



**REMEMBERING**  
**Wayne Lynn (Pat) Patrick**

March 27, 1947 - March 31, 2014



Friends were saddened to learn of the passing of Wayne Lynn Patrick on Monday, March 31, 2014.

As the result of a life well lived, Pat succumbed to the fun shortly after he successfully realized a long-time dream—to dive on the Mermaid.

A man given to the joys in life, Pat's booming "Howdy folks ..." resonated deeply with all to whom it was directed. Friend and foe alike were aware of his presence as both were always greeted with a handshake and a smiling "How are ya..." The telephone played a central role as he went about his busy life as a "retiree"—a call often centered on what he was doing right at that moment and, more importantly, how he was feeling right at that moment—which meant it was just as likely you would receive a call to tell you that you were cared for and loved as much as you might receive a call to tell you that that idea you had been thinking about executing was a stupid one—as he had read three books on it recently and was now an authority.

Argument was pointless—and always fun.

Pat was born in rural Quebec and moved to the big city of Toronto, where he made several marks on the wall—his stories ranged from being part of the official escorts for groups playing at the Toronto Rock and Roll Revival September 13, 1969, to seeking the joy and amazement within the beauty of the world we are blessed to be born into. Pat had a dream of visiting China, a vast knowledge of every sort of firearm known to mankind as well as several IPSC achievements, which pushed Pat into a world of super achievement at whatever he turned his hand to.

Goldsmith, jeweller, pawnbroker, moneylender, wood splitter, motorcycle rider, fisherman, marine surveyor, shooter, hunter, martial arts instructor, collector of

knives, general wheelerdealer, debt collector...whatever the task, Pat consumed every known bit of information on the subject and became the very best at it, which in turn made it difficult to be his friend, for to be his friend you too had to be excellent at what you did or else suffer his ever-present font of wisdom on your failings. And it was this study that made Pat something unusual in one's life—a friend—somewhere he found the information that described how to be an excellent friend and he devoured the subject as if his own life depended on it, and he then became the best friend anyone ever had, with daily phone calls, emails on every subject from the hottest conspiracy to the latest round of Internet kittens or simply amazing photographs—both your inbox and your mind were constantly filled with ideas and notions shared by Pat.

With unexpected visits, generous dinners, coffee outings, well-practiced handshakes, laughter and sometimes some tears, Pat learned to experience the moments in everyone's life as if they mattered. He kept in touch. He kept abreast. He kept you close and let you know that your failings were his reason to stay close.

He will be missed by friends, with whom he was always comfortable, and foe, who were never comfortable. It was just a few days after his 67th birthday, where he enjoyed lemon cake among friends and small children and then proceeded to travel his Birthday Cake Trap-Line of friends with whom he shared the home-baked goodness. Pat has now realized his long spiritual pursuit of knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out, and he is in his own words, "...in excellent condition and well-suited for the type of service required."

Pat is survived by his Aunt Irene, who supplied him with fresh maple syrup every year.

Thanks to Powell River RCMP members, emergency personnel who did their professional best and to the many friends who have expressed so many good wishes and remembrances.

