**EULOGY SPEECH**

**FOR**

**SPENCER JUPE**

Hello everyone. I 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 my 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. 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 us my mother was, and how much we all, in turn, were a loved, nurtured, and integral part of this woman’s long, fruitful life.

As he 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 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, as an adult, she would 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 Joyce 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**).

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 .... 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, Sheldon, and, of course, me. Before having children, Mom worked as a waitress, with her sister 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... 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.... 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!! 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.... fired bread... what a concept!!! Nevertheless, those were really sweet road trips.... and even sweeter when we think back to that time.

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 some 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** without having been fed.... she was an enthusiastic baseball fan... as long as she could hoot and holler with every play, and she was a 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,” 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, and two great grandchildren.... she was a second mom to many and a nurturing, supportive mother figure to all.

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 carrying and sharing your memories of my mother, and let us always invoke those fond thoughts with enthusiasm, humor, and the love she so generously shared with all of us. Thank you all!