had served in the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Mother was of good pioneer stock, the Lovering and Elliott families having immigrated to southern Ontario from England and Cornwall, respectively, in the 1840s and 50s. Her parents were not well off, but they were generous and compassionate in a quiet way, qualities they passed on to their daughter. Mother's cousin was raised with the family after his own parents died and there are other stories of kindness and consideration.

Schools and choirs

"Jane," as her family called her, attended public school in Coldwater, high school in Orillia and then the Toronto Normal School on Pape Avenue, serving as a Farmerette in the Niagara peninsula for two summers during that period. She always spoke fondly of that time, and we remain suspicious that we never heard all the behind-the-scenes stories! In Coldwater, where the United Church was right across the street from her house, she began her choral career, joining her mother in the choir; in Toronto, Mom sang in the choir at Timothy Eaton Memorial Church.

Timmons, marriage and children John and Peter

In the summer of 1944 she ventured north to Timmins to take up a teaching position at Central Public School. That must have been quite an adventure! She had never been there and knew no one, but on the train ride up she met two other young women, both new teachers, with whom she quickly became friends and they decided to move in together. She and her cohorts were popular and found themselves and their apartment to be in the centre of social activity. At first they were above the beer store in Schumacher, but shortly moved into classier digs on the main drag of Timmins, over Bucovetsky's Department Store.

She soon ran into Dad, at a badminton match, love bloomed and they were married in Coldwater just after the end of the War in 1945. They took up residence in a company house on the townsite of the Preston East Dome gold mine where Dad was employed. John and Peter arrived, separately, and so began

Mother's career in, as we joked, martyrdom, although in fact, she never complained! Mother, devoted to her family, continued her lifelong commitment to music and the church. She sang in the South Porcupine United Church choir and for years competed in and thereafter served on the organizing committee of the Porcupine Music Festival, taking home the Festival's top prize, the Rose Bowl, in 1950. Mom was never one to boast and the bowl was always hidden away in the dining room cabinet. Mother fit right into the lively northern mining community, enjoying its camaraderie and establishing many life-long friendships.

Jane remained especially close to her mother, and from the time she went north and over the next 30 years, they wrote each other every week. (Mother was great at keeping in touch and it was always a highlight of the Christmas season to read all the cards.) We spent many summers in Coldwater, and we can see the two of them yet, strolling arm-in-arm down the sidewalk, chatting with neighbours, or sitting at the dining room table in the house on Craddock Street, feet raised off the floor in laughter, tears streaming down their cheeks as they shared the goings-on in the village, wiping their eyes with tissue that our grandmother had stuffed up her sleeve.

The move to Joutel, Quebec (1965)

In 1965 came another adventure in the form of a move to Joutel, in northwestern Quebec, where Dad had accepted a position at a new copper-zinc mine, Mines de Poirier. The town had been hacked out of the woods only months before they moved, streets were mud and the black flies were of a quality and quantity unheard of and unmatched on a worldwide scale to this day. Before a bridge was built, access over the Harricana River was via barge or ice-bridge depending on the season. It was isolated, but Mom was unfazed — or at least put on a good front — and was happy to put her French skills to good use.

The first Christmas there (and for many more), she was drafted into playing the organ at midnight Mass; afterward we naturally went to rèveillon. Who would have thought! There was the curling club and the bridge club of course, but Mary Jane missed her choir. From time to time, itinerant Anglican or United Church ministers would come 'round and use her living room for a church service. Then there was the famous incident of the horse. One Hallowe'en she and a friend decided to dress up and have some fun. They fashioned a horse costume, climbed in and proceeded to visit various neighbours, walking through their houses looking things over, not speaking a word. No one had a clue who they were at the time and some never did find out! We will not say which end of the horse our mother was.

"Empty nest," travels overseas and more choirs

During that time our parents became empty-nesters and began a series of overseas excursions, which continued on a more or less regular basis until Dad's death. Mom took copious notes during these journeys and always served as the narrator for the dreaded post-trip travelogue slide show. The Joutel posting lasted

until the mine closed in 1975 and they were off to Elliot Lake where the uranium mining industry was booming. Some friendships were renewed, new ones made and Mary Jane was back into the choir at Holy Trinity United Church.

To Barrie; the grandchildren

In 1980 came retirement and the move to Valley Drive in Barrie. Dad was an excellent putterer and handyman and generally kept out of M.J.'s way in the basement, fixing things that didn't need to be fixed. Mom and Dad chose Barrie as home partly in the hope that friends travelling north and south would stop in to visit and they were not disappointed. Again new friendships were formed, a bridge club joined and the commitment to church and music transferred to Collier and its choir. By this time one grandchild, Philip, was on the scene and was the object of much love and attention. A few years later, Tim, Emily and Evan were each showered with the same love and devotion.

Grandma adored her grandchildren: having Philip at the cottage, going to Tim's soccer games and Emily's ballet recitals and taking Evan on long strolls, hoping to show him off. Dad's illness and death in 1994 took a lot out of Mom, but she knew she had to carry on and she did, refashioning her life with the strong support of her friends and her church and continuing to take great joy in her family.

Sad to say, 1999 was the beginning of the end for Mary Jane, when, shortly after being involved in a serious automobile accident, she was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease. All the intrusions in her life after this time were very difficult for her and she fought for her independence and her dignity to the end. She managed to remain on Valley Drive for two more years, supported by family, special friends and home-care, when she had to move into Grove Park Home. Despite the best efforts of all, Alzheimer's never allowed Mary Jane to settle in and it just slowly stole her life. Even so, we're grateful for the time we had with her there. Just three days before she died, a friend was in and played for her a complete recording of Handel's *Messiah*; surely something of it reached her.

Christmas traditions: the piano piece

Mom was a great reader, loved her *Globe & Mail*, took pleasure in dancing, concerts and theatre — especially musicals! — had good taste in fashion and all things artistic, was a fair fisherman and, for some reason, enjoyed watching baseball on TV! She was an upholder of family tradition: every Christmas morning, before we were allowed to come into the living room for our presents, we had to wait while Mother played a piano piece first played by her grandmother on Christmas morning! It was exquisite torture! She was a private person, yet open to others, proper, but fun-loving, always ready to write a silly poem for some occasion or take part in a skit, a gracious hostess, a willing volunteer, courteous, thoughtful, kind and respectful towards all. Mary Jane didn't broadcast her opinions but you knew she had high standards. And she was always there for her children.

Let's remember her as the loving daughter, wife, mother, grandmother and devoted friend that she was throughout her life."

—John and Peter Sullivan

GPH: 03/07/2001

•• SUTHERLAND, Phyllis
GPH: —S2037

SUTTON, Alfred
17/07/1920–27/09/2004

The Sutton family was among Oro Twp.'s early settlers and from there moved to Vespra. Mr. Sutton was born there on the family farm and slept in the very room where he was born.

He was the third youngest of 13 children; three survived him.

In 1948 he marrried Kathleen May Smith and they had four children: Joy (m. Levison); Ruth (m. Blair); Allan; Wendy (m. Christiansen).

Mr. Sutton was an early member of the Barrie Co-op and imported ponies from Scotland. He was always at the Barrie horse show and was part of the Canadian Hunters Society.

Mr. Sutton was part of a large family: his cousin Edward SUTTON lived at GPH, as did his cousin Curry's wife Barbara SUTTON.

GPH: 02/09/2004

•• SUTTON, Sarah "Helen"
GPH: —S2048

SWABUK, Walter Charles
05/11/1920–25/05/2005*

B. in Portage La Prairie, MB, on Nov. 5, 1920, the son of John (b. in Europe) and Ann McCoskey (b. in Poland) Swabuk. The family would include five girls and five boys: Jack (Michael), Steve, May, Walter, Stan, Violet, Rose, Bernice, Jean, and Allen. At the time of his death, Walter was predeceased by Jack, Steve, May, and Allen.

From 1942–1945 Walter served overseas with a RCAF groundcrew: he worked on Spitfires, Hurricanes; he "only did checks" on the P-51 Mustang. In fact, his education was in agriculture—after the War he graduated in "ag" from the U. of Manitoba. Walter moved from Winnipeg to Timmins, then to Toronto.

Walter met Joyce through relatives in Hamilton in 1950. Daughter June records in her eulogy for her dad:

> … mom says that dad told her he knew right away he would marry her. But Mom needed more convincing than one date, so she waited until he could show her that it was "meant to be." Unfortunately, I believe some of his courting ways involved falling in mud and the memorable luncheon, where, driving back home he had to pull his car over to be sick at the side

> of the road. Shortly thereafter, my mother thought "this man's a keeper!" After 54 years, she was absolutely right. It is hard to characterize the essence of my father, but there was something charismatic about him that drew people instantly to him: one of his favourite phrases was "this is my friend," followed closely by mention of his family.

Walter and Joyce were married in Barrie on May 24, 1951. He worked for Orenda jet engines in Malton, which powered the Avro Arrow. When the Arrow programme was cancelled in 1960—do not mention that Prime Minister's name!—the Swabuks moved to Montreal where Walter worked for Pratt & Whitney, then for Air Canada. He retired from his job as a jet engine inspector in 1981.

The move to Montreal meant that Donald (b. 1955, m. Debbie; lives in Bradford) and June (b. 1957; lives in Scarborough) got to grow up in Montreal and become fluent in French culture. June recalls her childhood:

> The memories I have of my dad always seem to involve some family activity. He used to pull my brother and me on rugs up and down the hardwood floor, to endless squeals of delight—his capacity to entertain was boundless. At at time when planned activities for children mostly involved being outside to play, we were fortunate to be enrolled in swimming, Scouts and Guides, with dad becoming a Scout leader, and, among other things, skiing. Now, my father and I shared the same skiing style as the Canadian ski team; apparently, the object was to clim to the top of the hill and then barrel straight down until, with a great sigh of relief, we would finally stop. Needless to say, I no longer ski. We used to go on a lot of camping trips, and I think the backing up of the tent trailer was a source of weekend humour for many on our street.

In 1982 the Swabuks returned to Toronto, and subsequently to Barrie where Walter took up the hobby of woodcarving, joining the Barrie Woodcarvers Club. Walter carved; Joyce painted—they did beautiful work. In "retirement" there were lots of trips and enjoyable times with family, reflected in their collection of photos.

A stroke initiated a new phase of Walter's life in 2002. He went to live at Creedan Valley, in Creemore, and, through determined exercise regained most of the use of his left side. In April 2004 life became easier when he came to live at GPH: their home is just up Cook St. at number 278 and Joyce was easily able to visit, so they would spend their days together, Walter's outgoing nature easily making them friends among residents and staff.

Walter died of another, serious, stroke. My meditation at his funeral was entitled, "He died rich," because his life was rich in love, family, experiences and travel.

GPH: 20/04/2004—A1161

•• SWITZER, Helen

GPH: —M1192

SZURKOWSKI, Marie *Magyar*
10/09/1921–08/09/2012
B. in Budapest, Hungary. Her name "Magyar" indicates a connection with the royal family. Maria had a sister two years younger than she and a brother younger still. When she was nine her mother "disappeared" and she was raised by her grandmother.

Maria recalled that Budapest was a cultural centre and she went to the library and museum as a child. She was just barely 18 when WWII broke out and she went into hiding. Maria was reunited with her brother and sister after the War.

She left Hungary in 1949 with a cousin and made her way to London, where she worked for Lord and Lady Trafalgar as a cook. It was there that she met a handsome man named Zbigniew Szurkowski, who got the nickname "Chet," i.e., Chet Atkins, because, like him, he was singer. They were married in 1950 and came to Canada in 1960.

In 1966 they moved to Perkinsfield. Mr. Szurkowski was project accountant for the construction of the RCA plant in Midland and, afterwards, stayed on as an accountant. Maria was a housewife during this time and volunteering, teaching children to read, for the Cancer Society, at the library.

When Maria was fifty they adopted a daughter, Shirley, who, Maria said, was her "pride and joy."

In 1989 Percy suffered a stroke and died in May 2002. For three years Maria continued to live with Shirley but in May, 2005, she came to live at GPH. Her most characteristic pose was to have a book in her hands, reading. This love of reading she instilled in Shirley.

—Thanks to Shirley for most of this information.
GPH: 27/05/2005

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TARNAWSKY, Stephanie
06/01/1917–16/12/2006
Was living with her daughter before coming to GPH.
GPH: 21/01/2005—S2048

TARRANT, Edwina *Ducker*
27/08/1909–22/10/2007
GPH: 12/04/2004 3047

TASCONA, Edna *Smith*
07/03/1920–01/10/2009
Mrs. Tascona was a volunteer for some thirty years at Grove Park Home and, before she came to live here, was a Senior Encounter participant. As a result, generations of residents and staff knew her. Edna's husband Joe was a frequent

visitor and many of us got to know him as well. Son Dennis provided the obituary for the local papers, reproduced here, and offered a moving eulogy on behalf of his family at her funeral mass. Both are reproduced. Thanks are expressed to him.

TASCONA, Edna (Smith)

March 7, 1920 – October 1, 2009

Edna was married for 70 years to the love of her life, Joe Tascona ("Honest Joe"). She was known for her brilliance, razor sharp wit and devotion to family. Compassionate all her life, Edna volunteered for decades at Royal Victoria Hospital, Grove Park Home and the Catholic Women's League. Joe and Edna have five children: son Dennis (Susan Brenner), daughters Connie Kirkpatrick (Ian), Alice Oldland (John), Judith Brown (Edmond) and son Joseph (Helen). There are 16 grandchildren: Rebecca, Daniel and Gregory Tascona, Kelly, Josie and Jenny Kirkpatrick, Christopher, Nicholas and Jeremy Oldland, Patrick, Stephanie and Fiona Brown, Brooke, Lindsay, Lauren and Joey Tascona. There are 8 great grandchildren. The family thanks Dr. Michael McConvey for his years of competent medical care and the "Pine Street" staff of Grove Park Home for their gracious and attentive care. Donations in Edna's memory may be made to the Alzheimer Society of Canada. On Monday, October 5, at St.Mary's Church, 65 Amelia St., Barrie, there will be a gathering in Edna's memory starting at 9:30 a.m., a funeral mass at 10:00 a.m. and a reception at 11:00 a.m.

Dennis talks about his mother

"I am a child speaking about my late mother, Edna, but I speak for all her five children, Connie, Alice, Judy, Joe and myself, Dennis, and our father.

Mom was born in North Battleford, Saskatchewan, and raised in Winnipeg. In her early years Mom and her older sister, Alice, were brought up single handedly by her mother, Edna Marilla. Mom's biological father abandoned the family when Mom was a young child leaving them in poverty. This deeply affected Mom all her life and accounts for her fierce determination to protect and support her own family no matter what. Years later my grandmother married John Smith, who was a wonderful stepfather to Mom.

Mom was about 18 years old and Dad about 21 when they met at a Winnipeg dance hall. Mom was a redheaded raving beauty. They had instant attraction. Marriage and children quickly followed and they spent the next 70 years together.

At the beginning Mom, Dad and I moved from St.Boniface, Manitoba, to Toronto where my sisters Alice and Connie were born. Next we moved to Angus because Dad was stationed at Base Borden during World War II. Our home was a one-room shack with no electricity or plumbing. Mom had a toddler, me, and twins, Alice and Connie, to look after with no family to help except her Aunt Eva in Toronto. By the time there were five children, Dad had built us a better shack

with electricity but no plumbing. Mom's philosophy was that houses are built of brick and stone but homes are made of love alone. In 1949 we moved to Barrie where Dad started the car business he continues today.

We got away without doing any school homework. She told our teachers that if they could not teach everything during school hours they should not be teaching. After school she had other things for us to do such as delivering newspapers, helping Dad at the car lot, taking music and dance lessons and playing sports. She pushed each of us to stay in school and would do anything to ensure we pursued higher education.

When I quit high school I found it utterly impossible to get a job. Unbeknown to me, my mother had contacted every Barrie employer advising them not to hire me. Dad arranged for a construction company to hire me. I walked 3 miles to get to the job site by 7:00 a.m. The construction foreman kept me on grueling hard labour and yelled and swore at me constantly. I quit the job and returned to high school the following year. Not until I became a lawyer did my Mother admit what she had done and my Dad admit that the construction company owner was a close friend of his and had been instructed to make certain I never wanted to work in construction ever again.

Mom would do anything for us and could be trusted completely. She always wanted you to succeed. She had a zest for politics which inspired my brother Joe to enter and succeed in politics. She instilled in us all self confidence and self reliance. She taught us at a young age that a winner never quits and a quitter never wins. That saying has stayed with each of us all our lives. She taught us compassion, humility and sincerity. She discouraged us from being negative, a complainer or a whiner. Always look at the bright side. If you didn't like something, do something about it.

Dad learned not to complain to Mom; she always knew how to put him in his place. Dad used to say that it was not necessary ever to wash you hair. Mom crept up behind him and poured a bottle of syrup on his head then asked, "Now don't you think it is necessary?" Anyone who knows Dad, knows he is a character but Mom was able to match him and best him. She was a master of quick retorts and funny one liners. Dad always loved the funny, irreverent side of Mom and he misses her wit. Mom loved Dad enormously. She stood behind him like a rock. Often her contagious, unforgettable laughter at his eccentric remarks engulfed her entire body. Living with Mom was like living with a stand up comedian.

Mom was a phenomenal cook; every Sunday there was a roast dinner and two pies. She was a voracious reader and highly cultured. Often she traveled to Toronto to attend live theatre and musicals.

As a grandmother, Mom was her usual unique self. "Don't listen to your parents," she would often tell her sixteen grandchildren. We would tell her the rules we had

for our children but really she didn't care. The fridge drawer was always full of chocolate bars, the freezer was always full of mini pizzas, chicken nuggets, chimichangs and ice cream bars. The boys could have toy guns galore and the girls could have nail polish, perfume and lipstick. She was a fun grandmother, the kind who plays games with you and takes you to garage sales, tea parties and movies.

For decades Mom was a volunteer at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Grove Park Home and the Catholic Women's League. She canvassed frequently for numerous charities. She helped the underdog, often anonymously.

Mom was the glue and the pillar of the family. At least once a day each of us would get a telephone call from Mom advising us of any news involving our family. We will miss her support. She suffered for the last five years from the cruelest disease, Alzheimer's. We have suffered with her. We will always love and miss her. It has been an incredible journey."

GPH: 13/03/2007

•• TAYLOR, Marguerite
GPH: —W3042

THOMPSON, Dawn
17/07/1920–09/01/2009
GPH: 06/11/2003

Don Thompson: "thumbs up!"

THOMPSON, Donald ("Don")
19/03/1929–28/07/2010*
B. in Huntsville, the eldest of eight children. His father was an engineer on the portage railway that connected Huntsville and Lake of Bays. (Helen EMERY writes of this railway in her brief memoir, *Reminiscences of My Childhood*.)

Don's family lived outside the town. He began his life in the Depression. The family did not have much, and he was responsible for game for the table and wood for the fire in a house without insulation. He knew hard work from an early age.

In his mid-teens his mother fell ill to Parkinson's disease. He and his siblings learned to make fun out of nothing, to make the best of it, to take it all in stride.

In 1952 Don married Marilyn ("Lynn") Agnew. Together they had four children: Steve, Scott, Paul, and Julie.

For 47 years Don worked for Macmillan-Bloedell (lumber), in sales. The family lived in Toronto. His gregarious nature brought him to the role of trainer for new staff. He liked travelling to towns and villages, calling on customers.

As the eldest of eight, he learned early on the role of caregiver. He kept in touch with his siblings. As a father he did everything, went everywhere with his children. He taught them how to make things work and the cottage on Georgian Bay always required his handyman skills.

Don was interested in the Civil War and other wars, probably because he had a fascination with strategy—how things work. He liked nature shows on TV, hockey, football, and baseball. A humanitarian. In retirement his children sent him to Africa to see firsthand some of the animals he enjoyed on TV. When he was younger he bowled, played pool, curled, skied.

The Thompsons were married in the United Church and Marilyn taught Sunday School. Later, cottaging became central to their weekend family life. They were hospital volunteers. Don liked the music of Willie Nelson.

Lynn fell ill to Alzheimer's disease and Don cared for her for seventeen years, twelve of them at home. Nevertheless, he maintained a social life for them and a support system. They travelled widely, even with her illness. "Amazing Grace" became a favourite hymn during Lynn's illness. It had a calming effect for him.

After her death, Don remarried at the age of 78, married Mary, an old friend, and this provided companionship for several years until he suffered a stroke.

Don was 6 ft., two inches, and 220 pounds for most of his life. He lived at the Barrington Residence before he moved to GPH. The staff commented on how helpful he was; he was able-bodied.

