

The Lucke Family Newsletter

March 2022

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♥Congratulations♥

Fallon Ann Magee was born on January 7, 2021, to *Christopher and Tara Magee*. Christopher is the son of Joseph and Cathy Magee, grandson of Bob and Anne Magee, great-grandson of **#10 Margie**.

Molly Ford Guerand was born on November 8, 2021, to *Matthew and Leah Guerand*. Matthew is the son of Cecilia and Daniel Guerand, grandson of Clement and Madeline Lucke, great-grandson of **#2 Frank**.

Miro Migizi Romano was born on December 26, 2021, to *Timothy and Danielle Romano*. Timothy is the son of Annemarie and Timothy Romano, grandson of Bob and Anne Magee, great-grandson of **#10 Margie**.

Cole Hanson and Abbie Dalrymple were married on August 1, 2021. Cole is the son of Theresa and Steve Hanson, grandson of Dorothy and Frank Gucker, great-grandson of **#7 Carlie**.



Chris, Tara, Hunter, Henry and Fallon Ann Magee



Molly Ford Guerand



Tim, Danielle and Miro Romano

The Fourth Generation - #10 Margie

In this issue we will be featuring James and Robert Magee, the children of #10-4 Jim and Pat Magee

10-4-1 **James Gerard Magee** was born 27-Oct-1963. He married **Deena Lee Westover**, on 14-Apr-1990 in California, born 24-Feb-1961. They have one child, Troy Westover born 29-Nov-1981. Troy married Crystal Sturgeon, born 4-Jun-1981 and they have one child, Miles Westover, born 2-Jun-2015.

10-4-2 **Robert Gerard Magee** was born 16-Mar-1965. He married **Patricia Bender**, 24-Oct-2009 in St Pius Church Cape Cod MA, born 12-Sep-1971. He died 16-Jun-2012 in Jensen Beach FL.



1963



1968 Lucke Family Picnic



1974 SSFL Jets

Blessed: My Story by Jim Magee

My story starts at Catholic Charities in Bridgeport CT, 1963. I came into the world and was quickly surrounded by penguins - old school nuns wearing habits! In all sincerity, I was truly blessed and was adopted in my first few months on this planet by two wonderful, compassionate, loving providers who I would come to know as mom and dad.

Shortly after I was adopted, mom wrote a beautiful prayer that was included in one of my childhood scrapbooks that read...

"Thank you God for our baby Jimmy and help us to be worthy of the trust in his little eyes. You have entrusted us with a human life to care for and love. You have placed in our hands an innocent soul, so fresh from heaven, and we are humble before your gift. How well we realize that in our wonderful task we will need the help of the greatest Teacher. Give us your guidance, dear God... so that we may set those tiny feet in the right direction on the path of life and guide his dear little mind into the right channels."

They brought me to New Castle Drive in Huntington CT and introduced me to my home for the next 14 years of my life. I met Tubby, the first in a long line of canine companions for me as I always found the unconditional love and loyalty of dogs to be a constant reminder of what we should strive to be like as human beings. My adopted brother Bobby was welcomed into our home a year and a half later to complete our immediate family. My family - another blessing.

I didn't realize it at the time, but growing up on New Castle Drive was going to be a very special and influential time in my life and yet another blessing. Bobby and I had it made; almost every house on the street had kids. All of the neighbors knew each other. Our neighborhood had block parties on 4th of July, we got together at each other's homes for various events and celebrations, and we had Santa Claus come to our houses on Christmas Eve (my Uncle Jack; mom's brother). Plus it was the 70's - a fantastic time to be a kid in my opinion - the music, the muscle cars, the lack of technology. Yup, I had to go to a house, knock on the door, and ask if my friend could come out to play. We would ride our bikes like maniacs up and down the street, play sports, go swimming, hike through

the woods, whatever we wanted to do until it got dark. Our parents didn't need cell phones and Facebook Messenger, they had face to face contact with you. And when they wanted us to come home, our moms would ring their cow bells...each one had a unique sound so we knew which mom was calling. That was when we had to stop the game of tag/ kick the can/ baseball/ etc and go home to eat before running back out till dark. New Castle Drive and the people that made up that neighborhood provided me with a wonderful childhood experience that I will always treasure.

