



REMEMBERING
William John Parsley
November 18, 1945 - May 4, 2019

We are left heartbroken and shattered beyond words. Dad was one of the strongest and kindest men we've ever known and will know. A gallant fighter to his last breath.

Dad moved his us to Powell River in the early 1970s to give us a better life. We arrived with the influx of Newfies from Bishop's Falls, Newfoundland, that came to seek work at Macmillan Bloedel. He left bleak employment offerings for the land of plenty, where he had a chance to give his family more opportunities than what he had.

Life isn't measured in the material items, but rather the details. It's the details you never want to forget.

In the way he held his special teacup - and that he even had a "special cup". In the way he had to have supper at 5 pm sharp. In the way he could pick up a song on his guitar just by someone singing a tune. How he made us our own backyard ice rink so we could learn to skate. How he taught us to cast by tying a heavy nut on the line of one of his old rods - time after time we'd cast into the long grass and reel it back until we were lake ready. In the way he grew so many potatoes making sure there were enough for Christmas dinner. In the way he would listen to music into the wee hours of the night on the old record player scratching its way through yet another one of John Denver's tunes. The way he always wore a belt buckle about drinking but hadn't had a drop in 23 years. How he couldn't wait for September so he could head to Lang Creek to salmon fish. And how he made the best smoked salmon pate, which was a Christmas Eve treat. In the way he held Mom tightly when they would waltz to Unchained Melody. In the way his quick wit and sarcasm only made us love him more. In the way Dad was always up to kicking our butts at a game of 31 and he did it often. Showing off those high cheekbones as he took our

money. And when we heard his mischievous chuckle we knew something was up.

Dad was a curious learner so it made total sense that his curiosity led him to invent all sorts of things. If you needed a doodad for something he would macgyver it together with pieces from something he found in his shop. In the way his talents came out when we restored one of the townsite houses. He was tasked with recreating many of the details of a house from yesteryear whether it was recreating the look of lathe and plaster on fresh gyproc or refurbing every casement window so they were brought back to their former glory. Dad beamed with pride whenever he spoke about working on this house. Dad sprinkled happiness with his woodworking creations, getting much joy gifting pieces to others. I can still hear him say "it's just a hobby" but in truth, he was an artist through and through.

Also in the way he grew softer with age always telling us he loved us when we left the house. In the way he let us take turns shaving off his hair before the chemo took it all. Before that, the only one ever allowed to touch his hair was his granddaughter, Olivia. The way when we said good night, he always said, "Good night, my babe."

His rocking chair sits empty. The house is too quiet. We aren't alone, but we are lonely without him. Our lives will never be the same. We're left with a huge hole never to filled. We miss you - we love you. We are proud to have called you Husband, Dad, Grandfather, Brother, Friend.

Your A-team.. (Dad's name for us), Marie, Victoria, Catherine, Olivia, Steve, and Tom; his napping buddy, Dusty; and last but not least; his faithful companion, Cooper.

Also missing him his brother, Kevin (Gayle); sisters, Ultin, Diane, and Madeline; brother-in-law, John; sisters-in-law, Bonnie (Harv) and Linda (Wince); special friends, John (deceased) and Genny Stockley, Claude and Rina Vallee, and Al Lacourciere, and many nieces, nephews, and friends.

No service by Dad's request. Thanks to those who sent flowers, cards, phone calls, messages, and food. We are grateful for the gesture.

