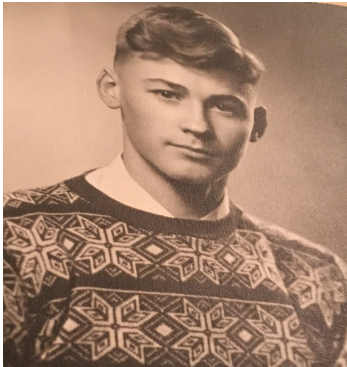


John F. (Jack) Defayette

Jack passed away peacefully at the Royal Jubilee Hospital on September 2, 2018. Predeceased by his parents, Eugene and Kathleen; his sister, Sheila and his great-grandson, Gabriel.

He is survived by his wife of 62 years Eloise; his children, Mary (John), Eugenie, John (Cary), Robert, Chris (Ann), Mark (Samantha).



He was a mentor and inspiration to his grandchildren, Patrick (Maria), Christopher (Elizabeth), Daniel (Genoa), Samira, Perry, Jonathan, Calvin, Beatrice, Nathalie, Robin, Thunder, Ocean, Cynthia (Jon), Jeff and his great-grandchildren, Autumn, Florence, Clara, Susanna, Maliyah, Isabelle and Kingston.

To honour dad's request, the family will gather Saturday, October 6, 2018 at St. Patrick's Parish, Fallowfield. Funeral Mass at 10:00 am, interment at St. Patrick's Cemetery, followed by a reception in the Hall. All welcome.



Condolences may be offered to the family below.

McCall Gardens

www.mccallgardens.com

Our dad swam like an eagle. Probably no one has ever seen one swim but if they did it was our father. Head above the water with a piercing dark gaze – never getting his hair wet, hair combed over brylcream 1950's style, arms hitting each stroke acute 90-degree angles. It was a beautiful thing to watch, I never saw him swim more than 5 meters but the event itself spoke volumes. I'm sure in the day that particular stroke was all for the ladies, swept my mother away. His tell-tail hair never out of place went from jet black to Gandalf magnetic silver over the decades, over his life. God, he was a handsome man.



Born in the year of abject poverty 1929 his parents, looking for work, found themselves in Detroit. Their child must have been a mixed blessing of hardship and wonderment. I knew them however young I was they both left this world in their 60's, Jack or Jackie as grandma called him must have been something, when he hit puberty he shot up over their heads standing six

foot one to his dad's 5-5 and shorter mom. Those younger days Jack ran with the Cohen boys of Ottawa where I'm sure he learnt the trade of currency. The Jewish brothers became infamous wreckers and salvagers in the Ottawa valley. I can see the lads scouring the trolley -car tracks and rail yards for coal. Jackie would keep the kitchen warm where he most likely slept in a corner with a thread bear blanket. Dad excelled at school; enrolled at Ottawa Tech with dreams of higher plateaus. Because somewhere in those teen years he heard the West call and soon found himself on a train to Alberta. Bitten by the mountains he would continue to spend his summers working at Jasper Park Lodge in various roles as a bellhop and a greenskeeper on the hotel's golf course.



Years and year later mom and dad went to a huge reunion at the lodge where archival photos of those summers were immortalized. Anyone passing through the area today can see the photos of another era – and of our mountain climbing father. Dad spent a lot of time rock climbing until a brush with death left him distraught – he hung up the carabiners and ropes never entering the mountains again. Our eagle had flown the coop sort of speak. It was those days on the height of the world above the clouds and thin air that our father set a course that would take him through the rest of his life. Longevity isn't a given when we are born – I believe it's a gift that dad saw early in life – he saw an opportunity and a future and embraced it.

With the money saved from all the summers and the harbinger of fall – the beloved geese he always pointed out them flying south – he headed off to post-secondary studies. This is the pivotal point of our story because at the university where he studied veterinary medicine he met our mother. There would be no denying their embrace, two of the most beautiful people the world has ever seen would marry. That wedding picture is

stunning. Hazel eyes and black hair gave new meaning to tall dark and handsome. Mom was a gorgeous bombshell and the two were a fit – Six kids later we became the result. An important footnote – where dad came from poverty mom came from maids and a gardener This definitely can be a good or bad thing. However, the Jackie my grandma knew would surpass all expectations of her son – it's a rare day in this life where any of us are able to change our caste. John Francis did. The years after school brought dad to the roads of Ontario as a salesman for NCR – I remember the 1960's as our dad embraced the patriarch position of the suburban household. A brief stint of apartment dwelling and with savings the folks built their house on Millford in Manordale. Those were the quintessential moments of a Norman Rockwell painting: A long day at work meant the footstool, the daily paper and a cigar.

A summer outing would be a family picnic to Vincent Massey Park or a trip to Britannia beach on the Ottawa River. Our father was never unwound his sense of fun could be a trip down Sussex during the FLQ crisis, where Trudeau evoked the war measures act, we all would jump in the Stratosphere station wagon and take a drive to spot the snipers hiding in the woods. The 70's brought a new career path as, how he described himself, an educator: the business school of Algonquin College – marketing professor. In those years I ran into hundreds if not more of his pupils and everyone – every last student would stop me and tell me about dad – in awe. There were so many stories of his teaching methods. There was his laissez-faire attitude about pot smoking, now as Canada prepares for the legalization of marijuana, our father was avant-garde of his time – students smoking pot and dad not busting their heads. The same decade we moved to a new suburb called Barrhaven and our family size solidified in more ways than one. We were considered to be the 'family of the year' and opened the new wing of the Nepean Sportsplex – our name cast in bronze on the cornerstone plaque. Somewhere in those years, the west called Dad's name again and he began the last chapter of his life.

Victoria became home and a new hobby began. The folks bought a place downtown and the hobby became bees. Do a google search: The Bee Whisperer of Fernwood. The article online will show you pictures and tell stories of fathers interest in *mel apes*. I have to digress a second with my own experience in farming as I have raised ducks and geese and turkeys – pigs and sheep.... I've planted thousands of trees and started a dwarf strain of 250 apple whips to make an orchard. When I sold the farm I left that all behind – farming is a struggle. When dad suggested I start a bee colony I was none to optimistic about that journey. However, I did and began with two hives – and sure enough within two years the bees took off or died or did whatever insects do. Dad would always say – you have to ‘‘think like a bee’’ and I always kind of grimaced about the notion of controlling a bunch of bugs. My hives sat empty for two years – until this past fall. One reason or another I had taken a forgotten mouldy frame that I had placed a garbage bag and threw it back in the hive – not expecting something to hatch. It did. And now ... For whatever reason, the 2nd hive is proliferating as bees have spilt out or moved on from the first hive. The business of bees, eh dad?

My last conversation with my father was about bees as he lay on his deathbed he asked me would I mind sending him some honey. The eagle with the steely glare perched somewhere on the mountainside was looking down into the valley. Dad's diabetes and other ailments prevented him from any sweets at the hospital. He was interested in tasting the sweet nectar that life had shown him one last time.

Our father never allowed anyone to go hungry. He offered food to anyone at any time in his presence. He loved lemon meringue pie. His ‘‘go to’’ Saturday dinner was beans and weiners and it was always a given that fish be served on Fridays. We always went to church on Sunday and we always tried to sit behind Carol Burnett the movie star.... 45 years ago dad bought a grave plot in that church's yard and now he'll find peace

there.

Our father showed us all to ride a bike – but his was the push it was never the pull. If you made the balance of the wheels then you were free. Your life would be yours to make what you will of it bust or not if you try you succeed. Thank you, dad, and may you rest in peace.