

Eulogy for Baby James Hudson

Mike and Cordele have entrusted me to tell you a little about their sweet baby James. I am privileged to have been given this honour.

I could talk about how unjust this is. I could talk about how unfair it is that Cordele and Mike must endure this immeasurable pain. I could speak of his grandparents, his Aunties, Uncles, Cousins, who all loved him so much, and what they are going through.

But what I really want to do is to tell you about a little boy whom I knew, and who was very, very loved.

James Christian Hudson was a typical Canadian. Part English, German, Irish, and Scottish. Born in Regina, but brought up in Halifax.

I first met James when he was just 8 days old. He, his Mom Cordele and Grandma Adele had just flown across Canada to join Mike. It was the only time in my 10 years of knowing Mike that I ever saw him scared. In Mike's words "he is just so little!" That fear of Mike's did not last long. He, Cordele and James went on to have many fine adventures.

James was a world traveler. He had had 12 flights before his first birthday. In his 17 months, he visited three states, three countries including England, three Provinces ... and Cape Breton! There are many adults who have not done that much. Some trips were more memorable than others.

Those parents among us can relate to flying with a child with diarrhea or the stress of driving thru New Brunswick during a severe snow storm.

In his travels James visited both English and American pubs, where he had his first sips of beer and wine with his Dad. But what he really preferred was the sour cream intended for his Mike's nachos. He's also had breakfast at Chucky Cheese, and charmed every waitress he met, from New Hampshire to Yorkshire. He even pinched the bum of an unsuspecting waitress. How was she to know that he was really just reaching for her apron??!

He has climbed mountains.....in fact when in England last year he climbed the Old Man of Coneston Mountain with his Mom and Dad. For that day, he was the youngest highest boy in the world.

James loved so many things ... his Mom and Dad of course, blowing kisses, taking walks with his two dogs, Skippy, his stuffed dog, rocks , laughing , blowing kisses, kicking a soccer ball, blowing more kisses, climbing and buttons ... he loved to press the buttons on the remote control, the TV, the camera. A typical male.

About blowing kisses ... James loved blowing kisses and waving good-bye. On Christmas Day, he was so busy running while blowing kisses that he ran right into the wall. Tough little guy that he was, he got up and kept on ... blowing kisses.

There were only a few things that James did not like: tuna, coleslaw and mushrooms. You couldn't even hide a mushroom in sauce. He would spit it out and fling it across the table. Mike is very proud to say that James loved his Indian cooking, but never with mushrooms.

James was quite an educated young fellow. Cordele was very conscientious about that. He loved his books, especially 'Hand, Hand Fingers Thumb' and 'Good night Moon'. He was a graduate of the Kindermusic program, although Cordele and Mike are both quick to point out that the poor child had inherited absolutely no rhythm. He was learning sign language. Cordele told me that James had learned to sign "more donuts" every time she drove thru Tim Hortons! Now that's a true Nova Scotian boy.

James also has a stack of membership cards: Dalplex, YMCA, his library card of course, as well as his Halifax Shopping Centre Drivers License. In fact it has recently come to light that he had actually driven the car with his Dad. Mike let him take the wheel for 30 yards on a quiet road out near their home.

He was such a clothes-horse. He was stylin' in his baby GAP denim, Old Navy Fleece and the world's largest collection of infant-sized England soccer jerseys!

James loved looking out the living room window of his home and would copy what the neighborhood kids were doing. His most famous trick was one-handed, one-legged standing and rocking on his plastic motorbike. The thrill-seeker in him was evident as well, because he was buck naked while doing it!

He packed so much into his 17 months. He had so much fun.

James never knew a day without love. His open-mouthed, spontaneous laughter reflected the joy he saw in everything. It was genuine, infectious, and was a beautiful thing to hear. He was such a strong, sturdy boy, with his father's eyes and his mother's mouth, and eyelashes from who knows where, that only the boys seem to get.

I would like to close by expressing one wish. My wish is that everybody here today could look at the world through the eyes of James Christian Hudson. Accept each other, be compassionate and kind, slow down and enjoy the moment you are in. Pick up a rock. Walk a dog. And blow some kisses.