



REMEMBERING
Hilliard Mac Mclean
February 17, 1916 - July 15, 2011



Tribute from Nunes-Pottinger Funeral Service Staff

Nunes-Pottinger Funeral Service Staff send our condolences to family and friends. Our thoughts and prayers are with you all.

Tribute from Rita Klasson

Relation: Niece

My Uncle Hilliard

To me he is always Uncle Hilliard. I know for many he is Mac or Uncle Mac, but to me he is Uncle Hilliard. I never knew the young Hilliard—he was 46 when I was born, but he and Aunt Lois were always in my life and they are my godparents. I speak of both Uncle Hilliard and Aunt Lois because until the last couple of years I saw or spoke to them both on any visit or call. I have so many wonderful memories of them, it has been hard to put them all down on paper.

Uncle Hilliard and Aunt Lois always kept in touch with family and friends. They always took the time to stop and visit and I never made it past Oliver on any of my trips to BC.

Uncle Hilliard taught me about time and to "keep your lip up". He was referring to the need to keep your lip up to play the trumpet but to me it was also a philosophy for life. He lived a long and happy life. He took the time to raise his family, retire early and spent his time enjoying life. It was a simple, happy life.

They were the most gracious hosts, always glad to see "you kids" and no trip to Oliver was complete without a rousing game of cribbage (25 cents a game), and some of Uncle Hilliard's very potent homemade apricot wine. If you were there for a few days you had time to go down to Oroville WA. We would stop at the store to pick up snacks, have a picnic in the park by the lake and then a beer or two at the pub to play the pull tab tickets.

A couple of my fondest memories were trips with my stepfather David after my mom had passed. There was a trip to Reno to surprise Uncle Hilliard on his 80th birthday. Also a trip out to Oliver a few years later to hook up with them and spend a few wonderful days down in Grand Coulee Dam with the mornings spent golfing 18 holes, and the afternoon and evening at the casino. It was a bit of a challenge for me as I am not a golfer and Uncle Hilliard's eyes were not that great. After each whack at the ball he would ask me if I saw where the ball went. I had not. We managed to find them but it

took a few minutes.

On my last visit to Oliver with my sister Susan, Uncle Hilliard, who loved to walk, showed me all the best places in town to stop and look at the views, rest your feet or sit down for a moment. He couldn't see very well at all then but he had walked this town for over 30 years and didn't need to see it all clearly—he knew it by heart and by the soles of his feet.

Bud and Lynn took such wonderful care of him after Aunt Lois passed. He will be lovingly remembered and missed. And as my cousin Bud said to me, "Well, now he'll know where Lois went." Now they are together again.

