

Jean-Paul, Joseph, Albert, Tassé



1927 - 2013

One could measure the success of a man's life by the other lives he has touched and the number of people who have loved him. This metric though, is often hard to quantify, but looking over at all of you who came today, I think the answer is self-evident. *(30 Secs)*

As I started to write this eulogy I wondered how I would ever sum up 86 years of his life. I realize no matter what I come up with to say about him -it won't do justice to the "*scope of his life*"-- for he had a full life and was loved by many-- but none more than my lovely mother, his wife - Rita. *(25 Secs)*



As we collectively say goodbye to my father and say all the things we love so much about him, I just want you to imagine that laugh, that smile of his – and picture him playing a prank on someone. (7 Secs)



And that's as good a place to start as any – because my father was a prankster. I remember one time of many in Montreal when we were home and mom was just coming in from work. We were in the living room and when mom went in the bedroom to get changed, he motioned to my sister and I to gather at the bedroom door. All we heard was a thump and then dad's laughter. What we did not know was that dad had sewn mom's one pant-leg up so that when she went to put on her pants, she would lose her balance and fall... We laughed and all dad got was a "*Jean-Paul*"!!! (44 Secs)



Dad had a great life, he always said he liked the path he took in life. Using the terms of today, dad was a *player*. But even as good of a player that he might have been in his day, he never matched the tenacious stick-handling of my mother. It was like "Montreal playing Toronto" and dad was Toronto. Two years after they met and with some fancy back-room lobbying with her parents, dad and mom got married. They have never looked back since. To cement their union, they got remarried twice over the course of 63 years. (39 secs)



My dad was a military man and we grew up in a military family. In 1942 he joined the military as a boy soldier (around 15 years old) to fight for our country. He would have left the military after the war, but fate as had it, there were two lines at Lansdowne Park. One to re-enlist and one to get out. He thought he was in the "*I'm getting out line*". Looking over his papers, I can understand the confusion...he was discharged from the militia in 1945 and then re-enrolled in the regular forces. They sent him to Kingston and from there Tassé history was made. Dad also ensured that he remained in contact with people he had met throughout his career, some may be here today. (48

secs)



He loved the military and served for 36 years. While in the military we got transferred to many different places. My mother never once complained and amazed my dad as she would always come back telling him that she had a new job either at the new location they had just transferred to or found a new job closer to home. His military life could not have been more rewarding as he shared it with a supportive wife. I remember my father at the kitchen table studying to improve his trade qualifications and my mother helping him learn. They were a team. My mother's motto was always "*The Show Must Go On*" and anyone who knows my mother and father, know that they lived that motto. Dad felt he could conquer the world with the support he was getting and in fact he did - **ONE HEART AT A TIME.** (47 Secs)



He loved my mother with every bone in his body, his visible affection overcoming his usual reserve. I have been married for 36 years, my parents for 63. Same numbers but different meanings. Dad loved his wife. The word "love" we hear every day, same word but a different meaning for dad. Dad's unfaltering support for Mom's personal development in her career and in life created the perfect balance producing a loving childhood for my sisters and I, that today seems like a lost Canadian dream. *(35 secs)*

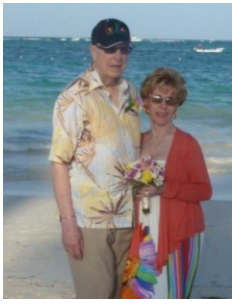
Dad also loved his video games. When my mother would go to bed, dad would put on his war helmet and kiss my mother goodbye - telling her he is off to war. It always amazed me when he would tell me that he played on line for hours with Matthew, Thomas, Tyler, Clinton and others -- age was not a limiting factor. When dad asked if I played games, I told dad not really - even when playing racing cars on my Play-Station with my grandson Joshua (who is 8 by the way) -- I seem to get beat. *(38 secs)*



Dad would love taking videos and still pictures all the time. That is most likely where I got my introduction to photography. All the time you would see him with his video camera in his hand taking movies preserving family memories. Most of the still pictures I have of him have a protrusion coming from his right eye with the brand name SONY marked on it :) *(24 Secs)*



Father's day, when he was healthy, he would spend the morning with me, his son-in-law Rob and when Rob's dad was alive he would also be there. We looked forward to that day-rain or shine. Golf in the morning and then later the families would meet. But I didn't have to share him with anyone during those 4 hours. Though Rob would never let me win, I didn't have to, in order to be a son who felt loved. *(32 Secs)*



Dad and mom had many invitations to go on trips with my sisters and family. In fact they just returned from a trip with Pauline & Family in Punta Cana that dad really enjoyed. Pierrette & Family brought them out many times also and I went on their boat which I still to this day found fast and made me realize I chose well- having joined the military in the Army and not Navy element. *(27 Secs)*



But, when thinking about trips and dad, I must count myself extremely lucky as I had dad for one week in Berlin. While there he taught me many things but the lessons he taught me were not just historical. I understand why my sisters always wanted to have him close. I would have liked much more "alone time" but I will always remember the precious time that I did have. I haven't quite yet come to terms with the fact that ***I will never have another conversation with my father again.*** I am sure I share that with many of you. (40 secs)



