



REMEMBERING

Robert "Bob" Haddow

January 26, 1942 - April 3, 2024



In Loving Memory of Our Dad

Robert Vernon Haddow

It is with heavy hearts that we announce the passing of our father, Robert Vernon Haddow. Husband to Carroll Winnifred Haddow. Grandfather, Papa, great-grandfather, brother and "Uncle Bob" to many.

"Bob" passed peacefully on Wednesday, April 3rd, with his boys by his side. Mom, along with family, friends and grandchildren gathered around to see him off. Sharing fond memories, laughter and music - lots of music. We attempted to sing all of Dad's favourites - if only any of us could remember all the words. Thank goodness for grandkids and Google - we could find the lyrics and get through the whole of Me and Bobby Magee! - Dad loved music. Many will recall him breaking out his guitar and singing all the oldies like "Ring of Fire" and "Okie from Muskogee". We knew all the words back then and "Wasn't that a Party"!

Our dad, Robert Vernon Haddow, was born in 1943 in Edmonton, Alberta. His parents, Jim and Miriam, had three boys. Bill was the older brother and Ken was the younger. They grew up in Edmonton but when Dad was in his early teens, the Haddow family moved to Penticton. They purchased a marina and boat rental business on Skaha Lake. . . and so began the story of Bob and Carroll.

Dad was working for his parents at the "Boat House" and Mom was working at a restaurant, Luigi's, across the street. By all accounts, Dad was "that hunky water ski instructor". He was doing trick skiing before there were trick skis. This love story took place in the 50s on the beach. It was reminiscent of an Elvis movie and Dad was Rocking the guitar and a ducktail at the time. According to a source close to them (Aunty Avis), there were some rocky patches. Dad had built Mom a cedar chest in wood shop class. Mom had the chest full of her things but every time there was a disagreement, the chest would be emptied for Dad to take back. They would make up and then Dad would help her refill the chest. At some point, they stopped emptying the chest and decided to get married. The chest remains full to this day and Mom and Dad were married for 64 years.

They moved to Okanagan Falls and purchased the house on Maple in 1962. They were barely 20 years old at the time, and they already had two young daughters Deborah and Joy. Bob and Carroll soon became fast friends with neighbours; Fred and Doreen Baumgartner who lived next door, and Don and Elaine Tasker who lived across the street. Okanagan Falls was a very small town back then and it did not take long for Mom and Dad to meet and make friends up and down the Street. Donna Mae and Morris Thompson lived at the bottom of Maple, the Flemings lived kiddy corner, and across from them was Rob and Marina "Hall's Orchard" (a landmark if you grew up in the Falls). Later, the Curt's family moved to the top of Maple - they had 4 girls! Back then you didn't text - you just showed up. We ran a muck up and down the street - on foot, on bikes and even on horseback. All the parents kept an eye and weren't afraid to let you know if you if you were misbehaving. The saying, "It takes a village" was so true in those days.

Soon after moving to the Falls, Dad joined the Okanagan Falls Volunteer Fire Department. He and Mom made many more connections at the Firehall and built lifelong friendships. There were many "get-togethers" with the old "OK Falls Gang" - (you know who you are) and loads of impromptu adventures. Mom had 5 brothers -so they would join in the mischief as would Mom and Dad's long-time friends Aunty Avis and Uncle Fred. There were picnics, parties, and pranks - lots of pranks! Back then, if you went away on a holiday, you did not worry about strangers or home security; you worried about what your friends were going to do while you were away! Giant snowballs blocking the driveway, houses filled with balloons and a travelling toilet that would show up in the most peculiar places - including on someone's roof! (Wink wink DT)

Dad played guitar and drums and had a great singing voice. Our living room was often filled with family and friends and a "musical variety show". He was also a talented visual artist. One of his first jobs was as a sign painter. In those days he would design, build and paint the sign. Then get in his truck and go put it up! His work could be seen up and down the valley.

These were the days of freehand painting. It was pretty incredible to sit in the shop and watch our Dad's steady hand painting a logo on a vehicle or adding flames and pinstripes to a fender. He also loved jokes and cartoons and would often be asked to paint caricatures on smaller signs and even snowmobiles. We were so lucky to watch Dad at his craft and learn some of the skills. We all developed a love for arts and music. Deb learned to play guitar by listening to and watching Dad. He taught her chords and they would sing together. As a teen, she was writing and playing songs of angst in the basement. She developed an amazing and versatile singing voice. She went on to perform and collaborate with many other musicians over the years.

Joy played drums but mostly hung out next door with her best friend Ronnie Tasker. Roller skating, playing hockey and making inventions. Our dads were both "collectors" and there was always really good "junk" for building. Dad and Don took up scuba diving as well and Ronnie and Joy would tag along. I'm pretty sure they weren't licensed but they made their own rubber suits and invented a compressor that floated on a tube. It didn't require heavy tanks on your back. Just long hoses

with breathing apparatus attached. Not sure it would pass safety standards today but it was another experience and skill Dad would pass on. All of us learned to scuba dive. Later, Dad would teach his boys. They went on to get their Padi Open Water certification. Dad wasn't diving by then but loved accompanying them - helping with gear and making sure they were safe.

The boys came along later . . . 13 years later! Their first son, Robert Junior, was born in 1974. Bob and Carroll, "quickly" decided Rob needed a playmate and Raymond was born 18 months later! A new batch of boys not only kept mom and dad "young and on their toes" but "snakes and snails and puppy dog's tails as well as BB guns, fireworks and radio-controlled planes" put the neighbourhood on high "ALERT"!

