

Charles “Bud” Cory

Charles Cory, known as Bud to all, passed away peacefully at home in Victoria, on June 26th at the of age 86, with his loving Barbara by his side, and surrounded by all his favourite things; his airplanes, his cars, his sailboats, his books, his music, his photos and his collection of Snoopy's.

He was his own person in every way, whose favourite saying was “if only people would listen to me”, and he lived his life by his hero Snoopy's ethos –“ Be Cool”.

Born in Winnipeg, Bud's first love at an early age was trains, which was quickly followed by anything to do with airplanes and flying. Unable to be a pilot, he trained as an aviation mechanic in both Air Cadets and the Air Force Reserves 402 Squadron, and those became some of the most important and memorable years of his life. He made so many friends who lasted a lifetime, and since he had a fabulous memory, he loved telling stories of his escapades, remembering every last detail.

He subsequently trained as a draftsman and moved to Vancouver in his mid twenties, where he had his own business drawing “treasure maps” for various geological companies. He took time out to fulfill a long held dream, and motored his 21 foot sailboat down the Mississippi River to New Orleans. He worked long hours at his business, but also loved partying with all his friends.

In his early forties, he met Barbara and moved to Victoria to be with her, where they had 43 wonderful years together in their English Tudor home, filling it with momentos of their many travels around the world. He designed and built an air force bar in the basement, “The Dog and Duck”, where they often entertained. When the patio and gazebo were built, “Froggys” became their outdoor gathering place. His

collections fill their home with unique and varied things, and luckily Barb enjoys most of them, finding room for everything, including a jet hanging from the living room ceiling.

Bud loved music, and a highlight for them over the years was attending the Dixieland Jazz Festival as well as the Blues Bash, where they met up with friends every year. While Barb worked, their travels revolved around conferences she attended, where Bud revelled in being a male spouse amongst all the women, and he connected with all her associates. When she retired, they spent more time travelling, and spent many winter months in Hawaii, developing new friends that they saw every year.

Bud's family was beyond blood. He became the much loved Godfather and pal to his best friend Ron's family, and he was embraced by Barb's family as well, the eclectic and fun loving Uncle to his nieces and nephews and their families. He also had numerous "daughters" and "granddaughters" he befriended over the years. In Hawaii he met his soul mate "Grinder", a jet fighter pilot at the time, who became his beloved American "son", and they spent many hours together "talking planes" as Barb called it.

Barb wants to thank, first of all the Liver Clinic, and then the Community Care Services team, for the wonderful support she received from them at all times, as they helped her keep him at home and make his last weeks so peaceful.

Bud had a happy, magical life, mostly doing what he wanted to do at all times, and he will be missed by all those who knew him, as he takes his last flight into the great beyond.

CLC signing off and saying "Be Cool".

Family and friends will gather privately at a later date to celebrate his life.

Condolences may be offered to the family below.

McCall Gardens

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