Julie provided some catchwords that recall the way Don was and the way he lived his life: "the gluestick" — of relationships; the caregiver; big heart; meat and potatoes person; the big brother; a Tilley hat; "Mr. T." — how he often identified himself; finally, "measure to cut, bang into place"—engraved on a magnet he once gave one of his children.

A memorial service was held for Don at Dwight Steward Union Church, Dwight, ON, on Sun., Oct. 17, 2010, with interment behind the churchbuilding on a hill. The church is just across the road from the Lake. A reception followed at Pow Wow Point Lodge, nearby. It was a memorable day for all of us who were there.

My dad, Ralph COX, had a building supplies business in Meaford and used to buy from Macmillan-Bloedell. It's entirely possible that Don called on him in his sales work.

GPH: 13/03/2009

THOMSON, Gladys *Southwell*

04/05/1916–27/02/2012

B. in Oshawa. Her parents were Helena and George Southwell and she was the youngest of three children.

The Southwells moved to Guelph when Gladys was a teenager. There she met her husband John Roy Thomson and they were married on Sept. 30, 1933.

Gladys had three children, one of whom, Joanne, is deceased. John and Diane (m. McCutcheon) remain. Eventually Gladys was the grandmother of six and the great-grandmother of eight.

She worked at Kodak Canada and Pressure Casting, in Weston.

Mr. Thomson died in 1992 but, before that, they travelled to such places as England, Scotland and Ireland and made many trips to Florida. They also owned a race horse!

Mrs. Thomson came to GPH from Innisfil Gardens Retirement Home.

She liked to go to Tim Hortons! When she came to GPH, Mrs. Thomson was "palliative," but she rallied and with good care and friends came back to life! Gladys and Krystyna PLUZAK, in adjoining suites, used to sit together in a common area on Aspen just outside those suites, both well-dressed and looking lovely, drinking their morning and afternoon coffee, quite the pair!

GPH: 10/08/2009—A1165

•• THOMSON, Margaret

GPH: —W3017

•• THORNHILL, Dorothy

23/07/1923–21/02/2013

B. Nottingham, England.

"Dorothy never knew her father; she was raised in a loving family by her Grandparents along with their six children. When Dorothy was 10, her mother Ada married and had another daughter. Ada wanted Dorothy to name her new step sister; she thought long and hard about it and named her "Christine."

School, marriage and children

Dorothy attended school beside Nottingham Forest. After she completed her schooling she worked in a sewing factory, although Dorothy had a calling for something bigger, something more.

Dorothy had four children, Kevin, Michael, Alan and Janice, along with nine grandchildren and ten great grandchildren. She was married to Raymond Thornhill and later they moved to their first own home at 19 Mountfield Drive in

Nottingham. All the children were raised there until each of them moved out to start their own lives.

A calling found

Dorothy's calling finally caught up to her: she wanted to help others in some way. This urge grew stronger and finally she gained confidence and applied to a local nursing home for a position as a nursing assistant. From that point she never looked back. Dorothy found she had a dramatic affect on people, brightening any room upon walking in with her enthusiasm and fun-loving ways. The staff and, more importantly, the residents loved her, she would bring a smile to their face when she sang and Jived with them. She would do this even if they were confined to a wheel chair. Dorothy worked as a nursing assistant until she retired at the age of 60.

Her favourite song was "Barbara-Ann" by the Beach Boys; she also loved the group ABBA.

Dorothy never learned to drive in her early years, but at the age of 55 she learned and passed her driving test. At that point she discovered a new-found freedom and thoroughly enjoyed driving in and around Nottingham.

To Canada for family

In 1981 Dorothy's daughter Janice decided to move to Canada; a few years later Dorothy's son Michael followed. They both built their life not far from each other in the Barrie area. Dorothy and Raymond came to visit on a number of occasions; Dorothy loved it here in Canada. She was adamant and wanted everyone to be together, so she convinced her husband Raymond to move, a long with her third son Alan and his family. After two years of applying to emigrate her wish was granted and on her 67th birthday, July 23rd 1999, she and Raymond moved to live here, but not before Alan and his family received the ok and moved a couple of months before.

Life in Canada

Dorothy felt that all Canadians were happy and friendly. Dorothy and Raymond lived with Janice for a few months, then bought a house in Barrie just after the new millennium year 2000. Dorothy for a short while was in her glory as we all lived just minutes from each other. The children and grandchildren would all gather at Dorothy and Raymond's home on a Friday night in the basement to play pool or nine ball tournaments—this went on for 2–3 years."

Dorothy shortly after, sadly, developed Alzheimer's. Raymond cared for Dorothy for a few years until his own health declined, making it impossible for him to continue. Dorothy lived her remaining years at the Grove Park Home Her care

was continued by loving, caring staff, and they made her last years as comfortable as possible. She passed away peacefully with her family surrounding her at Grove Park on February 21st 2013."

—Thanks to Dorothy's daughter Janice for the story of her mom's life. Janice, her husband Jamie, daughter Rachel and great-granddaughter Abby (born on Dorothy's birthday, July 23), and Mike were with us for the memorial service at GPH on Mar. 20, 2013. By the way, Dorothy's children attended Robin Hood School in Nottingham.

GPH: 27/05/2009—P1041

TIFFIN, Eila *Sparks* RENARDSON

23/08/1920–26/10/2008*

Eila's parents were from the Palmerston / Harriston area and went out to help with the harvest in North Dakota. She was born there in Gilbey on Aug. 23, 1920—about four months after my own father was born at Meaford. Her older sister Muriel (m. Harold Ackerman) was born there as well.

When Eila was three the family returned to Ontario. Her father was a harness maker. The family used to go to the Niagara Peninsula to pick fruit.

Eventually Eila took at job at Toronto General Hospital and that's where she met her first husband. Bob Renardson, her elder son, was born; by that time she found herself on her own. To support herself and her young son, she took a job hand-painting pottery for an uncle.

It was at the Palace Pier that she met her second husband, who was a dance instructor there. This was a happy union and second son Bruce was born when Bob was eleven. The family lived in Etobicoke at 2 Charleston Rd., with grandparents next door.

Eila busied herself with all kinds of things: she was a bigtime gardener, loved roses and flowers; baked—cinnamon buns were famous. The Tiffins had a cottage at Big Bay Point and it was this cottage, where there were so many good times, that brought the family to Barrie; it became a second home. I might mention that Eila's family have a local history connection: Tiffin St. is named for her grandfather by marriage!

She was close to her sister, but Muriel died at 62, and her husband died twenty years ago, in 1989. Eila went to live at the Bayshore Landing. She told me that she missed the condo, where she made a close group of friends. Eila was gregarious and making friends came easy to her, even at the end of her life.

Eila loved to play cards. She was fiercely competitive: Bruce says that she could lose graciously—sometimes! She liked going out for coffee at Tims or McDonalds—some of her coffee buddies are here today. Throughout her life she enjoyed crossword puzzles: indeed, she was doing them on the last day of her life. Liked fishing and cleaned many a catfish at her aunt's cottage at Napanee. Trips to Florida. Friends. Sweets: especially maple walnut ice-

cream—preferred that to going home for supper. Dogs: she had all kinds of dogs over the years.

Both Bruce and daughter-in-law Joan told me that she liked the music of Roger Whitaker, whom she met on two occasions. And I can see that, gently wise songs by a gently wise singer. Eila also took pleasure in her grand-children Jamie and Lisa, who with partners Brenda and Reza respectively, have great-grandchildren Hope, Ryan and Reece.

On Nov. 28, 2007 Eila moved into GP Home and proceeded to make many friends, including me. Early this year she told me that she wanted to be baptized. Her sister had been, as a child, but she had somehow missed out on that. So on June 8, Rev. Keith Boyer, and elder from Westminster Presbyterian Church—the closest one, her friends Jean and Pat, and I, gathered in the chapel at GPH and fulfilled her wish. I think it was a very big thing for her and it was an honour to be there.

—With thanks to son Bruce.

GPH: 28/11/2007

TOTTEN, Winnifred *Shaw*

21/03/1920–19/04/2012

B. at Shaw River, MB, near Flin Flon (home of Bobby Clarke), where her parents had a big farm. She loved horses.

When she was about 20 years old, Mrs. Totten came to Toronto. She worked for an early version of the CAA, then at Eatons', then in PSW-type work six days a week. She was a caring person and her children remember coming home and finding a stranger there for dinner, someone she had found on the street.

Winnifred married Walter Totten and they had three children, all, like them, with names starting with "w": Wayne, Warren, and Wendy (m. Daltin). They separated when Warren was about three, but remained dedicated parents. The Tottens lived in the Keele-Eglinton area of Toronto.

Mrs. Totten lived with son Warren in Hillsdale for some fifteen years before coming to GPH.

He remembers that for her, family was everything. A great evening was playing cards on a Saturday night with her family.

At GPH we remember her as a kindly, jolly person, who often spoke of her children.

GPH: 04/07/2010

• TRAMER, Viola

08/09/1927–

GPH: 10/09/2001

TRAVIS, Mary

30/09/1912–25/06/2012

Mary lived to be just short of 100. She had at least two children, a son and a daughter.

GPH: 25/10/2004

TUCKER, Patricia *Wilkins*
18/12/1927–17/07/2011

B. in Southampton, England, the eldest of the four children of Frank and Bertha W.; sister Diana and brothers Michael and David followed. Everyone knew her as "Paddy" or "Pat."

One of her early memories was that of being evacuated at the beginning of WWII. Southampton, a large port city, was regarded as a prime target for bombing, so in 1939-40 she was sent to Bridgewater, in Somerset, along with her brothers and sister.

In Sept. 1947 she married John Tucker in Chandlers Ford, a place just outside Southampton. Their three children were born there: Alan, Brian, and Jill.

It was in May 1964 that the Tuckers emigrated to Canada, where they lived in Barrie until their move to Brampton in 1968. Her sister Diana and family had come to Canada in 1956 and brother David before Pat in the early 1960s. Then Michael came and finally Pat's parents in the early 1970s, all to Brantford.

Pat started work in Inventory Control at Towers in Barrie (on Bayfield, where Wal-Mart is now) in about 1967, then transferred to the Malton Towers when the family moved to Brampton. In 1985 she retired early so that she could help look after a growing number of grandchildren.

In 1994 she and John moved to St. Catharines to enjoy their retirement; ten years later, their health in decline, they moved back to Barrie. John died in 2005 and in 2006 Pat moved to GPH. She had been suffering from Alzheimer's for several years.

New immigrant homesickness

Pat's son Alan recalls that his mom was very homesick when they first came to Canada, but having her sister and brother living two hours away helped her get through it. When brother Michael and her parents immigrated, she was much happier.

Grandchildren and pets

Pat was devoted to all members of her family and to her pets. Once grandchildren began to come along, she made sure she was available to look after them when their parents were at work.

Famous for her abilities in the kitchen

There were roast beef dinners on Sundays; cakes, cookies and pies—especially Christmas cake, iced shortbread cookies, chocolate Smartie cake, peach pies. Pat liked structure to her life, so she would always cook the same dinner on the same day each week. You could always tell what day of the week it was by what Pat served for dinner!

Enjoyments, walks, travels

Pat enjoyed gardening and knitting. She was a voracious reader—mainly romance novels. She loved walking and dogs an was able to combine the two. One of the things Pat liked about St. Catharines was the number of parks and conservation areas where she and John could walk with their dog.

Once they were established in their jobs, Pat and John travelled to England every couple of years to visit family and old friends. Alternate year vacations took them to Myrtle Beach, where Pat would happily spend the entire time next to the ocean. She and John were able to continue these regular trips to England and Myrtle Beach right into the 2000s.

—Thanks to Pat's son Alan for this, much of it directly quoted.

GPH: 23/05/2006

TURNBULL, Winifred ("Winnie") *Taylor*

06/09/1917–24/09/2003

B. in northeastern England. She had three sisters and two brothers, all of whom predeceased her except on sister, Flo, who is in England.

At the beginning of WWII she married Thomas Turnbull, who shortly thereafter left for South Africa with the RAF. Their firstborn was Maureen, in 1944; then Derek, then Joan.

When Mr. T. retired from the airforce, they opened a green grocery store. They had lots of friends and did a lot of socializing. He died in Dec. 1965.

Mrs. Turnbull had a brother in Ontario, and he suggested that she come to Canada to live. She talked it over with her family and decided to give up her business and emigrate to Ontario. Winnie arrived in June 1966.

It did not take her long to find friends. She went back to school and took business / bookkeeping. Winnie started word for a company called Shniers and continued with them until she retired.

Mrs. Turnbull had a good life, with lots of friends and she did a lot of travelling. Family were close to her. She loved animals. Every year she enjoyed dressing up as a different character for the company children's party. One year she was Winnie-the-Pooh; after that Winnie-the-Pooh became her nickname. She always liked a joke.

When she started to become ill, it was very difficult for her family who had always known her to be such a go-getter.

GPH: 22/08/2003

TURVEY, Florence Pearl *Hopkins*

20/02/1913–05/05/2006

B. in Wilkie, SK, the first born daughter of Richard Charles and Mary Ann (Yeadell) Hopkins.

From Wilkie, Saskatchewan to Ontario

In 1933, after she had completed high school, her family moved to ON, residing briefly at Goring, Burgoyne, and Rocklyn.

In 1941 she married Lorne Turvey at Temple Hill, and they made their home with his two sons, Bill and Jack, in Flesherton where they ran a successful gravel-crushing business. In 1948 Lorne was tragically killed when a bulldozer rolled over on him. Florence moved with her two young children, Annette and Jim, to make their home with her widowed mother on Denmark St. in Meaford.

In Meaford

Florence worked as a bookkeeper and, through correspondence courses, received a diploma in Higher Accountancy from LaSalle Extension University. She worked for several area businesses, including Goudy Motors, Lawson Juniper, and McKibbon Motors. After more than 30 years at McKibbon's she retired at age 72.

She was a member of the United Church and was active in the Meaford Business and Professional Women's Club.

Her love of travel began at an early age during camping trips with her parents; she enjoyed many excursions in Canada, the U.S., and the U.K. with family and friends. She attended Hopkins family reunions, homecomings in Wilkie, and accompanied her daughter Annette and Jim and their families on countless vacations.

From Owen Sound to Barrie

When she could no longer live on her own, at the age of 90 she moved to Hannah Walker Place in Owen Sound. Then in 2005 she moved to GP Home, to be close to her daughter. Her family includes her step-sons, Bill (m. Marie) Turvey of Nanaimo, BC, and Jack (m. Betty) Turvey of Komoka, ON. Annette Nelson and her husband Wayne Robinson live in Barrie. She was predeceased by son Richard James "Jim" Turvey (m. Kathy Higgins) in March 2003. Florence was a grandmother to eight and great-grandmother to nine.

Florence was a sister of Ruth (m. Carman Cornfield) of Meaford; predeceased by brother George of Palmerston. Son-in-law Jerry Nelson died in 1994.

Interment: Flesherton Cemetery.

—This is an edited version of the obituary that appeared in the *Meaford Express*. Finally, it's only to mention that Florence's son Jim was a childhood friend of mine; her brother-in-law Carman Cornfield is my own brother-in-law Garry Cornfield's uncle. Often my walk home from high school took me past the Turvey house on Trowbridge St. in Meaford, so it was very pleasant to have Florence living at Grove Park.

GPH: 16/03/2005 W-3018

Margaret Twiss

TWISS, Margaret Louise *Moore* HENDERSON
03/01/1915–11/12/2012

B. Jan. 3, 1915, the youngest of a family of seven—five girls and two boys. Her father died when she was three. Raising seven children on her own was a real struggle for her mother, but she kept the family together. To make ends meet, Margaret's mother ran the Telephone Exchange from their home in Markham.

Margaret lived through many tragic events. She lost two husbands and her youngest son in an untimely manner. Her first husband, John Henderson, died at age 33, leaving Margaret with their three boys, John, Robert, and Michael who was only eight months old. Freda, a friend next door in Fenelon Falls, helped Margaret with the boys. When Margaret moved to Newmarket to be closer to her sisters, Freda stayed with the family and taught school nearby.

Margaret's second husband was Ted Twiss of Barrie. He helped her raise her three boys and his daughter, Joyce. Ted died at age 53.

In 1992, at age 77, Margaret married Clifford Graham. They had met at Ontario Hydro, where Cliff worked for some thirty-seven years. She enjoyed twenty-four years of happiness. They travelled with a trailer across the U.S.A. and Canada and then enjoyed living at Lake Dalrymple, near Orillia.

Margaret was a kind person, a lover of the outdoors and enjoyed being on the water with a fishing pole in her hands.

—This was written by friend Freda and provided by Cliff who, during Margaret's almost three years at GPH, was like extended family for us. Through his friendly nature, we got to know them both.

GPH: 20/01/2010—S2046

U

URQUHART, Albert

28/06/1925–12/06/2006

B. in Detroit. He served with the U.S. Air Force in WWII and flew 25 missions in the same B-29 out of Guam. The crew got the plane new and flew it home to Harrisburg, PA. Then they took it on a Bonds tour, which ended in California. In late 1947 the plane was broken up for scrap.

He moved here and worked for Hydro. He has two daughters in the Ottawa area.

Lived on Strabane Ave. in Barrie; moved to GPH from the I.O.O.F. home.

Mr. Urquhart had a large collection of aviation books, especially about the B-29 and he left these books for our Veterans Reference Library on Aspen.

GPH: 27/01/2005—A1187

V

•• VALLEY, Margaret

GPH: —W3037

• VANDERWAL, S.

12/09/1916–06/08/2004

GPH: 07/07/2000

VANDOOREMALEN, Johanna

28/12/1917–21/09/2007

From s'Hertogenbosch, the Netherlands.

GPH: 20/07/2007

•• VANDRICK, Darlene

GPH: —P1033

VAN GAAL, Anna

13/07/1914–20/03/2004

B. in a small village in Holland.

She fell in love with her husband, Joe, and they married and had five children. Two of them, as well as Joe, predeceased her. Anna and Joe had survived the invasion of Holland by Germany in WWII. Afterwards, with hope for a new life for their family, they immigrated with four children to Canada. Here Barrie became their home.

Anna loved the farm, where they raised various animals and grew much of their food. She loved to tend her garden and flowers; she also enjoyed sewing, knitting and crocheting for her family. Children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren brought her much happiness.

She also loved God and enjoyed going to Church: God was her comfort and joy. God had seen her through cancer and into remission.

Anna had a wonderful sense of humour and was a loving, cheerful, kind lady. She loved her fellow man and would not hesitate to help others. She rarely complained, and was not one to feel sorry for herself. Her self also came last.

—Elizabeth McLean, Anna's daughter
GPH: 24/01/2003

VAN RASSEL, Mabel *Charbonneau*
23/12/1915–02/10/2005

B. in Toronto, to Alfred and Martha C. Mrs. van Rassel had one brother, Harry, and one sister, Vera (m. Murphy).

When she was a child the family moved to Timmins, where her father worked in the mines. She met her husband John at a Young People's meeting at church and they were married in 1942, during WWII. His family was from Utrecht, Holland; his parents emigrated to Canada in 1906.

John was a civil servant and they moved to various places in northern Ontario such as Sudbury and Sault Ste. Marie.

The van Rassels had three sons: Gordon (m. Doris), of St. Mary's; Murray (m. Linda), of Minesing; and Gary (m. Loretta), who lives in Oakville.

John retired about 1980 and they lived in Sudbury. Mr. van Rassel died in 1984. She stayed on in her own home until 2002 when she moved to a retirement home near Science North. Mrs. van Rassel enjoyed golfing and bridge—two favourite pastimes. She liked physical kinds of activities, including gardening and walking; she had also curled.

Mrs. van Rassel came to GPH in the fall of 2004; she was experiencing increased confusion because of Alzheimer's disease.

GPH: 16/09/2004

VASEY, Horace Gordon "Ted"
22/09/1914–17/08/2009

Mr. Vasey's lifestory was provided by his daughter, Hazel Drury. I have added the subtitles.

Early life

"Horace Vasey was born in the fall of 1914 on a Vasey farm in Vasey. He was the 4th generation of Vaseys to live on that farm. An uncle, Mark Vasey, had been the first postmaster of this tiny community between Waverly and Coldwater, and he named the area Vasey.

Horace was the 4th child to be born to Richard Vasey and Annie Russell. In 1914, his brother Ivan was already seven and his sisters Reta [JONES] and Joyce were nine and two, respectively. Toys were minimal and the two girls were very excited to have a baby to play with. This new child would be named Horace Gordon but, to his sisters, he was a little teddy bear and 'Teddy' became his name. Little did they realize that soon he would be called Ted and that would be his known name for his entire life!

