



Harmen de Jong

August 25, 2022

On Thursday August 25th, 2022 Harmen de Jong, aged 68, passed away at his home in Guelph. Over the past year, his health had deteriorated and he struggled with COPD. He figured he still had a few years to go but, sadly, it went faster than expected.

Born in the Netherlands, where he went to school and served in the army, he emigrated to Canada in 1980. He spent the rest of his life in Ontario, moving around several times, being active in various technical professions and also studied computer sciences at Humber College.

He lived a somewhat unorthodox life, but he enjoyed it to the full. He was adventurous, very outgoing and had a great sense of humor. Music has been the overriding interest in his life and he was the ultimate piano player.

He will be sadly missed by his family in the Netherlands, as well as all the many friends he has made over the years.

Tribute Wall



“ *Harm ontmoet op Schaarsbergen tijdens militaire dienst in 1974
Goede vriendschap en hilarische anekdotes
Zoals met een mini in het compagniesgebouw. Remsporen in de hal
Ook nog samen naar Frankrijk op vakantie geweest.
Contact wat verloren na z'n vertrek naar Canada
Goede herinneringen veel
Gelachen en geblowed*

Willem Hammer - August 18, 2024 at 07:48 PM

AA

“ Toen ik in 1969 in het toenmalige Marine Hospitaal Overveen ging werken leerde ik Mevrouw de Jong kennen en niet veel later maakte ik op een avond kennis met Arline en Harm. Het werd de avond die ik nooit zal vergeten! De hond van Mevrouw de Jong was loops en zij had gevraagd of haar hond mocht trouwen met de grote herdershond van de bakker op de Ramplaan. Het werd een vrolijke avond met heel veel lachen en veel humor! De honden draaiden om elkaar heen en weken later kwamen er een aantal pups ter wereld.

Na een aantal jaren, Arline woonde inmiddels in Canada en Harm deed een opleiding tot automonteur in het leger. Via zijn moeder hoorde ik na afloop van het vrije weekend alle verhalen waarin Harm een centrale rol had. Wel thuis komen, niet thuiskomen op de vrijdagavond. Harm had andere leuke dingen te doen. Op initiatief van zijn moeder gingen Harm en ik in 1976 op bezoek bij Arline in Canada, Sundridge, Ontario. We maakten plannen om tijdens deze vakantie ook naar New York en Washington te reizen. Ondertussen vermaakten wij ons prima in de omgeving van Sundridge. Ik kan mij nog herrineren dat we motorbootje huurden en gingen varen op het meer bij Sundridge. Harm natuurlijk als navigator. Wat een prachtige natuur heeft Canada toch. Misschien heeft Harm als vrijbouter, misschien toen gedacht dit zou voor mij ook een land kunnen zijn met ruimte en mogelijkheden. In 1980 heeft hij deze stap gezet. Om naar naar New York te reizen werd er een grote rode Amerikaanse bak gehuurd. Met deze auto eerst naar Young Street, Toronto, Niagara watervallen om vervolgens naar New York en Washington te reizen. Het werd echt een trip op z'n Amerikaans, alles in een vlucht gezien! Maar wel veel gezien! Harm was in zijn element in zo'n grote Amerikaanse slee. Het zijn mooie herinneringen van inmiddels 46 jaar geleden. De laatste jaren hoorde ik via Arline dat de gezondheid van Harm steeds verminderde en zelfs slecht werd. Afgelopen zondag vertelde Arline mij dat Harm op 68 jarige leeftijd was overleden. Als vrijbouter heeft Harm zijn leven geleefd zoals het op zijn pad kwam. Anne - Marijke

Anne - Marijke Alblas - September 07, 2022 at 06:12 AM

WI

“ 3 files added to the album Harm de Jong



Wilma - September 06, 2022 at 01:42 PM

AA

“ Beste familie en vrienden, gecondoleerd met het overlijden van Harm.

Jan en Anne - Marijke Alblas

Anne - Marijke Alblas - September 06, 2022 at 09:56 AM

WI

“ 2 files added to the album Harm de Jong



wilma - September 05, 2022 at 07:11 PM

BJ

“ We didn't see eye to eye, but you were my brother. Therefore this story
Bote

The hitchhiker

That night it was pissing down with rain and I was in a lousy mood. On the way from R. to the soulless suburb where my home is now, I wouldn't have minded if my car had skidded and I had ended up in the ditch and in the emergency room. At least it would have saved me from having to give that stupid presentation tomorrow. A former colleague of mine used to say, "Advertising is a lovely profession if only you didn't have any clients". The person whose crappy product I was to promote tomorrow was the living proof of that statement.

