

We Gather to Celebrate the Life of

Julia Vipond

Saturday, October 7, 2023 11:00 am

Chapel of Hemauer Funeral Home, The Pas, MB

Presider: James Hemauer

Order of Service

Opening Prayer

Song: "The Joy of Life" Kenny G

Memories of the Heart

Invitation to Prayer

Scripture Reading:

Gospel:

Reflection:

Poem:

Song: "Sentimental" Kenny G

Prayers of Intercession and Thanksgiving

Lord's Prayer

Prayer of Commendation

Asking God's Blessing

Song: "Going Home" Kenny G

*In lieu of flowers, donations to
The Pas Health Complex Foundation, Inc.,
Memorial Fund for the Hospital Auxiliary,
c/o Box 541, The Pas, Manitoba, R9A 1K6,
would be appreciated by Julia's family.*

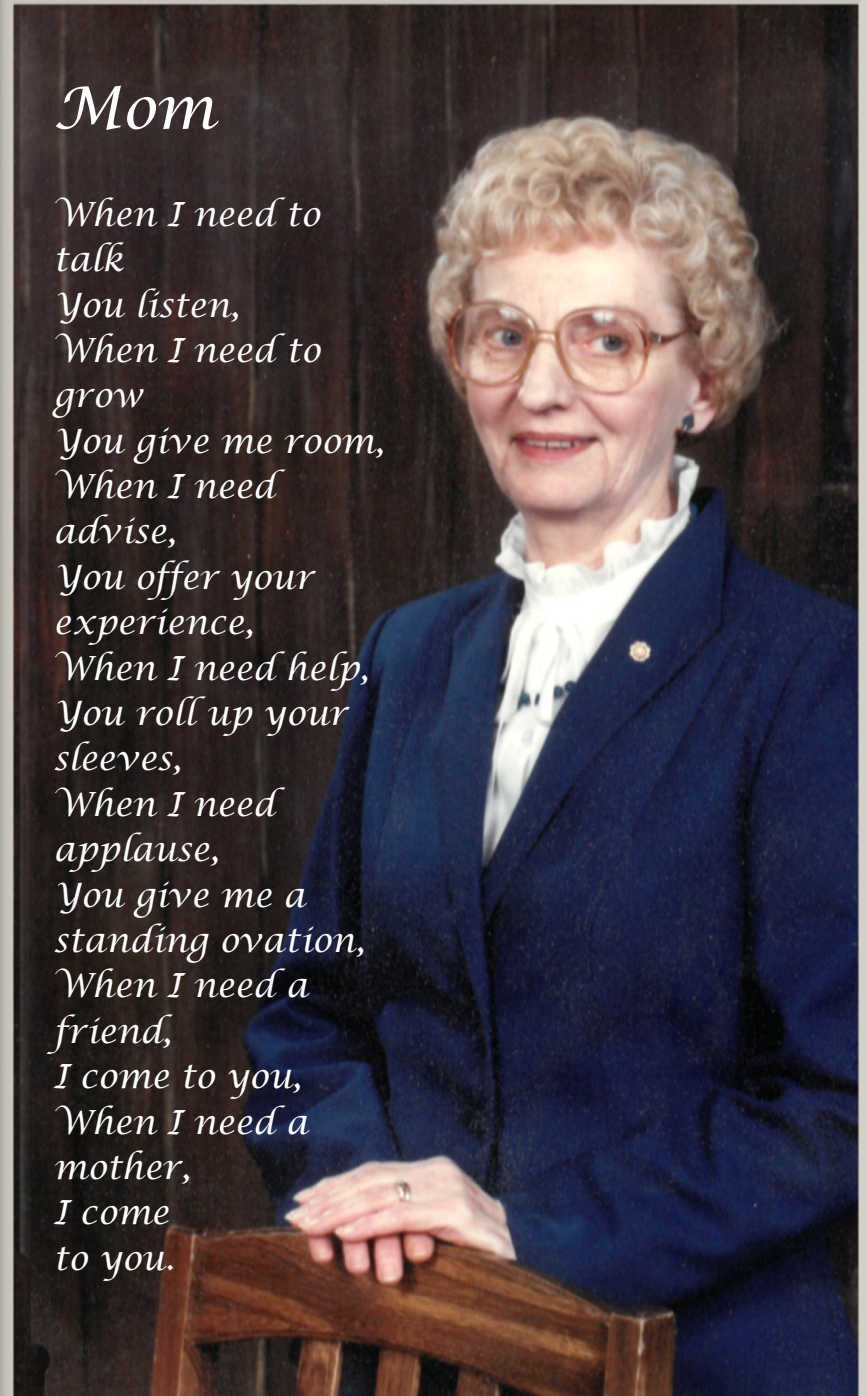


Hemauer Funeral Home, The Pas, Manitoba

www.hemauerfuneralhome.com

Mom

*When I need to
talk
You listen,
When I need to
grow
You give me room,
When I need
advise,
You offer your
experience,
When I need help,
You roll up your
sleeves,
When I need
applause,
You give me a
standing ovation,
When I need a
friend,
I come to you,
When I need a
mother,
I come
to you.*





In Loving Memory of
Julia Vipond

May 25, 1921
September 25, 2023



Julia was born on Wednesday, May 25, 1921, on the family farm, 19 miles north of Langenburg, Saskatchewan, like nearly all of her siblings. Life, as generations after, could not comprehend. Nearly all that was needed was grown or made on the farm. A very tough life by today's standards had few amenities. Everyone worked!

The home farm had a very large garden, chickens, pigs, cattle, all one needed was right there, but not so handy. Convenience was out of the question.

After years of farm life and schooling, Julia left for her further education in Togo, Saskatchewan, a town with a high school. There she made lifelong friends and graduated. A major achievement for a girl in 1933. Just in time for the dirty 30's.

Finding work for a young woman was nearly impossible. She had to travel for employment and take any job available under terrible conditions.

