



Marjorie Gladys McCue

November 24, 2019

Marjorie passed away peacefully in Toronto at the age of 81, with her loving family by her side, in the early evening of Sunday, November 24th, 2019.

Born in Formby (near Liverpool), England, Marjorie (Marj) was the second child of Gladys and James Pickett. She was predeceased by her parents; brother, Arthur; niece Hilary; son-in-law Rick; and her husband, William (Bill) McCue. She leaves behind her children Tracy (Mark), Graham (Roel), Gary (Stacey) and Kerry (formerly known as Lynn); grandchildren Jenn (Bill), Jazeen (Jim), Alixandra, Ryan (Theresa), Michael, Joshua (Cailen), Christopher and Mark; great-grandchildren Brooklyn, Travis, Scarlett, Sienna, and (very recently), Ivern. She also leaves behind her daughter-in-law Lisa (Ted); sister-in-law Joan and brother-in-law George (Gail).

Marj never stopped. After marrying and having children, she immigrated to Canada (twice), sailing back and forth on the Empress of England. She lived in Toronto and then Paris, Ontario; then moved to Nassau, Bahamas; then moved back to Galt (now Cambridge), Ontario; then moved back to Formby, England; then back to Cambridge (where she remarried and lived much of her life) and then finally back to Toronto.

Marj loved her family and friends – and this beautiful world – and she shared this love with us. Her family and friends meant the world to her. And she was

always happiest outdoors. She loved animals, particularly horses. She rode horses through the fields, and along the beaches of Formby, and won hundreds of ribbons and trophies – as a show rider – in her childhood and teens. She also loved dogs and they were with her throughout her life. She loved walking. She walked along Formby beach, in the English Lake District, up Mount Snowden in Wales, along the west coast of Scotland and the Bruce Trail near Tobermory in Canada, along the shores of Canada's east and west coasts, down and up the Grand Canyon, through the rainforests of Ecuador, and many other places. She cycled her whole life, cycling around England and Wales as a teenager, along the shores of Georgian Bay for many years, and participating in the Cambridge Tour de Grande in her seventies. Marj loved the water: she swam, windsurfed, sailed and snorkelled in Canada's lakes and oceans, the Caribbean and South Pacific, and many other places. She loved driving – sometimes too fast – and was the first woman bus driver in Cambridge. She played tennis (both playing, and volunteering, for many years at the Soper Park Tennis Club in Cambridge), played squash, and cross-country skied. She greatly enjoyed hosting family and friends for dinner, especially during summers at Miller Lake. She loved travelling and visited many beautiful places around the world. And she rarely sat down – but always sat down to have a glass of wine or beer (or scotch, sometimes ruined with ginger ale) before dinner.

Walking in the woods, or along a river or beach, was something Marj did regularly her whole life. She continued walking until her last week with us, saying to one of her sons, just days before passing away, “C'mon. Let's go for a walk”. (They didn't go far – but it was a walk).

Marj was generous with her time and money. She donated regularly to numerous charities. She also volunteered for many years, most recently with the Cambridge Friendly Visiting Program, spending time with seniors facing social isolation.

She was, as many people have told her children over the years “a very good person”. She will be greatly missed, but fondly remembered, by her family, friends and others she met along the way.

Funeral arrangements are private. A Celebration of Life will be held in the spring/summer of the coming year in Cambridge, Ontario. In lieu of flowers, the family would appreciate donations to any of the following charities: Parkinson Canada, Canadian Cancer Society, World Wildlife Fund, or Doctors Without Borders.

Tribute Wall

“ When I was about eleven, I took this picture of my mum to Show & Tell, because I was (and am) very proud of my mother. In the picture she's scowling (she told us she hadn't wanted the picture taken at all but her brother, a photographer, insisted). Mum, from everything I heard over the years, had a great gift with horses. Her parents weren't rich but they had a small farm -- and so they had space to keep horses -- and so they supported mum. She rode horses too wild for others to ride (one was the offspring of a famous British race horse). She quit school, at around 14, to devote herself to horses and riding. Gran told us -- Mum never talked about these things -- that Mum was in the top ten in England as a teenager. I will always have these images (of things I only know through stories and pictures) of this beautiful girl riding her horses through the fields of heather, pinewoods and beaches of Formby. (And the prizes didn't really matter: I have many of those trophies now because I rescued them from my gran's attic!). And then when she was about 18 my mum met my father, fell in love, gave up her life with horses, married, had children, and poured her love into raising a family. And when we were growing up, my mum did what her parents had done: She supported and encouraged us, in whatever we chose to do, and did her best to make things fun! And fun meant being free to run and play (my grandparents were scandalized when they visited us from England, in Paris, Ontario, and saw us running around barefoot!), hike on trails, swim, go camping (and get rained on for days, on her first trip to the Bruce Peninsula!), snorkel in the Bahamas (and lose Gary, temporarily, after he saw a barracuda and fled), windsurf and sail, etc. And she was a very giving and tolerant person: When I came out to her in my late thirties (and I don't know why it took me so long because I never heard her say anything homophobic in my entire life), she continued to love and accept me (and, one day, a few years after I came out, she made a point of walking out on a group of "respectable Cambridge ladies" who started making homophobic remarks at a lunch). Mum, like most people, ran into some serious obstacles in life: failed relationships, bouts of depression, serious illnesses (Parkinson's and lymphoma), financial challenges, and other things. But she always did what she

could to "pick up the pieces" (a phrase she sadly uttered, in a parking lot, after Bill passed away a few years back) and move on. Moving on wasn't always easy. But I think, like many of us, she found great solace -- and happiness -- in a nice long walk in the woods (along the Grand River, or through the pine woods in Formby, or along the Bruce Trail near Miller Lake and other places) or on beaches (in England, on North America's coasts, in the Bahamas and other places -- Tahiti was a recent favourite). When I go for walks along the shores of Georgian Bay, where mum would like her ashes spread, I will always remember one of the last full sentences my mother uttered (and she was having trouble communicating in her last few days): "C'mon, let's go for a walk".



