In Loving Memory
Of

JENNIFER FAYE GAUMONT

June 27, 1952 - December 14, 2025

CityLights Church
Camrose, Alberta
11:00 a.m., Tuesday, December 30, 2025

Jennifer "Faye" Gaumont

Jennifer Faye Dougall was born on June 27, 1952 at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan to John and Shirley Dougall. Faye spent her first few years growing up on a farm near Plenty, Saskatchewan. Faye was an only child but she had plenty of company in her dog Lady, her cats, friends and close cousins, whom she spent many hours with on the farm and at the lake.

Faye moved to Plenty, Saskatchewan as a child where she attended school and graduated as valedictorian.

Faye attended the University of Saskatchewan Faculty of Education. During this time, her friend Lynda who had moved to Alberta asked her to be maid of honour as she was marrying Bob, an Alberta Frenchman. She told Faye that Bob's nephew would be picking her up from the airport when she flew in. Imagine Faye's surprise when she was picked up from the airport by a dashing young man with a huge afro!

Sparks flew, conversation deepened and by the end of the weekend, Faye and Léo were involved in a long-distance relationship. Less than one year later, Faye and Léo were married in Alberta on June 30, 1973.

Léo moved to Saskatchewan where he attended the U of S. Faye worked to put Léo through university much to the consternation of her parents who worried she would end up putting her husband through school and then be abandoned. Their fears were allayed however when they witnessed the deep love and commitment of Faye and Léo.

Faye and Léo were blessed in1977 with the birth of Adèle, followed by René in 1980 and Louis in 1982. The family lived in Saskatchewan until 1983 when the call to return to Alberta brought them back. The family settled on their forever place in 1985.

The next few years were a blur of raising kids, building their dream home and beginning their ministry of Education Unlimited.

Faye was always the silent partner but she received everyone's love and respect due to her quiet, kind, unassuming nature.

Faye and Léo began their travelling as empty nesters and they spent the following 25 years visiting many places. Indeed, the last trip Faye went on was one they had been wanting to visit for many years - the Holy Land.

Faye's world was her family. Her grandchildren Rachel, Tamara, Carter and Caleb, Alix, Ben and Tim. There were many sleepovers, camping trips, boat rides and sporting events. They were her greatest joy. She was so excited to witness the marriage of her granddaughter Rachel to Joel this summer.

Faye loved her family. The devastating loss of her beloved son Louis in 2021 changed her forever and we all witnessed her deep and lasting grief.

As we gather today to honour the life of Faye we do not weep for her - she is safe in the arms of Jesus and blissfully reunited with those who have gone on before her. We rejoice in the knowledge that she will not experience any more pain here on earth. Although she has left a hole that will never be filled, we know that her faith has brought her home and we are comforted with that.

Left to cherish her memory are her husband Léo Gaumont; children Adèle (Trevor) Hoflin; and René (Roxanne) Gaumont; and seven grandchildren.

Faye was predeceased by her son Louis; and parents John and Shirley Dougall.

Officiating

Pastor Crystal Terhorst

Music

Led by Harold and Natalie Warkentin

Order of Service

Prelude: The Lehocky Family
Welcome
Opening Scriptures
Opening Prayer
Congregational Song: "*It is Well With My Soul"*
Message
Eulogies
Memories in Pictures
Congregational Song: "*Blessed Assurance*"
Announcements
Closing Prayer/Benediction

2 Corinthians 1:3-5

Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of compassion and the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves receive from God. For just as we share abundantly in the sufferings of Christ, so also our comfort abounds through Christ.

You are invited to join the family for fellowship and refreshments following the service in the church hall.

Your comfort and support are greatly appreciated and gratefully acknowledged. ~The family

The Weary World Rejoices

... but not the way the song suggests.
Not with tidy joy or painless praise,
Not with grief resolved or questions answered.
The weary world rejoices with red eyes and shaking hands
with empty chairs at the table and names spoken quietly, if at all.
It rejoices while carrying what never goes away—
the ache that settles in the chest, the memories that ambush ordinary
days, the version of life that ended without warning.

The weary world rejoices while still tired, still raw,
still learning how to breathe in a story
that didn't turn out the way we prayed it would.
It rejoices while smiling in public and unraveling in private,
while doing laundry, paying bills, and still showing up,
all while holding grief like a second heartbeat.
And then, into this weary world, Jesus comes.
Not demanding cheer. Not offended by sorrow.
Not waiting for us to get it together.
He steps into the exhaustion, the mourning,
the long nights and unanswered prayers.
He does not say, rejoice because it didn't hurt.
He says, rejoice because I am here. Because God did not
stay distant from our brokenness. He entered it.
Wrapped Himself in flesh, felt hunger, betrayal, loss, death.

The weary world rejoices not because pain is gone, but because hope is not. Because light still breaks through cracks. Because love outlives loss. Because death does not get the final word.

The weary world rejoices not with forced joy, but with stubborn faith.
The kind that whispers, even now. even here. even still.
We rejoice because our Saviour came, and He is coming again.
And one day, this weariness will lift. Tears will be wiped away.
What was shattered will be restored. Until then, we rejoice like this —
tired, honest, aching, held. This is holy joy.
This is hard joy, and this is why the weary world still rejoices.

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