Prelude Video

"It is Well"

Welcome & Prayer

Ecclesiastes 3:1-4 Grandson Jeremy Kuelker

"Amazing Grace" Family Friend Jakob Ringberg

1 Corinthians 13 Granddaughter Abby Kuelker

Romans 8:25-29 Nephew Stephen Hiscock

"How Great Thou Art" Family Friend Jakob Ringberg

Family Tributes

Niece Mari Beth Slade Daughter Tanya Seaward Daughter Leanne Gaume Niece Heather Slade - Bromschwig

Video Memories

Psalm 23 Grandson Theo Kuelker

Message Pastor Ross Macdonald

"Great is Thy Faithfulness" Family Friend Jakob Ringberg

Celebration of Life for



Jean "Jeanenne" Seaward

The Lord is my shepherd, I lack nothing.

Psalm 23:1

Benediction

A Tribute to Aunt Jean

By Mari Beth Slade

Jean Seaward was born on December 30, 1945 in Gooseberry Cove, Newfoundland. From the moment she entered the world, Jean was surrounded by family, and family was something she cherished throughout her life.

At the age of 3, Jean moved to Clarenville with her mother and sisters Glenda and Marjorie, where they grew up. Her brother Mel tells the story of making and selling Mother's Day flowers with Jean. Jean was 16 and Mel was 7, and Mel wouldn't take a nickel from their profits to buy ice cream for fear of her wrath. Yet, in later years, Jean's generosity to family, charities, and strangers, was almost limitless.

In the early 1970s, Jean moved to Calgary where she spent most of her life and worked for the Sun On restaurant, The Calgary Sun, and Suncor. Her family liked to joke that these jobs gave her a *Sun*ny disposition. The only one of her many siblings without a middle name, Jean laughingly referred to herself "Plain Biscuit Jean", showing her deep sense of humour. She later changed her name to Jeanenne, one of many examples of how she lived life her own way.

Although Jean was style icon, always coloured coordinated in her latest thrift store finds (like her famous orange jacket), she was also a traditionalist, eschewing technology in favour of real people, face-to-face laughs, and old-fashioned phone calls. Once Jean knew your birthday, you could depend on a commemorative phone call every year, including a run down of the celebrities who shared your special day. Her tattered book of births, marriages, and deaths would make any archivist proud.

Jean always had an adventurous sprit. She was a trailblazing single mom in the 1970s, and later visited her daughter Tanya in Germany and Russia. During her time in Calgary, Jean enjoyed ballroom dancing and trekking to Chilliwack, BC, on the Greyhound bus to see her sister Marion. In fact, she was the last person to ride the Greyhound before they discontinued the route.

Years later, in 2019, Jean moved across the country again, this time to Halifax, leaving her other daughter Lee Anne and two grandchildren Matthew and Paige in Alberta. Here, she enjoyed spending time with her two brothers (Mel and Gerald), visiting Spencer House, and attending Grace Chapel. Living in Halifax, she was now closer to daughter Tanya, and her three grandchildren Jeremy, Abby, and Theo, who she loved dearly and visited in New Jersey as often as she could. She was a wonderful grandmother, with an unending playful spirit and a great love for tea parties and candy throws.

In Halifax, Jean always had an open door, except when Jeopardy was on, and then visitors were only welcome if they paid Alex (and later hosts) the warranted respect. As a fervent Jeopardy watcher, 8:30-9pm on weeknights was sacrosanct in her house. If you dropped in to visit Jean other times, you would certainly be met with a warm greeting, an offer of coffee or tea and a maple cookie, and a joke or trivia question. Likely there would be a puzzle on the go, and perhaps she would haul out a family album or piece of cherished memorabilia and regale you with stories from yesteryear.

Whether you know her as Jean, Aunt Jean, Jeanenne, Mom, or Nana – this woman has no doubt touched your life in some unforgettable way over the course of her 76 years. Her memory will live on in our hearts – and perhaps our own tattered diaries – forever.