As a kid I experienced all kinds of activities. I tried my hand at music and learned to play the keyboard and took guitar lessons; I was involved in cub scouts; did arts and crafts projects with mom; but what I really enjoyed the most was sports. I loved learning how to hit a baseball and fondly remember the days when my dad would pitch balls to me in the side yard and watch with pride as I belted them over his head and across the street. Despite winning a batting title in little league for a .527 season average, and later playing for a little league all star team, I found my true love was football. My dad got together with a few other dads and started the Shelton Flag Football League (SFFL) so kids could play organized football. Shelton already had a full contact Pop Warner League, but our parents wanted us to learn the game without the risk of injury (progressive thinking in those days of lawn jarts and lead paint). We wore uniforms and pads and helmets and our blocking was full contact; we just couldn't tackle. Our team was the Jets and my dad and three of the fathers from New Castle coached our team. My best friend, Anthony Valente, who lived across the street from us was on my team and we had a lot of fun playing from 8-12 yrs old. We won two SFFL Super Bowls over the years and Anthony and I went on to play high school and then college football. Incidentally, to dad's credit, the SFFL is still in existence today.

In Aug 2021, I visited the old neighborhood of New Castle Drive. I shared a meal with Rudy Valente (Anthony's dad) and spent some time talking with Donna Taduni who still lives in the house next door to the Valente's. I felt BLESSED to reconnect with special people from my childhood and experience a pleasant reminder of my roots.

Not only were we blessed to have loving parents adopt us, but Bobby and I were also blessed to have the extended family of Magee's. Dad had two brothers and a sister; Uncle Bob and Aunt Ann headed up the Stamford Magee's; Uncle Ed and Aunt Nancy were the Norwalk Magees; and Aunt Betty and Uncle John with the Connelly clan in Fairfield. In our household it was just me and Bobby, so when we visited any one of our cousins' homes, it was overwhelming and amazing to us to see so many kids in one place.



1984 Norwich University Cadets



Norwich Senior Yearbook



1990 Deena & Jim with Troy

Some of my fondest memories are of visiting with the Connelly's at their beach house on Fairfield beach; Thanksgivings with the Stamford Magees, and running around and playing on the golf course behind the Norwalk Magees home. Thanksgivings were awesome...they always included watching the "March of the Wooden Soldiers" and Giants/Cowboys game followed by a strenuous wrestling match with older cousins Joe and Bob. We also attended the Lucke Family picnics as well as various weddings over the years. I worked alongside cousins at Village Square Market (the family owned grocery store dad managed) in Monroe and with cousins Meg and Nancy Magee at Friendly's in Milford. It was always fun getting together with and working with my cousins.

School however, was all business. I wore uniforms all of my schooling years, even in college as I attended a private military school. I guess it was good to get used to since I would have a 17 year career in uniform later on in life. Bobby and I attended St. Lawrence School in Huntington CT. Unfortunately (for us), mom was a second grade teacher there throughout our tenure, so we had to be on our best behavior all the time. Since St. Lawrence was a 1st - 8th grade school, I had to wait until high school to get a reprieve.

When it came time to go to high school, I really wanted to attend Shelton HS with my friends from the neighborhood, but it was off to St. Joseph HS in Trumbull for me (more uniforms). Freshman year was an exciting time. It was going to be my first time experiencing full contact tackle football as I joined the Freshman Football team. My football experience at St. Joseph turned out to be very rewarding. I started at guard and linebacker for the Cadets as a junior and senior. I played in two state championship games and we won one in my senior year. I was all league as a linebacker and honorable mention all state my senior year. I credit cousins Joe and Bob Magee for toughening me up with those turkey day wrestling matches.

After graduating from HS I went off to Norwich University in Vermont where I was recruited to play football for the division 3 Cadets. Norwich is a private military school, so more uniforms for me! I was in the corps of cadets and completed 2 years of Army ROTC training. I graduated from NU in 1986 with a Recreation degree and after participating in free agent tryouts with the Patriots, Giants, and Dolphins in 1986, I landed a job as a fitness instructor for Club Med and worked at the Bermuda and Martinique Club Med resorts in 1987. It wasn't the NFL, but for a single guy with a Recreation degree it was a lot of fun.

