

BluesNews

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JUDY CHARLENE MACDONALD 1943—2016

On June 6, 2016, Judy Charlene MacDonald passed away. Members of the Bluewater community will recall Judy's road to recovery following her heart attack in June of 2013 had its 'ups and downs.' On this Monday, while in dialysis and with Randy at her side, Judy succumbed. The funeral service was June 10, 2016.

The MacDonalts transferred to Bluewater Family Support Services on December 1, 2001 after working for Ausable Family Services for almost 20 years.

Judy and her first husband, Phillip Longeuay, were married in May 1962. In 1979, after 17 years of marriage, they began to foster with the Roman Catholic Children's Aid Society of Windsor and Essex. They continued in that role through 1983 when they moved to Parkhill to be group home parents with Ausable Family Services on 'The Ranch', Ausable Family Services' base site near Parkhill, Ontario. They became good friends with the Randy and Linda MacDonald during this time (1983-1987).

The Longeuays, (Judy and Phil) left Parkhill in 1987 to run an Ausable Family Services group home in their own home in the town of Leamington, Ontario. Suddenly, in April 1989, while driving through the Detroit tunnel, Phillip Longeuay died of a heart attack. Following Phillip's death, Linda MacDonald, Judy's good friend from 'The Ranch' went to Leamington to help Judy re-organize her life and keep moving forward. After a few months, Judy re-opened her home as a Treatment Foster Home for four children; she was helped in these efforts by her adult son, Dan. Judy also worked shifts at Bryan Hyslop Home in Windsor (1989-90).

Tragically, during this time, Judy's good friend was diagnosed with cancer. Linda MacDonald struggled with cancer for about 8 years until her death in 1997. While Linda fought through the later stages of her illness, Judy left her Leamington treatment foster home in the very capable hands of her daughter and son-in-law, Terri and Jim Jensen, and returned to Parkhill to help the MacDonalts. Two years after Linda's death, Judy and Randy were married, October 2, 1999.

They continued to operate their treatment foster home on Main Street in Parkhill. Judy and Randy provided care for a multitude of children during their many years of service. In June of 2013, a week after experiencing chest pains, Judy was admitted to hospital complaining of shortness of breath. She was admitted in critical condition. This was the beginning of a harrowing ten month stay in hospital that saw frequent moves to critical care units and left many wondering if she might ever return home. Despite heart failure, renal failure, poor circulation, and the loss of several toes—acquiescence was never an option. From a wheelchair to a walker to bilateral canes, Judy was a fighter. For her and Randy, it was never a question if she was coming home. The only question was when.

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A March 2016 hospitalization left Judy struggling to recover physically; wounded but not broken, Judy's passion and optimism, her ebullient spirit, were not diminished. Her love for others, her sense of fun and joy, her enthusiasm for life shone through all of her discomfort. Her love of shopping never abated: the day before, it was cross-border shopping with her daughter.

Three adolescent boys were residing with Judy and Randy at the time of her passing. One of those boys spoke at her memorial service.

The funeral service was officiated by Reverend Junior Sorzano. The service began with a prayer and singing, "Great is Thy Faithfulness" (one of Judy's favourite hymns). Katie DeVries offered the Scripture reading, Proverbs 31: 10-31, followed by the singing of "What A Friend We Have in Jesus." Dan Longeuay, supported by his sisters, Janne and Terri, offered a eulogy to Judy from the family; one of the boys who has lived with the MacDonalds for almost twelve years spoke next. John and Gillian Tyler, given their al-

The Magic of a Mother's Touch

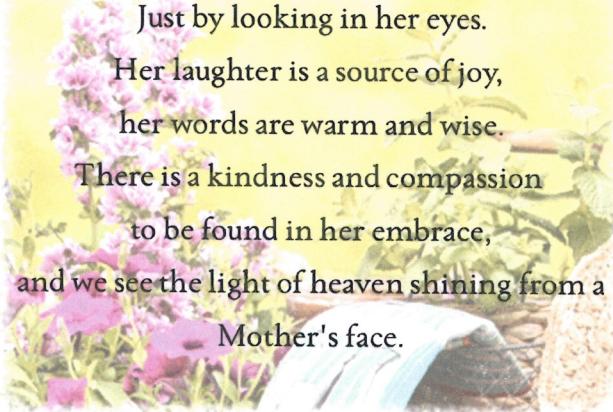
There's magic in a Mother's touch, and
sunshine in her smile.

There's love in everything she does to make
our lives worthwhile.

We can find both hope and courage
Just by looking in her eyes.

Her laughter is a source of joy,
her words are warm and wise.

