

Frank Weetman Gower

Funny, kind, strong, beloved Frank Gower died in the early morning of October 21, 2018 in Victoria, B.C. after suffering a massive stroke. Frank was born in Victoria on April 10, 1926, the youngest of seven. There were few sports he didn't play. He knew how to grow a garden, fix anything, teach math to reluctant youth, and make any kid feel natural, whether by being silly or getting down on the floor to play.

His students remember Mr. Gower as a tough but fair teacher; his sports teams affectionately called him Guppy for the way his eyes bugged out when displeased.

Frank captained a Canadian squad against the New Zealand All Blacks and carried a love of rugby through his life, whether playing (into his 70's), coaching or refereeing. He travelled to play rugby, and to enjoy and learn about the world and was a six-month volunteer in

refugee camps in Africa in his 60's. Frank went to plays, concerts and the opera. He sailed, hiked and taught us the beauty of nature.

Frank was an active member of Emmanuel Baptist church, the Odd Fellows Lodge, the James Bay Athletic Association and Sylvan Acres camp. He gave the best hugs. He read a lot. He was a person of integrity and great love and all that just scratches the surface of Frank Gower.

He died as he lived, surrounded by loving and loved family, including his wife of 61 years, Linda (nee Maddaford). He was the father of Katherine (Henry Baade), Frances (Bruce Hawker), Michael (Julie McClung), Sheila (Rob Martin); grandfather of Tristan (Alice), James (Megan), Elizabeth, Rosalie, Kristel (Matthew), Jeffrey (Debbie), Emma (David), Lucy, Jonathan, William, Ellen; great-grandfather of Isaac, Hannah, Anya, Tessa, India, Maria, Ava, George.

Frank is also survived by his sisters-in-law Dorothy Gower, Doris and brother-in-law Berk Maddaford, and numerous nieces, nephews and some of his cousins – all important to him and well-loved. Predeceased by father William and mother Mable, brothers James, Richard, George, Roy, and sisters Emma and Inez. Gower Park in Fernwood commemorates Frank's family at the location of their home.

Mourn not for Me
Mourn not for me in blacks and greys
With solemn songs and stiffly circled flowers.
Creep not for me in sombre cars
catlike to the graveyard.
For I would die as I have lived –
Cheerfully.
Yes, let there be flowers.
Bright cheeky snaps or marguerites
or daisy mums with dancing leaves
or marigolds.
“Sing out for me, O King...”
Then let them toss the lot to flame
and scatter ashes where they may.
Don't stay...
For I have loved this lively world
especially the spritely things –
I cannot bear
to give you pain.
We'll meet again.
-Poem By: Rita Hammett

Condolences may be offered to the family below.

McCall Gardens

www.mccallgardens.com