



Kathleen E Lacey (Shelley)  
1921 - 2019

Beloved Matriarch and Friend  
Wife, Publisher, Artist  
Gardener, Adventurer  
A Grand Lady!



*The tide recedes but leaves behind  
bright seashells on the sand*

*The sun goes down but gentle  
warmth still lingers on the land*

*The music stops and yet it echoes on  
in sweet refrain...for every joy that  
passes, something beautiful remains.*

*(M.D. Hughes)*

# *CELEBRATION OF LIFE*

*June 15, 2019*

Welcome and Prayer

Barbara Dow

Remembrances:

Robin Lacey on behalf of the children

Jennifer Buie and Rob Lacey  
on behalf of her grandchildren and  
great-grandchildren

Sajni Lacey on behalf of the  
Rutherfords

Closing

Please join us for fellowship  
and refreshments.



A CELEBRATION OF LIFE  
FOR KATHLEEN ELISABETH LACEY

By Barbara Dow

Good Afternoon Everyone .....and a very, very warm welcome to all of you today. We are here together as family and friends of one of the most kind, generous, thoughtful, loving, caring persons I have ever had the privilege of knowing

It is going to be difficult to pay a proper tribute to someone as special as Shelley in the amount of time allotted to us today but I would like to open with a short prayer and I ask you now to bow your heads

"Lord, as we gather together to remember our dear friend, mother, mother-in-law, Grammi and Great Grammi whom we all loved but see no longer, grant to us Your comfort and we thank You for the friendship that Shelley gave, for the joy and the happiness she brought and for the love she offered while she was with us. Fill us now with Your strength and Your peace as we go forwards. We pray that nothing good in her life will ever be lost and that it will continue to mean much more to us now that she has left us. Thank You Lord. Amen

You know, there are some verses in the Bible that are found in the Old Testament in the book of Ecclesiastes which are often read at many, many funerals. Two of these verses remind all of us that: "there is a time to be born and a time to die", and "there is a time to mourn and a time to dance".

Well, I don't think anyone came here today to "dance", but we definitely did not come and gather together to mourn. No - we came here to *celebrate* Shelley and her life! How could we possibly mourn when we are here because of the many, many things that we all admired and loved about Shelley Lacey. She was an awesome hostess, a wonderful cook, and incredible gardener, a marvelous lady and an all-round delightful friend. She was well read and very, very clever. And what a great sense of humour she had. Sometimes when visiting with her at Grand Wood with some other friends - (Ros and Paul Rule), some of the help would poke their head in the door to see what was so funny! What "grand" laughs we had at Grand Wood. Not only that, but even her small apartment here at Grand Wood, like all her living rooms, offices, decks, etc. was filled with plants and flowers. And they said: "This is Shelley's place"

Being in a room with her and these talents of hers, brought a feeling of cheer and comfort - esp. when there was a fire in the fireplace. One could feel the trials of life just melting away, and we could all sit back and relax in the wonderful atmosphere that filled every place where she was. What a hostess! When the time came to leave, we all left so much more relaxed, comforted and yet happy and lifted up. That is a bit of an oxymoron, I know, but Shelley made it all possible. How many people do you know who can do that to a room full of people in just a couple of hours? How incredibly blessed we all have been to have been included in her life.

And how many of us will ever, every forget her uplifting warm chuckle, her sense of humour and some of her delightful sayings:

"Yes, isn't it ever?" (that one always made me smile) and "I felt quite discombobulated!" which was a new word to me and I know for sure that some of you could add to these two favourites of mine

I admired Shelley SOO much and miss our get togethers something fierce. If Shelley gave all of her *friends* so much joy, I am anxiously looking forward to hearing some of her *family* share *their* memories of her as a mother, a Grammi and a Great Grammi and so I turn the floor over to them now

