

My earliest recollections of Dad are of him working hard. Long hours with the telephone company were often the norm. More than once I got to travel with him, in his NBTel truck, as he was called out to repair a line that was down in a snowstorm. Experimenting with wire cutters and snowshoes were part of the adventure. In the few weeks he would have off each year, he would fill them to the max with family travel or working on the camp at McDonald's Point. He loved being at Washademoak Lake.

Beyond his regular job, Dad was always fixing and selling things as well. My love for problem solving, making a deal, and bartering, was all learned by watching his example. His formal retirement from the telephone company was really just the beginning enabling him to fix and sell things full time with MacDonald's Bicycle Shop.

We kids were at church whenever the doors were open. If there was a project at the church dad was somewhere in the middle of it – once again building, solving problems, or running the sound board. He enjoyed watching us children sing, mom play the piano, and indeed always enjoyed listening to hymns and gospel music. Though we never saw him sing for all the years we were growing up, he could do so, and it was Jeanne that finally got him publicly singing!

In everything Dad did, he sought to be the best at it and he had his way of doing things and you had to get with the program. Whether repairing bicycles, crafting one of his many woodworking projects, or building a house, his attention to detail and quality of work made a difference. Especially in his later years, many a person was a recipient of something that dad had crafted in his woodwork shop. On a grand scale - building the house at McDonald's Point was something Dad enjoyed every minute of. It was a dream realized – filled with so many ideas, innovations and backup systems that I still can't figure out what all the switches and timers do. Last September, the last day Dad was able to be at home, as Jeanne and I were getting ready to take him to Great Oaks, he stopped after putting on his jacket. Leaning on his cane, he paused in the living room and looked around at his handiwork one last time; turning to me he commented "If I had it to do all over again, I'd do it the same way."

When I was a child, I thought Dad knew everyone. As I grew older I found out this was not too far from the truth. I stopped to have an ice cream only a couple weeks ago (a trait I share with dad) and the lady who served me asked if I was traveling through. I mentioned that I had been to see my dad who was now in a care home. She said, "Oh, what's his name?" I responded "Don MacDonald", to which she paused and said, "The only Mr. MacDonald I know was a shorter gentleman, with gray hair and a cane, who used to stop in here – a very friendly man who liked to joke." She knew my dad! I shouldn't have been surprised; Dad could take up a conversation with anyone, anywhere, and people would remember him.

Dad enjoyed life, whether travelling, camping, or eating – especially eating strawberry shortcake, popcorn or ice cream. I think, most of all, any of these pursuits were most enjoyable to him if he could be doing it with others, whether family or friends. Dad loved the Lord and loved to be with other believers. While those of us here may miss him now, my comfort is in this: He's now with his Lord and Savior, a whole lot of other believers, and the Bible tells us in Revelation 19:9 there's going to be food. Dad's right at home.