When I returned from Club Med, mom, dad, and Bobby were relocating to FL from CT and I decided to go out to Los Angeles to look up some of the folks I met in Club Med and explore the opportunities in the fitness industry. I worked for Family Fitness in Beverly Hills before landing a job as a personal trainer for a company called Body Architects. One of my clients, Jeff, was an assistant principal for a middle school in the LA Unified School District. We became friends and Jeff became a mentor helping me decide on a career. After learning that my mother was a teacher, and that I was interested in sports and fitness, he persuaded me to become a PE teacher although I was entertaining thoughts of going into law enforcement. I began working as a substitute PE teacher while taking post graduate courses at Cal State Dominguez and Cal State Long Beach in order to qualify for my full time teaching credential. I was also coaching football and baseball at Venice HS. I met my beautiful soulmate Deena in Santa Monica and we got married in Marina Del Rey a year and a half later. Another blessing as Deena would prove to be a trusted confidant and companion for over 30 years. Marrying Deena was a package deal. She was a divorced single hard working mom trying to raise her 6 year old son Troy on her own. Troy and I hit it off. We got to know each other over video games like "Zelda" and "Mike Tysons Punchout". I helped take him to school and dentist appointments. I went to his little league and hockey games and cheered him on. I started to realize I was becoming a father figure and I liked it. I was adopting my own little guy and I felt good about that.

After getting married, Deena and I decided to move to Port St. Lucie to be near my family and give ourselves a better chance to get started in becoming homeowners.

Rugby was a big part of my life. I started playing the sport at Norwich and after my football playing days ended, I turned to rugby to fill the physical contact void. I played for a total of 15 years for clubs in Connecticut, Southern California, and Florida. I played for the Florida Select Side in a match against Freeport Bermuda in Bermuda and I started my own mens division 2 rugby club in Port St. Lucie. A lot of the guys I played rugby with on that team are my friends for life and we get together *whenever I go back to visit. It was only after several knee surgeries that I reluctantly hung up my cleats but continued to coach youth rugby and be involved in the sport up until last year.*



1999 Deena & Jim at Stowe VT



Pat pinning om Sgt Badge



Magee Cousins:[Brien, Joe, Chris & Jim

We moved to Port St Lucie FL in 1990 and I landed a high school football coaching job and a PE teaching job in the Martin County School District. The problem was I was coaching at South Fork High School, but the teaching job was at Pinewood Elementary School, a K-5 school. I wasn't thrilled that I had to teach PE to kindergarteners, but agreed to take the job temporarily until something became available at the high school. On the positive side, I would be able to keep an eye on Troy who (to his dismay) had to go through 4th and 5th grades with his step-dad as the PE teacher. Anyway, 13 years later, I was still teaching at Pinewood. I absolutely loved working with the elementary kids and especially enjoyed the kindergarteners (you would be surprised to find out what kinds of things kindergarteners tell their PE teachers about their parents). I loved working with little ones because of their innocence and lack of agendas that come with age. I was honored to be named the school's Teacher of the Year by my colleagues in 2002. Pinewood was a blessing in disguise!

In 2002, my mother-in-law inherited a house near Sacramento CA. The house was Deena's grandfather's house in an upscale town called Granite Bay. At this time, my step-son Troy was living in Los Angeles and found out that he had to battle Hodgkin's Lymphoma. We bought the house, sold our Florida home, and moved back to California. To my dismay, despite 13 years experience and Teacher of the Year honors, I was having trouble finding a teaching job. Deena convinced me to apply for law enforcement jobs. I was approaching 40 years old and didn't think they would take me but I applied for a couple of LE jobs anyway. I took a job repossessing cars before I was hired by the Sacramento County Sheriff's Department (SSD) as a Recreation Specialist (basically a PE teacher for inmates). While I liked the job, I still wanted to be a sworn deputy or officer and continued to go through the background process for both SSD and SPD. I was eventually sent to Sacramento Police Department's (SPD) academy as a pre-hire and graduated at age 41 as a newly sworn officer - another blessing. I was in a graduating class of officers younger than Troy! Mom and dad came out from Florida to attend the graduation ceremony. Dad was so proud and had the honor of pinning my badge on during the ceremony. I was very glad that I could provide him with that opportunity and blessed that he was in the moment mentally as he was just in the beginning stages of Alzheimer's disease. Dad also went out with me on a ride along. Of course he made friends with a driver I had detained in the back seat while I conducted a probation search of her car. Luckily I didn't find anything because by the time I got back to my patrol car he had assured her that I wasn't going to arrest her.

