



REMEMBERING

Jack Arthur Robinson

April 7, 1941 - September 14, 2019



Jack Arthur Robinson, husband, dad, grandfather, great-grandfather and friend, passed away peacefully with his loving wife of 54 years Sharon at his side on Saturday, September 14, 2019. He leaves behind his two children Stacey (Dennis) and Jason (Allison), his three grandchildren Bradly, Kelsey and Lysie, two great-grandchildren Hailey and Owen, plus a whole bunch of in-laws and nieces and nephews; you know who you are and he loved you all. Born in Sheridan, Montana, to Hewitt (Hoop) and Mamie Robinson on April 7, 1941, Jack was the youngest, with three older sisters. Betty, Cora and Donna took great glee in terrorizing their little brother until Hoop and Mamie arrived home one evening to "little Jacky" hiding under the kitchen table clutching a butcher knife. At the age of one, his family moved to Port Orchard, Washington, where eventually Jack met the love of his life, Sharon Wright. They married in 1966, had two children and in 1975 immigrated to Canada, where Powell River, BC became home. Dad loved his family above all else. He could be tough and was most of the time, but we knew he loved us. He was a faller who worked hard and high expectations of everyone around him, even and perhaps especially his family. In 1984 Willow Hollow Christmas Tree Farm began as an idea and for more than 30 years the Robinson's worked clearing the land, planting, pruning and selling Christmas Trees. Dad would run the equipment, keeping his eye on everyone and call out: "I want to see three sticks in the air at all times!" He would also watch as we drug Christmas trees from the "back forty" when the tractor would do just fine. Dad loved those trees and looking over them on crisp mornings with the sun shining off of the dew was a sight he treasured. He loved the outdoors: boating, scuba diving, picking wild blueberries and exploring the coast by boat. He also had a great love for hunting, whether it was duck, deer or fishing, he approached it with excitement and anticipation. His favourite way to hunt was to send his son crashing through the woods while watching the deer run by, it really put a smile on his face. In 2001, Dad was

diagnosed with Parkinson's disease and lived with it the best that he knew how. Mom took care of him at home until October 2016, when Dad moved into Willingdon Creek Village. It wasn't a life he would have chosen, but he did his best to live with dignity and grace. Dad would share his wisdom with you, whether or not you wanted it. Even when it became difficult for him to speak, you knew by the look in his eyes that he had a message and you had better pay attention. Thank you for loving us, Dad. A special thank-you to all who helped Jack in his final journey. Dr. Du Toit, you were our rock through all the years from beginning to end, Dr. Reiersen and his wife Dianne, Dr. Kind and all of the nurses, care aids and activities people who worked at House Five, you laughed with us, cried with us and made his last journey bearable. We love you all. No service by request.

