**EULOGY SPEECH**

**FOR**

**SPENCER JUPE**

Hello everyone. I know I speak on behalf of my sisters and brothers when I say that we want you to know that it is very comforting and reassuring to see so many of you here to join us in celebrating the life and times of our mother, Joyce Eileen Dobson Jupe. She was a mother, a wife, a daughter, a friend, a colleague, a neighbor... and so much more.... she appears to have lived a simple life but honestly, when we examine her accomplishments and the impact she had on so many, we have to admit, this was one unique, singular, special woman who left a rich and detailed legacy. She literally gave us a taste of life... in so many ways. She selflessly shared her talent, her nurturing side, and her humor, and we are all that much more fulfilled and connected because her presence and influence really **enriched** our lives. There is an expression that teaches us, “I am part of all that I have met.” That sentiment takes on very special meaning as we recognize how much a part of all of us our mother was, and how much we all, in turn, were a loved, nurtured, and integral part of this woman’s long, fruitful life. It really is an honor and a privilege to tell her story and to keep her humor, resourcefulness, and compassion alive as we retell those moments that mean so much to us.

As the oldest of eight kids, Joyce Eileen Dobson was born and grew up in \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ on April 3, 1935. With so many siblings, we can understand that implied two things... it was crowded in the house....and usually seemed even more crowded at bedtime.... Mom used to recall that at least four... and sometimes five of the kids would share a bed... and the other thing... some of the younger brothers and sisters couldn’t pronounce her name and so she became “Ollie,” a nickname that stayed with her, so long, in fact, that as an adult, she would still sign her Christmas cards with “Ollie” as opposed to her given name. At ten years old, Joyce lost her hearing.... the red measles were to blame.... and she wound up wearing hearing aids for the rest of her life (**If you want to make a little joke, you can say**).... but then again, that “peace and quiet” could have been a blessing in disguise... remember **four or FIVE** to a bed at night... **YIKES**!! (**And wait for the laugh**). I think from that early age, it was clear that just about **NOTHING** would be able to slow down this formidable force of nature!!

Never one to let **ANYTHING** stop her, Mom went to Evergreen Country School, made it to eleventh grade, and by most accounts, frequently “cut a rug” at country dances, usually with Van (Davies) Coates... Legend tells us they were both tall and skinny, and somewhere along the line, they developed the nickname “The Galloping Hairpins.” Can you **IMAGINE**??? As a sign of the times, Mom and Van would draw a line (hopefully) straight down the center backs of their legs pretending they were wearing seamed silk stockings... this is significant because it was probably one of the first signs of Mom’s imagination and ingenuity!!!

In February of 1954, Joyce Dobson married Willard Jupe .... it must have been the long legs accented with those “seamed” stockings that caught his eye! (**Wait for the laugh**). Soon after they married, Joyce and Willard moved back to Leask... to the Jupe farm. The marriage produced five great kids... Barbara, Roger, Max, my twin brother, Sheldon, and, of course, me. Before having children, Mom worked as a waitress, with her sister-in-law, Dorothy, at the coffee shop bakery in Kindersley. Both young women got pregnant at the same time, and Mom, who, apparently had **INFINITE** capacity to do more and be more, also thought she had found her calling.... or **clucking**... her next challenge... **RAISE CHICKENS**!!! She planned to then sell the eggs (**Please clarify this**) for twenty five cents per dozen... Well, not so fast... that venture wasn’t too successful, but she still had her enormous garden and loved to tend it ...in just her bra and shorts... did **THAT** scare the chickens away? We’ll never know, but boy, Mom was determined. Joyce and Willard were “one” with nature and lived in the “chicken coop,” as Joyce called it... a two bedroom home with not too many “conveniences...” okay... no running water and just an outhouse... well, Willard, being the innovator and protector of his family, eventually coordinated a renovation on some other property on the homestead.... it was definitely time to “enter the 20th century,” and the new house eventually got .... **WAIT FOR IT**... running water and **INDOOR** plumbing... that was a **WOW** moment... the innovations didn’t stop there... they got a **TELEPHONE**... okay... it was a party line... our signal was two long rings.... and just when we thought life couldn’t get **ANY MORE** advanced... **BOOM**!!! Rubber decking!!! We were **LIVING LARGE**!!! And through it all, Mom’s dedication to **EVERYONE** never diminished.