Family tragedy

Tragedy struck the Vasey family on a spring day when the fifth child, five year old Ottaline, was killed when she fell from a wagon that was hauling gravel. She was run over by the steel wheel. Richard and Annie Vasey would soon become parents to two orphaned nephews, Earl and Lorne Isaac. Ted was excited to have younger children again, especially two boys, to play with daily and also two more people to help with farm chores.

Ted always had a love for younger children. He was a person who allowed little ones to climb on his knee and play with toys while they sat together. Perhaps it was that little grin that drew them to his side. Ted cherished the times spent with his six grandchildren and two treat-grandchildren. He was always asking, 'What are they doing? Are they working? Did they get a job? How's school?'

Farming and community service

Ted's working career was farming. He was always assisted by his wife Irene (Mary Agnes Irene Hazelton) and his four children, Rosemary, Hazel, Ian and Bernice. The only time Ted was hospitalized while farming was on a good haying afternoon when the hay elevator collapsed and landed on his leg. Ted's good health can be attributed to the nutritious home-made meals that were prepared by his wife Irene. She could always count on Ted arriving at 12:00 noon and 6:00 p.m. for meals. He was a person of strict routine.

Ted's elementary education was in a one-room school. He never had the opportunity to attend further education; however, his education had only just begun, as he was an avid reader and good listener. Getting an education was important to him. To each of his children, he expected them to get the best education that they could achieve.

His good reading and math skills allowed him to become a successful farmer of cattle, crops, poultry and Christmas trees. He was also an elected member of the Medonte council for almost 30 years, beginning in 1957. He may never have written a speech but he sure did learn how to deliver them. One time, at an all-candidates meeting, when every running candidate was given a limited amount of time to speak, Ted did not use all his minutes. The chairperson said, 'Mr Vasey, you can speak longer." His reply was, 'I have nothing more to say; it is your vote for me that counts now.' He did not like to waste people's time.

Ted liked the colour blue. He had blue eyes, his favourite baseball team was the Toronto Blue Jays, and his favourite hockey team was the Toronto Maple Leafs. He was a loyal fan of those two teams. Twice he had birthday wished announced at the Blue Jay Skydome.

Working together in a community, it was essential to help people survive in the early 1900s. Ted carrried on with this commitment in his adult life. He supported the Vasey United Church, was a Vasey Orange Lodge member, and he helped

develop the Vasey Park. As a Medonte councillor, he worked hard to improve the roads, hospital care, and the conservation of the environment.

Hobbies; retirement

Ted adapted to the changing technology of the 1900s, going from horse-drawn implements to tractor to swather and baler. He liked the TV technology and, especially, the satellite system that allowed him to see more sports games. His daily reading time gradually lessened as his eyesight diminished, but the TV kept him connected with the world. Soon his eyesight grew worse and he gave up watching the afternoon soaps and sports games and depended on the radio. His station of choice was The Fan 590 Sports Station. If allowed, he would have it on 18 hours a day.

Retirement time came when his son Ian, daugther-in-law Gail, and grandson Mark decided to take over the Vasey family farm. Ted now had no excuse when Irene would say, "I planned a trip." Off they went to see Canada, United States, Great Britain and Europe. After each trip it would be Ted that told how great the trip had been, so Irene would plan another vacation.

"Ted" and "Scotty" 1994

One of Ted's enjoyments was his dogs. He and the farm dog would tour the farm together, gathering hay, grain, cattle and wood. A good dog becomes your best friend and was so true of Scotty. Scotty was Ted's last dog and got to retire with Ted and Irene at their new home on the 4th concession of Medonte. Scotty and Ted would go together on their daily morning walk. Soon Scotty slowed down

and only walked part of the distance. Then, one day he needed help to get over the ploughed snowban. This too was Ted in his last few months: shorter walks and, on the last week, he needed help with that last short walk.

Ted and Irene were Vasey children. Born and raised and lived their lives in Vasey. On May 31, 2009 they were married 62 years. A wonderful accomplishment! They both had their individual personalities. We were shown a strong work ethic—do things for yourself and remember to do things for others.

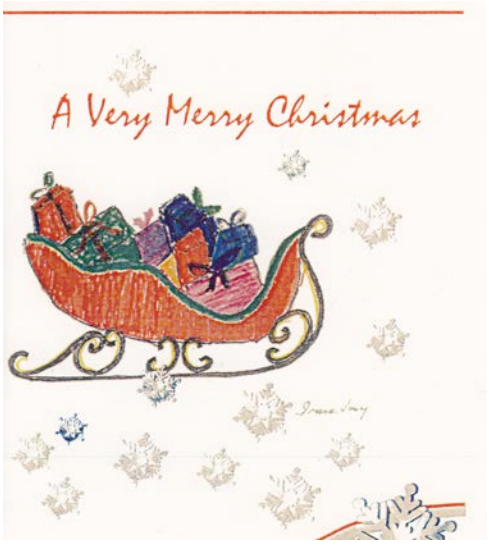
Ted lived a long life and enjoyed the luxuries of the times due to good planning. He almost stretched his life to 95 years of age."

GPH: 06/07/2006

Irene *Hazelton* Vasey and Ted Vasey.
Wedding day, May 31, 1947. Hillsdale Presbyterian Church.

•• VASEY, Mary "Irene" *Hazelton*
GPH: —A1181

This painting by Irene Vasey of the entrance to Grove Park Home was used as the GPH Christmas card in 2007.



Irene's card for GPH, 2012
Calligraphy is by Lorraine Maher.

VILPORS, Arvids
30/09/1911–09/08/2007
B. in Liepaja, Latvia, near Riga. He was adopted.

As a boy he did the things that boys do: belonged to the Boy Scouts and played soccer.

He was married and in 1932 son Ivar was born; also a daughter, Biruta, who died in the early 1980s in Latvia. This marriage ended in divorce about 1940. Mr. Vilpors remarried; a daughter from the second marriage lives in Sweden.

Mr. Vilpors became a pastry baker in Riga. He was 28, almost 29, when WWII broke out in September, 1939. In 1940 Latvia was occupied by the Russians. He went to work in a horseshoe factory, which kept him out of the army. Latvia was then occupied by the German army, then again by the Russians.

Arvids fled from the front to the Kuzeme region. Ivar worked as a shepherd. They were sent to Germany, to Lubeck. When the English army liberated them, Arvids resumed his work as a baker and worked in a canteen.

In 1948 Arvids was able to emigrate to Canada. He came to Ontario and worked for Ontario Hydro. Ivar came the next year. Arvids again worked as a baker until his retirement at, about, age 68.

Ivar owned Alcona Bakery Co. in Alcona; then worked for Zehrs until he retired.

At age 90 Arvids came to Barrie to live with Ivar and then eventually wanted to come to live at GPH, where he had been a Senior Encounter participant.

After the Soviet Union collapsed, Latvian citizens were able to recover properties lost with the Russian occupation. Arvids had an apartment in Riga, but no papers, and no desire to go back.

Arvids knew Bob BRYSON'S father who was honourary Latvian consul in Toronto, also Bob's wife Ina.

GPH: 05/11/2003

W

WAITE, Cora Irene *Moore* LYNCH SKELDING

21/07/1917–27/02/2006

B. in Mt. Forest, the 5th of the eleven children of William Moore and Sarah Catherine Elliott.

Cora left school after completing grade 8 to help her mother with the younger children. She joyously recalled occasions when she would ride the horse and buggy to school and fondly remembered her sister Norma in some of these memories.

She was born near the end of WWI and a year before the great influenza epidemic of 1918. She also lived through the Depression, which likely contributed to her lifelong thriftiness and devotion to hard work to help provide a better way of life for her children. Her years of working outside the home were in the food industry.

In about 1934 or so she married Melvin Joseph Lynch. Together they had three children: Donald in 1939, Marilyn (m. Temple) in 1942, and Yvonne (m. Barber) in 1945. Following Melvin's death in 1970, she married Paul Skelding, who died two years later. Then came the day she met the love of her life, Gord

Waite, and they married, sharing twenty-five years of happiness, until Gord's death in 2003. Their life together was truly an inspiration.

Cora is remembered by her family for always wanting to help, wanting to do for others, even at GPH. Marilyn attests that she was a wondeful mom and grandmother. She carted around her grandson's bass violin when he was taking lessons, and helped to teach her granddaughter to drive Grandma's car. She loved life. She is lovingly remembered for her heavenly baking—apple pies, butter tarts, and such.

Much of her life was spent in Etobicoke, but when Marilyn was ill and living on the west end of the city, the Waites bought a condo on Burnamthorpe Rd. to be close to her.

She came to Barrie after Mr. Waite's death and lived at The Barrington, then briefly at Roberta Place, and finally at Grove Park.

Mrs. Waite's parents and many of her family are interred at Greenwood Cemetery in Orangeville; she and her husband Gord are to be interred there as well.

GPH: 18/10/2005 M

•• WAITE, Harry

GPH: —M1227

WALLACE, May *Davis* BEWS

27/06/1923–25/06/2010

Mrs. Wallace's son, Stephen, wrote about his mother's life in the following words.

"May was born on June 27, 1923 in Toronto to Jean Davis and husband Walter. She was their only surviving child: a son was born after her but he lived for only two hours.

Her father died young (age 54). Her mother never remarried.

May married John Bews when she was 22, after the Second World War ended, and they had two children, Stephen and Larry. May stayed home with the children while they were young and enjoyed being a homemaker. They lived in Toronto but spent many happy summers up at their cottage on Lake Simcoe. Unfortunately her marriage to John didn't last and they divorced.

May went to work to support herself and the kids, in a ladies dress shop. She remarried and, when the kids were on their own, she and her husband Barry moved to Innisfil. Here they opened a retail store where she and Barry worked until they retired. Her children and grandchildren visited often, spending weekends and holidays.

May and Barry purchased a trailer and moved to a trailer park in the area. She gardened, and bought her first "Skippy," a Yorkshire Terrier. She and Barry loved that dog and spoiled him until he passed away. They missed his company and got a second dog, also a "Skippy."

May's younger son Larry died when he was only 35 from an industrial accident at General Motors and this was a devastating loss for May.

May loved her card games and her books. She loved to win when she played her games with friends and you had to be sharp to get beat her. But all in fun!

After Barry died, May managed with help from her neighbors for about four years before her health and "bad knees" brought her to Grove Park. Nobody wants to leave their home but, for May, she spent her final years with good friends."

GPH: 31/07/2006 S2038

WALTON, Ivy *Kaye* GAYTON

02/08/1924–12/01/2011

B. in Kelwood, MB, daughter of Darkas and Alfred Kaye. Kelwood is north of Neepawa and south of McCreary. She had three siblings, Clarence, Marjorie, and Dora, all deceased. Clarence and Marjorie raised their families in Manitoba and Dora lived in Hamilton (ON) with her family.

Ivy stayed on the farm until she was eighteen and then moved to Portage la Prairie. There she worked as a seamstress. In 1954 she married Bill Gayton, who was in the airforce and then posted to Base Borden. They lived in Barrie. After their divorce in 1962, Ivy lived on her own for several years. She worked at Kolmar for some twenty years, then for Cora as a seamstress for ten years. During that time she married Matt Walton, but, after about two years, she was on her own again.

Ivy had one daughter, Jo (m. Charlebois). She recalls that Ivy's life was her job. She did have a few pets along the way, such as a rabbit, a bird and a frog! Her apartment was always filled with plants, sometimes a lot of plants. Most of her friends were those she worked with at Cora. Ivy did not like to travel, but Jo did manage to take her back to Manitoba once.

Her best friend was probably her grandson, Ward, who lived with her from the time he was six months old until he went to school, then after school. Ward died on Aug. 29, 2010, at the age of forty-six. As Jo said, he was very kind and patient with her. Ivy said that his death was like losing not only a grandson, but a son. After his death she would recall the things he used to say.

To those of us who knew her, it seemed apparent that Ivy died to go and be with Ward.

GPH: 18/01/2010

WALTON, Sydney

21/10/1920–23/11/2010

Mr. W. moved to GPH from Roberta Place.

GPH: 03/03/2010—A1171

WANNER, Cecylia *Sosnowski*

06/03/1934–25/02/2008

B. Lublin, Poland.

Her husband was German; with WWII they "fled." Daughter Ursula ("Mizzi"), who lives in Barrie, was just little and she grew up speaking both

Polish and German. Mrs. Wanner also has a son, Arthur. Mrs. Wanner suffered a stroke, which eventually brought her to GPH.

GPH: 14/02/2008

WARD, Cecil William

05/10/1918–24/08/2007

"B. at Edenvale, ON, son of William and Selena Ward. Brother Raymond was born four years later.

Cecil attended New Flos school, S.S. No. 11. He took two high school years there too, Grade 10 and 11.

He worked the home farm, helped the neighbours, and worked at Edenvale Air Port when it was built.

He spent a few months at Newmarket with the Grey and Simcoe Foresters, in the army, 1940. In 1941 he enlisted in the Air Force, spent time at Manning Depot and Centralia—St. Thomas. In Mar. 1943 he was posted overseas as an aeroengine mechanic with 406 Squadron. Cecil was stationed in southern England as a Leading Air Craftsman. He worked on Mosquito aircraft.

The War was over May 8, 1945 and he returned home in September.

On Dec. 8th, 1945, he married Fern Maw in Edenvale United Church.

Cecil and Fern started farming in 1946 on the Webb farm on Conn. 13 (now Richardson Rd.), Lot 3, Vespra Twp.

He was a successful farmer, having registered holstein cattle, pigs, chickens, and so on. The Wards owned 150 acres.

Cecil was on the local school board and was chairman when Minesing Centra School was built. He was on the Stayner Co-op Board for fifteen years; and was active in Sunday School and church boards.

He never sought the limelight but encouraged others in their lives.

Cecil and Fern had two sons, Jim and Allan. Jim is a machinist and Allan a carpenter. Jim married Linda Tjart; Allan married Lois Shenk. There are two grand-daughters and four grandsons; five great-grandchildren.

After 61 yeras of marriage Cecil passed away on Aug. 24, 2007, at Grove Park Home.

Cecil loved to hunt and fish, played broomball, hockey; skated. Moved to Grove Park, into the Independent Living section, on Oct. 13, 2004, when it opened. He loved history and books. In 2006 Cecil moved to Aspen Wing of GPH as he needed more care. He didn't complain, accepted his trials."

—Thanks to Fern for this biography of Cecil's life. Cecil was a wise and good man who knew many things.

406 Squadron

Formed at Alklington, Northumberland, on May 10, 1941. It was the RCAF's first night fighter squadron and flew Blenheim, Beaufighter, and Mosquito aircraft. It was a D.G.B. until Nov. 27, 1944, then was designated as Intruder and used on offensive operations over Europe. The

Squadron's last light was on May 9, 1945 when 6 aircraft flew cover for the liberation of the Channel Islands. It was disbanded at Predannach, Cornwall, Sept. 1, 1945.

Cecil joined the Squadron at Valley Anglesey, Wales, where it was stationed from Mar. 31, 1943 to Nov. 14, 1943; from there it moved to Exeter, Devon, Nov. 15, 1943 to Apr. 13, 1944; then Winkliegh, Devon, Apr. 14, 1944 to Sept. 16, 1944; then Colerne, Wiltshire, Sept. 17, 1944 to Nov. 26, 1944; then Manston, Kent, Nov. 27, 1944 to June 12, 1945; finally Predannach, Cornwall, June 13, 1945 to Sept. 1, 1945.

This data was supplied by the Wards.

GPH: 12/06/2006

[RL] WARD, Margaret Fern *Maw*

///–

B. at Edenvale, the daughter of Albert S. Maw and Ella Gilchrist. She had one sister, Jean (m. Garnet Walt), and three brothers, Russell, Bert, and Lester (who passed away at seven years of age).

Fern attended S.S. No. 10 East Vespra School, and Minesing Continuation School one year. She always went to Sunday School and church; also to C.G.I.T.; Young Peoples; played softball with the Simcoe Young People. Loved to skate, sang in the Junior Choir where she met Cecil, her future companion.

During WWII she worked on the family farm, but spent two winters in Orillia making land mines.

Fern belonged to the Women's Institute, Red Cross; taught Sunday School, Junior Church; volunteered at Sweet Briar Nursing Home; visited the sick.

When Cecil came home from England, they were married, on Dec. 8, 1945. The next year they bought the Webb farm and enjoyed life there until 2004, when they came to live in the Independent Living section of GPH.

Cecil died on August 24, 2007.

Fern continues to live in Retirement Living.

She quoted the following poem from her "autograph book." It was written "many years ago" by a man named George Heron who was storm-stayed at their farm on Highway 26:

What are ferns for
But to brighten desolate spots in the dell
So with love and laughter you lighten
Lonely hearts you'll do well.

—Thanks to Fern for these details of her life.

Cecil and Fern, both remarkable people, shared wisdom, sayings, poems, and reminiscences of their years of farming and involvement in rural community life in "Chap Talk," a programme for residents in Retirement Living. Fern's brother Bert MAW and their father Albert MAW both lived at GPH; indeed, Fern and Bert lived here at the same time, until Bert's death on Sept. 26, 2005.

On more than one occasion Fern recited this "nonsense poem" that she learned as a child.

> I have not been able to find the origin of this little poem. Fern recalls, "An old man by the name of Tom Middelton taught me this rhyme as he fired a steam engine to drill a well at my father's farm at Edenvale in the early nineteen thirties." The poem is:
>
> My mother and father were ethical in mind
> and they threatened to call me
> all the names they could find;
> so they called me:
> Jonathan, Joseph, Jeremiah,
> Timothy Tite and Sobadia,
> William Henry, Walter Sim,
> Reuben Ruth the Solomon Jim,
> Thaniel, Daniel, Abraham,
> Rodrick Fredrick, Peter Sam
> Simon, Timon,
> Nicholas Pat, Christopher Dick,
> and Jehoshaphat.

She later (21/07/08) confirmed the date as 1930, after talking with her brother Russell, who was able to recite the poem as well. Fern added that the well was a good artesian well, 223 feet deep.

Fern's great-aunt Mary Maw

> She was the most unusual person I ever met. Many people think of school teachers, Christian leaders, etc., but for me the question of "the most unusual person I ever met" always came back to my Aunt Mary Maw.
>
> She was my great-aunt; a dressmaker; never married; had cancer many years. Mary was 71 when she died on Oct. 11, 1938—was born in 1867. I thought she was an old woman then. I was 17.
>
> Mary spent her summers at our home, on the farm. She always told me, "Be careful who you marry: it's not a day, a week or a month. It's a lifetime." She always said, "Peel the potatoes and apples thin." She said a good quilter stitched nine stitches to an inch.

She lived on an old-age pension, at that time $20 a month.

Mary left me a few treasures: a dressmaker's chart, a chest, but many memories. I'm still using her knitting needles.

Other sayings: "There are no pockets in a shroud." "They are all queer but thee and me, and thou are a little." Mary wanted us to put up a quilt in the living room in the hot weather. She talked about her ancestors: one family had an 'ector, an 'arold, an 'erman, but the last one, a daughter, they called Halice.

GPH: 13/10/2004–2012 Retirement Living

WATTS, Elva Elizabeth *McKibbon*
27/05/1914–24/08/2012

B. in the Hockley Valley, where a neighbour woman acted as midwife in delivering her, the second daughter born to Minnie and James McKibbon. Her sister Edna was eleven years her senior. The population of nearby Orangeville was 2,500. Elva's maternal grandparents were named Cullen, and she recalled that they had spent six weeks coming from "the old country."

Elva was born at the beginning of WWI and she remembered being pulled on a sled to the Orangeville cenotaph to celebrate the end of "the war to end all wars," in 1918. This recollection and what follows as quotation is from her daughter Judy's remarks, prepared for her graveside service at Forest Lawn Cemetery, Aug. 27, 2012.

James McKibbon farmed in the Hockley and in the winter was hired at the hotel stable in Orangeville to tend the horses. On his way home —one can imagine on a dark, cold winter's night—his sleigh tipped and several bones were broken in his leg. From then on her dad walked with a limp. My grandmother had been frightened to be left alone in the country with two young daughters anyway and so they moved into town and bought a two storey red brick home on Third Street. They had a huge garden and kept chickens and hens for eggs.

Mom often spoke lovingly of her Dad and her memories of walking from their home to bring him his lunch as he tended sheep on a piece of land just south of the cemetery gates. And she remembered Sundays afternoons on the front porch, counting the cars that came over Purple Hill. She spoke less about her mother except to say she often walked uptown with her as a child to shop and her mother was always well dressed and an excellent cook and housekeeper.

