



James J. Reeve

October 21, 1933 - December 22, 2005

James J. Reeve, 72, of Plainville, husband of Barbara May Reeve, died Thursday December 22, 2005 at his home. Born in New Britain, he was a former Kensington resident, lived in Southington for 24 years, moving to Plainville in 1986. A graduate of Berlin High School, Class of 1953, he was a Seabee in the U.S. Navy stationed at Guantanamo Bay Navel Base in Cuba. He was employed at Goss & DeLeeuw in Kensington for 10 years, retiring in 1988, and was a member of the Church of St. Matthew in Forestville.

Besides his wife Barbara, he leaves a son, James W. Reeve and his wife Cheryl of Grand Rapids, MI; a daughter, Beverly Rackliffe and her husband Dr. Robert Rackliffe of Farmington; two brothers, Robert Reeve and his wife Eleanore of Bristol and Jack Reeve and his wife Judy of Kensington; two sisters, Phyllis Reeve and Rita Hutchings, both of Kensington; four grandchildren, Ashley Reeve in the state of Washington; James D. and Christopher Reeve, both of Grand Rapids, MI.; and Kristy Rackliffe of Terryville; several nieces and nephews. He was predeceased by his parents, Samuel and Marie Recor Reeve; and two sisters, Joan Oliver and Rosalie Taraschuk.

Funeral services are Tuesday December 27, 2005 10:30 A.M. at Carlson Funeral Home, 45 Franklin Square, New Britain followed by a Mass of Christian Burial 11:30 AM at the Church of St. Matthew, Forestville. Burial with

military honors will follow in St. Joseph Cemetery, Plainville. Calling hours are Monday 5 to 8 PM at Carlson Funeral Home. Memorial donations may be made to the Alzheimer's Disease Association, 279 New Britain Road, Kensington, CT 06037. Please share a memory or note of sympathy with James's family by clicking on "GUESTBOOK" at the bottom of this page.

Tribute Wall

BR

“ This is not a tribute to my Dad, as I have already done that days ago. This is a tribute to the Carlson family. The manner in which my family was treated at the time of my Dad's passing should be recognized. Kent and Erik were wonderful when they came to my mother's home in order to make the initial arrangements. When they took my Dad from his home for the last time, they did so with respect and gentleness. James is an artist he already knows how I feel about his talents. I cannot imagine dealing with any other family during a period of grief and confusion. Our time of heartbreak was made more endurable due to the professionalism, attention to detail, and compassion of the Carlson family. As you have been a blessing to my family, may God bless all of you. With great appreciation, Bev

Bev Rackliffe - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

JR

“Knowing well that my words will fall terribly short in properly memorializing my Dad, I share with you the following:

A boy must learn to be man from a man. Little did I know at the time, but Dad really was my role model. Using, in appropriate measure, both the heavy hand and gentle words spoken alone when fishing together, Dad taught me what every man must know to, in turn, lead his own productive life. A strong work ethic, the notion of working even harder when the chips are down, seeing situations and opportunities through to completion, how to discipline and how to love, when to stay quiet and when to make yourself heard.

Dad also instilled in me a deep love for the outdoors. I cannot imagine having grown up without experiencing walks in the woods, a morning's solitude shattered by the aggressive strike of a fish and the heart-pounding excitement of a partridge exploding at one's feet. Being outdoors one-on-one with your senses and skills among God's creation, is as pure and natural as breathing itself. Without my Dad, I would likely have no idea whatsoever about these gifts. I treasure the times I have spent and continue to spend outdoors hunting, fishing and walking with my own children, and thank God for giving me a Dad who loved me enough to show me the way.

I want to share a memory about the last great time dad and I had together. It took place in the Keys, specifically Islamorada and Key West. I was in Miami on business and had arranged to fly Dad down to Miami so we could spend a weekend together Tarpon fishing. I had been to the Keys fishing and scuba diving several times before and knew well of the wild unspoiled beauty of the area excepting Key West which is wild, but not in the way applied here and really wanted to share it all with Dad. We spent all day Saturday on the water in pursuit of the King of all gamefish, the Tarpon. I was blessed to land a nice 115 lb. bull which we released, as is the law. Dad had a nice hit, but his Tarpon won that encounter and got away clean. At the end of the day, Dad was just grinning ear to ear and laughing in the way that he did. You remember, right? As I had

hoped, he was basking in the tropical glory of God's creation, feeling a sense of peace and fulfillment unique to the outdoor experience.

Anyway, the next day was Sunday and I figured Pop ought to see Key West, once in his life. The place is generally up for grabs, but I figured on a Sunday, maybe not so much. We visited the ship wreck museum, rich with local history of many a merchant ship meeting its end on the jagged teeth of the huge reef that runs nearly the entire length of the Keys. We really enjoyed that together.

The funny part of the trip was taking Dad to Sloppy Joe's, the infamous local watering hole in Key West frequented by Ernest Hemingway and his cronies of questionable character. Dad thought it was funnier than heck to be walking into a dive at 11:00 am on a Sunday morning. For me, it was a very logical thing to do when in Key West. Once inside, he thought it was even funnier that a Zydeco band was already in high gear and most of the patrons already in a higher gear, so to speak. I mean, it was still morning! I'm just realizing now, that Dad had no idea that the music being played was Zydeco. All he knew is that it was exotic and wonderful and was exactly the right thing on a balmy, sticky morning! Feeling very comfortable in the place, I ordered us a couple of Red Stripes and platters of spicy, steamed shrimp. Dad was in his glory. We didn't say much, but those icy beers and the hot, spicy shrimp were a slice of heaven. Yes, you can find your own heaven on earth. You just need to be aware enough so that when you have the chance, you actually recognize it. Dad spent his lunchtime not only enjoying the food, but was very much wide-eyed, taking in the fray and antics of the place. I remember him giggling out loud, watching the carrying on. As we walked out he told me, "Geez Jimmy, that was great, just don't let your mother know we were at a beer hall on a Sunday morning." We laughed a good while over that one. Looking back, I think we both were probably less concerned about Mom and far more concerned about Mammy somehow finding some way to give us both a swat on the back of the head, directly from heaven!

Rest in the grace and love of our Savior Jesus Christ. Keep the poles rigged for me and I'll see you when I get there.

James W. Reeve - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

BR

“ *Jim was a man's man and a complete gentleman. His concern for the welfare of others was genuine and prompted him to many acts of kindness for others. His quiet and selfless dedication to his family and friends will always be remembered and admired.*

Bob Rackliffe - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

TR

“ *We were blessed to have Jim & Barbara as our neighbors on Betsey Road in Plainville for many years. When my dad died, Jim made it his business to watch out for us. He and Barbara were helpful in so many ways. When I married and left home, I never worried about my mom because I knew Jim and Barbara would look out for her. Jim will be sorely missed. We will never forget his kindness. He was a true gentleman and the best neighbor and friend anybody could want.*

Tom & Beth Sexton/ Carrie Ring - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM

BR

“ He was the first man that I fell in love with; taught me 'right' from 'wrong'; people are more important than things; give love to those who deserve it least; always feel that you are able to improve yourself; embrace love wherever you may find it; set your priorities and live by them; truth is easier than lies; be the "squeaky wheel"; forgive, because it's you who benefit; remain loyal to family and friends; treat your family as if they were your friends; When all is said and done, don't be afraid to say "I love you", Those are the words we all long to hear. They heal, they calm, and they redirect. Listen to the Lord and br peaceful. Bev

Beverly Rackliffe - September 20, 2016 at 12:00 AM