



REMEMBERING

Raymond John Lockhart

June 15, 1954 - September 12, 2019



Ray Lockhart grew-up living across Canada on various air force bases, mostly on the prairies, with his parents and brother, Doug. He played hockey like a pro. He could skate like the wind. He was always running off with his fishing pole in hand, and he wasn't afraid of hard work.

Then one day when he was 22 years old, Ray met his wife, Shelley. They were married a few years later and have been partners ever since. They always knew everything would be alright as long as they were together. For Shelly, Ray was her rock and best friend, and she loved him deeply. They raised two children (and three dogs over the years) together and created a beautiful life in their house in Maple Bay.

Ray's family life consisted of fishing trips at Deep Bay with all his children, nieces, and nephews; tending to his abundant vegetable garden (boasting about his completely home-grown salad served with dinner); and adventuring with Shelly, whether they were jetting off to Mexico or having a honeymoon camping in the beautiful BC forests. He was loved by his son, Dustin, and daughter, Elena. He accepted and loved them unconditionally. As a father, he taught them to be strong individuals, to be kind to the less-fortunate, to pump the brakes in the snow, and how to survive in the wilderness.

Anyone who knows Ray knows how much he loved Scotland. He relished any and all opportunities to wear his kilt, sporting proudly the Lockhart tartan. And, although he hadn't pursued post-secondary education, he had read practically every book on Scottish history and Scotland. He was truly a self-taught expert - majoring in a peaty, single-malt scotch, of course.

His passion was ignited in 1998 when he took his son and Scout troop to Scotland for an international Jamboree, camping on the Blair Atholl Castle grounds. After that, he was forever changed, holding that camp in his heart for the rest of his life.

He said when he would arrive and walk through those big camp gates, he would pause and think to himself, "I am home."

He went on to take 7 groups of scouts to Scotland, including his children when they were involved with scouts and other troops long after his children were grown. Scouting was such a meaningful part of Ray's life, and Ray had a meaningful impact on Scouting in the Cowichan Valley.

Ray was an integral part of the community. Ray had a loving faith and attending Duncan United Church religiously. He worked at the Church for many years as the custodian, taking pride in maintaining a space dear to his heart. Ray could also be found hosting the annual Robbie Burns night, participating in the Poppy campaign as a proud legion member, twirling his dance partner with the Scottish country dancers, or leading the Maple Bay Canada Day parade (in, you guessed it, his kilt). He owned his own landscaping business and many of his customers thought of him like family.

He was a kind, loving man. He was sweet and hardworking with a gentle steadfastness. One would never know that he used to be shy, because Ray Lockhart was anything but shy. He was a story-teller (often starting in the middle of his stories leaving you to catch-up on your own), and he would talk your ear off whether he knew you or not.

We love you Ray. You were loved by so many.

You will be with us forever in our hearts and in our memories.

Please join us to celebrate Ray's Life this Saturday at 2:00pm, September 28th, 2019

At Duncan United Church, 246 Ingram Street.

