

Pilot or reading one of the books that he always carried in the side pocket of his cargo pants.

Dad, in this last year of your life, you endured endless inactivity with perseverance; unable to move from your hospital bed, unable to talk, eat by mouth, or read. Dad we are so proud of you, and so thankful to Sandra & family for taking care of you so that you could remain with family.

Dad, you said you didn't feel worthy after living your life your way all your life, to ask Jesus to be your Lord and Saviour. But after your 2nd stroke last May, you decided to trust God to be true to his Word. For so long you have understood what the bible says about Jesus, and the need for him to die on the cross in order to pay for your sin. You knew the bible said God would forgive you, to become a child of God. You who have always been so stoic with your emotions, wanted to feel God's presence, and be assured that God would include you in his invitation to be saved from sin. Dad, thank you for taking that risk, and trusting that God was trustworthy. God thank you for saving Dad, and bringing him safely home to heaven with Mum, Mark, your mom & dad, Grandma Brydges, Grandma Jeffrey, and all the others that were up in the grandstands of heaven cheering you on.

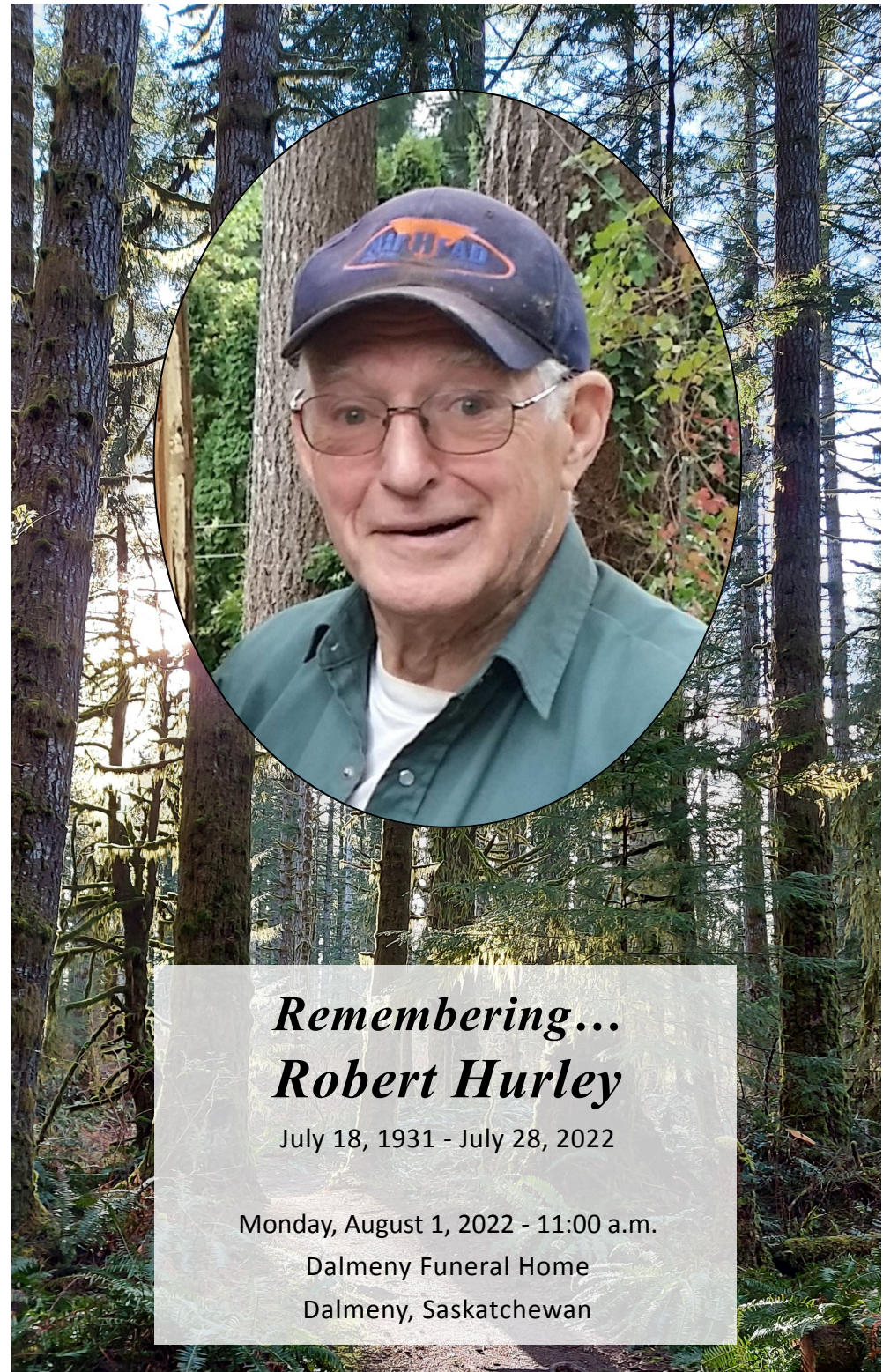
Dad, as patriarch of our family, you have run your race well, and now you have passed the baton on to your family. May we each come to know and love God, throw off all the chains of darkness, and become bearers of light to others.