There is a kindness and compassion
to be found in her embrace,
and we see the light of heaven shining from a
Mother's face.



Beloved Wife of
Randy for 17 years

Loving Mother of
Janne Benoit (Mark), Terri Jensen (Jim), Dan
Longeuay (Loretta), late Jim Longeuay (2013)
(Debbie), Darren Longeuay (Wendy), Shane
MacDonald (Shelby), Ashley Phillips,
Terry Wilson and many foster children.

Cherished Grandmother of
many grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Predeceased by
her first husband Philip Longeuay (1989)

most three decades of service with Judy and her family, ended with a eulogy that focussed on unique bonds of friendship that develop over thirty years of service. Reverend Sorzano's homily connected Judy's years of service to others, her joyfulness, her tenacity, and resilience to the experience of those who had come to mourn Judy's passing and celebrate her life. The service concluded with the singing of "In The Garden" and a brief benediction.

The pallbearers were Shane MacDonald, Ryan Jensen, Jonathon Jensen, Jimmy Longeuay, Jacob Jensen, and Nick Jensen.

A brief reception was held at the Leisure Club in Parkhill following the interment at the Parkhill Cemetery.

After the service I spoke with the individuals regarding the eulogy they had offered. Each consented to the publishing of their remarks. I spoke with Randy and he, too, consented to the publication in BluesNews. The spoken word conveys so very much more than words on a page can ever approximate....

MOM

Dan Longeuay

Our Mom was a great Mom. I don't think you could ask for a better one. She was gracious and kind and always giving ... always loving. Truth is there are too many words to describe her. As kids, we probably used more colourful language but then the wooden spoon would usually come out when we did.

When she was in her twenties and her mother fell ill and then her grandmother after that, the tone for her whole life was set: a life of service and love. Her entire life was about giving.

She raised all five of us; (and with the hell my sisters gave her and then my two brothers... (I'm sure I was the good one.)) But she had more to give.

So, she opened her heart and her home to every child that crossed the threshold and she would love every one of them.

When my Dad passed away, and she was full of loss and grief and anger, she still had more to give.

And then her closest friend needed her through her last days and she had much more to give.

She suffered a lot of loss but her message was always clear: "You can't change the past, so move on and move forward."

And Randy, when you and my Mom got married, I was quietly not very happy about that; it was my Mom, after all. But I am so grateful that you and your clown suit had given her reason to love and laugh and smile and persevere.

Because she loved life and loved to have fun... whether a water fight through the house, or riding all the rides in an amusement park, it was about fun and laughter and love.

More recently, she became a very good cribbage and backgammon player and loved doing a little song and dance routine when she won...

Our Mom taught us about life: to be kind and gracious, and whatever you do, don't use the word, "hate." "Hate" is a very strong word, she would say.

But most of what she taught us was that love and resilience go hand in hand and you can only persevere with love, acceptance and of course, fun.

So I will close with a quote,

"Life should not be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well preserved body; but rather to skid in broadside in a cloud of smoke, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming, "Wow! What a ride!"" (Hunter S Thompson, The Proud Highway: Saga of a Desperate Southern Gentleman, 1955-1967, 1997)

We love you Mom.



"We are all alone, born alone, die alone, and—in spite of True Romance magazines—we shall all someday look back on our lives and see that, in spite of our company, we were alone the whole way. I do not say lonely—at least, not all the time—but essentially, and finally, alone. This is what makes your self-respect so important, and I don't see how you can respect yourself if you must look in the hearts and minds of others for your happiness."

— Hunter S. Thompson, The Proud Highway: Saga of a Desperate Southern Gentleman, 1955-1967, 1997

JUDY IS MY MOM TOO...!

I have some things to say today about Judy and how I knew her.

Twelve years ago, I came to Randy and Judy's home a troubled six year old, enraged and angry. I'd kick, scream, and punch. I'd lash out. But Judy was prepared. She would grab hold of my flailing fists, wrap me in her arms, and cradle me like a baby, as I tried to wriggle my way out.

This went on through every argument, every dispute and every hole in her walls—she kept on. Whenever I slipped up at school, or in the neighbourhood, after I almost burnt down the house—she kept on. I don't know what convinced her or who changed her mind to let me stay, but it wasn't me.

We've had our ups and downs, like any family. Throughout the good times, I'd rarely ever open up; after the bad times, I'd feel ashamed for yelling.

I remember on Christmas day, she always wanted a hug. I was reluctant every year to give back, but she has changed me, and she always got her hug.

