

Donald Davey Wilson

June 10, 1924 – May 31, 2012

“Reluctantly returned imperfect”, is the epitaph Don selected. Known as “Grandpa Don” by many and “The Reverend” by his Dept of Fisheries team. Don lived a full life and was young at heart and sharp of mind when he passed away on May 31. He was cherished by many and will be sorely missed by his loving family; wife, Frances; sons, Stephen (Susan), Dean (Sherry), Craig (Catriona) and his beloved grandchildren, Lauren, Savannah, Duncan and Euan; his nephews and many cousins.

Born in Vancouver, Don grew up in Dunbar with his sister, Joan (d 2011), attended Lord Byng High, received his BSc in Agriculture (1948) from UBC, and made many connections at St Philip’s Anglican Church. Don met Frances at their friend’s wedding where he was the Best Man and she was the Maid of Honor. In 1950 they married and had 62 wonderful years together.

Don had a successful career, receiving many accolades. In 1952 he was appointed as a Dairy Inspector and later became a partner in a dairy enterprise. From 1966 to 1985, Don’s career moved to the Dept. of Fisheries, retiring in 1985 as Field Director Pacific Region.

Don and Frances moved to Sidney, BC in 1994 and built a home at Roberts Bay, calling it “Kildala” and fulfilling a dream to live where Frances had spent so many summers with family and friends.

Don loved to entertain, he was gregarious, a gentleman flirt, a true friend, an adventurous and accomplished cook, a man of great integrity, a prolific builder, a piano player, and a lover of poetry. Don faithfully maintained contact with a large network of friends via ‘The Christmas letter’, cards and birthday notes, many lunches with ‘the old boys’, coffee at

McDonalds, dinners at his favorite eateries, and his wonderful friends that visited "Kildala".

A Service to Celebrate Don's Life will be held in MCCALL BROS. FLORAL CHAPEL, Johnson & Vancouver Streets at 2:00 pm on Friday, June 22, 2012. Condolences may be offered to the family at www.mccallbros.com.

As Don would sometimes quote
"I must go down to the seas again
to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way
where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn
from a laughing fellow rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream
when the long trick's over."