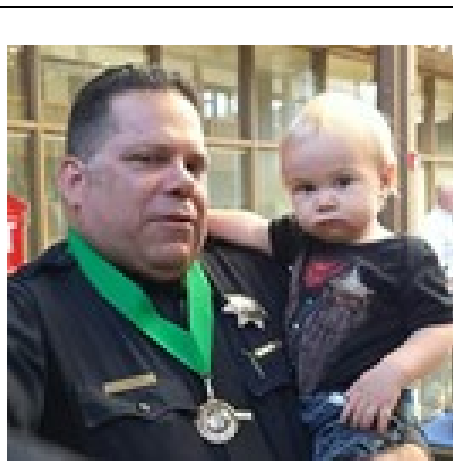
On the phone, Dad would always ask if I was "Chief of Police" yet and always encouraged me to promote. Twelve years after graduating from the academy, mom pinned on my new badge when I was promoted to Sergeant. Dad passed before I was promoted. It was a great moment for me and mom and I know dad's spirit was there and proud as ever. I was able to put in 17 years with the Sacramento Police Department before being medically retired for a torn rotator cuff that was not up to par after surgery. I had a rewarding career with SPD and was certainly blessed to have had the experience. I was an FTO after a couple of years on the force thanks to my teaching and coaching experience, and earned the "FTO of the Year" award in 2008. I worked patrol for 4 years before testing for a specialty unit called POP (Problem Oriented Policing). POP was exciting as we conducted surveillance operations, drug buys, prostitution stings, wrote and served search warrants, and solved long term problems while getting a lot of bad people off the streets. After 2 years of POP, I ended up (go figure) working as a School

Resource Officer (SRO) for 4 years. I also became involved in our Police Activities League (PAL) and was one of the officers who began the SacPAL rugby club. I was promoted to Sergeant and took charge of a graveyard team that covered downtown Sacramento before taking over as the Sergeant of an SRO unit.

Since Troy went through extensive chemotherapy, we were all a little surprised to find out that he and Crystal were going to have a baby. Deena and I were blessed to become grandparents when Miles entered the world on June 2, 2015. I was there when he was born and experienced something that words can't describe. He had the biggest chipmunk cheeks I've ever seen but I immediately connected with him in a way like no other. Miles is 6 years old now. He sleeps over at least one night a week and loves visiting grandma and Popo's house so much that he doesn't want to leave (mostly because we spoil him like grandparents typically do). Miles' presence was a Godsend through some very difficult times for me. Mom instantly bonded with him and was so proud to be a great grandmother. Crystal's parents lived in Florida and Troy and Crystal fly out there every year after Christmas. Troy and Miles would make sure to visit with mom every year when they went to Florida until she passed. Mom was thrilled and excited when Christmas was near because she knew she was going to get to see Miles.

In 2019, mom got sick with a serious colon problem. I took time off and flew out to FL to help her. She ended up going in for emergency surgery and had her colon removed. Her doctor was surprised that mom made it through the surgery because she was weak, very thin, and the procedure was very invasive. But that doctor didn't know Pat Magee like I did. Before going into surgery mom told me she wanted to live. I knew she was coming out of that surgery, and she did. Thanks to my sister-in-law Trish and some of my mom's friends, she was able to remain in her home for another 2 years before she needed more care than could be provided at home. I flew out to help mom decide on what to do. She did not want to move from Florida and her friends, so we found a really nice Assisted Living home in Jensen Beach (not too far from her PSL home). I made sure all of mom's affairs were handled. I arranged for some of her furniture to be moved over to her new apartment and set up her decor similar to how she had it at home. She loved it and began calling it "home". I spent a few weeks with mom, sitting and talking with her each day while I took breaks from cleaning out her house she shared with dad. On the last day with mom before I had to return to work, mom shared some concerns with me. I assured her I was working on what she was concerned about. I returned to Sacramento to have back surgery. Mom passed away a couple months later. I'm convinced that she didn't want to let go until she knew I was heeding her wishes.

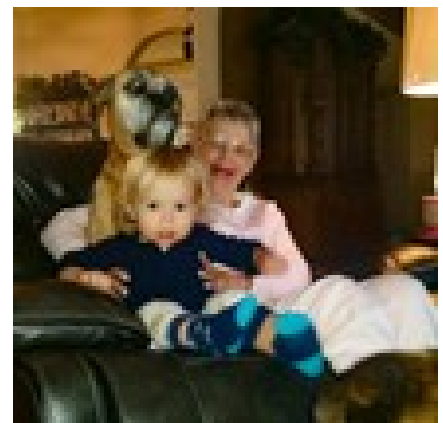
I was medically retired on what would have been mom's 84th birthday. Her passing is still something I am trying to accept along with retirement.