She was important to me because she provided clothes, toothpaste, a bed to sleep in, but man, she could cook. It would be Thanksgiving or Christmas and she'd cook up a storm. She'd provide food for the whole family on every occasion, even if it was a normal day at home because she treated us kids like family.

She is important to me because she helped nurture me and mold me to who I am today. I've done some growing up over the years and I came to the realization that she was being the mother I never had, keeping me in line, along with the other kids who came before me. She cared. She saw hope...

Without Judy and Randy, I don't know where I would be. Thanks.



(Ontario prohibits publishing the name, or essential details , of a child, that would identify the child as a ward of the province. This prohibition provides the child and the child's family with a measure of privacy. The young person who wrote this eulogy will soon emancipate from care. This youth has resided in the MacDonald home since age six (6) and indeed, set the house ablaze. There have been struggles with curfews, drugs, school, church, virtually every aspect of life. Nonetheless, this young person volunteered to provide this eulogy and found the courage to stand before others at the funeral and read it aloud. Judy cared. She saw hope...)

OUR FRIEND: JUDY MACDONALD

BY JOHN & GILLIAN TYLER

Gillian & I met Judy in the early 80's when she and her family moved into the group home on the Ausable Family Services base near Parkhill. We had moved from the base to a farmhouse south of Parkhill, but we were all foster parents and friends. Terri (Jensen) was their teenage daughter, and of course we had no way of knowing then that we would work with the family for 35 years.

Judy had already been a foster parent for a number of years with Windsor Catholic CAS. She loved kids ...her own children, now adults who brought her grandchildren and great-grandchildren ...more children to love!

And she loved the children who came into her home, needing and finding the love and respect to grow up and mature, and find their own independence. Many have kept in contact, and she especially loved it when they returned for visits.

As foster parents, we shared a lot of stories and feelings, we learned a lot about each other, and because of that the bonds get pretty solid after a few years, let alone after a lifetime together. You're in and out of each other's lives and families and homes ...sometimes at strange hours of the day and night.

You laugh and cry together. You help each other through tough times and later you go out together to share a meal ...and laugh about the tough times.

Through the years we developed a tradition of getting the kids off to school and then going to Grand Bend for breakfast before the end of the school year ...before the busy summer, ...and then again in the fall once the kids were back in school and mornings were more free. We kept this tradition with Randy and Judy when we all joined the Bluewater team in 2001, and we were pleased to be able to continue our work and friendship together.

When we say goodbye to a good friend, we say that they live on in our hearts, ...that we hold onto the memories, ...and that we'll always remember the best times we had together.

It's also true that there will always be reminders, ...certain things, maybe even common objects that will remind us of our friend, and that will bring back a flood of memories about the times we shared.

For us, there are three things we will always remember Judy for.

At Judy's home the coffee was always on, a cup of coffee was usually in her hand, and the first thing she said to me when I arrived was, "Want a cup of coffee?" ...followed several minutes later by, "Want another coffee?"

It wasn't that she thought I needed an overdose of caffeine whenever I came to her home, although that often helped, given the work we had to do. It was more about the fact that she wanted a visit, ...the kind of visit a real friend has with a real friend, ...a lengthy, extended visit, ...a long talk about many things. And if the whole pot of coffee got emptied ...it could be re-filled.

As long as you had a coffee, you were staying ...and staying. Just the way she liked it.

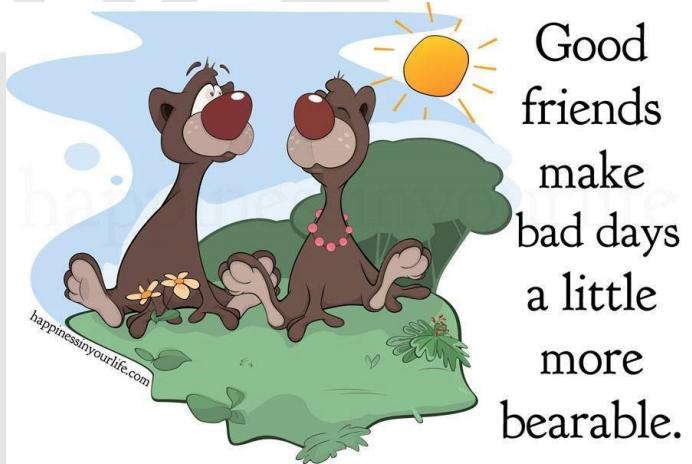
The second thing about Judy was her very thoughtful and generous 'open hand'. She loved to shop, and she would often see something and think, "I know who would like that." She would take great pleasure in greeting a family member or friend with, "I saw this and I thought of you!" "I knew you'd like that." And sure enough, her gift would be just the thing.