Therefore, since we are surrounded by such a great cloud of witnesses, let us throw off everything that hinders, especially the sin that so easily entangles, and run with perseverance the race God has set before us. Hebrews 12:1.

Well done dad.

DALMENY
Funeral Home

'Family Owned, Family Focused' - Stefan & Katrina Funk
www.dalmenyfuneralhome.ca - (306-254-2022)



Remembering...
Robert Hurley

July 18, 1931 - July 28, 2022

Monday, August 1, 2022 - 11:00 a.m.

Dalmeny Funeral Home

Dalmeny, Saskatchewan

Robert (Bob) Arnold Hurley

Robert Arnold Hurley was born July 18, 1931 to George and Irene Hurley.

On his birthday in 1962, he married Rita Annie Brydges in Edam, Saskatchewan. Their four daughters; Dawn (& Murray) Estlin - four children. Linda (& Peter) Vander Veen - five children via marriage, and four grandchildren. Sandra (& Greg) Fehr - four children. Heather (& Ryan) Clothier - four children. Dad is also survived by his younger sister Pat Davies & her family.

Born in Vancouver, BC Dad grew up at Britannia Beach. An avid reader, he read the complete set of The Book of Knowledge, and graduated grade 12 by the age of 16. He attended UBC for engineering before he changed his mind, moved to Texas and enrolled at Le Tourneau Institute of Technology for a year. After that year Dad returned to BC, was certified as a school teacher, teaching both in the Vancouver area, and in the Caribou area in a one room school house. Although extremely gifted as a teacher, he was unable to make every student love learning the way he did, eventually causing him to change his profession. (Years later, former students told him he was one of their best teachers.)

From Caribou, Dad moved to Campbell River, where he helped build his former principal's house, and was then hired by the local pulp and paper mill, Crown Zellerback (later called Elk Falls mill).

Having rented a room he began buying his meals from the home next door, who just happened to be Mum's sister Fran. So it was, that when Mum came to visit her sister she met Dad who was there to get something to eat. Mum, already a registered nurse, was taking courses at UBC in Vancouver to complete her BA degree, and could hop on the ferry to come for visits.

They were married and soon after they bought 3 newly logged acres outside of Campbell River. They built their home as they could afford it with the help of a lumber site at the mill that allowed employees to purchase wood supplies and have it subtracted from Dad's pay. Mum told us that if she had fifty cents between paycheques, she was doing good!

Dad worked as a millwright at Elk Falls for over 37 years until his retirement. He enjoyed the creative problem solving opportunities, and the give and take of being able to overlap his skill set with the other trades. At work he found life-long friendships, and humour as his co-workers played practical jokes on each other. Our favourites were the stories of the black liquorice, the lunch room chair, and the sky hook.

Early in his marriage, Dad had a ready group of tradesmen; electricians, carpenters, plumbers, and more, who could advise him and Mum on the construction of their house. The playhouse that Dad later built on the property was well loved by his children, grandchildren, and many of the children that lived in the neighbourhood.

Dad was never afraid of hard work, but he loved as hard as he worked. Whenever Mum and Dad were in Saskatchewan, as much as they could, they always looked for ways to spend time with Mum's siblings and their families out here, along with Dad's sister's family as opportunities presented themselves.

Dad and Mum taught us that riches came from relationships, honesty, hard work, integrity, persevering, and creativity. Thank you Dad for the teamwork you and Mum had. You guys had some rare humdinger fights, but you both stuck it out, and sacrificed for the family over and over again. The girls noticed your character and said it influenced how they chose their husbands.

Dad, we were always proud of you. We loved hearing the stories you told of your life experiences. We loved your puns. We loved that you took time out to try to find ways to talk to your daughters in the midst of their uniquenesses. You looked for ways to encourage us. You looked out for others, and taught us to do the same. You found creative solutions over and over, in taking care of our Hurley homestead. You showed us that worth does not come from trying to impress others.

As hard as you worked, you also knew when to take a break. If we couldn't find Dad out in the yard we could usually find him in the barn or the back room of the work shed, playing solitaire on his Palm