

Captain Gartshore

Brian

Robert

Brian Robert Gartshore – pilot, mariner, lifelong class clown, and dedicated connoisseur of wildly inappropriate jokes – died on August 18, 2026.

Brian was born in Vancouver at a very early age, to be with his mother (who was there at the time). The second son of the late Bob and Joy, his arrival was presumably a grenade to older brother Ian's previously tranquil existence. David (Mary Jane), the late Brenda, and Jennifer (Lorne) completed the family.

The antics of Brian's wild youth would later become bedtime story fodder for his own children, who served as a captive and gullible audience – perfect for a man who was a consummate storyteller with an occasionally tenuous relationship with fact. Greatest hits include graduating high school late after he and a friend ditched the classroom to hitch-hike around England, driving a Mustang that started with a screwdriver, and one story involving a very sternly worded letter from Transport Canada about an improperly procured airplane seen performing barrel rolls.

Brian came by his lifelong obsession with aviation honestly. The son of a commercial pilot, Brian lived and breathed airplanes from day one, spending his school days practicing for his future by staring out the classroom window. To the absolute shock of his teachers, Brian graduated from Mt. Doug High School in 1977, got his pilot's license, grew an absolutely legendary mustache, and began a 42-year career as a commercial pilot. He amassed an impressive 24,170.8 flight hours before retiring from Air Canada in 2022 as Captain on the 787. He was very proud to have retired without screwing up badly enough to have a checklist named after him. As he would

say, a great landing is one where the airplane flies again.

In 1985, on a blind date that he didn't even want to go on, Brian met Heather – the love of his life. They raised their two kids in North Saanich, where he was famously a Very Fun Dad. A lifelong mariner, Brian was a proud member of Capital City Yacht Club. His boating adventures and misadventures were the basis of some of his best (though possibly exaggerated) material.

Brian was a cheap bastard (when it suited) but had never heard of a budget in the face of a home, boat, or garden project. He left his family with a beautiful garden, a home that he largely built out from the studs, a very cleverly renovated boat, and a garage so full of tools that it can only be described as “10 pounds of shit in a 5-pound bag”.

He was humble (said he worked part-time at the airport), determined (was on the roof days after surgery), and refused to hire anyone for a project he thought he could do himself (once lit his vest on fire doing electrical work). His favorite things were Heather's cooking, painfully dry apple cider, matcha, and copious amounts of chocolate. He hated Brussels sprouts, country music, and panhandle driveways (all of which he blamed on the Liberals).

Brian got as much juice out of the squeeze as possible. He was determined to live until he died, and his zest for life and love of people was infectious. He cherished his friendships and felt immensely blessed to have shared many decades and seasons of life with so many. He loved young people (he famously maintained friendships with his kids' friends and the occasional ex-boyfriend) and always had time for anyone interested in faith or a career in aviation. His many relationships particularly sustained him in recent years as he lived with soft tissue sarcoma.

Above all, Brian loved being home (or on the boat) with his

family. He devotedly loved his wife, children, and grandchildren in a way that was tangible and visceral and left absolutely no room for doubt.

Brian is survived by his wife Heather, their children Meghan (Chien), James (Rhéa), grandchildren Carter and Ollie, their mother Ashley, and Xiu Xiu and Hunter. He is also survived by his mother-in-law Louise Hunter, brother-in-law Jim Hunter (Marty), and a large extended family. He was predeceased by Toba-T-Wonder dog, the fur-bearing shit cannon.

Our family extends sincere thanks to the many medical professionals who cared for Brian during the last years of his life. Your kindness and compassion won't be forgotten.

In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation to the Saanich Peninsula Hospital Foundation – Palliative Care Unit, the BC Cancer Agency, Young Life of Canada, or Our Place Society.

A celebration of Brian's full and adventurous life will take place at 11:00 AM on Saturday, September 26th at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church (680 Courtney Street, Victoria), with a reception to follow. Please contact the family at brianscelebrationoflife2026@duck.com for more information on how to access Brian's service online.

Condolences may be offered to the family below.

McCall Gardens

www.mccallgardens.com

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