In her early childhood she attended St. Mark's Anglican Church and eventually taught Sunday School; she learned to play the piano and would say about herself that she had always been a shy person. She had a desire

at some point along the way to become a missionary in Africa. Her first job was at the Dodds Knitting Mill running a sewing machine, and she remembered walking back and forth through the snow with Edna who, as the floor lady, was her boss.

But it was another world event [i.e., not WWI] that would, like many young people of her generation, shape the rest of her life. That event eventually led to an active, adventuresome future and naturally—as the story always goes—it involved a certain fellow! When she was seventeen he picked her up—literally!

She recounted the story often: an accidental fall she had while skating with a girlfriend at the old Orangeville arena changed the course of her life forever. An older guy—23 years old at the time —came to her rescue, put her back on her feet, and kept circling. She probably didn't say to her friend, "Who WAS that masked man?" But she did wonder about him and she had sixty-one years of marriage—after a six year courtship—to really find out a bit more about this guy.

One of ten children, born on a farm near Alton, the unmasked man who became her husband was Percy Aaron Watts, and I'm not sure who inspired who to begin a life of moving and adventure. Following their marriage on November 6, 1937, Mom and Dad were inseparable as they successfully started and ran several business ventures together. Although they had other friends and many close family relationships, they were basically together 24/7 for all the years that followed!

Dad signed up in September of 1939 at the outbreak of World War II when he was 31—an age when he wouldn't have been conscripted. For the next six years—when she was 25 to 31 years of age—she became what today we would call a camp follower. By the time Dad mustered out of the RCAF as a sergeant mechanic on training aircraft in 1945, she had set up apartments or rooms for them to share near three training bases in southern Ontario—St. Thomas, Trenton and Belleville. She found office work and together they formed numerous life-long friendships with other members of the service and their wives.

Elva lived a remarkably long life and had a vivid memory of all the things she had done. She and Percy were true entrepeneurs and adventurers: they had cabins and a garage at Wasaga Beach; operated a women's clothing story in Orangeville ("Watts Clothing"); had a laundry business in Escondida (Anaheim), California; and later the Riverside Inn restaurant in Bradford, among other things! She recalled her first job at Dodd's Knitting Mill: fifty-five hours a week at 14 cents an hour. From this she paid her mother $4 a month for room and board.

The Watts raised two daughters, Judy and Janet.

Judy completes the story of her mom's life by recounting a dream that her mom had some years ago.

> When I was notified that she had suddenly taken what became that last few steps on the journey home, I had no idea that within 20 hours she would be gone. I suspect she took up Dad's offer to join him. She had a very strong dream or a vision of him a few years back. She spoke about him coming toward her across a lake, steering an outboard motor on a small boat—as he had done so many times in their lives together. She said he wanted her to get in but she told him "no"—she wasn't ready to go yet. I know you weren't going to miss the boat this time, Mom, and I know you gracefully climbed in with Dad. And be sure to give him a big hug for Janet and me.
>
> GPH: 19/05/2012

•• WAUD, Imelda
GPH: —W3030

WEBB, Irene
06/08/1910–11/07/2010
GPH: 01/02/2010

Anne Stewart (Webb), ca. 1936. And Anne and Cecil Webb at 154 Dunlop St., Barrie, ca. 1949.

WEBB, Anne *Stewart*

14/11/1916–26/12/2012

"Anne Webb was born November 14, 1916 in Sprucedale, Ontario, to Annie (née Marshall) and William Stewart. She was the second youngest of nine children: Myrn, Jessie, Mary, Jack, Art, Bill, Jenny, (Annie), and Colin.

She was raised on a farm in Sprucedale until the age of 12, then moved with her family to Crown Hill. Anne attended S.S. #19 school. She was active in the agricultural community and played baseball with the local girls' team.

At the age of only 16 she delivered her nephew Charlie, the son of Jack and Bernice, all by herself. When Dr. Bill LITTLE arrived he was amazed at her resilience.

When she was only a teenager, in the 1930s she opened her own bakery and nut shop next to the theatres on Dunlop St. She sold her shop when the impending war made it difficult to obtain supplies. Anne continued her retail experience at Woolworths, Jacoby and Graham, and the Kiddie Shop.

Anne was active in the United Church at Crown Hill where she was a member of the choir. Singing remained a joy for her her whole life.

Anne married Cecil John Webb, a Barrie police officer on August 21, 1945. They had three children: Karen, Heather and John. Cecil joined they OPP and the family moved to Niagara Falls, where they resided from 1956–1977. Anne raised her family, was active in the PTA, and worked at Wallaces and Mark's and Spencers. They moved back to Barrie after Cecil's retirement and lived on Tower Cres. Anne returned to work at Mark's and Spencers in the Georgian Mall. She was home alone when the 1985 tornado blew through Allandale.

Anne and Cecil enjoyed many happy years at the family cottage on Doe Lake, near Sprucedale.

Anne was a talented knitter and seamstress. She made beautiful smocked dresses and knit many baby layettes and sweaters for her grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

She dedicated her life to caring for her family."

—Thanks to Anne's family for this summary of her life. Mae DRURY was Mrs. Webb's teacher in grade eight or so, at Crown Hill. Anne came to live at GPH from the IOOF home, in Allandale. The Webbs are a pioneer family from Stroud.

GPH: 11/07/2012—S2032

Arthur Webster at age 61, along Barrie's waterfront near Johnson Beach.

WEBSTER, Arthur Cameron

24/01/1914–

This branch of the Webster family settled in King Twp. and gradually moved north. Arthur was born and raised in Elmvale, the youngest of the eight children of Jesse Webster and Margaret Ellen Cameron.

Mr. Webster's father had a sawmill in Flos Twp. and used to buy acreages for the timber.

Arthur moved to London, England, to live with his sister and her husband; he worked at a new state of the art Hoover plant. When he returned from England, he met Mary Langley who was working at Marla Manor near St. Vincent Park in Barrie. It was a hotel with a beautiful dining room and Arthur always spoke of Mary's wonderful cooking and beautifully set table.

Webster Electric; Wallwin Electric; Thomas Electric

Mr. Webster became an electrician, working for "Hap" Emms—the (retired) hockey player!—during the mid- to late 1930s, bringing electrical service to farmhouses in the area. In Barrie he started Webster Electric. After WWII people had some money and his business was almost entirely installing oil furnaces, one a day. In the 1950s he sold his business to Jack Wallwin and it became Wallwin Electric. Then he went to work for Thomas Electric, at a time when electric heat was becoming popular and he spent his time installing that in people's homes. So, like his dad, he was on the crest of pioneering innovation: electricity, oil heat, electrical heating.

Family

But, to go back and pick up the story: eight children came along, six daughters and two sons: Elaine (m. McCron), of Barrie; Myrna, of British Columbia; Donald, who lived at Elaine House in Barrie (and later came to live at GPH); Joan (m. Gerry McCarthy), of Midland; Harold (m. Debbie Colson); Helen (m. Brian Shaughnessy), of Ft. Lauderdale; Ann (m. Tom Fancy); Jean (m. Trevor Johnson), of Garden Bay, B.C.

Wasaga Beach

Mr. Webster was much devoted to his family. They spent a lot of time at Woodland Beach in the Wasaga Beach area; later the family had a home and boathouse on Shanty Bay Road. Myrna recalls that Arthur would drive Mary to a little church in Wasaga Beach; sometimes they would have to stand outside because the building could not hold everyone.

Arthur and Mary loved to go to Florida for vacation; they also visited Bermuda. He often spoke about the lovely coloured cottages in Bermuda, how their meals were delivered to their cottage garden, and how much they both enjoyed it. They loved going out for dinner in Toronto, where they frequented the best dining rooms, such as the Westbury and the King Edward. They also liked to take long drives in Algonquin Park and stay at Lodges in the north like the Sherwood Inn. So they spent many happy times together, but they really devoted their time to their family.

Arthur and Mary had an avid interest in having a beautiful home and a passion for their beautiful paintings. Arthur had a collection of teacups and involved their grandchildren in learning about their history.

Barrie Water Ski Club and that speedboat

Arthur was instrumental in organizing the Barrie Water Ski Club and an annual ski show and slalom ski competition. He brought the first ski kite to the area from Florida: it was the Cypress Gardens of the north!! He was so proud of his speedboats and even Mary enjoyed their slow trips out on Lake Simcoe with their lunch and Bacardi and their "fast" trips back home: see the photo above!

Following their years on the Shanty Bay Rd., the Websters lived at 190 Kempenfelt Dr. for twenty years. When Mary came to live at GPH in August 2002, Arthur drove up every day to see her. Then, when he could no longer drive, he came up on a motorized scooter. Finally, he himself came to live at GPH, in January 2005.

Arthur is remembered by those who knew him for doing everything in a first rate and meticulous way. He was respected in business for his fairness. He was a real gentleman.

Arthur and Mary have 17 grandchildren and 15 gt.-grandchildren.

GPH: 24/01/05

WEBSTER, Donald

31/01/1944–12/02/2009

B. in Barrie, the son of Arthur and Mary (see their entries), one of eight children.

Donald had a relatively normal childhood, but he was subject to seizures. Had paper routes; attended St. Mary's up to grade 8. Worked on construction sites. But when he was about twenty he underwent a slow change; had an operation on his brain. His family are unsure what happened then: was it the medications he was on (?), but he became so he could not walk and, eventually, talked little.

His brother Harold told me that Donald had amazing moments when he would talk: for example, when he was in the car he would read a sign along the road, just "out of the blue."

Donald lived for seventeen years at Elaine House, also on Cook St., and had good friends there. Stewart often came to GPH from Elaine House to visit him.

When he came to live at GPH in Sept. 2008, his mother was living here as well, so he was a second generation resident. I think this is the first time two generations have lived at GPH together since Edna KNUPP moved in with her mother on the last day of May, 1968.

GPH: 15/09/2008

• WEBSTER, Mary *Langley*

28/05/1915–15/11/2008

Mrs. Webster is from the other side of Alliston; the last surviving of nine children. The Websters have eight children, two sons and six daughters. Four of the children live in the Barrie area.

See the entry above for her husband, Arthur WEBSTER.

GPH: 23/08/2002

• WEGMAN, Verna

22/03/1912–19/11/2004*

GPH: 25/11/1995

• WEEKS, Pat

27/08/1921–

Geoffrey Weeks recalled that when he was growing up in Dartmouth as a boy, the bars and such like in Halifax would often have a parrot. Many ships docked at Halifax and the sailors from abroad would bring in a parrot to barter for whatever. Some of these parrots talked. One was near the Halifax-Dartmouth ferry. It would say to passengers, "You've missed it. You've missed it!"

Pat moved to a nursing home in Thornbury on Sept. 15, 2010. Geoffrey had moved a bit earlier to Collingwood. Their daughters had already moved to that area. We remember them both well, and fondly.

GPH: 11/01/2001

WESTRA, Willemka "Willma" *Wybenga*

23/04/1918–19/11/2008

B. in Friesland, the Netherlands, one of six children; three of them emigrated to Canada.

Willemka married Cornelius ("Kees") and they had four children: Milly (d. 2007), Leo, Ted, and Barb (m. Roberts). When Barb was six, in March, 1957, they sailed for Canada on *Da Grotebeer* "The Big Bear." In fact, Barb celebrated her sixth birthday on the voyage.

They arrived in Halifax—Pier 21, doubtless—and entrained for Windsor, ON. The Westras stayed for a while at Leamington, with Kees' brother; they settled in Toronto for some time. Kees worked at whatever was available, e.g., construction. Barb remembers selling apples door-to-door.

A move to Oro; rented a farm from the Bouius family (Wendy Bouius? see *Connections*). Kees worked as a janitor at Base Borden and retired from that job.

Willemka went back to Holland eight or ten times for visits. The last time was about ten years ago with Barb and her husband. They travelled through Belgium, Germany and Switzerland.

She enjoyed family dinners; constantly was knitting socks, caps, and kittens. Willemka liked angels and her suite at GPH displayed some of her collection, which has now passed to her granddaughter Shelley.

GPH: 11/03/2008

WESTOVER, Mary *O'Connell*

03/05/1917–13/09/2007

B. in Peterborough; her mother's family name was Forestell.

Two daughters are nurses, one in Barrie, the other in Midland; a son is a police officer, lives in Bramalea: three children, each involved in a profession that looks after other people! That is a legacy.

Mr. Westover had Alzheimer's disease and lived at Sunnybrook Hospital while she lived in Toronto.

Mrs. Westover's daughter, Patricia (m. McKeown), recalls her mother in these words:

> Teresa was born in Peterborough, ON. She was the youngest of nine brothers and sisters. She was a hard worker and did many jobs, but the two she talked about most were: nurses' aide in the Nursery at St. Michael's Hospital in Toronto; working at the main postal station in Toronto, as a mail sorter, a job she had until she retired.
>
> Her determination and strong will kept her going. She had the most wonderful sense of humor and her sharp wit will be greatly missed. She had the knack of making those around her feel young. She was always willing to offer a helping hand to most everyone she met.
>
> GPH: 07/03/2005 S2033

WHITE, Ethel *Hassocks*

24/09/1921–04/08/2006*

"Mom was born as the middle child of five to William & Edith Mottram of Hassocks, Sussex, in England. Mom had an older brother and sister, Bill & Beatrice, and two younger brothers, Eric & Bob. She grew up in this small rural village in south central England. Mom attended her primary & middle school here. She belonged to Girl Guides and Rangers and had many memorable outings with these groups.

After Mom finished school she worked in various garden centres, following in her father's footsteps. In fact, Mom as a child would occasionally accompany her father to work, when he worked for many years as a gardener for Vera Lynn, the famed English wartime singer.

• 1939 saw the outbreak of war in England and much of Europe. People living in North America did not fully realize the hardships that people overseas were going through. Living during the rationing, the blackouts, the bombings, the sirens and the death was tough in England, but that was not nearly as bad as it was in much of Europe. Mom, being young, found you had to make the best of any bad situation. So Mom, being in her teens, along with her friends, started going to dances and parties.

There was an army base close by where a lot of Canadian soldiers were stationed, and thus starts a new chapter in Mom's life. At one of the dances close by her home she met her future husband Keith. They courted through wartime and married in 1943. This union was bittersweet for her parents, because although they were very fond of Keith, they knew he was a Canadian soldier and would eventually return home.

• 1944 saw the birth of her first child, Linda. She was the first grandchild for Mom's parents and they lived together while Keith was still at war. He would visit when on leave.

• 1945 saw the end of the war, and Keith was soon shipped back home. That meant Mom and Linda would soon follow. So in June of 1946 (60 years ago) Mom and Linda boarded the *Queen Mary* in Southampton and headed for Canada. This was a very difficult time for Mom's parents: they were not able to go with her and Linda to the ship, so Aunt Maisie—Mom's brother's future wife—followed them to the ship to say good bye.

So Mom & Linda arrived in Canada at the port in Halifax, then traveled by train to Toronto, to be greeted by Keith and his family. His family thought Linda was absolutely adorable with her cute English accent. So began Mom's new life in Canada.

Mom was never to see her parents alive again. It was 1968 when she finally returned to England to attend the wedding of her niece.

I guess the first major event in her new life in Canada was the birth of Marlene in 1948.

She had many fond times with Keith's family: parties, playing cards and summer holidays at various cottages.

In1954 Mom started to work at the Woolworth's store at Main and Danforth in Toronto; she continued to work there until her retirement in 1986.

Sadly, in 1984 Keith passed away, but Mom carried on and continued to live with Linda. For a number of years Mom & Linda traveled extensively to both coasts of Canada, Florida, Hawaii and Europe. As well they made many trips to England.

• 1981 saw the birth of Mom's first grandchild, Jennifer, followed by Kathryn in 1986. I rather think this was a role in life that Mom enjoyed most: she reveled being Nana to the girls and loved the girls as much as she loved life.

In 1989 Mom & Linda moved to Barrie so they could be closer to us. Mom joined Parkview Centre, a bowling league, shuffleboard and various other activities. She and Linda were also very active entertaining many of the family visiting from England as well as old friends from Toronto. They also shared a love of gardening and for a few years won awards from the city of Barrie for their floral displays.

Many years were spent going to Christmas at the farm and spending many happy occasions there with my family, the Drinkill's.

Tragically Linda took sick and passed away in 2002. This is a pain no parent should have to endure, and Mom was no exception; it took its toll. However, after Linda's passing Mom came to live with Marlene and me for two years until she had the opportunity to move to Grove Park Home.

This gave Mom a new lease on life. She had a lovely room and she could participate in all the activities offered there. She especially enjoyed Bible study, bingo, whatever concerts that would take place in the auditorium and a highlight every week was to go to the hairdresser. All in all Mom had a very full life here and she enjoyed the fellowship.

We would at this time like to express a sincere thank you to the extraordinary staff of Grove Park for taking such excellent care of Mom for all of her stay here, but especially during the past three weeks. We know that Mom is in a special place now and reunited with all of the loved ones who have gone before. And we can carry on with cherished memories that we can hold dear.

Bye Mom, we will see you again and we will all fly over the White Cliffs of Dover with you."

—Doug and Marlene Drinkill

Mrs. White's funeral was at GPH on Aug. 10, 2006. Interment is at the Waverly Cemetery, north of Barrie, where her daughter Linda is buried, just near Waverly United Church, with which the Drinkills have a long relationship.

GPH: 07/09/2004 3044

• WHITFIELD, Margaret *Cavanagh* WOOLHEAD

27/18/1918–01/05/2007*

B. at Malvern; her father was Hugh Patrick C. and her mother was Maggie Callendar. She had three siblings, Mary, John, and Maida.

Margaret grew up in Hillside on a farm across from the Toronto Zoo. She went out to work at age 14 and married Edward "Ted" Woolhead ca. 1936. They farmed (market gardening) and he had a gravel pit.

Together they had five children: Myrna (m. Owens), Rae (m. Betty Neely), Barry, Lynda (m. Thorogood), and Randy.

The Woolheads sold the farm and moved to near Orangeville, to Laurel, to Purple Hill farm. This they subdivided for the post-WWII building boom. During this time Margaret worked in vegetable gardens, in raspberry patches, and so on. They separated in 1957.

Margaret then married Bill Whitfield, believing that her children needed a father. This did not work out, so in 1962 she moved to Barrie with Lynda and Randy, to a house at the corner of Penetang St. and Berzcy. She had intended to get a job at General Electric, but instead did domestic work for Janice Laking.

Mrs. Whitfield pursued her artistic interests while living near Orangeville. She took night classes in art and when she moved to Barrie she joined the Barrie Art Club, which led to exhibits at City Hall and at the Barrie Public Library. She also exhibited and sold her work in the early days of Kempenfest.

Margaret was also a singer, with the Mello Blends, a women's choir like the Sweet Adelines. They travelled to various competitions.

Before coming to live at GPH, Margaret lived for eight or nine years in an apt. on Burton Ave. During this time, she played cards with a group at Grenfell United Church and used to go out there to worship. Diane Ferrier, well known for her years of working at GPH and volunteering here, is the organist there. Margaret was a friend of Diane's mother.

Mrs. Whitfield is remembered by her family as a person who did what she wanted to do: she was decisive and, when she had made a decision, she stuck with it.

At GPH we remember Margaret for her artwork. She also wrote poetry, and the following are two examples that I really like, taken from *Reflections. A Collection of Poems*, 24 pages in length.

I AM NOT A COLLECTOR

(Moving 1990)

How does one accumulate
All the "things" I see around me?
I gave away loads
It really astounds me,
I am not a collector
I just love "special things".
Well you know
Old crocks (not like myself)
I mean one for doorsteps,
Old tables, chairs, doilies
Books, settees, and canes

Bottles, milk cans, beer kegs
And weather vanes!
China roosters on tablecloths
Or made of clay!
I like things of wicker
Or washstands of oak,
Old pipes in smoking sands
Although I don't smoke!
Do paintings of roosters
And some on metal,
Crocks or pickles
And old granite kettles,
Hats, bags from over the seas
Chairs that are even
Older than me!
Mayor Janice gave me
A stuffed rooster I adore,
But now I live in an apartment
So we're all on one floor.

CHALLENGE

I love the challenge
Of day to day living,
Working–Laughing
Taking–Giving
Heartaches–Happiness
Sickness–Health
Weakness–Strength
Poverty–Wealth,
One day at a time
Live and let live,
Try not to take
More than we give.

GPH: 08/07/2002

• WILKEY, George
14/12/1924–30/03/2005
GPH: 22/04/2002

WILLIAMSON, Meta *Hobbs*
29/07/1923–16/06/2012
B. in Pangman, SK, south of Regina (population in 2009: 255). Her father was from England and her mother from near Peterborough, ON. They

homesteaded. Meta was the second eldest of seven children, but her older sister died.

