

We are gathered here today, family and friends, to celebrate the life of Wayne Reid.

We offer our sympathy to the Reid family....Wayne was a son, brother, brother-in-law, uncle, and father. I would be remiss if I didn't make special mention of Wayne's father, Carl. Carl is still mourning the loss of his beloved Carrie and now he mourns his son. You know, we go through life expecting to bury our parents but we never consider that we might have to bury one of our children. We commend you, Carl, for your devotion and love to Carrie and Wayne. Wayne loved and respected you both.

We think of the Stevenson family.....Wayne was an important part of the Stevensons' lives. He was their son named Reid....he loved and cared for Orma, his mother-in-law, was dad to Scott, and was best friends with Kenny and Bobby and their families. They enjoyed the outdoors with Wayne and all their hearts are saddened today with this loss.

When we lose someone we love, sometimes there are regrets. If you have regrets today about Wayne, just remember that he was one of the most understanding, loving and forgiving persons who entered your life.

I am going to speak about Wayne as I knew him. It will be personal. I hope you accept my literary license with the respect and love it is given.

Wayne was the Road Superintendant and Director of Public works for Mono Township for over 20 years. Now these titles were not Wayne's occupation....they were his obligation. If I were asked to stand here and give you just one word to describe Wayne, that word would be "others." If you are a taxpayer in Mono, than you have no doubt reaped the harvest of Wayne's occupation. You see, you were HIS obligation. He worked tirelessly to do things for YOU....probably things you are not even aware of. He looked after your roads at any hour of the day or night and in any kind of weather.. He worked and served on endless committees for you....he saved your water, he saved your dump, he saved your roads, he saved your recycling, and many other problems too numerous to mention. I remember one time, we, as his friends, even lived through saving a beaver! That was our Wayne.....serving without expecting praise or public gratitude.

I don't know how, but Wayne also found time for outside interests....he loved animal life of all sorts. He loved to hunt. He was also a poultry fancier....he bred, raised and exhibited Wyandottes among other breeds but also found time to serve his poultry hobby. He was President of the Ontario Wyandotte Club, President of the Ontario Poultry Association, and served on the poultry committee of the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair. He was once chairman of the Poultry Show at the Royal also.

Wayne has always loved horses and of course, his favourite, was Clydesdales. Who wouldn't love Clydesdales? He served on the board of the Ontario

Clydesdale Club, and was a member of the Clydesdale Horse Association of Canada. He was a member of the Orangeville Agricultural Society and he and Bob worked endless hours to produce an excellent draft horse show at the fair. He loved his clydes and I could share funny stories with you about middle of the night foaling events where he had Lyn running in all directions in the house, getting water among other things, while he gave instructions to her from the barn to the house over his walkie-talkie!

He loved to drive horses and drove our cart for us on occasion. He loved his foals and suffered heartbreak with some at birth but always had a positive attitude about next year's foals. His beloved Miss Vicky is at our farm now waiting the birth of her first foal in the spring from our new stallion. He was really excited about this forthcoming foal and was waiting with great delight to see what Vicky and Lochy would produce.

I have always referred to Lyn as "my friend with class." She laughs when I say it. It's true though, but I have never told her where that phrase came from. It was the first time Wayne introduced me to Lynda. After she walked away, he said, "Well, what do you think?" I said, "you did good, Reid.....she is going to bring class to your life." He smiled at me and said, "I know."

Wayne and Lynda had over 20 years together.....she was his wife, his partner, his soulmate and his best friend. . They lived on a beautiful farm which they improved, worked, and cared for together. A warm welcome was always given to those who visited. Lynda shared Wayne's love of his horses, respected his job, and welcomed his friends. Bob and I were blessed to be among those friends for many years. Bob and Wayne were buddies in the truest sense of the word and they were alot alike in many ways.

Lyn taught Wayne the art of travel and they enjoyed exploring different parts of the world together. I remember when they went to Italy and upon their return were giving us all the hilights of their trip. Now, Wayne was a charmer....if you knew him well at all you knew that. Anyway, they were on some sort of a bus tour in Italy and Wayne was voted "the most charming man on the bus!" Wayne milked that title for a long time but not without harassment from the three of us.