Back in Togo there were good times, social activities, even fun. Here she met her future husband, Harry Vipond. Shortly after they were married they moved to Saskatoon where Frank, her first son was born. Harry was now in Europe, RCAF, WWII. Julia returned to Togo to bring up a son on her own. These had to be most lonely and difficult times. Son Robert was born after Harry's return. He remembers at a life at a young age, walking with Julia to get water from the community well and helping tend the garden. Life was hard, jobs were rare. That was life in the 40's and 50's.

Finally finding work in the North, the Vipond family moved to The Pas in 1954. The PFRA project was underway and Harry got a decent job. Julia took on extra work at home as her family grew up. The Pas soon became home as she met and made new lifelong friends.

The Rupert House was home for us for many interesting years. As soon as she could, Julia found work as a clerk and bookkeeper at Saan Store in 1961. She outlasted numerous managers, retiring in

1982. Over the years having just enough for her family, Julia still found the time to be involved in the community with the Hospital Auxiliary, Legion and United Church.

Julia and Harry moved into Northern View Lodge in 1983. Julia became a widow in 1985, lost her eldest son Frank in 2014 and his wife Marg in 2017.

Of 12 siblings, she was the only one remaining. Sadly her family and friends are gone. This is the sad reality of reaching the century mark.

Julia passed away peacefully with family by her side, Monday, September 25, 2023, at St. Paul's Personal Care Home, The Pas, MB, at the beautiful age of 102 years.

Julia is survived by her son Robert and his wife Shirley; grandchildren Linda, Bryan, Wendy, Ryan; great grandchildren Kyle, Brody, Noah, Hannah, Iya, Portia, Cache and Soleil. Julia will also be fondly remembered by Marcela Vipond and many nieces and nephews.

Julia's family would like to thank the staff and residents of Northern View Lodge and St. Paul's Personal Care Home for helping her live her many years.

"... And we ourselves shall be loved for awhile and forgotten. But the love will have been enough, all these impulses of love return to the love that made them. Even memory is not necessary for love. There is land of the living and a land of the dead, and the bridge is love the only survival, the only meaning." by Thornton Wilder