Popo with Miles at SPD Awards



Troy, Miles and Jim - Tigers T-Ball



Pat with Miles

Since being retired from SPD (in between surgeries), I have been enjoying time with my grandson Miles, riding my motorcycle, and wrenching on my cars. I now have time to visit my childhood friend Anthony who lives in New Jersey. I was recently out there to help him trailer his Camaro track car down to Sebring Florida for 4 days on the Sebring International Raceway track. I just had reconstructive surgery on my achilles tendon and am in the

process of recovering. Once I am well enough I plan on traveling a bit. As I continue the journey of life, I don't know what the good Lord has in store for me, but up to this point it's been one blessing after another!

Here is a poem that I wrote for Mom for Mother's Day when I was in my late 30's and had researched and found my birth parents with Mom's help and blessing. It was an emotional experience but I wanted Mom to know what I felt in my heart.



2004 Jim and his Mom, Patricia at McGee's (sic!)

"Patricia"

*She cradles him close - with arms of love,
A promise and hope - and a breath from above,*

*His stranded little spirit - she will take as her own,
To guide and to calm - even after he's grown,*

*She'll teach him the world - and to follow the light,
And her words will protect - when he runs wild at night,*

*Mistakes he will make - will leave tears of upset,
But never will her tears - foster regret,*

*He will grow to be strong - in body and mind,
She'll whisper through prayer - he stay gentle and kind,*

*He'll often make her proud - and brighten her day,
With a gleam in his eye - or with something he'll say,*

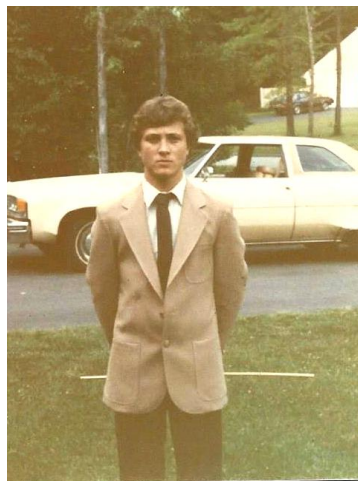
*And though he came to - by way of another,
It's Patricia who will earn - the title of Mother.*

-JGM

Memories of Bobby



Bobby



Graduation



Uncle Edwin and Bobby

Bobby and I met in the Spring of 2008. Bobby had been in Florida for roughly 20 years completing his degree in teaching and teaching elementary and middle school in Florida and Illinois. When I met Bobby, he was working for Tropicana to attain his Business Degree so he could work in human resources. He wanted to be able to help people which is an important part of Bobby's character.

Bob and I met online on a Catholic website and corresponded for a few months. His opening line was "I see you are a Red Sox fan, so sorry for you." I don't know why I even responded but fortunately I did. We met a few months later as we lived three hours apart on different coasts of Florida. After that, we met once a week each of us taking turns traveling to the other coast.

After a year, Bob proposed. We had to decide where to get married. I suggested a very small wedding with our immediate family in Florida. Bobby could not conceive of a wedding without his extended family of aunts, uncles and cousins. When I asked how many cousins, he just laughed. "Well all of them of course." So, on October 24, 2009 we got married on Cape Cod surrounded by many members of his beloved family.

After returning from our wedding, we were in the doctor's office the next day receiving the news that I was diagnosed with breast cancer. Bobby was a rock by my side throughout the next year and a half of chemo, radiation and three surgeries. We were finally able to take our honeymoon cruise in August of 2011.

After returning from the cruise, Bobby was a little forgetful, which I chalked up to stress of the past year. After a trip to the emergency room, Bobby was diagnosed with a glioblastoma multiforme, an incurable brain tumor. Bobby wanted to fight to beat it to spend more time with his parents. After 9 months of chemo, surgery and radiation, Bobby passed surrounded by his parents and me.

Bobby was a lifelong Yankees fan. When he woke up from one of his surgeries, his first question was not how the operation went, it was "Did the Yankees win?" He was also a longtime Giants fan. In January he was in the hospital for a month. His Giants came from behind and got a wildcard spot in the playoffs. The Giants ended up playing against my team, the Patriots, in the Superbowl. I was rooting for his team to beat mine that year. The Giants pulled one off for him.

Bobby and I were only together a short time, but it was filled with ups and downs for a lifetime. Bobby would not leave this world without knowing that his parents would be looked after. Even to the end, his primary focus was on someone else.

Contributed by Trish Bender Magee



Trish & Bob's Wedding



Julie & Robert Bender with
Jim & Pat Magee



Jim, Deena, Cousin Peggy
Magee & Bobby