



Donald P. Beausoleil

January 24, 2024

Donald P. Beausoleil, 80, passed away peacefully at HopeHealth Hultar Hospice Center on Wednesday, January 24, 2024 with his daughter Nicole by his side.

Donald was born in Woonsocket where he lived most of his life. He was the son of Charles Beausoleil and Lucienne (Ouellet) Beausoleil and devoted father of Nicole, John Paul and Charles Beausoleil. He was predeceased by all of his siblings: Julie Priestly, Sue Morin, Yvette Racine, Marcel, Andre, Sylvio and Roland Beausoleil. As a boy, Donald lived with his sister Sue and brother-in-law Rene Morin, and her children Rene Jr., Paulette, Paul, and Ron and Jackie. He was loved like a brother by all of them. He also has many nieces and nephews who cherished their Uncle Donald. He was previously married to Nancy Beausoleil, who remained a good friend.

Donald began his career as a phlebotomist and lab technician and eventually became a blood bank supervisor. His places of employment included GlaxoSmithKlein, Pawtucket Memorial Hospital, Our Lady of Fatima Hospital, Landmark Hospital and Miriam Hospital.

Donald enjoyed traveling, camping and visiting family around the country. He also loved spending time exploring his French-Canadian roots in Canada. He traced his family genealogy back to Simon Sylvestre, a French soldier who

arrived in Canada in the 1700s, and Donald delighted in sharing geneological history with his family. He loved to spend time at the American-French Geneological Society in Woonsocket and also enjoyed French Canadian music and culture. He had several dogs over the years whom he loved dearly.

A Memorial Service will be held Wednesday, January 31st, at 11:00 a.m. in the Winfield & Sons Funeral Home, 571 West Greenville Road, Scituate. Visitation will be held one hour prior starting at 10:00 a.m.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made in his memory to The Alzheimer's Association, HopeHealth Hospice and Palliative Care, or the RISPCA.

Previous Events

Visitation

JAN 31. 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM (ET)

Winfield & Sons Funeral Home and Crematory
571 West Greenville Road (Route 116)
Scituate, RI 02857
(401) 647-5421

Memorial Service

JAN 31. 11:00 AM (ET)

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571 West Greenville Road (Route 116)
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(401) 647-5421

Tribute Wall

JC

“ I was so sorry to hear that Don has passed away. I worked in the lab, with Don at Fogarty Hospital, many years ago. He was always a pleasure to work with. My sincere sympathy and condolences to Don's family. ~Jeannie Comunale

Jeannie Comunale - February 13, 2024 at 03:58 PM

SD

“ Sending my sincere condolences to Chuck, JP and Nicole and the rest of the Beausoleil family.

Sarah DiBenedetto-Mossman - January 31, 2024 at 07:52 AM

JB

“ *Something I wrote for my Dad.*

The day my Dad died I wrote... "A serious misfortune of my life has arrived." I used to wear sorrow and suffering like a thick quilt. I suffered for years before the actual passing away of my father. I was already familiar with this feeling all too well. But one night, in the highlands of Arizona, I was sleeping in my van, my hermitage. I dreamed of my father. I saw myself sitting with him, and we were having a wonderful talk. He looked young and handsome, his beard and hair full and flowing. It was so pleasant to sit there and talk to him as if he had never died. When I woke up it was about two in the morning, and I felt very strongly that I had never lost my father. The impression that my father was still with me was very clear. I understood then that the idea of having lost my father was just an idea. It was obvious in that moment that my father is always alive in me.

I opened the door and went outside. The entire hillside was bathed in moonlight. It was a hill covered with cactus and yucca plants, and my van was set behind a rock that stood like a temple halfway up the hill. Walking slowly in the moonlight through the cactus and yucca plants, I noticed my father was still with me. He was the moonlight, teaching and trying to guide me as he had done so often, very patient, very calm...wonderful! Each time my feet touched the earth I knew my father was there with me. I knew this body was not mine but a living continuation of my mother, my father, my grandparents and great-grandparents. Of all my ancestors. Those feet that I saw as "my" feet were actually "our" feet. Together my father and I were leaving footprints in the dry desert sand.

From that moment on, the idea that I had lost my father no longer existed. All I had to do was look at the palm of my hand, feel the breeze on my face or the earth under my feet to remember that my father is always with me, available at any time.

-JP Beausoleil

JP Beausoleil - January 27, 2024 at 10:48 PM

JS

“ *I would like to express my sympathy to Uncle Donald's children Nicole, John Paul and Charles and to Rene , Paulette, Jackie, Paul and Roland..So sorry for your loss. Uncle Donald was a amazing person and was so happy when he came out to Colorado to visit...*

Jane Beausoleil Simpson - January 27, 2024 at 03:09 PM

Jl

Thank you, Jane. I know that Uncle Donald enjoyed keeping in touch with you, and he shared great memories of the time he visited you. ❤️

Jacqueline Ingalls - January 27, 2024 at 04:23 PM