The family went out to BC and farmed near Salmon Arm and Meta still had family there. Meta went to St. Ida School.

Meta went to work in the Vancouver Hotel and then came east with a girlfriend. For years she worked in room service at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto. She married and has a stepson. Her husband died in 2001 and she continued on in her own home until moving into GPH.

Meta has a brother in Vancouver and a sister in Salmon Arm.

I once asked her how she got the name "Meta." She told me that her mother got it from a book she had read!

GPH: 31/07/2009

WILLSON, Henry ("Harry")

09/05/1924–31/12/2007

B. in Wimbleton, England. Yes, he played tennis! His father was a building contractor.

Motorcycles

Wimbleton was about 8,000 people and a factory town, one of which made Raleigh bicycles. He was in motorcycle sales and service, selling AJS bikes. In Canada he worked in Montreal for a company that assembled British motorcyles, such as AJS and Norton. He himself had an AJS bike.

He also sold Arial, Norton and some BSA bikes. And he raced them. Much later, in Barrie, he was a member of a club. The most expensive motorcycle that he sold was a Vincent HRD, which cost about $1,000. His all-time favourite bike was the Fellon and Moore 600 Panther. This famous motorcycle would take a sidecar. It was made in the north of England; the company went out of business in the 1960s. Harry remained a great fan of motorcyles and his eyes would light up when you spoke to him about them.

Mr. Willson worked for June ROBBINS' husband in Midland.

Later in life Harry took up the study of music and became an accomplished organist.

At his funeral his coffin was draped with the Union Jack and his favourite hymn was played, "Jerusalem, the Golden, with Milk and Honey Blessed."

Harry and Winnifred had one daughter, Lynne (m. David Cousens); two grandchildren, Dana (m. Kevin Hartley) and Brandon; one great-granddaughter, Ria.

Lynne's eulogy

Mr. Willson's daughter, Lynne, read the following eulogy for her father at his funeral:

"It seems ironic to me that, as we grow older, research suggests we spend as many years dedicated to parental care as to child rearing. This was never how I

envisioned my father's senior years. He was my tower of strength, my rock, my stability. He rose from early years of abuse as a child, ran away at the suggestion of his grandfather, and joined the Royal Navy Fleet Air Arm Division.

He became engaged to my mother when she was 17 and a half and he was 18. My grandparents allowed them to marry at 18 and 19 years of age because it was WWII and life was uncertain.

My father once spoke of "love" and stated that, until he met my mom and her mother and father, he did not know what the commitment of loving—be it a friend, spouse, parent or animal—was all about. He learned fast, especially during the War years, as letters were sent to each other *every day*, sometimes arriving months later in bundles. My mom's postman became a familiar face in her life, as he brought my dad closer to her. The letters were a comfort and reinforced that he was alive and still serving on the aircraft carrier in the Pacific waters close to Australia.

My dad returned to England at the end of the War and operated a very successful business—of course relating to motorcycles and motor vehicles. He also returned to school and earned his Marine mechanics license for ocean-going vessels.

Motorcycle racing

He loved anything fast and furious and was wellknown and respected as a speedway racer and rode for many wellknown speedway tracks. My early years were spent with my parents at the track on weekends. I remember Monday was the day that my dad and he crew fixed the motor bikes and my mom fixed his injuries, i.e., scrapes, bruises, dislocations, etc. Life continued in this pattern until dad retired from racing.

He always was looking to improve himself and life for us and let me assure you that although he is draped with our Union Jack, he climed a large hurdle the day my mother finally relented, gave in, and condoned our eventual move to Canada. He fell in love with this country when he and mom visited relatives in Montreal. He encouraged us to become Canadians. He said if we took from this great land we had to give back and thus we are proud Canadians by choice.

I thank God that he gave Harry Willson to me as "my dad." He taught me strength, courage to face adversity, love, laughter and, above all, loyalty. Life will never be the same for me or my family—the strong link is missing. Alzheimer's has taken its toll on us all, especially dad, and it is time to release him and say 'Farewell,' knowing that we will meet again."

See also ROBBINS, June.

GPH: 28/01/2004

• WILLOUGHBY, Ivene
12/10/1910–18/08/2003

GPH: 15/11/2002

•• WILSON, Helen
GPH: —W2038

• WILSON, Lois *Westland*
27/02/1921–06/04/2008*

B. in Markham, ON, at home on the family farm. She was raised there and attended St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.

Lois was the eldest of four children: her sisters are Eleanor (m. Houghten) and Ruby (m. Christensen); her brother's name is Ralph (m. Gerry). When she had completed her second form at the high school, her sister got scarlet fever. The house and family were quarantined for so long that, in the end, Lois did not go back to school.

She began working at Hisey's General Story in Markham. She met her husband Deward at a church function and they were married on Nov. 24, 1945. They lived with all the Wilsons on a rented farm in Dickson's Hill. The Wilsons (Deward, brother John and father, Moses) bought a farm together outside Claremont. This is where Lois and Deward raised their three children, two daughters and a son—Patsy (m. Tom Snow); Donna (m. Don Timbers); Murray (m. Carol).

Lois' grandchildren are: Rob (m. Laura) and John Snow; Angela and Andrew Wilson.

The farm was expropriated by the government in 1973 for the Pickering Airport, so they moved to an apartment in Markham. They lived there for five years. Lois didn't have a loom to quilt and was probably bored, which inspired her to get a job in the bakery; that left Deward at home as a househusband. Then they bought their house in Stouffville in 1978. It had a quilting room, a small garden, and lots of space for them.

Lois still kept making fancy sandwiches for the bake shop, as well as wedding cakes for assorted brides, and quilts for everyone, along with lots of crafts. Deward died in 1993. She stayed in their home for a while but was having health problems. In 1997 Lois sold the house and moved into a condo she loved at Parkview.

She had some "TIAs" and became anxious about staying on her own, so she left the condo in late 2001 and lived with Donna and Patsy for 6-8 months while waiting for a "long term" placement. That is how she came to GPH; she moved in on May 1, 2002 and lived on Maple. She had been a participant in the Senior Encounter programme and had really enjoyed it. After moving into the Home, most days she would still find the group and join in. The SE staff didn't mind but would have to steer her to the residents' dining room for lunch.

After a few more TIAs, the activities of daily living became more difficult. She was confined to a wheelchair for the last four years. But she was really only sick for the last ten days of her life and died free of pain.

Lois loved gardening and had a "green thumb." She created an amazing number of quilts, had quilting bees in her home, and enjoyed entertaining generally. She also liked doing other kinds of crafts, including needlework.

She had few fears, aside from tomato worms! Patsy recalls that she and Tom arrived in Stouffville for a weekend visit after Deward had died, and the first thing they had to do was to go to the tomato patch and dispose of the worms. It was the first time she had seen her mother afraid of anything.

—Thanks to Patsy for preparing this lifestory of her mother.

GPH: 02/05/2002

WILSON, Marilyn

Moved to Sunset Manor, Collingwood.

GPH: 23/11/11 to 18/04/2012—P1046

•• WILSON, Sarah "Sally"

GPH: —A1143

WILSON, Vera Margaret *Clements*

29/04/1918–19/12/2011*

B. in Toronto. She eventually worked for MacLean-Hunter where she was responsible for some 17 publications' subscriptions. She started with *Chatelaine*. Vera retired at age 60 because of arthritis. Her daughter Pat (m. Sprunt) wrote a lifestory for her mom and entitled it simply "My Mother." Thanks to Pat for this, which was used at Vera's funeral service and is now shared here.

My Mother

Vera Margaret Wilson was born in Toronto on April 29, 1918 to father George Garnet Clements and mother Violet Beatrice Beatty. A sister was born two years later, Leona Francis. Vera lived all her life in east end Toronto.

During her teen years work for her father was difficult. There was not a lot of employment, so after school Vera would go and look after an elderly lady for three hours a day to help earn money for her family. She was fourteen years old at the time. When she was nineteen she met her future husband, Alexander Wilson, also from east end Toronto. They married the following year, on May 20, 1939.

Vera came from a large family of relatives—the Beattys, Browns, Clements, all from east end Toronto. She would often talk about the good times she and Al would have, going up north to a cottage and fishing with her aunt Dori, uncle Browni, and cousins Harold and Ross. She would stay at the cottage with her grandmother Janie Beatty and cousin Ross who was a baby at the time, while the others (Al, aunt Dori, uncle Browni and

Harold) would go fishing. Al was very fond of Harold and gave him the nickname "Trouter Box."

The following year, January 8th, 1940, her and Al's first child was born, a daughter whom they named Patricia Ann. In August 1943 their second daughter, Marilyn Gail, arrived.

Vera's parents were living with her and Al when Al was called to serve in the army. In July 1944 their youngest daughter, Marilyn, passed away. Vera went to work at Colgate Palmolive soap company, where several of her family were employed. Her mother looked after Pat while Vera worked. Al returned home from the War in 1945 and a son, Bruce Alexander, was born May 13, 1948.

Vera returned to work at MacLean and Hunter publishing, where she worked her way up to supervisor in the subscription department. She had worked there for thirty years and retired at age sixty. Al had passed away five years earlier.

Vera moved into a seniors' residence and was very active in the euchre club. If one of her friends were ill, you would see Vera bringing them homemade soup and some of her delicious baking. She was a topnotch baker, which she has passed on to her daughter and great-granddaughter Jessica. Vera was also active in her afternoon and Friday night bowling until she had to give it up due to a bad hip. Because of failing health, when Vera was eighty years old she moved to Innisfil to live with her daughter Pat and son-in-law John, whom she always said was like a son to her.

In 1988 John's union entered a bowling tournament in Nashville, TN. They booked the rooms at a hotel but, when we arrived there, our room had [only] a king size bed and all the cots were taken, so all three of us—mom, Pat, and John—slept in the [one] bed. You can't get much closer as a family!

Pat babysat her daughter Karen's three girls and Vera loved Christmastime when all of them did baking. She loved to sit at the table with them and teach them how to cut and decorate cookies. Most of the time there was more icing on their faces than on the cookies! Vera loved Christmas day, when family were all there together. Family were very important to her. She was always available to babysit Bruce's boys Kevin and Sean whenever she was needed.

In 2008 Vera moved into Grove Park Home, when she required more care than Pat and John could give her. Vera was always a very caring and friendly person. She made many friends at the Home and was always

sharing her fruit, cookies and candy with others. Vera is now with Al, whom she has missed for thirty-seven years—"Together forever."

GPH: 12/02/08

•• WINCHESTER, John
16/08/1921–
See Ruth Winchester.
GPH: —M1226

WINCHESTER, Ruth Marion *West*
12/05/1922–13/02/2011*

B. at home, at 32 Alcina Ave., Toronto. Her parents, George and Edna West, raised Ruth next door to her grandmother, Clara Wall. She had one brother, George.

She met the love of her life, John Winchester, on the tennis court and they were married on June 8, 1946. They celebrated 64 happy and loving years together.

Ruth worked at Kodak during the War years but left to raise their two children, Scott (m. Margaret) and Joan. She was blessed with five grandchildren: Andrew (m. Emily), Rodney (m. Andrea), Pamela (m. Art) Mac Neil; Gordon and Ken Grise. Her first great-grandchild, Alexander Mac Neil was born in Aug., 2010.

Ruth was a stay-at-home Mom, always there at lunchtime with a bowl of soup and a sandwich for her children. She was a long time volunteer at the RVH giftshop with her late friend Millie Yates. Mom played badminton, tennis, golf and bridge. She swam, cross country skied and hiked all the trails in Algonquin Park with John. Ruth was also an avid birdwatcher, a beautiful knitter, and loved creating flower gardens. She is now free to do it all over again.

She and John lived most of their married life in Barrie, but spent 10 years in Huntsville at Echo Valley Resort, where they made great friends over coffee, campfires, and cards. Prior to coming to GPH, the Winchesters lived at Waterford Retirement Home.

Ruth is fondly remembered as a quiet, gentle woman by her many friends and family.

At GPH she and John lived in adjoining suites on Maple and continued a caring, loving relationship.

—With thanks to Scott and Margaret. Scott said that the day following his mom's death, they had a deer in their backyard, lying in the snow. It was an unusual sight and they regarded it as a sort of good omen. Their photo of it appears immediately below.

GPH: 04/03/2009

WINSLOW, Sarah
16/02/1908–11/05/2004
GPH: 20/01/2004

•• WISEMAN, Dorothy
GPH: —S2018

WISHART, Norah "Norie" *Wilson* SIMMELHA
15/05/1915–06/11/2010

B. near Shanty Bay, the youngest of the five children of Verner and Bessie Wilson. Her brother Tom died early on; her three sisters were Isabel, Mary, and Nancy. Her family had long been in the area: her great-grandfather was a settler and her grandfather built the church, St. Thomas Anglican.

Norah attended a one-room school and that was her earliest memory, it seems. For high school she went into Barrie to Barrie Collegiate Institute, commuting by train or, sometimes, being driven by her father.

She enlisted as a WREN in WWII. After the War the family place became an inn, "The Woods," where she worked with her parents. It was here that she met a visiting Dane, Eigel Simmelha. They were married and off she went to Denmark to live with him and his two sons, Jan and Finn. They spent six years near Copenhagen. Eigel was in business; she just "took it in."

Back home, they built a dream house on Lake Simcoe and bought The Candle Shop on Highway 11.

Norah travelled after Eigel's death: to St. Pierre to study watercolour art, for example.

About 1990 she remarried. Bill Wishart was someone she had known years earlier when he was stationed at Base Borden. They went to BC and lived in Victoria. Bill died and Norah returned to Barrie, where she lived at Barrie Manor for some ten years.

Early in 2010, at the age of almost-95, Norah came to live at GPH. She retained an excellent memory of her long life and varied experiences. Thanks to

Ted Bigelow, of Stroud, for providing a copy of a clever poem called "Norie: A Ditty for A Dame," recited on the occasion of Norah's 90th birthday.
GPH: 04/02/2010

WOOD, Sadie
Moved to LTC in Orillia.
GPH: 12/05/05–20/10/05

WRIGHT, Marion Loretta *Livingston*
03/04/1929–12/02/2012
B. in Oro Twp. on Apr. 3, 1929, just months before the Stock Market crash that began the Depression. Her parents were Maxwell and Edna Livingston; she had two brothers, Lloyd and Bernal.
Marion attended school at Edgar Public School and then Central Collegiate in Barrie. Following graduation she worked as a secretary for local companies.
On Apr. 12, 1952 she married Harold Sidney Wright. They farmed on Line 3 in Oro Twp. and raised three children: Linda (m. Al Desroches), Allan and Carl. Sadly, in 1973—after just twenty-one years of marriage—Marion was widowed, leaving her with three teenagers to raise. Several years later, she sold the farm and moved to Edgar village. There she lived for thirty years, working as a house cleaner.
Marion's children all married and she was blessed with ten grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.
Mom, Linda writes, called herself a "social butterfly": church, prayer meetings, coffee times and other get-togethers were a joy to her. She loved people, volunteering, and her church—West Oro Baptist Church. In 2004 she was named Oro-Medonte Citizen of the Year.
With several health challenges and suffering from severe osteoporosis and two broken ribs, Marion moved from her house to Tollendale Village in Barrie. She lived there for six years. Wherever she lived Marion made friends easily. She was a "people person."
Her health declined in a major way in the winter of 2011-12 and Marion moved to GPH on Jan. 17, 2012. Her stay was too brief, only twenty-six days.
—Thanks to Marion's daughter Linda for this lifestory of her mom.
GPH: 17/01/2012

Y

•• YOUNG, Jean
GPH: —W3038

YOUNG, Harry David BRUNTON
31/10/1919–07/04/2012
B. in Allandale, the 4th of twelve children. His father was a railroader.

Harry was ill as an infant, so he was given into the care of his mother's aunt (a Brunton) and her husband (a Young) and they raised him. The aunt had come from England before WWI and her husband too was a railroader; in fact, he worked on the Grand Trunk Railway. They had no children of their own.

When Harry was a child his birth family, the Bruntons, moved to Gravenhurst, to a farm. He had his name legally changed to Young because the Youngs had raised him.

In 1941 Harry and Jane were married at Trinity Anglican Church. He enlisted in Oct. 1941 and left behind his pregnant wife: Dale was born the following spring and was 3 ½ when Harry first saw her. He spent 4 ½ years in Britain and did not see action. Three of his brothers also served.

He returned from the War in 1945 and he and Jane had three other children.

Harry had been a painter before the War and afterwards he returned to that; then went into raising mink; from that into selling insurance; and then back to painting.

It was after the War that Harry began to practice the Christian faith seriously. A new pastor (Wright) and his family at Trinity became close friends and this got Harry involved in church life there, an involvement that continued until he came to live at GPH.

At GPH Harry lived on Aspen was well liked by everyone.

Finally, Mr. Young was a second generation resident: his mother-in-law lived at GPH.

GPH: 01/09/2009

Z

•• ZDANOVSKIS, Zelma
GPH: —S

•• ZVERINA, Alvina
GPH: —P1014, W3033

III. Retirement Living

Retirement Living opened on Oct. 1, 2004 and, by June 1, 2005 had a full complement of residents. The original residents were, with their suite numbers and move-in date:

Doris COX	Suite 1253	Oct. 1, 2004
Margaret Foster	1252	Oct. 1
Helen Gray	1261	Oct. 1
Lillian MELLING	1276	Oct. 1
Cecil and Fern WARD	1256	Oct. 1
Zelma ZDANOVSKIS	1275	Oct. 1
Merrie MCLEISH	1272	Oct. 24
Evelyn BAULD	1265	Nov. 1
Nellie Shea	1266	Nov. 1
Doris Dalton	1255	Dec. 1
Mary Logan	1274	Dec. 1
Les and Jan Smith	1254	Jan. 1, 2005
Ruth Rogers	1273	May 2, 2005
Birnie Scott	1260	June 1, 2005

Other early and not so early residents include:

Fern White	///
Alice FORD	Nov., 2005
Myrtle GRIFFITHS “Myrt”	01/01/2006
Arthur and Margaret BROWN	13/03/2006
Harold Bolton	Apr., 2006
Nellie Seal	01/09/2006
Gladys JANSEN	01/10/2006
Janet ORMISTON	01/11/2006
Eva Brown	Apr., 2007
Jane Fancy	25/01/2008
Lorne ORSER	08/08/2008
Bill FORD	01/11/2010

As indicated, several RL residents eventually moved into GPH proper. Cecil WARD moved into GPH in 2006, while Fern continued to live in RL until the fall of 2012 and, after a stay at RVH, moved to Mulcaster Mews; Margaret BROWN moved to Willow on Oct. 1, 2008, some time after Arthur’s death. As GPH chaplain, I provided a programme called Chap-Talk for RL residents. It met on Mon., 2-3, from 2004–2013 (Mar.) and was a rich experience of reminiscences and stories. In a few cases there are lifestories for RL residents, and they are interspered in the main section of biographies: Doris COX, Lillian MELLING,

Zelma ZDANOVSKIS, Merrie MCLEISH, Evelyn BAULD, Alice FORD, Margaret BROWN, Gladys JANSEN, Janet ORMISTON.

IV. Quotable quotes

Wisdom is often distilled in short sayings and pithy remarks. So that these are not forgotten, here are some that GPH residents have offered over the years.

A tuppenny [two penny] pie costs four pence when you're married.
—Margaret THOMSON, quoting her uncle Alec

"I've got more trouble than a married woman on a Saturday night!"
—Ernie BIDWELL

Use your head to save your feet.
—Mary Ritter COX

"I cut that board three times and it's still too short!"
—Ralph COX, quoting an anonymous carpenter

If God won't have you and the devil doesn't want you, you're still here!
—Erma DOBSON

If wishes were horses
and beggars could ride
the world would be drowned
in an ocean of pride.
—Ada DONNELLY

"Clean the trail for the next person."
—Richard LONEY

Christmas comes and goes, and it's as far away as ever.
—Jessie HUNTER, Shetland Islander

There are no pockets in a shroud.
—Fern WARD, quoting her great-aunt Mary Maw

Enjoy life and be kind to one another.
—Erma DOBSON

Live as if today is the last day of your life;
plan for tomorrow as if you are going to live forever.
—quoted by Mark JOHNSON

You can get along without your relatives,
but you can't get along without your friends.

