

**Jamie Coughey was HANSON, HARD WORKING, HONEST, GENEROUS and STUBBORN.**

**While my recollections of my uncle Jamie are early, there is a gap of about 40 years when I only came home for short visits. Then in the mid-nineties I started to summer here in the family home. Our house is a half block away from Uncle Jamie's.**

**My memory of Uncle Jamie begins soon after he returned from finishing high school in Fredericton. He had lived with his sister Mary and brother-in-law, Lawrence, a teacher in the school who probably tutored Jamie at night. David was also teaching in Fredericton at that time and he too was lecturing his teenager brother. I bet Jamie could hardly wait to get home to St. Andrews. He returned the year I was born. (*You can now guess my age.*)**

**Jamie's woodworking shop was a magnet for us kids, probably because of the dire warnings to stay away from it. Nevertheless, I was very jealous when he let my brother, but not me, operate the jig saw to make guns so that we could play war games. Guns are the toys chosen by children the world over when their country is at war. And Canada was at war.**

**Even as a child, I knew my youngest uncle was a HANDSOME man. It was not just his features; his build was strong and athletic. His attractiveness was also obvious to a vivacious red-head from Fredericton. He soon wooed and won the hand of Betty Rouse. The transformation in him was obvious to us little children; Jamie was much more fun to be with. And we all dearly loved Aunt Betty.**

**Jamie was not afraid of HARD WORK. As a young man he worked as a gardener and landscaper. Not long ago he told me that he helped construct the fence around the Heenan property, *Linden Grange.***

**When I was young I remember him working as a gardener next door at Sally Smith's house *Croix Crest* which is now owned by Joan Carlisle Irving. He could and did turn his hand to any job, including helping his brothers build their sail boats, and later, he helped with the expansion of the house which his brother David owned and which is now owned by Jamie's niece Mary Kaye.**

**But my best early memories of Jamie were when he clerked at Doon's store, which is now Sunbury Shores Arts and Nature Centre. Doon's was what a country store should be, with the string hanging down from a ceiling dispenser to be tied around the food wrapped in the brown paper torn from a roll on the counter. In those days folk could phone in their orders and HONEST employees like Jamie would deliver the food, enter an unlocked house if the owners weren't there and deposit the food in the icebox or refrigerator.**

**Then Jamie got a job at the liquor store in what is now Old Tyme Pizza. It seemed really strange for him to be working there. We were taught that drinking was the source of all evil and now my teetotaling uncle was handling the demon rum! At least there was no danger of his sampling the goods. Jamie worked for the Liquor Commission for 20 year and was there for the transition to the new building on the old McQuoid property.**

**Jamie was almost too honest. When he was in Passamaquoddy Lodge I greeted him once saying "Uncle Jamie, this is Sheila, your favourite niece." He could have nodded his head or said Yes. But he looked at me long and hard, and I knew what he was thinking. He was remembering all those freshly baked muffins that Alice Anne had brought to him!**

**But Jamie did have two addictions: beach combing and garage sales. He liked bargains and even better, something for nothing.**

This is where his **GENEROSITY** comes to the fore. The flotsam and jetsam he found on the beach was often deposited on our seawall. For example, we have the greatest assortment of mismatched wooden oars that you ever saw, a dozen at least! I suspect most of them came from Jamie's beach walks.

Jamie's house displayed some of the gadgets and cute gismos he got at garage sales, but many he offered to others. If he failed to find a taker, there always was his garage. *Charline can tell you more about the garage. With infinite patience she let Jamie choose what to do with his hoard, and bit by bit was able to whittle it away.*

Should you ask Jamie to borrow something he gave it without hesitation. You may remember the bank of flowers bordering the sidewalk in front of his house and the sign inviting people to pick some. I have never known a more generous man than Jamie Coughy.

There was a special bond between Jamie and his older brother, Earl, my father. I think it was an unspoken pact that they would always look out for each other. One morning in late September, 1993, Jamie noticed that Earl wasn't up and around; he had died during the night. Jamie stayed with him until I could get down from Fredericton. Thereafter he helped me as he had helped my father. Whenever I needed assistance, Jamie would come to the rescue.

Every member of the family and not a few neighbours could undoubtedly tell similar stories about the help they received from Jamie. That would be especially true of his parents who lived next door to Jamie and Betty. For example, when his mother developed type 2 diabetes he administered her insulin shots for the rest of her

life. Jamie was the son who stayed home to help, and if he complained, I never heard a word if it.

Jamie was very PROUD of his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren and he had a right to be proud. Time and again he would pull out a small photograph album to show you their pictures. After Betty died, Charline gave him a dog, one of a succession of small dogs that Jamie loved. I remember Fluff best. He used to take Fluff to the Passamaquoddy Lodge when his sister Alice was there. After greeting Alice he would taken Fluff to visit all the patients there .

But Jamie was not perfect. He was stubborn and sometimes you might say, cussed. When curling, he drove my father to distraction when he took his own ice (*i.e., did not aim at my father's broom*). My mother, whose thumb was the greenest I ever knew, did not welcome his gardening advice, but that never stopped him from giving it. But you know, when we are on our knees next summer pulling weeds we will miss him coming by to tell us the right way to do it.

He owned a scooter and, in later years, a motorized cart. They gave him wonderful freedom. He even rode the cart to Joes Point and out to the end of the Bar Road. There was no where he wouldn't go with it. However, not having owned a car, his knowledge of the rules of the road were occasionally forgotten.

Jamie Coughy was handsome, hardworking, honest, generous, and helpful. He was also outgoing and outspoken and sometimes outrageous. He added colour to our Town and it will not be the same without him. He was a true character and a good friend. We will all miss him.