

For those of you who don't know me, I'm one of Jim's kids. There's Dena, Sheri and of course, my brother Sean, and I'm Tim.

I hope I can make it through this. I felt I needed to say something to make sure everyone knew how special he is to me, Maxine and all of his family.

There are many things that I admired about Dad but one of the main things was his easy way with people and how he managed to make so many connections. Over the years there were many different circles of people that gave rise to lasting relationships. One of the early circles was the Daynard family. Dad was born in Kelowna and grew up as an only child but of course his Dad, Clarence, was one of 12 kids, so there was always something going on with Aunts and Uncles and Cousins. Madge and Clarence moved to Vancouver when he was at an early age and most of the Daynard family ended up there too.

I remember him talking about street car rides to Aunt Bee's place in the West End. He was a favorite of Aunt Ruth who was the one to organize the family picnicks so we were always encouraged to go to those and managed to keep in touch with most of the group. He was on the Daynard bowling team too. Yes, there was a bowling team. I don't think they had matching shirts but it was certainly a regular thing for a while. On the other side of the family was Grandma Madge's sister Janet. Dad always kept in touch with cousins Linda and Sandra. In later years, when they moved to the Okanagan, some of those family connections were close by as Herb and Marline were just down the lake and Larry and Val were over in Kamloops.

Another community or circle was the friend group from the old neighbourhood at 42nd and Victoria. This is where he did most of his growing up. He and I were chatting about it again, stories I'd heard him tell before, a few weeks ago. He talked about his job delivering fish and chips for the restaurant on the corner. Also about the time, he was in a friend's basement and they were doing target practice with a pellet gun. Dad crawled up to adjust the target and the friend shot him in the butt. He said he had tight jeans on so it only stung but it's something that stood out to him as I recall hearing that story more than once.

Dad was the apple of Madge and Clarence's eye and I remember lots of stories of camping and family trips around town. They loved him dearly but Grandma could be a little stern too. He told me that one day, he got called in by Grandma for accordion lessons (hey, all the really cool kids played accordion in those days) and muttered to a friend under his breath "I have to go in for is damn accordion lessons" – well I guess Grandma heard him because she dragged him inside and literally washed his mouth out with soap. Grandpa was softer but Dad also said that there was a time that Dad was out with friends and put the car in the ditch and Grandpa didn't talk to Dad for a week.

The circle of friends on Victoria Drive also included the Scouts group where he met lifelong friends Bill and Roy Pick. We found a grainy old picture of them all, including Mel, George, Ted and Carol, at age 16 at a party in the basement of the Victoria Drive house and right in the middle of the picture is Maxine – a little foreshadowing of what was to come.

Another big community for Dad was his work in Air Traffic Control. Dad started as a radio operator and got to see all the bustling hot spots of BC at that time. There was Dease Lake, Kimberly, Sandspit. I think you need some sort of computer algorithm to find three different spots that were more isolated and farther away from any big center than those three towns. Other than the time he almost got eaten by a bear, the gig in Dease Lake was pretty good. His job was to send out a weather report, once in the morning and once in the afternoon so for the rest of the time he took the boat out on the lake and went fishing.

Dad soon went to Ottawa for training and became an air traffic controller. Something I was grateful for Dad was that he said, despite the stress of the job, and sometimes the politics, he always looked forward to going to work. I think that is something we all hope for ourselves and he found it. Even after retirement he kept in touch with many of the ATC fellows. He had the second Friday of every month marked on the calendar so he could be sure to join the retired controllers (the "old farts" he used to call them) at a pub around town. He invited me to join him to one of those a while ago too, which was great. Dad told me that it was a big day - one of the fellows there just hit that milestone that all public service employees aspire to and something he was shooting for – collecting pension for more years than you worked.

I had mentioned that Maxine was over at dad's parent's house on Victoria Drive when she was 16. She came back into Dad's life in 1980. In Dec 1982 they got married and that circle of family got even bigger. Of course there were Sheri and Dena, Maxine's daughters, who were now part of his life and whom he would lovingly support over the years. There were also the Grahams, Maxine's parents Elgin and Stella, her brother Den and sister Patty and their families. Maxine's other family, the Maranders, became part of Dad's life too. There many stories of getting together with all these groups over the years including a trip with Den and Margret to Greece and family gatherings with both

Grahams and Maranders.

Another family member in Dad's life was Dean, Dad's half-brother. Late in life, Dean was courageous enough to reach out to find his mother, my grandmother Madge, and at that point was connected to our family. Until then, Dad hadn't known about Dean but he was thankful he had reached out. Although they live on the island, Dad and Maxine have managed to stay in touch with Dean and his wife over the years.