Her generosity extended to an attitude of "whatever is mine is to be shared and used."

"Gifts" may have been her love language. That may be why she loved Christmas so much!

That thoughtful approach filtered through everything Randy & Judy did. As Randy (MacDonald) was often heard saying, "We do it all for you!" And they meant it.

The third thing I will remember about Judy is her ever-present smile and her quick laugh. She loved to laugh, ...not so much at crafted jokes, as at the spontaneous and crazy things life throws at all of us.



Good
friends
make
bad days
a little
more
bearable.

There were many times when we had to talk about serious situations and problems to do with our work. That never stopped Judy from being able to see the ridiculous or the humourous side and laugh about it. Of course, she also knew it was a great way to relieve the tension.

When she was running the group home in Leamington, she got to know some of the police officers fairly well at one point. There was a man in her neighbourhood who had committed a criminal offence and tried to involve some of her foster boys. He was calling Judy several times a day harassing and becoming quite threatening.

One morning, when one of the female officers was visiting in Judy's home, the man called. With a twinkle in her eye, Judy said to the police woman, "Why don't you answer the phone this time?" The officer picked up the receiver. Thinking it was Judy he was talking to, the man 'started in' on the officer who quickly responded, "David, you're going to jail!" The calls stopped abruptly at that point.

These and many other incidents gave us plenty to remember and laugh about ...over coffee, of course.

If I had one Bible verse that reminds me of the positive way Judy lived her life, it would be Philippians 4:8.

"...Fix your thoughts on what is true, and honourable, and right, and pure, and lovely, and admirable. Think about things that are excellent and worthy of praise."

When we say goodbye to a good friend, we say that they live on in our hearts, ...that we hold onto the memories, and that we'll always remember the best times we had together.

A cup of coffee,

...a generous spirit,

...an ever present smile

...a quick laugh at life's craziness.

Shared memories.

Thank you, Judy!

Someone on reddit wrote the following heartfelt plea online:

"My friend just died. I don't know what to do."

A lot of people responded. Then there's one old guy's incredible comment that stood out from the rest that might just change the way we approach life and death:

"Alright, here goes. I'm old. What that means is that I've survived (so far) and a lot of people I've known and loved did not. I've lost friends, best friends, acquaintances, co-workers, grandparents, mom, relatives, teachers, mentors, students, neighbors, and a host of other folks. I have no children, and I can't imagine the pain it must be to lose a child. But here's my two cents.

"I wish I could say you get used to people dying. I never did. I don't want to. It tears a hole through me whenever somebody I love dies, no matter the circumstances. But I don't want it to "not matter". I don't want it to be something that just passes. My scars are a testament to the love and the relationship that I had for and with that person. And if the scar is deep, so was the love. So be it. Scars are a testament to life. Scars are a testament that I can love deeply and live deeply and be cut, or even gouged, and that I can heal and continue to live and continue to love. And the scar tissue is stronger than the original flesh ever was. Scars are a testament to life. Scars are only ugly to people who can't see.

"As for grief, you'll find it comes in waves. When the ship is first wrecked, you're drowning, with wreckage all around you. Everything floating around you reminds you of the beauty and the magnificence of the ship that was, and is no more. And all you can do is float. You find some piece of the wreckage and you hang on for a while. Maybe it's some physical thing. Maybe it's a happy memory or a photograph. Maybe it's a person who is also floating. For a while, all you can do is float. Stay alive.

"In the beginning, the waves are 100 feet tall and crash over you without mercy. They come 10 seconds apart and don't even give you time to catch your breath. All you can do is hang on and float. After a while, maybe weeks, maybe months, you'll find the waves are still 100 feet tall, but they come further apart. When they come, they still crash all over you and wipe you out. But in between, you can breathe, you can function. You never know what's going to trigger the grief. It might be a song, a picture, a street intersection, the smell of a cup of coffee. It can be just about anything...and the wave comes crashing. But in between waves, there is life.

"Somewhere down the line, and it's different for everybody, you find that the waves are only 80 feet tall. Or 50 feet tall. And while they still come, they come further apart. You can see them coming. An anniversary, a birthday, or Christmas, or landing at O'Hare. You can see it coming, for the most part, and prepare yourself. And when it washes over you, you know that somehow you will, again, come out the other side. Soaking wet, sputtering, still hanging on to some tiny piece of the wreckage, but you'll come out.

"Take it from an old guy. The waves never stop coming, and somehow you don't really want them to. But you learn that you'll survive them. And other waves will come. And you'll survive them too. If you're lucky, you'll have lots of scars from lots of loves. And lots of shipwrecks."

PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT / INSERVICE

It is expected Bluewater will continue with the same routine for the Autumn and Winter Professional Development / InService in 2016 as previous years. The first and third Wednesday of each month is an InService / Professional Development date for Leamington area families; the second and fourth Wednesday of each month is InService / Professional Development for everyone else. We will provide an actual list of those dates later in the summer but this offers fair warning of your pending commitments.

Additionally, both InService groups will share a core curriculum. This year our study will start with Daniel Siegel and Tina Payne Bryson's book, The Whole-Brain Child. This text will be supplemented by Dr Laura Markham's work, Peaceful Parent, Happy Kids. As we work through this material, we will also use Siegel and Bryson's book, No-Drama Discipline to supplement our learning and practise.

Bluewater is **not** in a position to purchase these books for everyone or to reimburse your expense. I do however recommend everyone read and have access to, The Whole-Brain Child.

All of these books are available online from your favourite online retail or though your local book store or reseller. They are also available in most e-reader formats if that be your preference.

Siegel, Daniel and Bryson, Tina Payne, The Whole-Brain Child, New York: Bantam Books Trade Paperbacks:, 2012.

Markham, Laura, Peaceful Parent, Happy Kids, New York: Penguin Books, 2012.

Siegel, Daniel and Bryson, Tina Payne, No-Drama Discipline, New York: Bantam Books, 2014.

Siegel, Daniel and Bryson, Tina Payne, The Whole-Brain Child Workbook, Eau Claire: PESI Publishing and Media, 2015.

Siegel, Daniel and Bryson, Tina Payne, The No-Drama Discipline Workbook, Eau Claire: PESI Publishing and Media, 2016.

After a long illness, a woman died and arrived at the Gates of Heaven. While she was waiting for Saint Peter to greet her, she peeked through the Gates. She saw a beautiful banquet table. Sitting all around were her parents and all the other people she had loved and who had died before her. They saw her and began calling greetings to her: "Hello ... How are you!" "We've been waiting for you!" "Good to see you."

When Saint Peter came by, the woman said to him, "This is such a wonderful place! How do I get in?"

"You have to correctly spell two words," Saint Peter told her.

"Which words?" the woman asked.

"The two words are Love and Peace."

The woman correctly spelled "Love and Peace" and Saint Peter welcomed her into Heaven.

About six months later, Saint Peter came to the woman and asked her to watch the Gates of Heaven for him that day. While the woman was guarding the Gates of Heaven, her husband arrived.

"I'm surprised to see you," the woman said. "How have you been?"

"Oh, I've been doing pretty well since you died," her husband told her. "I married the beautiful young nurse who took care of you while you were ill. Then, I won the lottery. I sold the little house where you and I lived in and bought a big mansion. My new wife and I traveled all around the world. We were on vacation and I went water skiing today. I fell, the ski hit my head, and here I am. How do I get in?"

"You have to correctly spell two words" the woman told him.

"Which words?" her husband asked.

"Bougainvillea and Pterodactyl"

A FINAL WORD

A famous writer was in his study. He picked up his pen and began writing:

"Last year, my gallbladder was removed. I was stuck in bed due to this surgery for a long time. The same year I reached the age of 60 and had to give up my favourite job. I had spent 30 years of my life with this publishing company.

"The same year I experienced the death of my father.

"In the same year my son failed in his medical exam because he had a car accident. He had to stay in the hospital with a cast on his leg for several days. And, the destruction of the car was a second loss."

His concluding statement: "Alas! It was such a bad year!!"

When the writer's wife entered the room, she found her husband looking dejected, sad and lost in his thoughts. She carefully and surreptitiously read what he had written, and silently left the room and came back shortly with another piece of paper on which she had written her summary of the year's events and placed it beside her husband's paper.

When her husband saw that she had written something in response to his account of the year's events, he read:

"Last year I finally got rid of my gallbladder which had given me many years of pain. I turned 60 with sound health and retired from my job. Now I can utilize my time to write better and with more focus and peace.

"The same year my father, at the age of 95 without depending on anyone and without any critical conditions, met his Creator. The same year, God blessed my son with life.

"My car was destroyed, but my son was alive and without permanent disability."

At the end she wrote:

"This year was an immense blessing and it passed well!!"

The same incidents, different viewpoints . . . In our daily lives we must see that it's not happiness that makes us grateful, but gratefulness that makes us happy . Always, always, always, there is something for which to be thankful.

ATTITUDE IS EVERYTHING

And attitude is the one thing that we always, in every circumstance, have control over.