—Agnes KNEESHAW

The sawingest saw I ever saw was the saw I saw at Arkansas.
—Castor LONGMIRE

Find some new friends, but keep the old:
the one is silver, the other is gold.
—Edythe MACDONALD

If wishes were horses, I'd have one by my side.
—Gladys RATCLIFFE

"I could hardly believe that myself the first two or three times I told it!"
—Ralph COX, quoting someone who was known to make up a story

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."
—Epitaph that Phyllis ROBINSON selected for her father's gravestone at Barrie Union Cemetery; the quotation belongs to the Scottish poet Thomas Campbell (1777–1844).

Pink makes the boys wink.
—Gwen RUTTER

Nursery rhyme:

1 2 3 Mother caught a flee
Put it in the tea pot
And made a cup of tea
The flee jumped out
Made Mother shout
Father ran down
With his shirt tail hanging out.
—Gwen RUTTER

"Measure to cut, bang into place."
—Don THOMPSON

If you want to live and thrive,
let a spider run alive.
—Margaret THOMSON, quoting her grandmother

A "Nonsense" poem:

My mother and father were ethical in mind
and they threatened to call me
all the names they could find;
so they called me:
Jonathan, Joseph, Jeremiah,
Timothy Tite and Sobadia,

William Henry, Walter Sim,
Reuben Ruth the Solomon Jim,
Thaniel, Daniel, Abraham,
Rodrick Fredrick, Peter Sam
Simon, Timon,
Nicholas Pat, Christopher Dick,
and Jehoshaphat.
—Fern WARD, quoting Tom Middleton

Peel the potatoes and apples thin.
—Fern WARD, quoting her great-aunt Mary Maw

Old Macdonald had a farm
He shaved so hard he broke his arm.
and
If you think she likes your bristles
Then walk barefoot on some thistles!
— John WILLIAMSON, quoting two of many Burma Shave slogans that he could recite: more at his entry in *Connections 2*

v. Traces

"Traces" appeared in the GPH *Newsletter*. The title is meant to call attention to traces of God's presence in the world, for the divine often comes to us obliquely, indirectly, and in ways that are not readily apparent. Some of those "Traces" are reproduced for renewed consideration.

Changing the future

If you could change the future, what would you do? This may seem like a bit of a stretch in its application to caregivers, but stay with me. I want to suggest that, in caring for others, we can change the future. If you think about it, "the future" is any time beyond this very moment. Since that is the case, we are always altering futures when we make the life situation of a person better than it otherwise would be. Right? Usually what we do is not turning back the clock to change the present—remember how Superman did that, saving Lois Lane from death? Rather, we are working with the present to change the future. The simple act of making someone more comfortable is to change what would otherwise be the case. This means that pretty much everyone who works or volunteers at GPH—I can think of no exceptions—is a "futurist," someone who is changing the future by helping folks right now. So, the question about changing the future is not just hypothetical, is it? —Apr., '01

Life has the universe as a backdrop

George—not "our" George but another one—told me that he'd seen a TV show where it was said that our universe, or the "universes," is made up of millions and billions of stars and planetary bodies. It made me think that, if God had wished, we could, each of us, be living on our own star, our own moon, our own planet. One person per piece of real estate. That would certainly ease some tensions! But for some reason, God seems to have put all the eggs in one basket. As far as we know, among all the objects in the sky, Earth is the only one that has any kind of meaningful life on it. We are here together, so we don't have the loneliness of a vast piece of property but no one else on it. On the other hand, human life is defined by our living together, with all the tensions and disagreements that come with doing so. This seems to be the divine intention for human existence. It is our role to work out our own life in the context of all the other people around us. Seen at its broadest, we are working together against the backdrop of the universe as a whole. —July, '03

God in the traces

God's presence often comes to us obliquely, opaquely, indirectly, circumstantially, or in a way that could be attributed to accident or coincidence. In waiting for the whirlwind that was Job's experience, we may well miss the still, "sound of sheer silence" which was the experience of God that Elijah had one time. Faith is faith because it sees in the "traces" of God's presence a greater reality. The simplest act of kindness may be an opening in the clouds for someone, a trace, an evidence of something that is much more. If we are open to seeing, then the traces of God are all around. In a place that is devoted to helping others there are many opportunities for us all to be a witness to, but also to contribute to, such traces of a divine presence. —July, '05

"Just to be is a blessing ..."

Some years ago a friend sent me a card that I have kept, and whose inscription I have often pondered, reflected upon, and tried to keep in mind.

Abraham Joshua Heschel was a Jewish philosopher and theologian, and the saying on the card is his. It is,

> *Just to be is a blessing,*
> *Just to live is holy.*

Ours is a world of striving, of wanting, of working, of doing, of going, in the relentless search for something that lies just outside our grasp. Many of us are not what we would like to be, where we would like to be, with whom we would like to be — all these lie just beyond us. What Heschel said causes us, at least me, to pull back from all that and to realize that it is enough sometimes just to be. Life itself is holy apart from anything that anyone does with it; just to be here is a blessing. And that's a help when we feel ourselves diminished, as we sometimes certainly will; and it's also a help when we are caring for those whose lives have been diminished by illness, accident, or simply by age. Just to be has value and importance. Life is not a question of doing. —Oct., '05

A lesson in how to die: John Paul

"Why John Paul suffers" was the title of an editorial in the *Globe and Mail* on Sat., Oct. 18, 2003. You will recall that the Pope suffered and died before our very eyes. This man, once a vigorous hiker and skier, was hobbled by arthritis, Parkinson's disease, and the effects of an assassination attempt. Some suggested that he should step down. He didn't because, as the editorial says, "He wants us to learn." What did he want us to learn? First, he wanted us to learn that everyone must suffer, regardless of our status in this world. Aging and the suffering that often comes with it are a natural part of being human.

Second, he wanted us to learn that suffering can be redemptive. We all know of people who have risen to unexpected heights in the face of some personal battle. At the same time, we have seen compassion and human solidarity stirred in others. As the Pope once wrote, "the world of human suffering" brings out "the world of human love." It was not his wish for us to feel sorry for him; rather we were to learn. The editorial concludes, "He is giving us all a priceless lesson in how to die." This gift to us might be of as much consequence as John Paul's role in bringing about the end of the partition of Europe.

To participate in the lives of others toward the end of their lives is to learn, not just about the impact individual lives have had on the world, but about what we can be and do at life's extremity. —June, '06

Tuning up, playing out of tune

A bluegrass band from Tottenham, a very good one, played at the GPH Family BBQ last year. At one point in their programme the mandolin player had to tune his mandolin. A mandolin is a pretty tricky little instrument, with its four pairs of strings, eight in total. While he was tuning up, the fiddle (violin?) player commented that with a mandolin a person spends half their time tuning the instrument and the other half playing out of tune!

I've been bouncing that thought around in my mind for the last year. Is playing the mandolin a metaphor for life? We spend a lot of our time trying to get it right and a lot of time trying to keep it right. In spite of all our best efforts it keeps going out of tune. Then it's back to tuning up. Tune it up; play out of tune. Tune it up; it goes out of tune! Do it again. Play for a while, nice sound. Sweet. Then it goes out of tune. Retune!

If playing the mandolin provides a metaphor for life, there is one more thing to consider apart from tuning, playing for a while, and retuning. When the fiddle player made this remark it was as a humorous commentary. Some of us may have laughed, I don't recall, but I remember it as humorous and I think of it now as humorous. If we spend a lot of our time trying to keep our lives in tune, then it helps to have a sense of humour about it. And a shared sense of humour is even better.

Did you hear the one about the mandolin ...? —June, '08

You don't know what's in them until well on. A lesson from the maples.

At the NE corner of the new building at GPH there are two maple trees. Jean (Stasek) and I were looking out her window today at these two trees, not at the trees particularly, but at the leaves, which are an orangish reddish pinkish.

Incredible. They are the most beautiful trees! Earlier in the season they were green.

We have a maple tree on our front lawn and a maple tree in our back yard. They are substantial trees. It is October 29 and their leaves are more or less green; maybe some are yellowish in the backyard. On the other hand, two houses down the street our neighbours have a maple tree that, early in the fall, turned the most brilliant red. It really was a sight.

Why is that? You're asking me, What do you mean by "that"? This is what I mean. A few weeks ago all these maples were green but, as time went on, temperatures dropped a bit, September mosied on, some of these maples became spectacular. But you wouldn't have known what they had within them until fall came. This beauty was "in" them all along, but when fall came that beauty was astonishing.

By now you know what I am talking about. It's a metaphorical story, maybe a parable. I'll leave it with you. —Nov., '08

Cats, Part II

The thing I really like about cats is that they are so accepting. They don't care what you look like, how old or young you are, whether you shaved today or not, or have "coffee breath." Cats don't care if you have spots of spaghetti sauce on your shirt or whether your socks match. They don't care about your political views, or what kind of religious confession you have, or don't have. Or whether you are grouchy in the morning or grouchy all day or just grouchy period.

Cats don't care if you live in a big house or in a condo or in an apartment. Don't care if you have cruised the world or holiday in your backyard. Not an issue. They don't care what kind of scrapes you have had in life: divorced? injured on the job? ruined your health with cigarettes? sick? are in chemotherapy? alienated from your sister? made a very foolish purchase? lost your house to the bank? had a stroke? Won't disown you on any of these accounts.

But cats do have memory, it seems to me. They remember who is kind and who is not and, with that sort of sixth sense that animals have, they can pick out the good guys. Not much is asked: a little kibble, a soft place to sleep—in the sun preferably, and a little affection. It's not much, is it? Seems to me we could learn a lot from cats. Not that they are exemplary creatures in every way—remember that couch the cat clawed to shreds? But in this matter of acceptance we could learn from them.

The "divine" insight that I'm working up to here is that we can make the world a friendlier, more enjoyable place, if we can accept one another and, at the same

time, be happy with less. Sometimes the creatures around us can teach us. —Apr., ’09

Ashley’s photos and the invitation

Ashley’s photos hung at the door exiting near Pine to the stairwell and Grove St. There were two them, one following the other by some weeks or months, and they seemed to me to have a similar theme.

The first photo was of a railway track with snow and brush on either side that disappeared into mist. I thought I recognized where the photo was taken—at the tenth of Innisfil, near the 400, but I found I was mistaken when I asked her. The second photo was that of a wooden walkway that made its way through the woods, in autumn. Pretty. That scenery appeared familiar to me and this time I was right: Ashley said the photo was taken in Tiny Marsh. Neither photo had a title, at least so far as I can recall.

The two pictures kind of rolled around in my head for weeks and then one night it came to me: each was an invitation. The photo of the railway track invited the viewer to walk down the track and into the mist, to see where the track was going. And the photo of the walkway invited me to take the walkway into the beauty of the fall scene. In this case as well one did not know where the walkway was leading, what one might experience.

And then it came to me that each photo was a metaphor for our experience of life. Every day there is an unspoken invitation to step out of where we are and pursue where this track, that walkway will take us. We don’t know where the path leads, so the experience is at one and the same time mysterious, intriguing, and possibly a little daunting. It is also exciting. No matter how much track is behind us, each day invites us to open our eyes again to the possibilities.

And that’s what I learned from Ashley’s photos. —Sept., ’07

The quest for a warm place

The cat jumps up onto my desk and sprawls across my work! There are two reasons that explain why she does this: they are two incandescent lamps, desk lamps, that shine down on my desk and illuminate my workspace. The lamps are only a foot or fifteen inches, 30 cm., above the desk. They are warm; they give off heat. She luxuriates in the warmth of the lamps.

Winter has come. It’s cold outside. We seek warm places; we seek warmth.

One of the things I like about winter is that it drives us indoors, more or less, to the hearth, to warmth, to interiority. Relationships seem to become more meaningful. The elements outside may be frightful, but the fire inside is delightful—or something like that, the song says.

In the Bible, God is a rock, a refuge, a hiding place. The imagery grows out of the insecurities of life in the ancient world. For those of us who live in the northern northern hemisphere we might include in our imagery of God "a warm place," a place out of the blustery cold. In fact, we spend much of our lives here looking for a warm place: the warmth of relationships, a good book "to curl up with," a "warm" religious faith, warm boots to put our feet in, the warmth of laughter, the warmth of the heat lamp in the hotel bathroom, the cup of hot chocolate at the outdoor skating rink. And on it goes.

If we play the word-association game, there are words that go along with "a warm place": wellbeing, security, love, peace, contentment, freedom from pain, and a kind of a feeling that it's going to be alright after all.

The season that we have been through, Christmas, is a time when many of us have either been able to return to a warm place, or maybe been able to find a warm place for the first time. In any case, we enter a new year with a sense of wellbeing, renewed again, warmed from within. —Dec., '09

$18,000,000

A few months ago staff involved in the Joint Health Advisory Committee gathered for one of its meetings. This was before the meeting, in conversation. I've thought about what people had to say several times since. I don't remember anything about the meeting; I just remember the conversation beforehand.

Someone made a comment about some lottery prize. The winning ticket was about to be drawn—in the next few days—and someone or some group of people was going to win $18 million.

The conversation turned to what people with various responsibilities at GPH would do with that money. Karen said this ... Jackie said that ... Dr. Bruce said ... Terry said ... What I found remarkable about this conversation, which turned quite passionate, is that these care providers all spoke about what they could do for *residents' care* with such a sum of money. I suppose I should not have been surprised by the tenor of the conversation or by the types of suggestions that were made. The focus at GPH is always on the residents and their wellbeing.

(Terry, as I recall, went on to speak about something I had not thought of, namely, that GPH could have an endowment, like a university, an endowment that would

enable GPH to do some things that we would like to do. But that's probably another topic, and Terry can talk about it another time.)

What I carried away—now an ongoing memory—is the commitment to care among the caregivers of all descriptions at Grove Park. The $18 million question provided an opportunity for people to speak about what already is the case: everyone spoke about what could be done better to care for others. I decided what I already knew, that it's good to be around such people. —Oct., '09

Appendix I

Additions
to *Connections* and *Connections 2*

KNEESHAW, Agnes *Todd*
17/01/1904–13/12/2002
and
STURGEON, Anna Lois *Todd*
20/11/1902–05/12/1997
There is a photo of Lois, Agnes and their brother Allan, taken ca. 1911, in *Skunks and Scholars. Memories of growing up in Innisfil Township before 1940* (Stroud, ON: Innisfil Historical Society, 1987), p. 136. Agnes has a recollection on p. 147 and is mentioned in another on p. 75; there are recollections by Lois on pp. 18, 78, 171, 221.

• WILLIAMSON, John
03/12/1920–23/03/2006
John's keen memory for detail and sense of humour is summed up in his observation about his transport to England and back at the extremities of WWII. He went to England on the *Queen Elizabeth*—"no tablecloths"—and returned on the *Queen Mary*—"had tablecloths." (!)
GPH: 17/03/1998

Appendix II

Record of passages at GPH Jan. 1, 2003–Dec. 31, 2012
* = conducted funeral / memorial service

2003 = 25 passages

27/02/1896–02/01/2003	30/01/2000	MARTIN, Ada
31/12/1902–05/01/2003*	22/12/1980	BURROWS, Florence
11/02/1908–13/01/2003	08/11/1996	HALPENNY, Reta
18/08/1933–20/01/2003	17/07/1997	LAPLANTE, Peter
26/03/1911–01/03/2003	29/04//2002	ALLEN, Thursa
04/03/1910–03/03/2003*	03/12/2001	NICHOLS, Irene Onetta
20/12/1911–06/03/2003	11/12/1997	LEDREW, Florence
21/03/1922–14/03/2003	20/11/2000	MASHINTER, Harvey
18/12/1912–09/03/2003	20/01/2003	SHAW, Norma
06/10/1906–28/03/2003	19/03/1998	DELAFRANIER, Geraldine
25/05/1909–03/05/2003*	08/08/2002	MCINTOSH, Lorne
26/03/1924–05/05/2003	17/08/1999	MEADE, Mary Monica “Molly”
26/11/1926–31/05/2003	09/08/2001	HOBSON, Joan
28/03/1908–11/06/2003	01/02/1995	JOHNSON, Mark
21/02/1919–18/06/2003*	29/09/2001	BOULTON, Vi
24/01/1910–05/07/2003	01/11/1983	LEPSCHI, Rosa
19/09/1907–17/08/2003*	01/08/1989	BAYCROFT, Vi
12/10/1910–18/08/2003	15/11/2002	WILLOUGHBY, Ivene
25/07/1923–07/09/2003	19/12/2002	STUDDY, Roy
18/06/1920–18/09/2003*	20/04/2001	FRASER, Edna
06/09/1917–24/09/2003	22/08/2003	TURNBULL, Winnie
14/09/1924–15/12/2003	03/07/2001	SULLIVAN, Mary Jane
18/05/1910–16/12/2003	30/08/2000	EVANS, Marion
05/10/1912–24/12/2003		HILL, Helen
09/02/1924–27/12/2003	10/11/2003	MCGILL, Agnes

2004 = 41

08/07/1906–12/01/2004	10/07/2003	HOORNVELD, Teije
28/05/1923–19/01/2004	16/09/1996	DEVRIES, Louisa

05/01/1908–28/01/2004	11/12/1997	LEDREW, Raymond
20/07/1931–28/01/2004		SPANTON, David
03/03/1926–02/02/2004	30/03/1998	READ, Carman
10/10/1909–04/02/2004	18/07/1996	MOLL, Mary
07/10/1910–07/02/2004	06/05/1996	BESWETHERICK, Gordon
15/08/1905–10/02/2004	24/09/2002	GILBY, Harold
17/09/1920–20/02/2004	13/12/2001	NOBLE, Iris
04/12/1911–25/02/2004	15/01/1999	HARGREAVES, Anne
28/12/1919–28/02/2004	13/06/2001	PRATT, Gladys
13/07/1914–20/03/2004	24/01/2003	VANGAAL, Anna
03/07/1916–23/03/2004	14/11/1995	PEARSON, Lorna
13/06/1913–25/03/2004	21/08/2002	LEEMAN, Margaret
03/01/1906–05/04/2004	01/05/1985	BOUIUS, Wendy
03/09/1915–30/04/2004	08/01/2000	MCNIVEN, Beatrice
11/03/1913–10/05/2004	06/03/2003	PULLIN, Dorothy
16/02/1908–11/05/2004	20/01/2004	WINSLOW, Sarah
18/04/1916–29/06/2004	29/04/2004	COLLEY, Lillian
28/10/1908–21/07/2004	23/01/2001	DANGERFIELD, Pearl
13/01/1922–23/07/2004	22/04/2002	ALLEN, Muriel
23/02/1933–27/07/2004	27/07/2004	POSTLETHWAITE, Betty
12/09/1916–06/08/2004	07/07/2000	VANDERWAAL, Seerp
08/03/1917–12/08/2004	03/05/2004	SPRING, Lillian
04/01/1920–23/08/2004	03/06/2004	HART, Montgomery
29/10/1916–28/08/2004	23/07/2004	ALLAN, Lucille
26/03/1922–31/08/2004	18/08/2004	MULLINS, Eileen
15/08/1914–02/09/2004*	30/08/2000	GERALD, Dorothy
07/07/1921–07/09/2004	03/08/2004	JOVANOV, John
26/02/1902–21/09/2004*	13/05/1997	JACKSON, Emily
17/07/1920–27/09/2004	02/09/2004	SUTTON, Alfred
17/07/1919–01/10/2004	13/01/2003	STEC, Katherine
01/06/1916–16/10/2004	19/11/2003	SIMMONS, Bart
19/05/1924–08/10/2004	31/10/1994	LONG, Margaret
09/03/1909–12/11/2004*	06/10/1989	LANDREVILLE, Eileen
22/03/1912–19/11/2004*	25/11/1995	WEGMAN, Verna
28/02/1917–22/11/2004	01/05/2001	DONALDSON, Mary
02/02/1934–25/11/2004	13/04/2004	COLE, Percy

23/01/1917–13/12/2004	16/06/2003	HAMILTON, John
30/11/1922–25/12/2004	09/02/1999	HAMILTON, Helen
20/09/1923–28/12/2004	13/01/2003	LEA, Norman