Dad also loved his gadgets and toys and having boys around gave him cause to collect some more. He especially liked the radio-controlled planes. He and Ray joined a flying club and built, flew . . . and crashed many planes. Later, the grandchildren benefitted. Dad was always picking up something - electric cars, minibikes, and more planes! Dad loved the outdoors and fishing. He passed that on to his oldest son, Robert, who, if you ask him to do something even today; would likely answer "I'd rather be fishing". Rob was still in high school when he applied to join the Fire Department. Dad was immensely proud. He was still chief when his oldest grandson, Ryan, joined in 2011.

According to the records, Dad was just 20 years old when he joined the Fire Department. Working at the hall and training younger members would become Dad's passion. He learned from Veterans like Werner Kaden and Harry White. He was part of building up the former Fire Hall and he quickly moved up the ranks. At age 25 he was appointed chief. He and other volunteers worked to improve the hall and the communication systems. They added new trucks, built a first responder vehicle, and purchased and refurbished a 1936 fire engine which continues to be used for parades and celebrations. They also added a women's auxiliary and started annual fundraising with a plan to build a new Firehall. Many will recall their main fundraising event, the "OK Falls Fireman's Barbecue and Community Dance." The fireman would also start a curling team. Both Mom and Dad were avid participants and enjoyed many a weekend bonspiel.

As we all grew up, Mom and Dad continued to be active in the community, mom joined the Recreation Commission and Dad served on the RDOS and The BC Volunteer Fire Fighters Association. In 1980 Joy traveled to Brazil as a Rotary exchange student. Mom and Dad then got involved with Rotary and helped by being host to exchange students - Yoshi from Japan, Matt from Germany, and Rita from Brazil. Rita remained in Canada and has continued to be part of our family.

Dad had many jobs over the years. He worked as a plumber, a carpenter and a security guard. He also dabbled in selling cars with his friend, Tony Slaboda. Later, he and Mom went into business with Tony and his wife Lou. They leased and ran Okanagan Amusements in Penticton. There was a roller rink, a go-cart track, a giant slide and bumper cars. We all got recruited for work and admittedly, it was a pretty good job. Our families had a great time!

Another of Dad's memorable jobs was working on the road setting up modular

homes. He loved road trips and he especially loved going to the remote Northern communities. He liked the land and the history and especially liked meeting the local people. He and his good friend Keith Robbins would later take a road trip to Alaska. It was a highlight in Dad's life. As was his first trip to Vegas with sons Rob and Ray. As the saying goes, "What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas!"

Dad was a Jack of all trades and he had the tools to prove it! He had no diplomas but set a great example by constantly taking courses and learning new skills. We were all so proud when, at 40 years old, Dad decided to go to OK College and get his Journeyman Carpenter's certification. That took guts! He had gotten a custodial job with SD 53 and though he enjoyed it; he had his sights set on joining the Maintenance Department. Of course, Dad completed the course and got the job! He was really happy there and, as always, he worked hard and soon was promoted to lead hand. He worked for the district until he turned 65. The Bonus was that youngest son, Ray, by then certified Joiner, got a job in the district. They got to work together for a short time before Dad retired in July of 2007.

Dad enjoyed the early years of his retirement. He loved his time with family and loved when the grandkids would come over to swim in his pool. He also enjoyed his Dalmatians. There weren't 101 but there were a few over the years. Dad continued to work at the Fire Hall and serve on the BC Volunteer Fire Fighters Association. He was bestowed with many awards and accolades over the years. Before he retired from the Department in 2017, Dad was recognized for having 50 years of service as a volunteer fire chief. He was also honoured with the distinction of being the longest serving Fire chief in North America. (See Skaha Matters May 2024 issue)

It was exceedingly difficult when Dad was diagnosed with Early-onset Alzheimer's Disease. However, following his diagnosis, the family banded together and shared in helping him adjust. We were so fortunate in that the disease progressed very slowly for Dad. We had some really good years. He remained active and mobile; he was happy and light-hearted and he remained surprisingly quick-witted. He still loved to tease Mom. He loved a good road trip, lunch at the pub and shopping at Canadian Tire. Even when we had to move him into higher-level care, (he was getting into "mischief" of course); Dad was able to recognize us and enjoy our visits. In his last days, when we would sing, his eyes would still light up and his toes would still start tapping. It was a peaceful letting go. We love you, Dad.

"Love is the only memory one never loses.

Even if one loses his mind, the memory of love
always remains in his heart." Felix Alexander

Robert is survived by his wife, Carroll Haddow, his two daughters, Deborah Puder (husband, Hal and grandchildren, Chris, Jeff and Melanie as well as great-grandchildren, Duncan and Caelyn) and Joy Biro (husband Joseph and grandsons, Ryan and Kendal); sons, Robert Haddow (Chandra, grandchildren, Kylan, Laiken, Jesse, Sarah and Sidney) and Raymond Haddow (wife, Nicole, grandsons, Konnor and Korbin); Brazilian daughter, Rita Gaeti and her son, Liam; brother, Ken Haddow and nephew, Kirk. He was predeceased by his parents,

Miriam and Jim Haddow and his older brother, Bill Haddow; nephew, Jimmy Haddow and niece, Sandy Haddow are Bill's living children.

We would like to thank our dear friends and family who have supported us through our loss. We feel blessed to have had you in our lives and so grateful that some were able to make it in to see Dad on those last days. Mom would like to give special thanks to her "lunch ladies" for their love and visits. As well as cousin Tracy and daughter Felicia - for always making time for visits and taking dad on trips to DQ.

The family wishes to thank the staff to thank the staff of Haven Hill, Doctor Tyler Murphy, Doctor Azim Juma and all the lovely care aides and nurses who were part of Dad's care team along the way.

There will be a celebration of Dad's life held on June 22, 2024, time and location to be announced.

Robert's daughter Deborah has written and recorded this song in memory of lost loved ones, you can enjoy it by clicking on the text below

Lullaby for the Lost