One sweet memory about Mom back then was that in the summertime, she and Julia Nagy would pack up all of the kids and road trip up to Saskatoon to go berry picking. Mom got really ambitious in preparation for all of the canning she did for the winter, and all of those little hands made for some sweet.... and abundant hauls over the years.... She would have also baked an **AMPLE** supply of bread and buns for those excursions, and **EVERYONE** had the special treat of having dough dogs.... fried bread... what a concept!!! Nevertheless, those were really sweet and tasty road trips.... and even sweeter when we think back to that simpler time. Oh.. One thing... of course, we have to remember that Julia Nagy had no drivers license, and Mom had not yet gotten hers, so\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ **HMMM**.... of course when Mom began to concentrate on getting **her** drivers license, no bale of hay in Leask was safe.... they were used to set up a simulated course... Leask’s very own makeshift “Lemans...!!” I’m sure it was a sight to behold...

At around that time, Mom got to hearing on the telephone, and once she stopped torturing the hay bales and got her drivers license, there was no stopping her as she “kicked up the dust” and began to spread her magic!!.... She “used her noodle” in more ways than one (**Note: a noodle is slang for a brain**), got into the catering business, and the rest, as we know, is history. As a woman who was always of the belief that to be actively involved in life was...and **is**... a blessing, she continued to leave her mark,

Part of Joyce’s effect on others came to be even more apparent when she began to do cleaning and cooking for some of the local farmers and their families. The hired men on the farm looked forward to the lunches Joyce packed for them... and they especially **LOVED** the notes of encouragement that accompanied each lunch... and there were surprise practical jokes as well.... it was the little things... the thoughtful gestures, that made my mother so special.

Joyce impacted the lives of her friends, family, and community in endless ways... she was a nurturer... you **COULD NOT ESCAPE** her presence without having been fed.... she was an enthusiastic baseball fan... as long as she could hoot and holler with every play...and she was polite and respectful on the phone, always starting each exchange with “Joyce here...” Joyce was an **AVID** reader and a true believer in the human touch... she **LOVED** to send handwritten letters frequently, and always made sure to buy stamps by the big roll....

With every step that Joyce Jupe took, she learned and those around her benefitted. Joyce was a natural encourager, and, in her own right, a true adventurer... of life. She babysat for the kids in the area... she sold Tupperware... she worked at Hubbard’s, cooking for their big crew. She started to work at the Leask Hotel Coffee Shop... did she do **ONE JOB**? No!!! She didn’t!!! She was a waitress and cook, and all things in between. On the weekends.... because let’s face it, what’s rest anyway?? (**Wait for the laugh**) Mom cooked for Cec Luciero Catering... Grace Diehl joined to help, and before anyone could read a menu, the business had become “Joyce’s Catering!!” The banquet business **THRIVED**!! She always had time to share her generosity and spirit... and whether it was to send Willard down to the Legion with a fresh pot of soup or to sponsor the local hockey team by placing her company’s name on the jerseys, every gesture affirmed Joyce Jupe’s love of life and the people that meant so much to her.

Joyce appreciated fashion and just how to use clothing to make an impression... we already know about her “seamed stockings,” but she also believed that “sexy sells...” she had fashion parties, left her mark there as well.... but remember, there was also a practical side to Mom... when she made her way to England, it was the first time for her to be in a plane. She told her travel companions, Allison and John, that she would be wearing a red blazer... just in case the plane went down, she wanted to insure she was **HIGHLY VISIBLE**!!!

Joyce loved culture too... she became interested in photography, giving her yet another perspective on life. She loved to go out to jam sessions and listen to some good, local music... but she always went alone... Willard may have met her at the venue, but Joyce had her own “wheels,” **KNOWING** she would surely stay longer... and no one was going to cut short her evening! Joyce also loved piling all of the grandkids into the car, going to church and partaking in that community as well.

Actually, we all know that Joyce Eileen Dobson Jupe packed “ a lot of life” into her **EIGHTY THREE** years. She lived a life filled with curiosity, joy and love, service, and wisdom, practicality and fun. She leaves behind all of us... **FIVE KIDS,** a great son-in-law, Bernard Johnson, a wonderful daughter-in-law, Cheryl, six grandchildren: Bonnie, Blaine, Jess, Brian, Evan, and Faye. Joyce also had two adorable great grandchildren, Catherine and Emma who will, as they grow up, marvel at the wonderful stories they will learn about their legendary great grandma, Joyce. ... She was a second mom to many and a nurturing, supportive mother figure to all. Joyce loved planning activities for the grandkids and neighbors kids... and whether it was going to just about any and every sports event or to worship regularly at church... with the kids attending Sunday school, or carpet bowling, or even....**SHHHHH**... taking the kids down some back roads and letting them take **VERY SUPERVISED** turns driving her “piston popper,” or to take them on some other magical adventure...fun, togetherness, and nurturing were the foundations... oh... but sometimes she’d get so excited coordinating logistics that “legend has it” she might have forgotten to take her teeth with her... ah... who needs teeth when you’re having the time of your life with great young kids! The children, in turn were blessed to learn about friendship, connection, and having fun from the **MASTER** .... and I know they knew it!