Thank you to all of you

## Tribute to Mum – by Robin Lacey

- On behalf of her children, I will say a few words about her life. Our mother, Shelley Lacey, was an incredible person. We are gathered here today to honour and celebrate her life.
- She was born in 1922 – into turbulent events of world history when the dust of WWI was barely settling.
- Born in Canada, she lost her mother at a young age and other tragedies beset her early life and family.
- Her beloved Pa, Grandpa Sheldon, was trying to establish his family in Canada during the Great Depression but moved back to England during the droughts in Manitoba, known as the Dust Bowl years.
- Then came the horrors of Nazi Germany and WWII. Hanging in my living room at home is an old 410 shotgun that had been my mother's during the war. "For shooting rats," my Grandpa explained as to why he got her the gun, but also to protect her from the Nazis if they invaded England as Hitler threatened.
- During the War, she lived 90 miles NW of London, England to be out of harm's way, but she told me of her memories of the dreaded Nazi V1 and V2 rockets sent to bomb England. She said everyone held their breaths when the rocket motors stopped knowing these bombs were dropping; the southern skyline was glowing red from London burning.
- Out of this background, came Mom's spirit of determination and resilience.
- My mom would have been in her late teens when the war started, and her early 20s when the war finished in 1945. My dad fought and survived the war as a British Commando, an elite fighting force that went down in history.
- Our Mom married our Dad because he had been a brave soldier, but also because he was a kind and gentle man. He had been a real-life cowboy living on the Western Prairies of Canada before volunteering at the outbreak of war.
- Over the following years, Mom and Dad had four children: Anne, the eldest, and then, Ian, both born in England, and then Peter and I, born after immigrating to Canada in the mid-1950's.
- The Cold War was on us then. Mom looked after the family while in the early years my dad worked with the government establishing nuclear fall out shelters. We had one in the basement. This must have been incredibly stressful for my Mom.
- Despite having gone through these experiences, and in the process of raising four children, she bravely started her own business in 1959. The Dorchester Signpost was born. This was unheard of back then; women rarely started their own businesses. "Getting the bank to trust a woman was the hardest battle," Mom would later claim, "especially a recent immigrant and mother of four."

- As a business woman and journalist, she successfully operated the paper for decades and, despite some sleepless nights, always had a positive attitude and striving spirit for that which is good in life.
- During that time, and growing up in the midst of the Signpost, Mom always supported her husband and our father in everything he did, including a career as actor and director in the theatre.
- There was always food on the table; I remember her great pots of food, vegetables and leftovers from the day before. I don't know how she did it but these stews always so good that the neighbouring kids were often over for a feed.
- Mom made it a priority to have dinner as a family every night when Dad got home for work. It needs to be said that mom was a great cook and we will all miss her talents.
- Sunday's were always an adventure for the family; Mom would spearhead a drive to the country, or something new to explore. The kids always appreciated this time.
- Mom was also the drive for summer vacations at "the cottage," where great memories were made; water and sun-soaked, dreamy days of all the family.
- Mom liked to host parties where many friends were made over the years; friendships that have stood the test of time.
- As us kids grew and we began families of our own, she was always a welcome host and matriarch, welcoming new wives and husbands into the fold with open arms and an open heart. And a grandmother she became.
- Her Pa, Grandpa Sheldon, came to live with us for many years in his old age, and was a delight for everyone; but especially Mom, who looked after him and was at his side when he passed. She also took care of her husband and our dad and was at his side when he died in 1992 at the age of 81.
- Mom eventually was successful in selling the Signpost and retired into her new role as GG, great grandmother, to her growing clan. As GG, she became famous for her cooking; cheese cookies were my favourite.
- At this stage of her life, Mom would volunteer to deliver hot meals to seniors; often younger than herself. A true telling of her kindness and youthfulness, she continued this for many years.
- A couple of years later and, out of the blue, my Mom called, sounding sheepish. She had eloped with her high school sweetheart, Walter Rutherford. And was honeymooning in India on an elephant safari, asking my blessing.
- Watt became a new member of our family and was a welcome member. Mom continues to have an influence on people and became much loved and respected by the extended clan of the Rutherford family.
- Our mother became the central character in annual family get-togethers, honouring her birthday in August and hosted a Caribbean Cruise for the family in the winter. And she was loved by all.



- Throughout her busy and social life, our Mom also become a talented artist, her painting beautiful but too few. She loved to play games of all kinds; cards, boardgames and was capable until the end. She also had the privilege of playing crossword puzzles with her son-in-law, Bruce, until the end.
- Our mother, grandmother and great grandmother was an incredible person, loved by all and an example to live by.
- We will miss her in her passing, but her spirit will live with us forever.
- We salute you Mom. Thank you for your life and dedication. We congratulate you Mom, well done!

For those of you who don't know me, I am Shelley's eldest granddaughter Jennifer and I am here to share with you a few of mine and my sister Tisha's memories as well as speak more broadly about who she was as a grandma to all of us eight grandchildren, Rob Mark and Diane, Jessica, Ryan and Sajni. We each have very special and unique memories of her and I hope that something in this speaks to you about her and how extraordinary she was.

What I find to believe is that I am almost the same age she was when I was born and I feel very privileged to have had her my life for so long.