But Berlin was not the first time I found myself in a different country with my dad. In 1974 both dad and I were deployed to Ismailia, Egypt. One of the first father and son teams to do so. I arrived a few weeks after he did. At that time I was a mere private and he was a sergeant. When I landed on Wednesday, he greeted me and told me that on the weekend we would be going to visit Alexandria. When I asked him about this he said that he had talked with my boss that I hadn't even met yet and sorted this all out. Not long after that, I got transferred to the Golan Heights in Israel. It didn't take long though for dad to come and meet me there - though he claimed it was business. Not soon after dad asked if we could meet in Cairo, when I asked why he stated that mom was coming down. I went. We spent Christmas 1974 listening to a Rothman's Show for the troops in Ismailia. My parents roamed Egypt, Israel, Syria and Lebanon. For the records - I went back to work. No wonder he was called the Roving RQ. *(1 Min 7 Secs)*



He fought heart problems, loss of a few finger tips and cancer. But even as he was fighting against cancer with more strength and courage and honesty than I can imagine, all he really wanted to do was to go home and help mom. My father talked about the memories that we have all provided him. He never quite accepted his own greatness, all he had done, all the lives he profoundly changed. I wish he could have been here today if only to see the incredible good he did in our world and those who travelled far to wish him safe journey. *(42 secs)*



I was happy that dad had a beautiful Hospice at Mathieu Froment-Savoie for his final days. The day after he got there we were talking on the phone and he was telling me that I had to come down and hear these fantastic musicians as they played and sang for the residents. Well, the next scheduled event I was down there and listened to them. My parents cried, my dad was moved. They were literally tears of joy. We could not thank them enough.



We had a family picture taken and unbeknownst to us, that was to be our last. *(37 secs)*

My father had a quiet dignity, respecting himself the way he respected others. As he faced his final days, his body ravaged with the cancer, he never had one moment of self-pity. The day before he passed when I sat by his bed and asked him how he was doing, he gave the same answer he gave every time he was asked a question - a thumb's up. *(24 Secs)*



On 3 November, I was at home having returned from seeing dad the day prior. My son Thomas with his girlfriend Ashley had been visiting my dad when he called me saying that grandpa was not looking good. Soon after my sister called and said that I needed to return to the Hospice. Sharon and I left from Kingston. Upon our arrival, I was told that dad had passed a mere 20 mins before we arrived. Of course, I knew what had happened before any words were exchanged. Before that, however, in the moment when his soul left his body, I did not feel the universe change. I did not feel Dad's presence leave me; nor do I feel it gone now. Sure, our world is a little less bright since we'll miss his conversation, his laugh, his counsel, his ability to buffer situations. But his spirit is still with us, in here (*pointing to my head*) and in here (*pointing to my heart*). He'll always be close by to listen, to support us when we need it. We are all immeasurably stronger for having him as a part of our lives, and that is all he ever wanted for us. (1 min 14 secs)

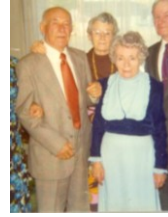


I could try and list the people he impacted and moments shared, but many of those stories are best recounted by those who experienced them. By most of you. I trust you'll keep those times alive in your hearts, to bring you a smile when you need one. I heard so many people tell me stories during the viewing last week that I hope will be perpetuated whenever we talk about dad. *(25 secs)*



I dabble in genealogy and I know that if I ask you questions

about your parents, you will know the answer.



If I ask you

about your grandparents, you may know the answer.



If I ask you about your great grandparents, you may or may not know that answer. I challenge you all here to keep my dad's memory alive, evoke his name in your conversation, do not be scared to talk about him. His memory stays alive through us. Do not let it go stale, tell his story. To live in the hearts of those we love is not to die. (41

Sec)



Thank you Dad, for being the most incredible

father we could have ever wanted. We miss you. We love you. And we'll talk to you soon. (9 Secs)



And now I ask for Matthew Tassé to say a few words. *(3 mins)*

Hello Everyone,

My name is Matthew. I'd like to once again thank everyone for being here today. My grandfather was obviously very loved.

My grandmother recently told me a story and asked that I share it with you all. I am honoured to do so.

While working, a woman from the palliative care of " Mathieu Froment-Savoie " sparked up a conversation with grandpa.... "Tell me about your life... How was it?" she had asked him. "Me? I had a marvelous life!" He replied.

With a smile she continued, "And if you had the chance to change anything, what would you do differently?"

To that grandpa answered, "Nothing! I wouldn't change anything! I would do everything exactly the same."

It's nice to know he thought this way. I am truly thankful that my grandmother told me this story, and hope it helps you in a similar way.

This is also another way we can see that grandpa was someone special. Even as a young kid I remember noticing that he was always willing to stop and listen. Even if it was something small and insignificant, like losing my last piece of Lego, he understood that it meant a lot to me.

I consider myself very lucky to have known him. So many people in this world don't get to meet their grandfather. Not only did I get to meet him, I got to introduce my children to him.

I will miss his hugs, they were epic.

I will miss his contagious smile & laughter. I will miss playing Xbox with him.

I will miss my grandfather.



And now I ask for Joshua Briscoe to say a few words. *(30 secs)*

Great grandpa, I am speaking for all your
great grandchildren, we love
you and will miss playing games with you.
We always had fun with you.
We will always love and remember you.
You are "Great - Grandpa the Great".