

It is with heavy hearts we announce the passing of Const. Roger Martin Lees on Monday, August 30, 2021 at the Dr. Everett Chalmers Hospital. Roger was born in Port Hope, Ontario on August 21, 1953 son of the late Vern and Grace (Martin) Lees.

Roger is survived by his wife of 32 years, Jennifer Lemon; son Ben (Jaime) Lees; sister Cynthia Held and brother Dean (Christine) Lees; grandson Martin Lees; mother-in-law Hilda Lemon; sister-in-law Carla (Dale) Thibodeau; brother-in-laws Terry (Cheyna) Lemon and Don Newton; several nieces, nephews and wonderful friends. Predeceased by his parents; sister Nancy Newton; father-in-law Carey Lemon and brother-in-law Rick Held.

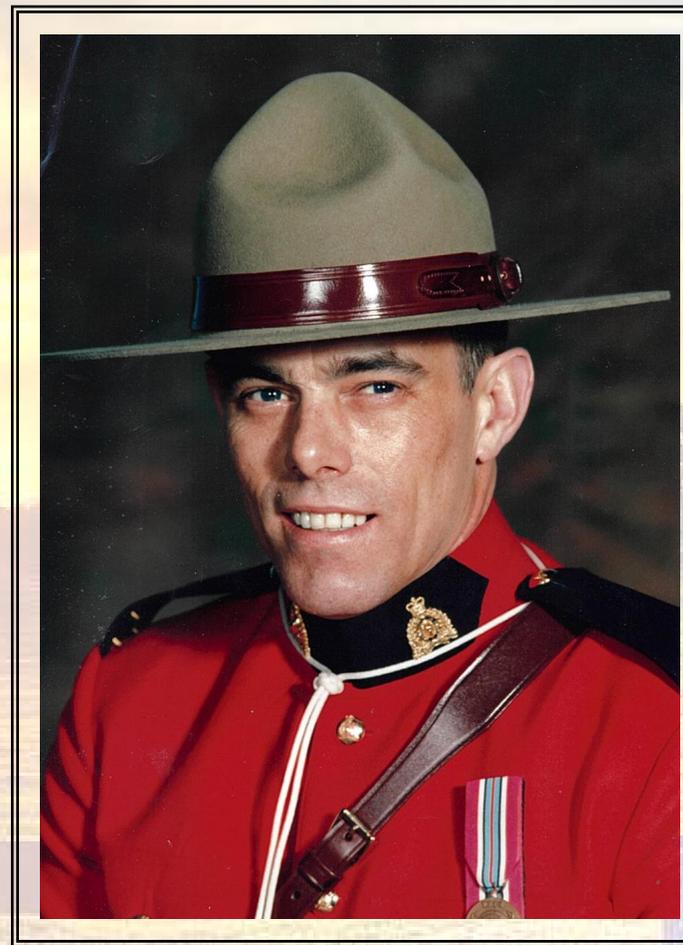
Roger joined the military in 1975, serving 10 years before retirement in 1985. Roger joined the Highway Patrol following his retirement from the military then proceeded to serve as an RCMP officer in Fredericton (Badge #40741), then to Salisbury where he served for 10 years before moving to Chipman. He soon became a respected citizen of the community and was well known for treating everyone with respect. He was able to deal with people during their darkest hours and come out being their friend and everyone spoke highly of him. He often had people that he had charged land in his yard looking for advice. He never turned anyone away and would help in anyway he could.

Donations in memory of Roger made to the Stars Piggly Wiggly Sanctuary (250) 899-4079 or the Fredericton SPCA.



www.chipmanfuneralhome.ca

Forever Loved



Roger Martin Lees

August 21, 1953 - August 30, 2021

What is a Cop?

Cops are human (believe it or not), just like the rest of us. They come in both sexes and in all sizes.

Cops are found everywhere. On land, on the sea, in the air, on horses, in cars, sometimes in your hair. In spite of the fact that “you can’t find one when you want one”, they are usually there when it counts most. The best way to get one is to pick up the phone.

Cops deliver lectures, babies, and bad news. They are required to have the wisdom of Solomon, the disposition of a lamb, and muscles of steel. They are the ones who ring the doorbell, swallow hard and tell you that a loved one is dead. Then they spend the rest of the night wondering why they took such a crummy job.

On TV a cop is an oaf who couldn’t find a bull fiddle in a phone booth. In real life he is expected to find a blond boy “about so high” in a crowd of half a million people. In fiction he gets help from private eyes, reporters, and “whodunit fans”. In real life, most of what he gets from in the public is “I didn’t see nuttin.”

If he serves a summons, he’s a monster. If he lets you go, he’s a doll. To little kids, he’s either a friend or a bogeyman, depending on how their parents feel about it. He works around the clock, split shifts, Sundays and holidays.

When a cop is good, “He’s getting paid for it.” When he makes a mistake, “He’s a jerk, and that goes for the rest of them, too.” When he shoots a stick-up man, he’s a hero, except when the stick-up man is “only a kid, anybody coulda seen that.” Many of them have homes. Some of them are covered with ivy, but most of them are covered with mortgages. If he drives a big car, he’s on the take. If he drives a little car, “Who’s he kidding?”

A cop sees more misery, bloodshed and grief than almost anyone else. His uniform changes with the weather, but his outlook on life remains about the same, mostly upbeat and optimistic, hoping for a better world.

Cops like days off, vacations and coffee. They don’t like auto horns, family fights, and anonymous letters. They have unions, but they can’t strike. They must be impartial and courteous and remember the slogan “at your service.” This is sometimes hard, especially when a character reminds him, “I’m a taxpayer, I pay your salary.”

Cops get medals for saving lives, stopping runaway horses and shooting it out with bandits. (Sometimes his widow gets the medal.) But the most rewarding moment comes when, after some small kindness to an older person, he feels a warm hand clasp, looks into grateful eyes and hears, “Thank you and God bless you, son.”

In Memory Of Roger Martin Lees

Born

August 21, 1953

Died

August 30, 2021

***Celebration of Life Service
Chipman Bowlorama
Monday, September 6, 2021
2:00 pm to 4:00 pm***

Thank you

*Roger’s Family wish to express our heartfelt gratitude for
your many expressions of sympathy and kindness
during this difficult time.*