2005 = 29

12/12/1914–11/01/2005	22/04/2004	PARISH, Owen
05/05/1910–11/01/2005	01/04/1997	ST. JOHN, Myra
05/03/1925–13/01/2005	22/06/2004	BROCKLEBANK, Grover
04/05/1925–18/01/2005	16/05/2003	COOKE, Edwin
27/09/1917–30/01/2005	18/10/2004	BEDGGOOD, Howard "David"
24.08/1924–05/02/2005	17/08/2004	MCILVEEN, Dorothy
25/05/1922–17/02/2005	06/12/2004	RALPH, Fern
21/02/1909–28/02/2005	17/10/1989	BRINKWORTH, Beulah
29/07/1912–28/02/2005	12/07/2004	JENKINS, Marjorie
02/04/1906–06/03/2005	19/09/2001	HAWKINS, Evelyn
02/10/1908–23/03/2005	29/01/1999	SCHEERLE, Anna
14/12/1924–30/03/2005	22/04/2002	WILKEY, George
09/09/1914–01/04/2005	16/11/2003	FRASER, Mae
07/08/1905–12/04/2005*	01/06/1991	PARKER, Jean
02/11/1928–16/04/2005	08/04/2004	FRANKCOM, Leitha
24/09/1907–19/04/2005	13/03/2003	ANDERSON, Elizabeth "Bessie"
04/07/1913–15/05/2005*	23/01/2004	MACNEIL, Pearl
05/11/1920–25/05/2005*	20/04/2004	SWABUK, Walter
11/03/1927–21/07/2005	30/09/2004	GRAY, William "Don"
26/12/1912–27/07/2005	??	FENNER, Bruce
10/05/1911–02/08/2005	14/04/2003	CHERUTTI, Nancy
04/09/1912–17/08/2005	31/01/2005	BIDWELL, Ernest
11/10/1926–26/09/2005	08/04/2002	MAW, Bert
09/10/1912–18/09/2005*	24/06/1996	BROWN, Teresa
26/12/1913–25/09/2005	12/11/2001	MCLEOD, Mary
23/12/1915–02/10/2005	16/09/2004	VAN ROSSEL, Mabel
01/10/1926–23/10/2005	23/08/2005	MOBACH, Daniel
22/10/1930–11/11/2005	13/04/2004	COLE, Ruth
20/12/1925–20/12/2005	10/05/2004	MESKENAS, Helga

2006 = 45

08/03/1925–24/01/2006	20/01/2005	STAUB, Herbert
01/11/1926–04/02/2006	02/11/2005	PANTON, Winifred

27/04/1917–18/02/2006	02/07/2004	SHIER, Wilbur
18/03/1918–23/02/2006	26/04/2004	BEW, Dorothy (“Ann”)
06/05/1913–24/02/2006	25/03/1998	SCHOLES, Mary
23/07/1923–25/02/2006	03/02/2004	DOUCETTE, Wilhelmina
24/01/1914–26/02/2006	24/01/2005	WEBSTER, Arthur
21/07/1917–27/02/2006	18/10/2005	WAITE, Cora
04/03/1918–11/03/2006	07/12/2004	MCDONALD, Margaret
18/05/1917–13/03/2006	03/06/2005	LANZAROTTA, Olive
04/04/1916–13/03/2006	17/10/2005	MILLAR, Aileen
09/07/1915–15/03/2006	03/03/2006	KELLY, James
03/11/1920–23/03/2006	17/03/1998	WILLIAMSON, John
07/04/1921–05/04/2006	09/08/2005	COOPER, Velma
15/01/1914–10/04/2006	09/05/2005	RATCLIFFE, Gladys
30/09/1925–18/04/2006	12/02/2002	ARMSTRONG, Viva
16/01/1913–23/04/2006	14/09/2004	FURTAK, Mae
20/02/1913–05/05/2006	16/03/2005	TURVEY, Florence
27/07/1912–11/05/2006	06/01/1994	OTTERBEIN, Becky
06/06/1911–19/05/2006	01/06/1997	JEFFELS, Hazel
10/03/1927–26/05/2006	19/07/2004	GILLESPIE, Dorothy
28/06/1925–12/06/2006	27/01/2005	URQUHART, Albert
30/08/1911–13/06/2006	12/11/1997	POOLE, Nellie
10/10/1915–16/06/2006	05/07/2004	JOHNSTON, Lyman
19/05/1917–30/06/2006	19/09/2001	HEAD, George
10/08/1920–08/07/2006	13/06/2001	DOAN, Grenville
26/05/1913–21/07/2006	11/11/2003	MCKEE, Rita
06/12/1916–24/07/2006	26/07/2004	CARTER, Jean
02/03/1911–28/07/2006	23/12/1997	BROADHEAD, Marjorie
30/08/1917–28/07/2006	12/08/2004	CUMMING, Lloyd
24/09/1921–04/08/2006	07/09/2004	WHITE, Ethel
23/09/1918–21/08/2006	27/07/2004	FERRY, Phyllis
03/04/1921–10/09/2006	24/05/2006	FOSTER, Lily
18/07/1913–03/09/2006	04/09/1998	PAINE, Elma
03/04/1921–10/09/2006	24/05/2006	FOSTER, Lily
15/05/1915–11/09/2006	17/12/2002	DELA CRUZ, Isidro
31/08/1913–14/10/2006	12/04/2006	MCARTHUR, Muriel
11/03/1930–07/11/2006	03/12/2003	MATTOCKS, Muriel
05/02/1918–13/11/2006	03/04/2006	GRIFFITHS, Robert
16/08/1910–23/11/2006	13/05/1997	JACKSON, Arthur
16/09/1923–01/12/2006	12/09/2006	JONES, Marjorie
31/05/1911–06/12/2006	15/07/2004	HOOYMANS, Henry
06/01/1917–16/12/2006	21/01/2005	TARNAWSKY, Stephanie

29/12/1923–18/12/2006	29/06/2004	GAYLOR, Jean
17/04/1919–18/12/2006	28/07/2006	IVANSKI, Walter

2007 = 49

25/10/1915–05/01/2007	24/06/2004	SEFTON, James William "Bill"
16/06/1923–07/01/2007	21/06/2004	EATOCK, Robert
20/01/1912–17/01/2007	11/02/2002	ROSS, Frances "Molly"
21/02/1917–31/01/2007	17/02/2004	COOK, Olive
17/07/1917–09/02/2007	24/06/2004	GOVER, Florence
20/01/1936–14/02/2007	16/08/2004	GRANT, Rose
29/10/1917–20/02/2007	12/06/1998	OBERER, Helen
29/10/1919–01/03/2007*	26/05/2004	BARNET, John
26/01/1918–16/03/2007	14/05/2004	NICHOLS, Kathleen
06/03/1919–23/03/2007*	08/02/2005	PATRICK, Frank
10/06/1923–09/04/2007	22/06/2004	BROCKELBANK, Violet
21/06/1923–14/04/2007	01/09/2006	FANNON, Florence
02/04/1921–17/04/2007	19/06/2006	NIXON, James Ross
10/09/1918–21/04/2007	21/10/2004	HARVEY, Florence
29/11/1931–21/04/2007	02/08/2006	O'BRIEN, Doreen
29/09/1917–23/04/2007	22/05/2003	RUTTER, Gwen
27/18/1918–01/05/2007*	08/07/2002	WHITFIELD, Margaret
08/04/1907-15/05/2007	05/01/2001	MORLEY, Winnifred
09/11/1919–19/05/2007	21/04/2006	LOCHHEAD, Mary Elizabeth "Betty"
21/03/1922–23/06/2007	15/03/2006	OLDHAM, Mary
30/07/1913–04/07/2007	18/02/1998	LUCK, Harry
12/02/1929–28/07/2007	07/05/2007	PHYLLIS, Aileen
02/09/1911–31/07/2007	28/10/2004	MELLING, James
30/09/1911–09/08/2007	05/11/2003	VILPORS, Arvids
23/02/1920–15/08/2007	13/02/2004	EVERSON, Elizabeth
14/02/1930–15/08/2007	11/12/2006	HAMILTON, Andrew
13/03/1919–19/08/2007	23/11/2006	STRANG, Alexander
05/10/1918–24/08/2007	12/06/2006	WARD, Cecil
14/05/1921–21/08/2007	22/08/2003	HORSBURGH, Helene
22/06/1927–31/08/2007	01/05/2007	BONE, Joan
09/08/1912–06/09/2007	09/05/2002	LEROUX, Bernadette
19/11/1909–06/09/2007	21/09/2004	KENNY, Dorothy
03/05/1917–13/09/2007	07/03/2005	WESTOVER, Mary
28/12/1917–21/09/2007	20/07/2007	VANDOOREMALEN, Johanna
03/03/1920–24/09/2007	29/07/2004	STARRS, Doris
27/12/1921–29/09/2007	18/10/2006	HOLK, Terrence
07/02/1925–30/09/2007	24/04/2003	CALDWELL, Doris
11/07/1920–08/10/2007	06/04/2004	GIFFEN, Dorothy

01/09/1930–17/10/2007	07/09/2004	LECAPPELAIN, Elizabeth
27/08/1909–22/10/2007	12/04/2004	TARRANT, Edwina
26/08/1919–26/10/2007	30/03/2005	JOHNSON, Franziska "Vally"
29/11/1929–13/11/2007	27/11/2006	LOGAN, Mary
11/10/1924–21/11/2007	24/04/2006	REES, Eileen
23/08/1912–24/11/2007	30/04/2007	MARSHALL, Lillian
29/09/1918–28/11/2007	03/04/2006	GRIFFITHS, Myrtle
25/11/1908–13/12/2007	29/07/2002	KING, Albert
28/12/1913–23/12/2007	12/04/2004	COX, Mary
18/05/1917–31/12/2007	31/03/2006	MACINNES, Belle
09/05/1924–31/12/2007	28/01/2004	WILLSON, Henry "Harry"

2008 = 34

24/12/1909–07/01/2008	14/08/2006	DYMOND, Eva
20/05/1918–29/01/2008	09/02/2004	SEAGRAM, Charles
07/08/1917–31/01/2008	31/12/2007	RAITUMS, Emma
21/02/1923–01/02/2008	30/09/2003	BURNS, Robert
21/09/1964–04/02/2008	19/05/2000	BARLOW, Deborah
14/03/1926–19/02/2008	07/01/2004	SAWYERS, Doreen
06/03/1934–25/02/2008	14/02/2008	WANNER, Cecylia
06/12/1921–28/02/2008*	20/09/2002	GARLAND, Beulah
10/05/1924–07/03/2008*	22/06/2004	COOPER, Lois
27/02/1921–06/04/2008*	02/05/2002	WILSON, Lois
09/01/1926–08/04/2008	26/01/2007	MCLEAN, Edith
07/08/1916–08/04/2008	19/06/2007	GILBERT, Arthur
18/07/1920–09/04/2008	03/03/2006	KELLY, Margaret
18/04/1914–22/04/2008	14/04/2008	COOPER, Nancy
23/01/1911–23/04/2008	04/06/1996	MELADY, Regina
14/05/1923–25/04/2008	17/09/2007	ANDERSON, Margaret
18/04/1914–08/05/2008	05/08/2005	MCLEOD, Viola
19/02/1930–11/05/2008	07/11/2007	RUMLEY, Verna
01/04/1926–28/05/2008	14/03/2003	O'CONNER, Ralph
02/10/1911–08/07/2008	12/04/2004	BEE, Marjorie
25/06/1924–25/07/2008	04/08/2005	HESSER, Dorothy
27/08/1922–29/07/2008		ROBBINS, June
30/09/1916–29/08/2008	06/01/2005	NORMAN, Grace
02/03/1922–30/08/2008	26/01/2004	SPARLING, Violet
01/02/1925–30/09/2008*	12/03/2003	GARDINER, Clarence
20/01/1935–18/09/2008	11/12/2006	KOPKA, Margaret
24/08/1927–02/10/2008	29/04/2005	REID, Constance
29/11/1913–08/10/2008	27/06/2006	MELLING, Lillian

28/05/1915–15/11/2008	23/08/2003	WEBSTER, Mary
23/04/1918–19/11/2008	11/03/2008	WESTRA, Willemka
29/05/1925–27/11/2008	07/09/2001	EATOCK, Joan
02/01/1918–02/12/2008	12/01/2007	LAVIS, Joan
19/09/1913–07/12/2008	18/08/2006	DACA, Frances
01/09/1923–23/12/2008	04/04/2007	COUSINS, Albert

2009 = 38

17/07/1920–09/01/2009	06/11/2003	THOMPSON, Dawn
31/01/1944–12/02/2009	15/09/2008	WEBSTER, Donald
30/05/1932–13/02/2009*	30/06/2004	RANSOM, William
01/10/1930–24/02/2009	20/02/2007	KOPKA, Herbert
01/08/1919–24/02/2009	28/09/1999	LEISHMAN, Hazel
13/01/1915–05/03/2009	27/04/2005	GOODBRAND, Joyce
05/11/1913–16/03/2009	16/05/2006	BROWNING, Leota
26/09/1926–17/03/2009*	30/11/2007	DOWNING, Florence
21/09/1915–26/03/2009*	28/08/1989	COTTON, Elsie
15/06/1928–21/04/2009	28/06/2004	MURRAY, June
24/11/1919–24/05/2009	25/04/2005	LONEY, Richard
13/06/1915–03/06/2009	05/11/2007	WILLIAMS, Mary
08/10/1918–15/06/2009	08/12/2008	BYERS, Doreen
23/12/1925–15/06/2009	11/02/2008	PERRY, Betty
29/03/1926–04/07/2009	08/03/2006	FLOWER, Betty
25/08/1941–06/07/2009	28/02/2005	PHILLIPS, Sharon
08/08/1907–25/07/2009	23/03/2002	MCLEAN, Elva
02/04/1919–29/07/2009	01/11/2007	RICHARD, Émile
28/09/1928–09/09/2009	13/11/2003	CEPALAK, Eva
09/10/1930–20/09/2009	22/06/2009	POSEY, Elizabeth
25/04/1921–30/09/2009*	23/10/2008	GARNER, Merle
07/03/1920–01/10/2009	13/02/2007	TASCONA, Edna
02/10/1924–07/10/2009	24/06/2003	CRIPPS, Verlie
06/06/1935–14/10/2009*	14/10/2008	PRESTON, Margaret
21/01/1925–28/10/2009	09/03/2007	NEILLY, Winnifred
24/03/1933–31/10/2009	07/09/2007	PHILLIPS, Peter
10/07/1910–30/11/2009	30/11/2009	ORSER, Lorne
24/07/1921–26/11/2009	08/02/2008	HIBBINS, Norma
14/10/1919–09/12/2009	23/03/2009	GILCHRIST, Anabel
23/04/1911–17/12/2009	15/02/2008	REID, Marjorie
07/04/1917–20/12/2009	13/08/2004	BAKER, Marion
22/04/1920–20/12/2009	16/04/2004	GARDNER, Dorothy

22/10/1924–23/12/2009	02/03/2006	GRANT, Ivy
04/02/1920–30/12/2009	04/07/2007	DOOLITTLE, Ivor

2010 = 40

05/01/1918–08/01/2010	28/05/2004	KENT, Walter
27/05/1927–11/01/2010*	08/02/2008	MYERS, Lorraine
23/04/1934–13/01/2010	07/08/2008	MCKEE, Robert "Bob"
15/09/1924–18/01/2010*	21/12/2006	BURNS, Marion
26/01/1920–18/01/2010	22/09/2006	FLEMING, Sidney "John"
08/09/1928–23/01/2010	31/08/2007	AWENDER, Maria
14/08/1919–24/01/2010	24/08/2009	GOULD, John
11/01/1916–07/02/2010	19/03/2009	STODDART, Ada
30/08/1922–23/02/2010	22/04/2008	MANSER, Evelyn
06/04/1921–07/03/2010	04/12/2009	LIVERSAGE, Margaret
07/05/1915–15/03/2010	09/06/2009	FRAIL, Emma
04/09/1922–22/03/2010	11/04/2005	EMERY, Helen
01/07/1922–13/04/2010	02/05/2008	CRERAR, Peter
04/03/1912–21/04/2010	15/12/2006	FINDLAY, Mary "May"
05/01/1927–29/04/2010	12/03/2007	ORMISTON, Janet
26/04/1921–30/04/2010	22/03/2010	JAMIESON, Gladys
06/03/1934–01/05/2010	06/06/2006	MACDONALD, Roberta
27/11/1946–04/05/2010	21/06/2004	DYKSTRA, Margaret
01/11/1913–17/05/2010	24/02/2009	FINDLAY, Mabel
05/03/1930–17/05/2010	29/10/2008	HACKETT, Jean
02/06/1917–25/05/2010	01/10/2007	EVENHUIS, Taetske "Tessie"
12/06/1923–25/06/2010	31/07/2006	WALLACE, May
28/11/1932–26/06/2010	16/08/2007	MUCCI, Vincenzo
19/05/1922–02/07/2010	27/11/2008	ROBINSON, Barbara
06/08/1910–11/07/2010	01/02/2010	WEBB, Irene
19/03/1929–28/07/2010	13/03/2009	THOMPSON, Donald
07/06/1910–08/08/2010	21/06/2006	PARTRIDGE, Elizabeth "Beth"
17/02/1942–17/08/2010	02/03/2009	FLANAGAN, Tom
15/08/1921–22/08/2010	15/05/2006	FREEMAN, Lucie
20/04/1928–13/10/2010	21/04/2010	CAMERON, Bruce
31/05/1929–21/10/2010	25/05/2007	PRANCE, Frances
15/05/1915–06/11/2010	04/02/2010	WISHART, Norah
31/08/1924–29/11/2010	07/07/2010	ANSELL, Frances
25/02/1930–20/11/2010	10/01/2005	MEIJERS, Helena
21/10/1920–23/11/2010	03/03/2010	WALTON, Sydney
02/01/1917–30/11/2010	09/07/2010	CARTER, John
09/07/1920–20/12/2010	01/12/2010	BROADBENT, Marie

08/03/1915–21/12/2010	24/06/2004	LONGMIRE, Caster
29/03/1920–27/12/2010	02/07/2004	ALLARD, Dorothy
25/06/1925–28/12/2010	27/09/2007	PLUZAK, Krystyna

2011 = 32

23/03/1923–01/01/2011	06/01/2009	GAUNTLETT, Dorothy
28/12/1914–14/01/2011	27/08/2007	NICHOLLS, Doris
12/05/1922–13/02/2011*	04/03/2009	WINCHESTER, Ruth
26/10/1918–06/03/2011*	23/05/1992	BLEVINS, Ethel "Ruth"
19/06/1929–18/03/2011	03/02/2011	ENGEL, James
30/06/1922–24/04/2011	20/01/2011	BURKE, Ivy
17/09/1939–10/05/2011*	17/11/2008	CLAYDEN, Eleanor
04/07/1920–27/05/2011*	10/09/2007	PARKE, Ruth
16/03/1927–28/05/2011	21/12/2007	BELCOURT, Theresa
22/01/1929–12/06/2011	19/11/2010	MCLEOD, Joan
18/11/1924–14/06/2011	08/04/2004	FRANKCOM, Frank
17/11/1921–18/06/2011*	11/02/2005	SARENCHUK, Michael
23/01/1916–22/06/2011	11/02/2008	ORSER, Marion
24/11/1919–13/07/2011	31/10/2007	HODSMAN, Helga
15/01/1919–06/07/2011	31/12/2009	NICHOLS, Edith
18/12/1927–17/07/2011	23/05/2006	TUCKER, Patricia "Pat"
10/09/1921–23/07/2011	27/08/2007	BEBB, Grace
01/09/1915–26/07/2011	29/06/2011	GREER, Marion
29/01/1948–30/07/2011	13/08/2010	GARREAU, Emma "Faye"
05/04/1925–11/08/2011	22/06/2011	CULVER, William "Bill"
27/08/1913–07/08/2011	24/03/2008	JANSEN, Gladys
30/04/1915–28/08/2011	28/02/2008	MACDONALD, Olive
01/01/1909–31/08/2011	01/11/2005	NICHOL, Rosetta
01/03/1923–03/10/2011	20/04/2007	PIIRVEE, Raimund
12/05/1926–11/10/2011	03/08/2011	BAINBOROUGH, Audrey
07/08/1921–12/10/2011	25/04/2005	LONEY, Ruby
29/04/1927–14/10/2011	17/11/2005	BROSKO, Eileen
23/03/1931–08/11/2011*	07/07/2011	MCCULLOUGH, Pauline
27/11/1928–11/11/2011	21/04/2008	CALDWELL, William "Bill"
02/04/1913–17/12/2011	26/11/2010	KYTE, Velma
29/04/1918–19/12/2011*	12/02/2008	WILSON, Vera
08/04/1924–28/12/2011*	22/06/2004	COOPER, John

