



REMEMBERING
John Allan Wood

August 20, 1958 - January 14, 2019



Well, the regatta is over and the race of his life lost.

As Allan rows off into his sunset, he fondly remembers his dog Beau, a bull terrier, who wanted so much to swim with him but ended up using him as a life preserver because he wasn't designed to float. He also shares credit for starting the Brentwood tradition of cross-dressing, or what is now termed "gender-bending," which is a legacy of Allan's class. If he could, he would thank the coaches and teammates in rowing who "alternatively" cheered him on in the 76 Olympics.

As a young adult, Keg-mares and parties at the Haultain Hilton and Chateau Madrona were epic. He thanks one of his oldest friends for chasing the naked Nylons out of the hot tub that night. He would also like to thank his best buddy for helping him chase away beautiful girls by making him wear Groucho Marx glasses with his tuxedo for days at a time. He enjoyed being beaten up and acquiring a lovely cauliflower ear on the rugby fields while touring Europe on the boot money he earned, some of which was spent in a ferry boat bar drinking unknowingly with members of AC/DC.

Later in life, with a strong desire to settle down and be a father, he married, moved to Saltspring and had two children, one of whom loves exploring cougar caves and the other, while born resembling the Michelin man, has turned into an Aphrodite. After running a bed and breakfast on the island, and then spending some years at what he remembers as one of his favourite jobs at Hastings House, he got an offer he couldn't refuse to coach rowing to angsty teenagers at the school where he once was one. So the family moved to Mill Bay where he suffered during early morning rowing practice many a teenage girl's tears, who were either freezing from fashion concerns or who lost her phone in the ocean. On the worst days, Allan would find solace in a bathroom with a Terry Pratchett novel.

After divorce and some intense soul searching, out one Wednesday night, sporting a T-shirt stained with sweat in the shape of a heart, he spotted the love of his life across the drop-in volleyball net. Together they married and commiserated about working with angsty teenagers and sometimes even "angstier" school staff, all while raising her two children, one of whom can now speak in many accents thanks to Allan's incredible talent at bedtime reading, and the other of whom is the only one who could ever decipher his complex and twisted clues during games nights.

Never waning in the super man existence that he led, Allan became somewhat of a medical miracle in the last years, turning his 3-6 month diagnosis of pancreatic cancer into almost two years with the help of genome mapping, targeted drug therapy, and Thor laser treatment. Always the athlete, in the race of life, he pulled hard right to the finish line with a time of 60.

As you always said heaven sounded boring, my love, may this find you either in the middle of a ruck or maul, or pulling on flat water with the sun at your back until I can head out to find you, and I will find you.