In the middle of the downpour the beam of my headlights suddenly revealed a figure standing by the side of the road – thumb up in the hitchhiker's gesture which I believed to be extinct for at least forty years. Acting on impulse I stopped, and a moment later my door opened. "My car is stalling, and I'm on my way to see my parents. Dad is ailing, can you take me to G.?" I gestured him to get in, and a young man with short curly hair and a soggy raincoat got in. I asked him if road assistance wasn't an option. "By the time they get here, I might be too late," he said. "My name is Atac, and I live in G. not far from my parents, in one of those recently built condominiums. Maybe you know the kind of neighborhood".

I was only too familiar with it. Exactly the same place I lived in. Not in G. but in another suburb in the countryside – the countryside that is now littered with logistics boxes, fodder silos and housing estates full of single-family bliss. "I'll take you there," I said. Compared to his apparently moribund father, my anger and crankiness were petty potatoes.

Atac told me that he worked at a software company in R. He had ended up there after some detours. A bit of a solitary with an IT

knack. His story reminded me of my brother Peter. Seven years my junior, and as far as I knew he had also ended up in IT. But since our family had broken up twenty years ago, I had been licking my own wounds and didn't care for contact with any of the others. Let everybody clean up their own mess.

Unaware of my thoughts, Atac told me about a colleague, who had brought him out of his isolation, and with whom he was about to start a relationship. "He is my mirror image and opposite. Comes from an unhappy family, and what he misses most is someone to belong to. He has an older brother, who does something in advertising, but there is no communication between them. I think this brother is in the same condition as he is. We're together more and more, Peter and I, and who knows...we still have a lot to figure out about our feelings."

I kept silent. Was I supposed to shout it out that his Peter might be my little brother, when it wasn't certain at all? Besides, we had arrived at the address Atac had listed as his parents', so I stopped the car and said: "Well, good luck with your father – and with Peter." "Thanks for the ride," was the answer. "Good thing you had to stop by just now. My father always said that my name had a special meaning, and who knows, maybe it does". A tad curious, I asked Atac what that meaning might be. "All things are connected" he replied while getting out of the car and into the rain.

Bote de Jong - September 03, 2022 at 06:03 AM

WG

“ *Rust zacht Harm .
Veel met je gelachen in de jaren 1981 tot 1985
.gecondoleerd familie*



Willem glas - September 02, 2022 at 03:40 PM

FW

“ Probably I was one of the oldest friends of Harmen, being almost next-door neighbours in Haarlem, the Netherlands. See also the picture of us and my brother Pieter as “musicians” in our backyard, Harmen playing guitar as a 10 year old. Maybe this picture is one of the earliest proves of Harmen attraction to and talent for music! With Harmen there was never a dull moment: always something happened. Most of the time Harmen was able to get away with the situation he got into, but sometimes it would cost him time and/or money and/or health. For instance when he crashed into a car with my motorcycle in 1978. Harmen ended up in hospital with a broken leg and other injuries. This is only one example, I have plenty more...

Since he left to Canada in 1980 we did not have much contact anymore. Just now when it seemed we were about to at least send messages again, he passed away.

Finally I have to thank Harmen for inviting me to a big party in The Hague in May 1980: There I met Marieke the sister of Harmen’s good friend (from his army time) Hugo. Marieke and I got married four years later and we have four children...and are still married!!! My sincere condolences to friends and family, specially to Arline.

Also on behalf of Marieke,
Frans Wouters



Frans Wouters - September 02, 2022 at 11:56 AM

SR

“ Samen hebben wij in onze jeugd veel avonturen beleefd en plezier gehad. Jammer Harm dat het leven er voor jou nu al op zit. Uiteindelijk zullen wij er allemaal aan moeten geloven en afscheid moeten nemen. Als er een hiernamaals bestaat, dan wens ik je een mooie reis toe en hoop ik dat er een piano voor je klaarstaat!
Vaarwel vriend 🙏
Familie en vrienden gecondoleerd.
Stef en Fem Rouwendal

Stef Rouwendal - September 02, 2022 at 03:29 AM



From a small baby he raised me. I have several fond memories of my “Daddy”. It is ironic that I have spent years trying to locate him, and this is how I find him. I would like to say thank you to everyone for posting photos and memories. I have enjoyed reading the stories.

My favourite memories of growing up with Harm was enjoying the music life he brought into the home. I can remember sneaking down the stairs with my little wooden piano and jamming alongside them late at night. To this day music is a large part of my life and I know I have Harm to thank for that.

I am sorry that we did not get the chance to re-connect and that you did not get a chance to meet my beautiful little family.

Rock on Harm!

*Always, your little girl,
Natasha*

Nat Sid - September 09, 2022 at 11:25 PM