John S. Butcher

John was born and raised in Victoria, BC. John is predeceased by his father Jack, mother Winnifred (Burdge) and Sister Patricia Craig. John leaves behind his wife of 44 years Elizabeth (Betty) and daughters Jaime and Jenna. John dedicated his life to making sure his girls were loved and taken care of. This was evident when he retired in 2008 to stay home and raise Jenna. He was a lifelong Canucks fan and had seasons tickets to the Victoria Royals. John was an avid music lover. He couldn't get enough of The Rolling Stones, Credence Clearwater Revival, The Beatles, and especially loved Anne Murray. He was an animal lover – especially dogs, owning and loving several throughout his life. He had a passion for driving – he once said his dream job (besides miraculously making it to the NHL) would be to drive across Canada as a trucker. He will be greatly missed by his family. He was taken too soon.

Due to technical difficulties, the first 5 minutes of the service were not captured. The transcript of the opening remarks are as follows:
REVEREND JOAN SCANDRETT:
"As you all were walking in, I was wondering if you recognized the singer? It was Anne Murray. My dad loved Anne Murray since he was 16 years old when he saw her live at a concert in Fort St. John. Sure her singing was great, but my dad also thought she was very beautiful- thus making her my dad's first celeb crush.

Back in 2008, when my sister was 13 and my dad was 55, they attended an Anne Murray concert at the Save on Foods Memorial center. My sister was worried she would be the youngest one there, but when they got there, her and my dad were one of the only ones who weren't using a walker. As it stood, Jaime was right she was the youngest one there, but who would've guessed my dad would've been the second."

JENNA BUTCHER:
Thank you all for being here today. For those who don't know me, my name is Jenna and John Butcher is my father. Today I wanted to share the memories I have and who my father means to me.

John Sidney Butcher was a loving man who always prioritized the ones he loved. His patience was immaculate, considering he was the only male in a house with 3 women (unless you count my sister's dog Parker).

My father wasn't just your typical day to day person. Sure he was a Canadian who loved hockey, but he also had guilty pleasure for watching 90 Day Fiancé with my mom. More importantly though, he was a man of his word. No matter how late or how last minute we called him, he always showed up for us. Whenever I was scared or stressed and needed someone to talk to, he always answered and hugged me, reassuring me that everything would be okay. He never failed to make his girls the center of his life and he always made us feel loved and that we are worth the world.

His presence was immeasurable. Whether he was clapping when the Canucks scored, or chewing out how crappy Dan Price was, he always made his presence known and I didn't realize how empty a house and life could feel until there wasn't someone who would hassle me every morning to wake up for school as he would be making my lunch, or have someone that I could annoy while he watched hockey or football games.

His love for me was shown right from the start when he quit work so he could take care of me when I was adopted. I remember like most kids, when I was younger I was afraid of the dark. So, my dad would lie next to me until I fell asleep (he usually fell asleep before I did though).

My dad's love for sports, specifically hockey was evident to anyone who dared to risk spoiling a game for him. He had every

Canucks game taped (even if he slept through some of them), but throughout my life he would also stop whatever he was doing (even if he was watching a hockey game) to be there for me. Even if it was just small things like listening to me rant about my day, or picking me up when I was at a friend's. My point is that he really did always show up for me, by making me feel I could rely on him and that he would help guide me through any challenges I had.

I will miss the little moments we had together. Whether it was the conversations we had when he would pick me up from school, or when he would be making supper, while Tim and Sid was on the tv (playing extremely loud I may add) as I would be doing homework. I think he took slight pleasure in knowing it would lead me to leave the room, and somehow the more I talked to him, the louder the tv got.

I will also miss when we would sit on this green swing at Shawnigan Lake, where we would people watch during the day and admire the sunset as it got dark. I remember walking along the docks, pointing at other people's boats as we decided which one could one day be ours.

But what I will miss the most is hearing his voice and all the nicknames we would call each other. It just became the norm every time we passed each other to refer to one another as anything but our actual name. I remember feeling so proud when my dad would laugh at something I said. It felt like this huge achievement.

Even though he isn't physically here anymore, I know he'll be walking with me through every step of my life, and he will still always be supporting me, even if we're just a little farther apart now.

One thing I hope you all take away from this is that life on this earth is a precious thing, but it is also unknown, and so I encourage everyone to look at the people in your life, and

to simply remind them how much you love them. Cause life really can change in the blink of an eye.

To my Dad, you weren’t just my father, but my best friend. You chose me from the start when you adopted me, and I’ll continue to choose you for the rest of my life. No one will ever measure up to you and I promise to live the rest of my life making you proud. You mean the world to me and I will always love you.”

To view the service, please click the video below:

Condolences may be offered to the family below.

McCall Gardens
www.mccallgardens.com