

David Alan Hutchinson – “Hutch”

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Peacefully, in the quiet of the night, the love of my life left me. While I am bereft and angry at this, I can see the goodness of it because my love was in pain that wouldn't be controlled, and was increasingly unhappy with the constraints of his body and his days. It was time for this vital spirit, this creative, enthusiastic entity to be gone, doing new things, going new places.

Dave had a full run at this life and reveled in the memories which it gave to him: diving as a small boy from the high board on the Gorge; riding a horse to school in Saanich; riding motorcycles up Fort Street with his friends; working tug boats in the harbour at Vancouver; seeing the world working as a seaman; getting into fights with bullies (especially those bigger than he); dances at McMorran's; listening to his father in the band at the Empress; more motorcycles and cars throughout his days; admiring his mother's ability as a business woman; coming home to the island and marrying (and divorcing twice after long runs); the joys of children; building pipelines and mills; hunting; helping build the political engine that ran the province for so many years; participating in the preservation of Victoria heritage buildings; local politics; the family and friends he embraced all over the island and around the world; fondly remembering his various animal friends (mostly cats though others were readily bribed to his tribe); and remembering the women he appreciated and loved all his life.

Hutch wasn't obviously a gentle man, but he had an open heart such that it was open to pain and to love. Yes, regrets, he

had his share ... a lost child, missed connections, friendships gone astray ... but the love was there. He was a man to take charge, and it was for others that he would toil.

Dave was an intelligent guy who really enjoyed using his skills as a tradesman. He engaged in business as the owner of Oak Bay Plumbing for a time. A member of UA Canada Local 324, he was plumber, pipefitter, welder, metal fabricator (thanks to the Hutchinson Brothers Foundry where he was given a liberal education in the metal arts), and a pressure systems designer. He supervised teams in pulp mills, on pipelines, on special projects all over British Columbia and elsewhere.

My man was a born in the blood Conservative (to the right of Genghis Khan, as he liked to report to more liberal me – though I knew his social views to be as liberated as they come) and participated in the building of the Social Credit Party of B.C. under W.A.C. Bennett. He associated with those who later became cabinet members, though he decided not to run for a seat of his own. Politics involved him chiefly in the organizing and building stages, at elections and with projects. It fascinated him such that he contacted local parliamentarians and studied closely the Robert's Rules.

I met Dave shortly before he was invited to run as a director for the Fernwood Community Association, in 1979. He soon ended up as President, and as Editor of the Fernwood News for a time after Mark moved on. He organized the current coffeehouse/office space from a community workshop with the help of his cronies Burt and Paul, and started the first Open Stage night in that space. He was the driving force behind obtaining the building at 1923 Fernwood Road for the Association, rather than it sitting there at the pleasure of City Council. With Burt and that experienced flea-marketer's knowledge, the Fernwood Fleamarket at the Community Centre was started. Hutch and his wife Val spearheaded the conversion of the house next to the Community Centre for use as a dedicated daycare, using his political knowledge and contacts to tread

through the maze of regulations. He took much pleasure (and some disappointment) in the action of doing for others. He sought no accolades; the memory of the successes for the community was enough.

He was elected onto the board of the Victoria Fish and Game Protective Association – a club which his dad, Harry, helped create. There he did what he could to encourage the survival of sports he loved, shooting, hunting and fishing. He served as Secretary for many years, taking charge so that paperwork necessary to the club's survival, as well as the meetings where decisions were confirmed, flowed smoothly. He even helped get the club newsletter out at one point. One of his favorite projects was the organization of the club archives. This was even though he recognized that with no one to follow his path, as with many volunteer organizations, it might disappear into various basements and attics again.

Dave introduced me to shooting (I promptly pointed a .22 at his face ... he was so calm as he moved it aside). I got much better when one evening he took me to a meeting of the Malahat Mauraders and introduced me to black powder shooting, which was his favorite in his later years. He met many new friends and found some old friends in this hobby. We had many great times with club friends on weekend shoots and at Rendezvous on the island. He regretted greatly when his body finally wouldn't let him participate anymore. He had so many ideas he could never put into action.

All in all, Dave had a good run. Many people who met Hutch will never forget him. Many will never meet his like again. Many will miss him. None more than me.

Rest assured, he is too busy to worry about it. I love that about him, too.

With Love, Carol