

Ernest Eli Morgan



Ernest (Ernie) Morgan crossed the bar (passed away) in Sidney, B.C. on September 28, 2018. He leaves behind his daughter Dory (Rolando); son John (Yunhee); three grandchildren-Katarina, Natasha and Joshua; one sister; two brothers; and a hoard of good friends and acquaintances. He is predeceased by his wife (Sally), his mother, father, two brothers and three sisters.

Ernie was born in Willingdon (a small village in central Alberta). At the age of 18, he joined the Royal Canadian Navy and spent his entire younger and middle years in this service (35 years). Ernie loved the sea. He loved the navy and where it took him. He joined as an ordinary seaman, was commissioned from the "lower decks" and eventually reached the rank of commander. As part of his commissioning plan, he attended the University of Victoria where he earned a Bachelor of Science degree in Honors Physics. Ernie left the Service in 1995 and retired to a life in Sidney.

Ernie enjoyed many activities. In his younger years, he was a hockey player, a football player and a rugby player. In his retirement years, he worked at minor construction in the Sidney area. For 5 years, he was a volunteer at the Broadmead Lodge (Royal Oak) where he provided companionship to some of our veterans. For 15 years, he was a member of PEMO/SAR (Search and Rescue) and was involved in numerous ground searches.

He was a member of the Glen Meadows Curling Association/Masters League and for a spell was the league's president.

Ernie has put out to sea for the last time. He will be missed

but not forgotten.

Ernie did not wish to have a service or celebration of life. He said he celebrated life with family and friends every day that he lived.

Another place, another time.

Crossing the Bar

Alfred Lord Tennyson – 1809 to 1892

Sunset and evening star, and one clear call from me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar, when I put
out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep, too full for
sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
turns again – home.

Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell, when I
embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place, the
flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have
crossed the bar.

("crossing the bar" is a very common expression in the Navy for passing on)

Condolences may be offered to the family below.

McCall Gardens

www.mccallgardens.com