2012 = 41

21/12/1926–11/01/2012	08/03/2004	DOBSON, Erma

25/07/1925–22/01/2012	03/05/2010	BURKE, Robert
20/02/1914–30/01/2012	14/09/2006	BAULD, Evelyn
04/04/1920–12/02/2012	13/07/2004	COX, Ralph
05/11/1921–12/02/2012	24/10/2007	MUSGROVE, Philomena
05/04/1916–27/02/2012	10/08/2009	THOMSON, Gladys
29/12/1920–04/03/2012	08/05/2008	MARCHAND, Antione
18/06/1917–19/03/2012	04/05/2006	LONG, Twylla
01/08/1910–29/03/2012	14/09/2007	SCHALY, Maria
16/12/1918–30/03/2012*	28/03/2011	CRAWLEY, Donald
31/10/1919–07/04/2012	01/09/2009	YOUNG, Harry
01/11/1915–14/04/2012	05/07/2004	ADAMS, Lorraine
21/03/1920–19/04/2012	04/07/2010	TOTTEN, Winnifred
31/03/1930–01/05/2010	04/08/2010	O'BRIEN, Yvette
16/11/1924–14/05/1012	23/04/2012	MEIER, Lydia
30/05/1924–30/05/2012*	06/06/2008	MCCUAIG, William
04/02/1921–04/06/2012	09/10/2009	RICCI, Ludwiki "Louisa"
21/05/1933–08/06/2012	07/01/2011	JACKSON, Gordon
13/07/1919–09/06/2012	10/07/2009	FORD, Alice
29/07/1923–16/06/2012	31/07/2009	WILLIAMSON, Meta
27/04/1927–24/06/2012	16/07/2010	MACDONALD, Edythe
20/09/1912–25/06/2012	15/10/2004	TRAVIS, Mary
14/04/1920–21/06/2012	30/07/2004	MORTON, Dorothy
26/02/1921–05/07/2012	01/10/2008	BROWN, Margaret
10/06/1916–05/07/2012	20/05/2008	STYLES, Irene
03/12/1919–12/07/2012	27/12/2011	MACDONALD, Harold
20/04/1952–22/07/2012	20/06/2012	STEVENS, Linda
21/07/1923–28/07/2012	05/12/2007	DINGMAN, Russell
01/05/1924–05/08/2012	10/05/2010	SIMPKIN, Margaret
25/02/1925–14/08/2012	08/08/2012	OVERTON, Elizabeth
27/05/1914–24/08/2012	19/05/2010	WATTS, Elva
10/09/1921–08/09/2012	27/05/2005	SZURKOWSKI, Maria
30/03/1922–02/10/2012	11/06/2012	CAUTERMAN, Maria
09/07/1928–11/11/2012	17/10/2011	MILLER, Veda
28/10/1916–21/11/2012*	21/07/2008	HICKLING, Ruth
17/11/1923–23/11/2012	21/01/2011	FENTON, John

28/09/1914–04/12/2012*	10/01/2003	DRAKE, Ruby
08/04/1930–07/12/2012	31/05/2010	D'SENA, Patricia
03/01/1915–11/12/2012	20/01/2010	TWISS, Margaret
28/07/1920–12/12/2012	21/06/2004	LINDSEY, Katherine
14/11/1916–26/12/2012	11/07/2012	WEBB, Anne

TOTAL: 374

Between May 4, 1968 and December 31, 2002, a total of 644 residents lived at GPH (see *Connections 2*, p. 175). Between Jan. 1, 2003 and December 31, 2012, 374 residents passed away, but 93 were among the 644 residents just mentioned. Finally, on Dec. 31, 2012 there were 143 residents living at GPH, so that the total number of residents who lived at GPH from May 4, 1968 to the end of 2012 is 644 + 281 (374 minus 93) + 143 = 1068.

This figure of 1068 does not include those who lived for a period at GPH and then moved elsewhere, for whatever reason, nor does it include those who have lived in Retirement Living. The addition of the former would likely put the total number of GPH residents at about 1100.

One notes that over its first 33 ½ years GPH had 644 residents but, in the following ten years, there were 281 (374 minus 93) + 143 (the number of residents at GPH at any given time after 2004) = 424 residents. The reason for this dramatic increase is that in the early 1990s GPH ceased to be a retirement home and became a long-term care facility. The last of the earlier Retirement Home residents was Ruth BLEVINS. When Ruth passed away in March 2001, she had lived at GPH almost nineteen years. Such long periods of residence were not uncommon. It goes without saying that the relationship between residents and staff was close.

Appendix III

They shall not grow old as we
that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor
the years condemn.
As the going down of the sun
and in the morning
We will remember them.
—Lawrence Binyon

GPH Veterans, past and present

List for Remembrance Day Service, Nov. 11, 2012: 73. Each year on Nov. 11 the names of all veterans, past and present, are read.

Lived at GPH and are deceased: 58

Three residents served in WWI. Mr Bishop and Mr Sanders were early residents: they came to live at GPH about 1973-1974. See *Connections*. Mr. Caunter got his Master's degree from York U. when he was 82.

Viva Armstrong
Frank Barber
John Barnet
Norman Bartlett
Evelyn Bauld: nursing sister
Wesley Bishop—WWI
Violet Brocklebank
Robert Burke—Navy
Marion Burns
Robert Bryson

Cyril Caunter—WWI
John Cooper—RCAF, RAF
Donald Crawley
Peter Crerar
Russell Dingman—Army
Ivor Doolittle
Robert Eatock
Sidney Fleming

Pat Frankcom
Robert Griffiths

Terence Holk
Brian Hope
Arthur Hurley
Gladys Jameson
Lyman Johnston
James Kelly
Bill Kelman
Leo Landreville
Allan Leishman
Hazel Leishman

Wilfred Lindsey
Dr. Bill Little
Richard Loney
Harry Luck
Marg Long
Roma Macallum
Muriel McArthur
Bill McCuaig—Air Force and Army
Dorothy Morton: Army driver
Phyllis Murray

Ross Nixon
William O'Connor
Frank Patrick
Frank Sanders—WWI
Charles Seagram
Wilbur Shier
Don Stephenson
Alexander Strang
Roy Studdy
Kim Sutton

Victor Thew
Albert Urquhart
Cecil Ward
Arthur Webster
Patricia Weeks (lived at GPH from Nov. 1, 2001—fall 2010)
George Wilkey
John Williamson
Harry Young—Army
58

Residents on Nov. 11, 2012: 13

John Fenton—RAF
John Findlay—RAF
Bill Ford —Army
Charles (“Bob”) Givens
Margaret Guirey
[Retirement Living] Joan Hamilton
Kenneth McPhatter
Stephen Osachuk
Robert Roach—Air Force
[Retirement Living] Bill Switzer

Viola Tramer—Army
John Winchester—Army
Dorothy Wiseman—Army
13

In addition: Senior Encounter: 2

Paddy Murphy
John Rybzynski

Selected Index

Air Canada KENT, Walter
Alex Trebek GOULD, John
Allandale Station CAMERON, Bruce; CHERUTTI, Nancy; CRIPPS, Verlie
"Amazing Grace" THOMPSON, Donald
amazing photo WEBSTER, Arthur
ambulance service BARNET, John
Anne St., Barrie, a path BURNS, Marion
S.S. Aquitania [RL] SEAL, Nellie
Avon products JOHNSON, Franziska
Avro Arrow OVERTON, Elizabeth; SWABUK, Walter

Barrie Art Club WHITFIELD, Margaret
Barrie Kiddiskool daycare D'SENA, Pat
Barrie mayor Janice Laking WHITFIELD, Margaret
Barrie mayor Jeff Lehman KENT, Walter
Barrie tannery MYERS, Harold "Jack"; ORSER, Lorne
Barrie Water Ski Club WEBSTER, Arthur
Barrie Woodcarvers Club SWABUK, Walter
(School of Aerospace Engineering at) Base Borden FLANNIGAN, Tom
Bath, Somerset HAMILTON, Joan
The Beach Boys THORNHILL, Dorothy
(Dr.) Betty Stephenson EATOCK, Joan
bicycle racing MCLEOD, Mary
birding MACDONALD, Harold
boats, vintage CARTER, John
Charles Brereton Park, Toronto LINDSEY, Katherine

budgies NICHOLLS, Doris
Brunton's Hardware on Essa Rd. KENNEY, Dorothy
Burton Ave., Barrie FERRY, Phyllis

CFRB CKEY etc. LINDSEY, Wilfred "Doc"
Charlie Chaplin KYTE, Velma
Chiropractic JOHNSTON, Lyman
Christmas GIFFEN, Dorothy; GRANT, Ivy; SULLIVAN, Mary Jane; VASEY, Mary "Irene"; WILSON, Vera
CKVR TV KYTE, Velma
"Colonel Sanders" LONGMIRE, Castor; REID, Marjorie
H.M.S. Courageous FINDLAY, John
C.W.A.C. (Canadian Women's Army Corp) DOOLITTLE, Ivor
Czechoslovakia CEPALAK, Eva

Da Grotebeer WESTRA, Willemka
de Havilland BYERS, Doreen
Denmark HODSMAN, Helga
(the Great) Depression ALLARD, Dorothy; GAUNTLETT, Dorothy; GILBERT, Arthur; GOODBRAND, Joyce; GOVER, Florence; LANZAROTTA, Olive; MACDONALD, Roberta; MANSER, Evelyn; MARCHAND, Antoine; ROBBINS, June; STRANG, Alexander; THOMPSON, Donald; WAITE, Cora
dogs ELLIOTT, John; JOHNSON, Franziska; KENNEY, Dorothy; VASEY, Ted; WALLACE, May
E. C. Drury, Premier of ON PARTRIDGE, Elizabeth

Eatons Beauty Doll BURNS, Marion
Edenvale GIFFEN, Dorothy
Edgar Radar Station MCLEAN, Elva
Elaine House FOSTER, Margaret; WEBSTER, Donald
Elmvale BAKER, Marion
Hap Emms, hockey player WEBSTER, Arthur
Empress of Ireland NICHOL, Rosetta
Erchless Estate, Oakville HART, Montgomery
Estonia PIIRVEE [previously PILEMANN], Raimund
Etobicoke Collegiate COOKE, Edwin

Fesserton Timber Company CARTER, John
flying club OLDHAM, Mary
H.M.S. Formidable EATOCK, Robert
funny stories BROSKO, Eileen; DINGMAN, Russell; GOVER, Florence; JANSEN, Gladys; MARCHAND, Antoine; MCLEISH, Merrie; PRICE, Charles; TASCONA, Edna; WEEKS, Pat; see also COTTON, Elsie ("There'll Always Be an England") in *Connections*; LITTLE, Vearlie ("The Marriage") in *Connections 2*.

General Electric GRANT, Rose
General Tire HAMILTON, Andrew
Glasgow ANDERSON, Margaret
"Gone with the Wind" MITCHELL, Ruth
Robert Goulet CRIPPS, Verlie
Grace United Church ENGEL, James
GPH staff GARDINER, Clarence; GRANT, Ivy
Grand Trunk Railway EMERY, Helen
Gravenhurst BURNS, Marion
Grove Park Home employees DRAKE, Ruby

Hawkstone ANDERSON, Elizabeth "Bessie"
Hope Diamond KENT, Walter
Huronia Soaring Association HAMILTON, Andrew

India D'SENA, Pat
IOOF FLOWER, Betty; GRANT, Ivy
Ireland DYMOND, Eva

Jafra cosmetics LOGAN, Mary

Kenora BROWN, Margaret
King George VI 1939 visit DOWNING, Florence
Kolmar COLE, Ruth; CRIPPS, Verlie; WALTON, Ivy
Eileen LANDREVILLE see NICHOLS, Kathleen

Latvia RAITUMS, Emma; VILPORS, Arvids
Joan LeBoeuf MILES, Marjorie
Getty Lee of the rock group Rush DYKSTRA, Margaret
S.S. Letitia SPARLING, Violet
Gordon Lightfoot JACKSON, Gord
Vera Lynn—British singer WHITE, Ethel

MacLean-Hunter WILSON, Vera
Manitoulin Is. HUNTER, Leila; KING, Albert
Mickey Mantle FLOWER, Betty
"Matheson Fire" of July 27-28, 1916 CRIPPS, Verlie
Meaford COX, Ralph; SPARLING, Violet; STYLES, Irene; TURVEY, Florence
(most elderly) men at GPH GILBY, Harold; FINDLAY, John; KING, Albert
Mendelsohn Choir BEE, Marjorie
Wendy Mesley GIFFEN, Dorothy
mining SULLIVAN, Mary Jane
Joni Mitchell MANSER, Evelyn
Moldex CALDWELL, William
Montreal FREEMAN, Lucie
Mosquito WWII aircraft CARTER, John; WARD, Cecil
motorcycles WILLSON, Henry ("Harry")
Honourable John Munro LINDSEY, Wilfred "Doc"

Netherlands DYKSTRA, Margaret; EVENHUIS, Taetske "Tessie"; HOOYMANS, Henry; MEIJERS, Helena; MOBACH, Daniel; SCHALY, Maria; VAN GAAL, Anna; VAN RASSEL, Mabel; WESTRA, Willemka
Newfoundland NORMAN, Grace
Nixon Building Products NIXON, Ross

Olympic trials FINDLAY, Mabel
Ontario College of Art MCDONALD, Margaret
Order of St. John nursing sisters BAULD, Evelyn
Oro-Medonte Citizen of the Year WRIGHT, Marion
Oro-Medonte Trails Association HESSER, Dorothy

Oro Lion's Club MCCUAIG, William
orphanage in Sault Ste. Marie DAMERINO, Bambie

Palais Royale, Toronto SIMPKIN, Margaret
PEI MACDONALD, Roberta
Peoples Church, Toronto GRIFFITHS, Robert
Philippines DELA CRUZ, Isidro
Pickering Airport WILSON, Lois
Pier 21 BURKE, Ivy; WESTRA, Willemka
poems EMERY, Helen; HAMILTON, Joan; FINDLAY, John; JACKSON, Arthur; KENT, Walter; LAVIS, Joan; LONGMIRE, Castor; RUTTER, Gwen; SIMMONS, Bart; [RL] WARD, Fern; WHITFIELD, Margaret
Poland IVANSKI, Walter; KOPKA, Herbert; MEIER, Lydia; PLUZAK, Krystyna; WANNER, Cecylia
Polish crepes recipe DACA, Frances
polio LIVERSAGE, Margaret
Poole Bros. Hardware, Bayfield St. LONG, Twylla; MORGASON, Marjorie
ponies imported from Scotland SUTTON, Alfred
Port McNicol grain boats DOAN, Grenville
POW [RL] SEAL, Nellie; STRAUB, Herbert

Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip MCARTHUR, Muriel
RMS Queen Mary WHITE, Ethel

RAF FENTON, John "Mick"; FINDLAY, John; JOHNSON, Franziska; LIVERSAGE, Margaret; MCLEISH, Merrie
RCAF BURNS, Marion; COOPER, John; ENGEL, James; GREER, Marion; GRIFFITHS, Robert; HART, Montgomery; JAMIESON, Gladys; MCARTHUR, Muriel; MCCUAIG, William; PATRICK, Frank; SWABUK, Walter; WARD, Cecil
Recipe for *Nalesniki* (Polish crêpes) DACA, Frances
Rembrandt DOUCETTE, Wilhelmina
Reminiscences of My Childhood EMERY, Helen
Rhodesia HAMILTON, Andrew
Robin Hood THORNHILL, Dorothy
Romania AWENDER, Marianna "Mary"
Royal Berkshire Hospital, in Reading D'SENA, Pat
Royal Marine Navigation Company BURNS, Marion
Royal Navy EATOCK, Robert
Royal York Hotel WILLIAMSON, Meta

Salvation Army LECAPPELAIN, Elizabeth; LEISHMAN, Hazel
Saskatchewan DOWNING, Florence; ELLIS, Hilda; FLOWER, Betty; HORSBURGH, Nellie; KELLY, Margaret; MARCHAND, Antoine; MARSHALL, Lillian; TASCONA, Edna; TURVEY, Florence
satellite technology PIIRVEE [previously PILEMANN], Raimund

Saturday Night MCDONALD, Margaret
Scotland FINDLAY, Mary "May"; HAMILTON, Andrew; PANTON, Winifred; SPANTON, David; STRANG, Alexander; STYLES, Irene; SUTTON, Alfred
Silverwood's Dairy CRAWLEY, Donald
Simcoe County Federation of Agriculture CUMMING, Lloyd
Simmons and Co. Ltd. SIMMONS, Bart
Skyline Motel, north Bayfield St. MUSGROVE, Philomena
St. Hilda's Retirement Home BYERS, Doreen
Stirling, ON BAKER, Marion
Suez Canal HAMILTON, Andrew
Swedish immigrants BROWN, Margaret
Sythia (ship) BURKE, Ivy

TB BURNS, Marion; MACDONALD, Harold
Tim Horton's MCLEOD, Viola
Tirpitz and *Bismarck* KYTE, Velma
Titanic COX, Mary
tobacco farming LONGMIRE, Castor
Tobermory HACKETT, Jean
tornado 1985 FLOWER, Betty; PARKE, Ruth
Toronto Argonauts FENNER, Bruce
Toronto Signal's Trumpet Band MACDONALD, Edythe
Toronto Taxi Cab List LANZAROTTA, Olive
Towers, in Barrie TUCKER, Patricia
Trans-Canada Highway FENNER, Bruce
TTC PRICE, Charles
typhoid fever DELA CRUZ, Isidro
TVO GOULD, John

United Church Renewal Movement CUMMING, Lloyd

Valentine's Day ARMSTRONG, Lorne
Vasey VASEY, Ted
VON EATOCK, Joan; ELLIS, Hilda

Walker chain stores BLEVINS, Ruth
Wallwin Electric WEBSTER, Arthur
Wayfare Restaurant, Barrie MCLEAN, Edith
Wear Ever Aluminum EVERSON, Betty
Roger Whitaker TIFFIN, Eila
"What a Friend We Have in Jesus" MCLEOD, Viola
Willow Creek Nature Trail ORSER, Marion
WRENs WISHART, Norah
WWI KENNEY, Dorothy; LAVIS, Joan; MACDONALD, Olive; MELLING, Lillian; [RL] SEAL, Nellie; SULLIVAN, Mary; WATTS, Elva

WWII BAINBOROUGH, Audrey ("war bride"); BURKE, Ivy; CHERUTTI, Nancy; COUGHLIN, Aleda; CRERAR, Peter; CRIPPS, Verlie; DELA CRUZ, Isidro; DINGMAN, Russell; DOUCETTE, Wilhelmina; EATOCK, Joan; EVENHUIS, Taetske "Tessie"; FENNER, Bruce; FERRY, Phyllis; FINDLAY, John; FINDLAY, Mary "May"; FLEMING, John; FLOWER, Betty; FORD, Alice; GAUNTLETT, Dorothy; GILL, Lorena; HAMILTON, John; HODSMAN, Helga; HOLK, Terrence; JOVANOV, John; KOPKA, Herbert; LANZAROTTA, Olive; LAVIS, Joan; LONEY, Richard; LONG, Twylla; MARCHAND, Antoine; MCLEOD, Mary; MEIER, Lydia; MEIJERS, Helena; MESKENAS, Helga; MOBACH, Daniel; MORTON, Dorothy; OVERTON, Elizabeth ("war bride"); PANTON, Winifred; PARKE, Ruth; RAITUMS, Emma; REID, Constance "Connie"; ROBINSON, Barbara; RUTTER, Gwen ("war bride"); SCHIER, Wilbur; [RL] SEAL, Nellie; SPARLING, Violet ("war bride"); STEC, Katherine; STRANG, Alexander; STRAUB, Herbert; STYLES, Irene ("war bride"); SZURKOWSKI, Marie; TASCONA, Edna; TURNBULL, Winifred; URQUHART, Albert (USAF); VILPORS, Arvids; WANNER, Cecylia; WARD, Cecil; WATTS, Elva; WEBSTER, Arthur; WHITE, Ethel ("war bride"); WHITFIELD, Margaret; WILLSON, Henry ("Harry"); WILSON, Vera; WINCHESTER, Ruth; WISHART, Norah; YOUNG, Harry

WWII navy BEDGGOOD, Howard; BURKE, Robert

Yugoslavia JOVANOV, John

Yukon GOODBRAND, Joyce

The Compiler, Claude Cox

I was born in Meaford and studied at various universities and seminaries in Canada and the United States (Ph.D., Toronto). I taught at a number of universities, including Brandon (1980–84), and, since 1992 have been Adjunct Professor of Old Testament and Hebrew at McMaster Divinity College. I am married to Elaine Webster, who grew up on the Cresswell Rd., outside Lindsay. She nurses in the CCU at RVH. Our children are Michael, Jason and Laura.

The three *Connections* books contain the biographies and, in some cases, autobiographies of GPH residents from 1968–2012, and the names of residents living at GPH on Jan. 1, 2013. I undertook the first *Connection* book as a way of remembering those who have lived at GPH over its first thirty years. There have been many remarkable, wise individuals live at GPH.

Lunch in the garden.