Other circles include Dad and Maxine's friends from Vancouver. Gill and Jocie and Warren and Sharron and Ted and Sharon (now in Kelowna) were couples he and Maxine loved to get together with just to name a few. I know I'm missing lots of their social group but these are a few of the names I've heard them talk about.

Another big community that he loved to be involved with was the friends at the lake. Madge and Clarence spent their early lives in Kelowna and maybe that's why it was a special place for Dad. In fact, family ties to Kelowna meant Dad spent a lot of time there as a kid and that's where he met Doug Flintoff, the son of Grandpa's family friends George and Bertha. Dad spent some time with Doug on the Flintoff farm there which cemented his love for the Okanagan. Dad bought the piece of property on Okanagan Lake in about 1962. As you may know, it took years to build the cabin. First there was a tent platform. Eventually there were walls and a roof. It took a while to finally get plumbing and electricity but Dad would chip away at completing it year after year.

Despite being a work in progress, the cabin was always a special place for Sean and I because that's where we go to come to spend summers with Dad. It was where we could just hang out with him on a daily basis. Before the dock was installed and you could just jump in, I remember trying to coax him into the water every time we went swimming. We were kids and didn't care about the water temperature but you know as you get older you get stuck when the water level is right about here. That was Dad every time.

Eventually it was time to retire and Dad and Maxine knew that the place on the lake was the right spot for the next phase of their lives. Unfortunately, the cabin, which still didn't have siding on it (that was always next year's project), wasn't fit for year-round living so they built a beautiful new home on the lake. Maxine planted an amazing garden and Dad tended to the upkeep, including the bane of his existence which was the waterfall. Every time I phoned up there he was out scraping algae off of the rocks or trying to figure out how to prevent the heron from eating the fish in the pond.

They had a wonderful retreat where they hosted kids, grandkids and friends. Dad always knew what was going on in that community. He knew the Hackman's right from when he purchased the property. They played cards with the Heskeths and of course there was Happy Hour on the beach with Gordon and Sandra Hood or Pete and Audrey Cloghesy from next door. He would often go for a wander down the road and talk to the Auten's, Rice's, or up to the Siska's to get the latest news on what was going on with family or community. There were also new friends down the lake and in Kelowna that became part of their social life in the Okanagan.

Wow – that was a lot about friends and family. What about other traits. I think I have inherited a few. His love of Oreos skipped a generation and my son Bryce has that. Dad shared his love of Oreos with Jessica's little Ophelia – he gave her a box of Oreos as a birthday present and she said it was the best present ever. There are other traits I have and come by honestly. Every time he or I bought a lottery ticket, we were convinced it was the winner. There is the characteristic that it is important to keep investment receipts and tax files that go back for at least 10 years in a box in the closet, just in case you need to review something.

A final thing that about Dad that I wanted to mention that was part of Dad's make up and that I admired was his helpful nature. When he went to wander down the road at the lake, he would often stop to help someone put up siding or dig a ditch, he was always plowing the snow from the road. How many times did he pack up stuff in his little trailer and help move someone? In the condo where they lived, he was down the hall putting up a mirror in someone's unit. He and Maxine were always there to look after grandkids who they loved spending time with.

This giving nature was shared by Maxine and the two of them were often opening their house to others. When living in Cloverdale they were part of the homestay program for foreign students and had several different young fellows living with them while studying in Langely. Through this they formed lasting friendships with several including Bart and James. They often talked about the fabulous visit to China when they were toured through Shanghai and Beijing by James and family.

I kind of glossed over Dad and Maxine getting together but they have been companions and soul mates for over 40 years. They enjoyed each other's company and had adventures going to Europe, down to Palm Springs and numerous trips to visit Sheri and Sean in NZ. I also know that they depended on each other deeply. Maxine took such good care of Dad all the time they were married but it was most evident recently. I know how much he appreciated that she was constantly by his side and caring for him all of their years while they were together but especially over the last few months.

Before I finish, I wanted to thank those that supported Dad and Maxine over the last few months. I also wanted to th

Thank you all for making the trip to come and share some memories of Dad with us. I know it's winter driving conditions out there and the roads aren't great so we appreciate your effort to get here. It's wonderful to see so many people who were close to Dad. There are some that are too far away and couldn't make the trip - we miss not being able to have Theresa and Erin, and Den and Margret here - I know that they would love to be here if they could.

Dad had a wonderful life filled with family and friends with Maxine by his side. He had a career that was fulfilling and that he enjoyed. There were many adventures but mostly a lot of time spent with friends in a place he loved on the lake. Dad would have wanted this to be a happy affair and for us to enjoy a drink so please join me in raising a glass to my Dad, Jim.