



REMEMBERING
Charles Wyndham Ireland

June 4, 1923 - January 11, 2015



Dear Charles,

You lived a full & hard 92 years.

The first half of your life lived where you were born; Portsmouth, England.

Your youth was aborted by the onset of WWII. Two of your family homes were bombed & you were part of the midnight watch (rifle in hand at 14). You also were part of the cleanup (after the bombings, you saw too much, too young). You were working a full apprenticeship as well & from dawn to dusk you learned to be a shipwright/ironworker for HMS.

You got to travel abroad with your skills & were honoured with a medal & certificate of Knighthood.

On retirement (hah), you & your (now deceased wife of 35 years), immigrated to Canada, V.I.

You eventually met Bonnie M. MacLean & a new chapter in your life began: 'the glory years' (your best), with your 'angel'.

Together we purchased 2-hobby farms & learned to renovate & manage the fields & animals, one day at a time.

Our son, Jacob MacLean, kept you young & on-your-toes. He also brought out the artistic side of you, by featuring you (costumes & all), in many home movies (fairytale remakes). We discovered you were a bit of a 'ham'.

Your work ethic is unsurpassed by few. Even in retirement, your only day off was a Sunday. A quiet, humble, old fashioned gentleman, you went about your life; you got up, out & busy, each day. I am sure it is what kept you so healthy.

It is your 'body' that said: "Enough". It has rather disappointed you, I am afraid; & put a rather large crack in your strong armour, as you were only to willing to carry-on.

My dear Charles, if anyone ever deserved time off, it is you. I am not surprised that you passed on a Sunday; it has always been your day of rest.

