James Douglas (Doug) Pender

Well, Dad, after all these years of you looking at the obituaries and jokingly saying you're not there yet your turn has now arrived, but we weren't ready.

Dad passed away at Victoria General Hospital after suffering a very sudden and catastrophic medical emergency. Dad held on for 5 days until we were with Mom at her care home instead of at his bedside. I'm sure he had that planned. It was his way of making sure we will fulfill our promise to always look after Mom. Dad was born in Ottawa, Ontario to Gladys and Patrick Pender and was the oldest of 5 siblings. Predeceased by both his parents, and brothers Brian and Earl, he leaves to mourn his loss his wife Donna of 55 years; daughter Elizabeth (Ron) of Victoria; son Gene (Lisa) and grandsons Declan and Liam of Sidney; sister Joan Beaton (Ken) of Ottawa; and brother Ted (Theresa) of Ottawa; sister-in-law Kim Pender of Ottawa; and sisters-in-law Lorna Morcombe, Sylvia Elias and Gail Rab all of Ottawa; as well as many nieces and nephews on both sides of the extended family. Over the years, even through distance or disagreements with his siblings or family may have happened, Dad took his job as the oldest very seriously. Sometimes he had a funny way of showing it, but Joan and Ted please know that Dad has always loved you, as well as Earl and Brian. Dad also leaves to mourn his passing many, many long-time dear friends; old friends who became new friends again; amazing neighbours; and new friends Dad would meet on his many walks around the neighbourhood.

Dad attended St. Pat's Catholic School in Lower Town Ottawa (where he met his long-time friend Paul Bourke) and then on to Lisgar Collegiate also with Paul. Dad would always talk about having to bob and weave his way to school through the French gang neighbourhoods of Lower Town to get there. Sounded like quite the rough part of town.

After graduating, and a few years later, Dad came west to B.C. in 1966 after Paul (who already came here in 1965) talked about how beautiful it was. Dad instantly fell in love with it. And I'm so glad he did. I love it here too. Paul, Dad and Brian McLean got an apartment together in Burnaby, but then Paul bought a house at 750 Boundary Road, so they all moved there. I think Dad drew the short straw (no pun intended) and he ended up getting the room in the basement close to the furnace with the odd rat to keep him company at night. It was through Paul and the rest of the "750 Gang" that Dad made lifelong friends including Ray, Brian and Mike – just to name a few. He attended Simon Fraser University but keep in mind that SFU was still a fairly new university then, and Dad would tell you that the entry requirements weren't that high at the time which is the only reason why he got in. He went there with the goal of getting his English degree, but didn't complete it until many years later because he got itchy feet and decided to take a job in Medicine Hat Alberta as a journalist in 1968/69. This is where he met Mom, the love of his life. They were introduced by mutual friends over a tennis match, and Dad lost badly to Mom. He threw his racquet, but Mom ended up marrying him anyway.

Dad's journalism career took off which took them all across this great country of ours before firmly putting down roots in Victoria in 1981. Dad worked for many papers including Medicine Hat News, Saskatoon Star Phoenix, Fredericton Gleaner, Edmonton Journal, Ottawa Citizen, Victoria Colonist, Canadian Press, then Victoria Times Colonist. After leaving journalism, Dad became a public relations officer for the government and eventually opened up his own consulting business.

Dad will always be remembered for his quick wit, one-liners and, sometimes, black humour which always put a smile on people's faces. Dad would always come up to me and ask me to pull his finger, and I'd fall for it every time. He loved the

outdoors, hiking, gardening, and in his earlier years, skiing. It was because of you, Dad, that I learned how to ski. Dad was also an amazing cook who was always trying to make something different and fancy – like a terrine – to feed friends and family. I am forever grateful for getting Dad to teach me how to make one of his terrines this past Christmas. Thanks Dad.

Rest now and be at peace. We love you Dad/Doug/Uncle Doug/Pop/Rocky.

The family would also like to thank the BC Ambulance Paramedics, VGH emergency room doctors and nurses, and the nurses on 6C North for all your care and compassion for Dad, and us as a family, during this very difficult time.

A Memorial service was held in the Sequoia Centre at McCall Gardens, 4665 Falaise Drive, Victoria, BC on Friday, January 26, 2024 at 2:00 pm.

To view the service please click the video below:

Tribute Slideshow:

Condolences may be offered to the family below.

McCall Gardens
www.mccallgardens.com