



**REMEMBERING**  
**Donald Joseph Piechotta**

December 21, 1918 - February 26, 2011



Lucid and quick witted until the end, Donald left this world as he had hoped, while sleeping in the comfort of his own home. After many years of suffering from emphysema, he is finally free from his struggle to breathe.

Don was born on a farm in Jamestown, North Dakota, and at the age of 11 his family crossed the border and resettled on another farm in Gull Lake, Saskatchewan. The Great Depression forced him, as a young teen, to strike out on his own. The difficult years that followed honed his survival skills as he crisscrossed America "riding the rods." WWII broke out, and he enlisted in the Navy, but prior to being shipped out, became ill, and was given a medical discharge and a return ticket home. Like many of his generation, the years of hardship left him yearning for a simple life. Not wanting to return to the Prairies he tore up his ticket, though he was unsure of where to go next. He heard there was work in a mill town up the coast and reluctantly came to check out Powell River. On the ferry he spotted his wife-to-be.

Don and June settled in the Townsite, where for over four decades during his employment at the mill, he made the trek up and down "that damn hill." There they raised their children Dawn, Rick, Jill and Vicki. Sadly, their time together was cut short when June predeceased him in 1973 at the young age of 43.

Don's passion for sports and zest for life kept him busy and fit. He firmly believed in the benefits of group sport, and how it built character and social skills. He was especially proud of his years playing semi-pro hockey and lacrosse in the Lower Mainland. Locally, he coached many teams, including track and field, and in his later years he enjoyed his time and friendships in the lawn bowling club. He loved to travel, even going to Europe in his 70s, but he was most content to enjoy a simple life here in "God's country."

Don adopted and fostered many strays over the years. He surprised many with his tenacity and was determined to make it through this year, yet days before his own passing his last remaining feline, his "little buddy" who had been his constant companion, passed suddenly. Don rallied for a couple of days, but in his fatigue the grief was too much. After a long and well-lived life Don surrendered to be with Our Lord. He will be fondly remembered and greatly missed.

Special thanks to Dr. May, so fine a physician, whom all should be so fortunate to have.

Don is survived by three sisters, his children and their partners, three grandchildren, and four great-grandsons. Dad loved to joke and tell stories. Everyone is welcome to join in a celebration of his life on April 2 at 11 am at the Royal Canadian Legion 164.

Breathe easy and rest in peace Papa - 'til we meet again "Cast your bread upon the water and so shall you reap."

