Daniel "Royce" Betram Mabee – May 10th, 1923-August 31st,2011

On behalf of my Mother Ruth, my Sister Dale, myself and our families, I would like to thank all for coming to this celebration of Dad's life.

I'd also like to thank the Minister, Dr. Reverend David Zub for his guidance at this time – it is appreciated.

And of course, thanks to Rod, Scott, Allan, Lisa and Janet for all their help in this process, and again we truly appreciate it.

Thanks to the people who sent flowers – they are amazing. And we would also thank those who have made donations in Dad's Memory.

What I remember about Dad is, he was always busy. When we lived on the Farm in King Township he not only farmed, he planted a 10 acre orchard which required extra work – pruning and spaying; when Hydro came to that part of King Township, he installed hydro on his farm, then helped install hydro for many of the neighbours. For a while, he was also a mechanic in Weston, and then got his own service station in Woodbridge, which meant doing the farm chores in the morning before going to open up the Service Station and then after closing the Service Station, usually around 9:30-10:00 at night, come home to do some more chores, get some ploughing done in the fields and other work needed to keep up the farm. He was always into Building and Renovating...He contracted out the major functions when building the new home in King but did most of finishing himself and at the same time, had time to renovate the old abandoned farm house that I bought in 1970 and helped Doug and Dale renovate their home south of Beeton. There was also renovations necessary for the Real Estate Offices: first 19 Queen Street North and apartments, then 1 Queen Street North and the apartments and then the old Landmark Hotel in Bond Head. Then there was a cottage at Washago that needed decks both front and back and then the cottage at Kearney seemed to need a "Muskoka Room" – a 2 storey addition about 14' by 25' that he built when he was 75 years old. And there were smaller projects, Mom purchased a Doll House Kit at the Adjala Fireman's Garage Sale this spring and he put this together in June and July, even using the scrap leftover pieces of wood from the kit to build furniture for the dollhouse.

He had a knack of having trouble with authority – usually Building Inspectors, but his habit of asking for their advice on the project, instead of arguing, always led to amicable discussions and then they would finally make the suggestions which were exactly what he had intended in the first place.

He always remembered Family – at the end of July, they had to postpone the celebration of Aunt Evelyn's birthday and when it was rescheduled for 2 weeks later – after his stroke – he was ready that day, for Mom to get a wheelchair to get him to the car, so they could go – Not sure how he thought he would manage when they arrived, but his Main Idea was to be there.

He was proud of family and all that they were involved in, he had 2 Granddaughters: Tammy and Jennie, 2 Great-Grandchildren: Jaden and Haleigh and 2 Step Grandchildren: Derek and Justin.

He liked his Sports – Baseball in summer, Football in fall, Hockey for the balance of the year and into Baseball season again – His TV seldom got off the Sports Channels.

He was especially fond of Card Games: Euchre, Bid Euchre and Wist. And this became a major part of their lives, and while in the Hospital, he frequently mentioned to Mom that it was 6:30 and they had to be on their way to the Community Centre if they were to arrive on time. Recently he had begun playing Bocci and reminded Mom that he needed help to get up, to get there in time.

He looked forward to any party or get-together where he would meet old friends and make new acquaintances, and this year we were going to be much much more observant when we entered the Green Briar Car Rally – I'd like to think we had had enough practice over the last 3 years, to finally win it this year.

I'm going to read (I think) some observations made by my wife, Gladys ...

Gladys' Observations

Royce Mabee passed away on Wednesday August 31st, 2011. Royce was a World War II Veteran, a gentleman and a very successful individual. A person I enjoyed listening to, because of his Wisdom, achieved only by age and life experiences. I learned about his duties during the war as an air bomber and about how close he came to think that that was the end. I learned later on that he always carried with him, in his pocket, a little Bible that his sister Estella gave him before he left to go overseas. Maybe that's what brought him back safe and sound. He was a man I enjoyed playing euchre, dominoes or just watching a game of hockey on TV, with.

After his stroke (his weakness, as he called it) I saw a different person. During the month of August, I discovered a man, that most of all, was a loving husband. A man willing to break barriers just to go home and make a cup of coffee for his wife, even if it was just for one more time. A man who told his wife, not once, not twice, but many times over, that he loved her. A man who told us that he and Ruth had many beautiful years, that they love being together but there was no more, he wasn't going home.

Ruth is very lucky to have known so much love, now Royce is in the next world, but she will always have the memories of a wonderful life that would last another lifetime.

Rest in Peace, Royce, we will never forget you.