Seeing my cousin Rob and his wife Cassandra reminds me that just over a year ago, I was sitting in one of the prettiest spots in Canada, in the mountains in Revelstoke BC, on the eve of their wedding. Grammi and I were snuggled up on the couch together watching the lead up to the royal fairy tale wedding between Harry and Megan...all the pomp and ceremony, all the in depth profiles of the royal family. Grammi was enthralled and was glued to the broadcast, and I had to finally suggest we

go to bed at 2 am knowing that we had our own wedding festivities to take part in.

Growing up Grandma Lacey always seemed like a fairy god mother, granting every wish we had, treating us grandchildren as princes and princesses. She often dressed with flair, with bangles on her wrist, a colourful scarf or interesting necklace with a smudge of blue eye shadow, face powder and lip stick and always looking so youthful due to her religious application of Nivea cream. She was quite glamorous to me.

Going to her house was like going to a magical kingdom. her house with the many rooms with colorful trinkets and paintings and books, perfect for hide and go seek, which she was always willing to play. Her kitchen was a hub of activity; I remember being curled up the couch while Grammi prepared a meal and we would get into some deep philosophical conversations like if we were on a deserted island and could only have one vegetable what would it be....we would debate the merits of each veggie and all always settled on potato for its versatility. Meanwhile, she would be making her famous potato soup, or

leftover potato and cheese sandwiches, or potato pancakes....no wonder we always picked potatoes! And she always made your favourites. One of mine growing up was her spaghetti - one time she didn't manage to squeeze it in but made it for breakfast on the last day so that I wouldn't miss out.

And no matter where we had our meal, be at the dining room table for a formal Christmas dinner, or if it was outside in the garden, there would always be a small vase or container with some flowers and greenery, plucked from her garden and greenhouse and artistically arranged for the pleasure of her guests. This was but one of her outlets for her creativity, her others being photography, painting and stain glass making but really, there was artistry in everything she did.

Night time was always a special time with grammi. Of course the bed was already toasty warm either with hot water bottles or an electronic blanket. She would come into your room to tuck you in, but the ritual always started with her messaging your hands and feet with her favourite Nivea cream over

shared memories of the day. During the night she would always slip something under your pillow to delight you in the morning. Also, on the kitchen doorframe marked with the heights of her kids and grandkids would be a copper pot with some coins to spend on candy at the local store.

She would always take us on great adventures filled with picnics and country roads sometimes with a destination in mind, but other times not. Always it involved the outdoors, picking apples or blueberries, finding shells or rocks on a beach and she loved driving, and maybe the journey was the only purpose. But a day out with Grammi always meant an ice cream which I think was one of her favourite foods.

Leaving her house to return to Ottawa was always an epic tragedy, my sister and I would be bawling because we didn't want to be taken away from her loving embrace. She would get up super early and make sure we were laden down with her pies and scones, cans of Pringles and a wet washcloth for sticky fingers. She and grandpa would stand outside waving until we were no longer in view. I remember reminiscing with her once

about those partings and she confessed that she would cry too, missing us as soon as we drove away.

As I grew older I was so proud of her career as a journalist, editor, photographer and founder of the Signpost. And she didn't stop there...well into her seventies maybe even eighties she was still delivering weekly flyers to neighboring communities and taking on Meals and Wheels. And how many of us got a Dorchester Printing pocket agenda every Christmas?

She never seemed to stop moving or humming under her breath, always working in her gardens, filling up bird feeders, building a swing for us, fixing things around the house with ingenuity and know how. The only time I did see her relax was with a glass of sherry or Bailey's in the company of family and friends and good conversation. Her only vice seemed to be a devotion to the tv show Dallas.

She was so smart, so plugged in to the world around her but she wasn't overt about, contributing to a conversation but not dominating it. She traveled the world, like when she went on a bus trip through Europe with Jessica and Ryan, and always

came back with stories and amazement at the sights she had seen. And she was a pretty cool Grammi exploring yoga and other new age fads, even becoming somewhat proficient at using the computer and emailing. She even was the one who introduced me to the magical world of Harry Potter, picking the book out the small book shelf in the kitchen and suggesting I read it (although I am pretty sure that Sajni was the root of that). And she was a stealthy spoons player up until the end, a game that always brought her much laughter and joy.

And that was what made Grammi so great, is that she took life and she explore it, she devour it and shared it with me and her other Grandchildren so that we too could become extraordinary people. I know that she was so proud of all of us grandkids and great grandchildren and she was so pleased that we were all interesting people doing wonderful things with our lives. She loved having us all together for the many family reunions we had and I think that speaks to the family roots she had planted and nurtured.