Wayne did have one fault. He was a secret collector. Many a night there were roundtable discussions among the four of us over his "problem" as we called it. These discussions were loud, but always contained laughter. You se, he had a driving shed that was second to none. If you were going to throw something out, Wayne would take it home. If you needed something, Wayne could, in all likelihood, supply it to you from his own personal Home Depot. I remember the time we were remodelling our tack room and Bob was telling Wayne that he had to replace the windows and was concerned because they were really old and were very odd sizes. No need to worry...over comes Wayne with just the right windows. We could never repay Wayne, just like alot of you here today, for all the favours he did for us. I am sure he invented the phrase "Always glad to help."

Then in June, all our fun was overshadowed by Wayne's sudden illness. The day he received this news, he called us and over we went. It was a quiet ride in the car to their farm, and just as we approached their driveway, I said to Bob, "I don't know how I am going to get through this visit." Bob replied that he felt the same.

We walked in the door, and Wayne greeted us with positive thoughts about his illness, his hopes for the future, and the subject was changed.

For any of you who visited Wayne, he was the best example of what a friend should be. I believe that each of us carries, what I call, a basket. I am certain that some of us brought our baskets with us today. I know I did. In those baskets are all our cares and concerns....it could be for our health, our children, our jobs, loss of a loved one, regrets, failures, all sorts of things. Whatever those concerns are, we carry them with us and they are usually not very far away.

Wayne had a basket....and boy, was his basket full.....his pain, his worry, his condition, his strength, his life.....his basket was overflowing. But did you ever see it? I know I didn't. The countless times we visited Wayne, always talked to him daily, it was "Hi Wayne, how are you today?" I am doing great, he would say, or some other positive comment. And then, he would turn the conversation to the caller or visitor, wanting to know about you, what you were doing, how you were doing. You ended up talking about your basket, not his. That word "others" appeared again.

Lyn had a basket....and hers was overflowing and heavy. The care she gave our friend, Wayne, was second to none. She was tired, she was weak and she was scared, but she kept going with her positive outlook and actions out of her love and devotion to Wayne. She would call me when Wayne was away for treatment and that was her time to cry and question.....I would tell her that God wouldn't put more in her basket than she could carry. And there were times I doubted my own words.

In those times, and alot during the past few weeks, words to a hymn come to mind...

He giveth more grace as our burdens grow greater  
He giveth more strength as our labours increase  
To added afflictions, He addith His mercy  
To multiplied trials, he multiplies peace.

I learned a very important life lesson from Wayne Reid that I have never shared with anyone. I wish I had learned it years earlier. Each time we visited him, when we were ready to leave, he always inspired me with his strength and dignity. I would give him a hug and say, "I love you Wayne." He would smile.....he always smiled....and would say, "I love you too." it was our ritual. He

taught me it was o.k. to tell a friend that you loved them. I'll never forget that lesson. Then, one day, he turned the tables on me.

It was just a week ago that we visited Wayne in the hospital. After a short visit, I knew in my heart it was time for me personally to say goodbye to Wayne. I stood at the foot of his bed, tickled his toes, and began talking. I don't even know what I said because my heart was saying good-bye but my lips were saying other words. I suddenly realized he was speaking while I was speaking and I listened, and heard him say three times "I love you, I love you, I love you." He gave me thumbs up and smiled. And this time, I was the one that said "I love you too." and I left. Once again, he made it easier for me. Once again, it was "others."

In closing, I would like to say that when Lyn called and asked if I would speak today.....she said, "I know you will give Wayne the honour he deserves." When she said goodbye, my hand was still on the receiver and my first thought was, "I can't do this." But I knew that my basket would be even fuller if I didn't for I would be carrying regret for failing a friend....a friend who never failed me. I highly doubt that I have given him the honour he deserves.....who present here could? The one exception would be the lady who made the comment to me....she honoured Wayne all the days of their lives together. She cared for him through his illness with courage and grace and gave him strength daily. A few days before he passed, he thanked Lyn for looking after him, and told her, "You are the light of my life." What a tribute! We are all indebted to you, Lynda, for the wonderful care you gave our Wayne, and we thank you.

Wayne kept journals...and most of us were probably mentioned in them throughout the years. He even had one he wrote in while in the hospital. I jokingly asked him on my last visit if my name was in there....he smiled and said, "oh yes." So, what's written beside my name, Wayne? I'm not telling he said.

Wayne's name is written in a special book. It's called the Lamb's Book of Life. If you leave this place today and wish to honour him, be sure your name is written in that book also.

It was a pleasure to know and love Wayne. I was proud to count as a good friend "the most charming man on the bus." God bless you, Wayne....and happy trails.