As you can see... and remember... Joyce was **FULLY** engaged in truly living her best life. She loved her family, friends, and community, and had a special affection for her adopted town, Parkside. To most, it was a small village.... to my mother, it was the center of the buzz... it had **HER** grocery store.. **HER** gas pump...**HER** post office... **HER** town office... her **PEOPLE**. Parkside was her hive... and she was a **busy bee**. The grocery store supplied her with all she needed to make her goodies for everyone... especially the coffee drinkers...her “gossip corner” was her font of information, and of course the post office kept her in stamps for all of her handwritten, caring correspondence. She maintained whatever time tested and heartwarming traditions she could... she paid for her groceries with a checque or good old **CASH**... she kept her Parkside Seniors on their toes... especially and persistently raising the bar as pot luck lunches and dinners were always involved...she even motored down to Parkside just a few days before she passed...her regular routine was everything to her, so she mailed her letters, checked in at the grocery store... especially with Gwen, and made sure the girl talk... read...**GOSSIP**... was quality, up to the minute, and **INTERESTING**.

We all know that another aspect that made Joyce Jupe who she was, was her love of Christmas. It was a **BIG** thing for Mom... it gave meaning and purpose to her lifelong dedication to recycling wrapping paper (**Wait for the laugh**)... and gave her the opportunity to drive over to Honeywood Cemetery to place spruce branches on her parents’ gravesites...even if it was 40 below, Joyce’s dedication was unwavering.

As much as she went into town to visit, that’s how much she and my father Willard loved to have people over to the house. Their table was always ready for family, friends, neighbors, and kids... the coffee pot was always ready and filled, and Mom’s beloved Red Rose was poised... just a switch away from a soothing and satisfying hot cup of tea. And at that table, the stories of the good old days would flow... like the beverages... Mom, believe it or not, kept a “history book” of people, places, names, so that if anyone’s memory got a little cloudy, reference was at the ready. And that book was comprehensive!!! It had details!!! Names... addresses... spouses... children... when they moved... you get the picture... I should check to see if she retained vaccination records as well... **KIDDING**!!! (**Wait for the laugh**)...and among them... the Orth’s, Porter’s, Roger’s, Smith’s, Coleman’s, Becker’s, Abel’s, Wudricks, Ranger’s, Toth’s... Pat, Matilda, Muriel, Clarence, Dawn, Betsy, Donna, Norma... so many of you.... yet all meant so much to this wonderful, generous, loving woman. Please forgive us if we’ve left anyone out.... I have a feeling if we did, we’ll be getting a sign... (**look up and wait for the laugh**).

Of course, over the past few years, as her health started to fail, her routine changed somewhat but her spirit was unflappable. She spent a big part of her days reading and reading more. She watched TV and welcomed the wonderful home care workers... she loved them all. As Mom dedicated her life to the nurturing of others, the care that Joyce received was special and thorough, and worthy of a woman that lived for, and respected so many. We, as Joyce’s children, will always be tremendously appreciative of the wonderful women that cared for our mom... we could not have done it without you. Thank you all. We are also so grateful that Joyce never had to leave the farm. She loved her home and would not have been happy if she had to go elsewhere... thank goodness Dad handled that plumbing way back when!!

I once heard a quote that said, “God gave us memory so that we might have roses in December.” He also gave us a memory so that we would keep the spirit and love of my mother alive and blooming within all of us. Each one of us carries a part of Joyce Jupe in our hearts and minds, and, as it is said, “What is remembered never dies.” Thank you all for caring and sharing your memories of our mother, and let us always invoke those fond thoughts with enthusiasm, humor, and the love she so generously shared with all of us. Mom is being buried at Honeywood, along side of our father, and with this passage comes the dawn of a new legacy. Joyce Jupe left us many rich lessons and traditions, and it will be our blessing, in turn, to honor her as we witnessed the way she always honored her friends and family. Boy, we were **LUCKY** to have this beacon in our lives...and although we will miss her terribly, I have to say, she left us with **A LOT OF ASSIGNMENTS**! And with every gesture, every handwritten note, and every cup of Red Rose tea, Mom will come alive again! Thank you all!