It was so great to have her in Ottawa these past 18 months and see her connect with the next generation; every Monday she would snuggle up with my niece Sydney on the couch while she and my nephew Jeremy would tackle the daily crossword. And she took great interest in my son Matthew's soccer games, attending several matches last summer. And she was interested in Callum's first year of college and his computer courses. Every time she would come over to our house she would see pictures of Sofia and Lilly and Jack on my fridge, great grandkids from Alberta and gaze upon them with love and affection and always remark on how they were some of her favourite peoples. She and I would have great conversations about everything from climate change, to First Nations to the latest book she was reading. I travel out to the East Coast with my job and we would often get out the Atlas so she could see all the places I had been and we would often map out the places she had gone as well. She continued to have a thirst for knowledge and never wanted to stop learning. And I want to thank my parents for taking such good care of her and making



sure she always had her Globe and Mail, great books to read, and shrimp to eat, which was another one of her favourite foods.

My sister, mom and I were with her in the final days. As we sat by her side I came to realize that my grammi exemplified unconditional love, a women who unselfishly gave herself in the service to others as I honestly think she took great delight in making other people happy. As she lay there in the bed and as we massaged her hands with Nivea cream we thanked her for the many pies she baked, the many plants she planted, the back scratches she gave, and all the good works she had done, and when we massaged her feet we thank her for the many miles she had walked and all the places she had been that we knew were better because of her presence.

If I was ever deserted on an island, my Grammi would be great companion, she was the most interesting, thoughtful, loving and kindest person I know and she is pretty good with a potato.

Robert Lacey  
Tribute to Grammi

Hi, I'm Rob – and one of Grammi's grandson's (3<sup>rd</sup> to be exact).

Grammi was an amazing friend to us all. She had many admirable qualities that one way or another, shaped each and every one of us.

I wanted to honor her today by sharing with you a few wise words, life lessons, and a few stories to go along with each of the lessons.

1. Be Courageous

Grammi was someone way ahead of her time, throughout her legacy, she was adventurous – travelling the world, and exploring all aspects of life. She was a wonderful wife, mother, grandmother, great grandmother, friend, and most of all she was a courageous entrepreneur starting the first newspaper “The Signpost” in Dorchester in 1959. This was not something that was normal of a woman to do in those days, but she wanted her kids to know that they could grow up and be anything they wanted to be. Grammi inspired a long legacy of leadership in business which is still being carried on today. Grammi also encouraged independence, something that was instilled in her kids at a young age. When my dad (Peter) was only 7 years old he had been taught how to cross the busy street across from the house in Dorchester and he was allowed to cross the road before his buddies. The value of independence that she instilled in my dad, definitely built confidence in him, and that independence and courage has been passed down to me and my cousins

Grammi also encouraged others to take chances and explore.

One of the first times that my wife Cassandra and I came out to London to visit, and we drove by the old house in Dorchester. There was a sign saying that it had been turned into a restaurant, but it really didn't look like a restaurant. After a few seconds of pondering, Grammi suggested that Cassandra should go peek her head in and have a look. Cassandra went and checked it out and it was certainly not a restaurant and was someone's house. She always encourages exploration.

## 2. Be Creative

Exploring hobbies and talents is an important part of life. My Grammi loved to read, write, garden and paint. In the later years of her life, Cassandra and I would try to come out for some one on one time and often try to bring out her creative side. She made a pink elephant when we took her to a clay painting outing, showing that creativity doesn't dim with age.

We also took her out painting by Millpond at a picnic table, and whenever we would visit, she would show us the beautiful wooden birds that we painted with her up in her room.

### 3. Be Fun

Grammi always smiled when she caught you looking at her and she always cracked jokes at the right time. The first time Cassandra met Grammi, she was showing her some family photos, explaining who everyone was, and then got to myself and said “Oh goodness, he’s with another woman” and promptly put the photo aside in her good English manner.

At 96 years old, we took her for pizza and I asked her if we should get beer. She laughed and said “I’m not dead yet” and we ordered a round from the waitress.

Grammi had a magnetic personality and I think this trait is something that many of her descendants also carry with pride. I know that bringing people together something that Grammi was good at and I personally consider the ability to create social glue as one of my admirable qualities

### 4. Be Interesting

Grammi was an inspiration to me because she knew just enough about almost everything! From classical fiction to sacred geometry to aliens, Grammi had a perspective and the information to back it up. Grammi never stopped learning. Reading was a big part of her life and reading is something she instilled in me and I hope she was able to in all of you too!