Graham Hollings - December 04, 2019 at 10:35 AM



“ When your a child you never think of how challenging being a parent is. You just take take take and don't consider how dry the well may be getting. The amazing thing about my mom is that I never felt the well was empty; she just kept trying her best to make sure we got what we wanted. Mom wanted her family to be taken care of even when she struggled taking care of herself. There was and always will be a kindness in her soul and I have many great feelings and memories because of her actions and generosity. Her love towards my own children helped to bring us all together regularly and her willingness to share all her toys made for many great memories for all of us. Not everything stays simple but through all the turbulence live throws us the basic fact that mom always wanted things to be ok was how she will be remembered by her youngest son. I love you Mom and thanks for bringing me into this wonderful world!



Gary Hollings - November 30, 2019 at 01:42 PM

“ To some she was Marj. To me, her granddaughter Jazeen, she was Nana. These pictures are from a trip she and I took together. We flew into Puerto Rico to catch a cruise that took us to Barbados, St. Lucia, St. Martin and the like. Nana was always looking for the next adventure. My own love of travel is in part due to watching her fly around the globe. Her favourite place out of all of them was Tahiti, which even when she was sick, she would remember being her favourite place. She loved being outdoors and was always active. Having her in my life produced some of the happiest childhood memories. I remember being little, watching her speed around Miller Lake, a place we visited in the summers, and thinking, "Wow. My Nana windsurfs?! How cool is that?!" My family would often go north to visit her and Grumpy, our name for Bill, (although I could never remember why we called him that) in Tobermory, Dyers Bay and Summer House Park - some of my best childhood memories were formed there and they are places I still try to go to every summer. There was shuffle board, pancake breakfasts and s'mores by the fire on this giant rocking bench she had. I remember her Christmas baking. She made these little cookie ball things that just tasted like Christmas. She also put out this little tiny Christmas village in her living room that I would imagine would come to life when we all went to sleep. Of course her crispy potatoes are the best potatoes I've eaten to this day. Her stuffing, which Dad would always say she didn't make enough of, mostly because he would always have third helpings, is still the best stuffing I've ever had. While making dinner, the "damn smoke alarm" (Nana's words, not mine" would always go off - It was a Christmas tradition! After Christmas dinner, we would always enjoy walking around the block with her to see this one house that was decked out in decoration. We'd often have a snowball fight along the way. There was a giant, moving Santa, so many lights their hydro bill must have been through the roof, and a train that circled around a Christmas village. So magical. She took us to the zoo, to the butterfly conservatory and Niagara falls. She always wanted to show us something, for us to experience lots of different things. Nana was always reading a book and she always said she wasn't a fast reader but I never thought that mattered. It

was inspiring to see her reading. Reading is such a big joy in my own life now. And boy could she kill at Scrabble. I don't think I ever beat her. At the end, when she was sick, I thought about how strong she was. In my senior years I hope I'm as half as active as she was. She was an incredible grandmother to me and having her in my life left me with some of the most cherished childhood memories. I love you Nana.



Jazeen - November 30, 2019 at 11:45 AM



Very nice Jazeen! She would be thrilled to read that!

Gary Hollings - November 30, 2019 at 01:00 PM

GH

“ *Mum went back to England, pretty well every year, to see her family and friends — and you couldn't go back to England without going back to Formby for a walk through the pinewoods, then the sand dunes, and then along the beach, sometimes all the way to Southport and back.*



graham hollings - November 30, 2019 at 10:17 AM

GH

“ 4 files added to the tribute wall



graham hollings - November 30, 2019 at 10:09 AM

GH

“ 4 files added to the tribute wall



graham hollings - November 30, 2019 at 10:04 AM

GH

My grandparents, and I think her brother, Arthur, and his wife, Joan, loved having a roadside cup of tea on road trips around England and Wales (but who brought the jar of Nescafé?!)

graham hollings - November 30, 2019 at 12:58 PM

GH

“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



graham hollings - November 30, 2019 at 10:00 AM

GH

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



graham hollings - November 30, 2019 at 09:58 AM

GH

“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



graham hollings - November 30, 2019 at 09:56 AM

GH

“ 4 files added to the tribute wall



graham hollings - November 29, 2019 at 05:59 PM

MM

“ *Marj and her family lived next door to me in Paris and we had many adventures with the four Hollings children and my five.*

Warm summer evenings were spent sitting on the deck enjoying a glass of wine while discussing the adventures of the day or planning what to do the next day.

We always stayed in touch over the years no matter where Marj moved to.

I was always impressed by how Marj handled her illness and kept going as long as she could.

When we got together to play cards we always beat Bill and Gerald and we made sure they never forgot it.

Thanks you so much Marj for all the wonderful memories.

Marilyn

Marilyn McCulloch - November 28, 2019 at 07:50 PM

GH

“ 4 files added to the tribute wall



graham hollings - November 28, 2019 at 06:14 PM