Paul Marynaik

Strength is found not only in what we endure, but in what we build from it and give to others. Paul Marynaik spent his life doing both.

Born in Rose Valley, Saskatchewan, in 1934, he learned responsibility far earlier than any child should. When his father died, Paul was only 11 years old, and he took on the responsibility of helping care for his family.

At 14, determined to find a better life, Paul left for Edmonton. By 16, his journey had taken him west to British Columbia. He had little, but he was determined to build something better and care for those who depended on him.

In 1960, Paul came to Victoria, where he met Christine, and his life changed. Over 63 years of marriage, they put down roots, raised a family, and built a life defined by devotion, perseverance, and love. It was the life the boy from Northern Saskatchewan had left home hoping to find, and one they built together, side by side.

Paul was predeceased by his parents, Fred and Mary, and his siblings, John, Peter, and Kspnka. He leaves behind his wife, Christine; his daughter, Stephanie (Rob); his son, Paul; his grandson, Kodi (Shannon); and his great-granddaughter, Marigold.

But the facts of a life can tell only part of the story.

To his family, he was a husband, dad, grandfather, and great-grandfather, and one of the strongest people we have ever known. His strength did not need announcing. You saw it in how he lived, the sacrifices he made, and the certainty that his family would always come first. If you needed him, he was there; if someone he loved needed protecting, there was never any question where he would stand.

Paul knew hardship at an age when most children should know only security. Perhaps because of that, he spent the rest of his life making sure the generations after him would not have to struggle as he had.

The 11-year-old boy who suddenly had to help take care of his family grew into a man who never really stopped doing exactly that.

He provided. He protected. He sacrificed. He loved.

For all his toughness, this fiercely protective man was also the father who sang “You Are My Sunshine” as he put his children to sleep, and the grandfather patient enough to search five stores across three municipalities for Pokémon cards, simply because they mattered to someone he loved.

In the end, Paul accomplished what the young boy from Rose Valley had set out to do: he built something better. Together with Christine, he built a life that changed what was possible for the generations who followed. Though successful in business, his family was his proudest accomplishment and his life’s work.

Our family has lost the person we could always count on. We will miss his strength, his gentleness, his fierce loyalty, and the quiet assurance that, whatever we needed, he would do everything he could to help.

Paul, Dad, Grandpa, no matter what we called you, we hope you knew how deeply you were loved. You will not be forgotten, and we are all forever grateful to have had you as our number one supporter.

Love,
Your Family

Condolences may be offered to the family below.

McCall Gardens

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