



John C. "Jack" LeQuesne

August 13, 1922 - July 5, 2013

John C. "Jack" LeQuesne, 90, of Arbor Vitae, WI, passed away peacefully, Friday, July 5, 2013 at his home. Jack was educated in the Canadian School System before joining the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1942, and served in Europe until the war's end. Jack married Mary A. Tozer in 1942 and they shared over 61 wonderful years together before Mary's passing in 2004. Jack and Mary became U.S. Citizens after the end of WWII and moved to Chicago. From Chicago, they moved to River Grove, IL, Paddock Lake, WI and finally Arbor Vitae, WI in 1976. Jack was actively involved in numerous clubs and organizations. Among them were the Masonic Lodge, Shriners International and the River Grove Nationals. After moving "Up North", Jack and Mary joined the St. Matthias Episcopal Church in Minocqua, WI. They were very active in the church and both volunteered at the Church's Thrift Shop. Jack and Mary were also very active in the Cross-Country Cruisers Snowmobile Club, where Jack eventually served as President. Jack is survived by his two sons, John F. (Jeannie) LeQuesne and James T. (Linda) LeQuesne. He is also survived by his five grandchildren: Jason, Brian, Jessica, Laura and John and three great grandchildren: Kolton, Colbie and James. Jack truly enjoyed his family and the many friends he had in life, and will be sorely missed. A Memorial Service will be held on Saturday, August 3, 2013 at 11:00 AM at St. Matthias Church in Minocqua.

Previous Events

Memorial Service

AUG 3. 11:00 AM (CT)

St. Matthias Episcopal Church
403 E. Chicago Avenue
Minocqua, WI 54548

Tribute Wall

JK

“ We will miss our neighbor at the lake. We could set our watch by seeing his little red truck head to town.

*With our sincere sympathy,
Gary and Jean Kroll*

Jean Kroll - August 01, 2013 at 08:13 PM

DM

“ Jack and I lived many hundreds of miles apart in our early years in Canada. We first met while in the RCAF at an Operational Training Unit at Gamston, Notts, England when we were crewed up together to begin training for bomber command. After going through several training stages and having many good times (but also a few "not so good flights") we were posted to the #419 "Moose" Squadron in #6 Group. When the war ended in May 1945 we flew a Lancaster Bomber home to Yarmouth in Nova Scotia. Shortly thereafter we were separated, as each crew member travelled to his respective home and was eventually, discharged from the service. However, though many miles separated us, we kept in touch, Jack and Mary in the USA and Ruth (my wife) and I in Canada. We visited back and forth over the years and had many memorable good times together. After the visits came to an end, we kept in touch by phone and now it will be by great memories and prayers.

*Love you Jack,
Don McTaggart*

With deepest sympathies to the Lequesne family.

Don McTaggart - July 09, 2013 at 03:54 PM

H(

“ *Many great memories of Mary and Jack. Loved going to their house as a kid for the summer picnic and to play with their grandkids.*

Heidi Barker (Annis) - July 09, 2013 at 12:46 PM

HE

“ *I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. LeQuesne when I was a freshman at Carthage College. His son, Jim, whom I am proud to call my friend would take me to Mr. and Mrs. LeQuesne's home for some great card playing, 7 ounce Old Styles, and the best spaghetti dinner on the planet. He was a very kind man who raised an incredible son. My thoughts and prayers are with the entire LeQuesne Family.*

Hap Ellerby

Hap Ellerby - July 08, 2013 at 02:01 PM

CT

“ Dear, Jim, Linda and family, I am sad for your loss. I loved your Dad. He would find me cookie cutters at the thrift store for me and bring them to the Refuge for me. :) I will miss Jack, I cleaned his house for him once a month, just before I left in June he said give me another hug I did. Hold on to the memories they live forever. Love You Jack I'll see you in the next place!



The Next Place
By Warren Hanson

*The next place that I go
Will be as peaceful and familiar
As a sleepy summer Sunday
And a sweet, untroubled mind.
And yet . . .
It won't be anything like any place I've ever been. . .
Or seen. . . or even dreamed of
In the place I leave behind.
I won't know where I'm going,
And I won't know where I've been
As I tumble through the always
And look back toward the when.
I'll glide beyond the rainbows.
I'll drift above the sky.
I'll fly into the wonder, without ever wondering why.
I won't remember getting there.
Somehow I'll just arrive.
But I'll know that I belong there
And will feel much more alive
Than I have ever felt before.
I will be absolutely free of the things that I held onto
That were holding onto me.
The next place that I go
Will be so quiet and so still*

*That the whispered song of sweet belonging will rise up to fill
The listening sky with joyful silence,
And with unheard harmonies
Of music made by no one playing,
Like a hush upon breeze.
There will be no room for darkness in that place of living light,
Where an ever-dawning morning pushes back the dying night.
The very air will fill with brilliance, as the brightly shining sun
And the moon and half a million stars are married into one.
The next place that I go Won't really be a place at all.
There won't be any seasons --
Winter, summer, spring or fall --
Nor a Monday, Nor a Friday,
Nor December, Nor July.
And the seconds will be standing still. . .
While hours hurry by.
I will not be a boy or girl,
A woman or man.
I'll simply be just, simply, me.
No worse or better than.
My skin will not be dark or light.
I won't be fat or tall.
The body I once lived in
Won't be part of me at all.
I will finally be perfect.
I will be without a flaw.
I will never make one more mistake,
Or break the smallest law.
And the me that was impatient,
Or was angry, or unkind,
Will simply be a memory.
The me I left behind.
I will travel empty-handed.
There is not a single thing
I have collected in my life
That I would ever want to bring Except. . .
The love of those who loved me,*

*And the warmth of those who cared.
The happiness and memories
And magic that we shared.
Though I will know the joy of solitude. . .
I'll never be alone. I'll be embraced
By all the family and friends I've ever known.
Although I might not see their faces,
All our hearts will beat as one,
And the circle of our spirits
Will shine brighter than the sun.
I will cherish all the friendship I was fortunate to find,
All love and all the laughter in the place I leave behind.
All these good things will go with me.
They will make my spirit glow.
And that light will shine forever In the next place that I go.*

Connie Trott - July 08, 2013 at 12:51 PM