Up until her passing, Aunty Anne would satisfy her necessity of books at the library and one of the more recent series she was reading was about a woman's detective agency.

## 5. Be Accepting

Grammi read and understood a lot of practised religions. I don't know which one her favourite was, but I do know that she was Anglican and that she took the kids to church on her own schedule which was every second Sunday. On the non church Sunday's she took the family to the park where they spent time together and learned about nature. she was very accepting of many beliefs and people. She was a spiritual person, and accepted that we are all different, each offering our own unique perspective on life, love and happiness.

Today is a happy sad day.... Happy to honor my Grammi and celebrate her life, but obviously sad as we are acknowledge that her spirit has moved on to the next phase of this epic journey. We will all miss Grammi and we will continue to miss her for the rest of our days, but we can rest easy knowing that she lived a full life from beginning to end. Grammi will continue to live on in all of us inspiring curiosity continued learning as well as positivity and respect for all life has to offer.

I will miss her smile her, laugh and the way she wiggled in her seat when I gave her a quick back rub. I will miss her whimsical ways and the opportunity to gauge her opinion on things that are important to me and my family. I will also miss her cooking. Grammi cooked me my first true English breakfast complete with beans tomatoes potato eggs

sausage and even button mushrooms. We can honor Grammi by continuing making classic Lacey recipes like potatoes pancakes and cheese cookies. Which brings me to my final life lesson.

## 6. Keep em Guessing

Grammi was a wealth of knowledge but she knew when to hold her cards close and although she was an avid bridge player she also had a really good poker face. Just the other day I learned that my mom asked Grammi for the Cheese Cookie recipe. Thrilled to have the recipe she went to work making batch after batch but with none of them really working out with the cookies always being fluffier and bigger than the ones Grammi made. For years Grammi's cheese cookies were the best and most sought-after Christmas treat. It wasn't until my mom accidentally forgot to put baking powder in one time that they turned out close to Grammi's. She had a way of being special to each of us in her own way, but I'm sure you can all agree that when she caught your eye and shot you a smile you knew she had some good ideas rolling around up there. Since Grammi passed I find myself reflecting on stories told and time spent and I can't help but smile back at the world in the same way she did at the world.

Earlier today I came across a poem that really made me think of Grammi, I want to share it with you now to conclude my memorial to Grammi.

And always remember

Never Underestimate

The impact one person can make

Live your life to the fullest

Make time for family and friends

Take a chance

Be kind and generous

And always remember

Never Underestimate

The impact one person can make

## **Tribute from the Rutherford Family**

**Read by Sajni Lacey**

### **Shelley, a Very Special Lady**

Shelley met Maude Rutherford through their Red Cross work. They became friends and Shelley arranged the flowers for Maude and Walter's wedding.

After many years of letter writing, Walter was persuaded to visit Shelley in Canada. The rest is history and the creation of wonderful memories.

This was the start of many family visits from the UK to Dorchester. Shelley was a wonderful hostess, producing amazing brunches in her delightful garden, visits to many places of interest, often map reading by the sun!! Port Stanley was a special place in all our hearts, thanks to Shelley's picnics and toasting marshmallows round the fire. She was often the first one to be in the water.

Shelley was a keen gardener and always had a wonderful array of flowers, Begonias particularly stick in my mind, not forgetting the great variety of vegetables.

Shelley loved life and people, and was always ready with a helping hand or a listening ear. Her hospitality was second to none. She was young at heart and had a very sharp, active mind. She was always eager to find out how all the Grandchildren were progressing in their careers.

Through Shelley, we made some great friendships, and shared many special times together. A venue in London, the Mandarin Restaurant, was always popular with the grandchildren, so Shelley made sure we could fit a visit in before our return to the UK.

She is loved all over the world.

S Sunshine personality  
H Healthy  
E Enthusiastic  
L Love, loving and loved dearly  
L Loyal  
E Energetic  
Y Young at heart



Closing Prayer – Barbara Dow

"Thank You once again dear Lord for Kathleen Elisabeth Shelley Lacey. We thank You for the friendship she gave. May nothing good in Shelley's life be lost and may everything in which she was great, now continue in our lives. May she rest in peace"

And my faith tells me she is with Wat and Stan in a better place, where crying and pain are no more and whose God will wipe every tear from her eye  
Thanks be to God, Amen.

In closing I would like to add: "as long as this world continues to turn, there will never be another Shelley"