

Jayne

June 6, 2016

The house had burnt down, and the new couple were living in the basement that remained. After running up the hill and crawling across a barbed wire fence, the expectant 20-year-old mother made her way to the outhouse in the cow pasture. Once inside, she realized that a 2000 lb. bull had come pawing and grunting at the outhouse door. Joanie prayed as the threats increased, and, with God's mercy, she watched through the knothole as the bull eventually wandered off toward the distant creek.

The mother burst out the door and ran toward the fence where the barbed wire hooked her leg. Ever persevering, she tore herself away and, bleeding, frantically raced back to the basement for safety. Unfortunately, shortly afterward problems with the pregnancy began. This forced her to drive herself to the doctor, with my dad joining her there later. And so it was that Jayne entered this world a month sooner than expected in July of 1957.

Jayne grew up in Wisconsin as the oldest of us four girls. My dad called her Jayne the Brainy. She learned to play the guitar and to tap dance. She tap danced in her recital to "All I Want for Christmas is My Two Front Teeth", because she really did want her two missing front teeth. Mom said she was prone to mischief at that time, but wrote notes to Mom and Dad promising that she was still working on not getting into mischief. We all helped in Mom's gigantic garden from tilling to planting, to weeding to harvesting to canning. There she loved my Grandma Buska and my Grandma Buska loved her.

When she was 15, my parents moved the family to Florida. The Florida beaches became a place that Jayne absolutely loved. After college and a short career as a graphic artist, Jayne married Robert and had three boys. These three boys - Robert Jr., Geoffrey and Patrick - became Jayne's world. She wanted to **raise** those boys and **educate** those boys and most of all, **love** those boys. And that she did. They are everything she ever dreamed of. She was so very proud of her boys. She accomplished her greatest goals.

Her nieces and nephews were always told by Aunt Jayne that they were "fearfully and wonderfully made". So was she.

Jayne had a big heart. Her heart went into her many creative talents and the creative gifts that she gave. Her heart went into the many camping trips she planned for her family. Her heart went into the natural remedies she sped over to our houses when there was a need. Her heart went into her organic gardening and the vegetables she shared for our dinners.

Our sister Jayne became very ill and chased many answers. It wasn't to be. All of my sister Judy's encouragement, and all of my mom's endless giving could not change the end. There are just three girls now.

To the St. Paul's Community, please reach out to my mom and dad. They need you more than ever.

Boys, you were given much. God has a plan for each of you. Go into the world, and become the men you were meant to be. Remember your mom and all the good that she did. Remember her smile and the light in her eyes when **you** walked into the room.

Tribute created and presented by Jacqueline Swiderski Husebo, June 6, 2016, at St. Pauls Catholic Church, Leesburg, Florida.