



**REMEMBERING**  
**Scott MacLeod**

April 6, 1948 - November 15, 2021



The 'I recognize that voice' of Scott MacLeod has been silenced. Following a diagnosis of glioblastoma in July 2020 he chose to live each day to the fullest, celebrating each new dawn as a gift. Acutely aware of the prognosis, always 'very well, thanx' when asked how he was feeling, he chose, for reasons known only to him, to ignore his MAID options and humbled himself, instead, before the inexorable journey into a natural death, always responding, 'I'm good', to anyone who had the temerity to ask how he was doing. All this was accomplished in the comfort and familiarity of his own home, in an aura of humanity: the sounds and smells he knew, the love and support of family, loyal friends, former colleagues and students, and of course, a host of medical professionals.

Not generally given to boasting, he was, nevertheless, immensely proud of his son, Walker, and completely consumed by his twin grandsons, Rhett and Wyatt. His much admired daughter-in-law, Kristen, was perhaps the one person who could arrest him in his tracks with an order to carry out some task....but only briefly....just long enough for him to come up with a plan to do it his own way. In childhood, Howie accepted his older brother's schemes for games and the sharing of responsibilities, and in adulthood continued to humour him on whatever views Scott held; but, poor Lib, his sister-in-law, never quite figured out when he was serious and when he was joking. To Iris and Evie (deceased 2021) he was so long an 'outlaw' that they almost forgot what it was like for him NOT to be a part of the family. David (deceased 2021) and Jerry (deceased 2021) accepted that even with a name like MacLeod, as the longest serving son in law, he garnered the 'respect' of his position. Kyle and Angus, Ryan, Parker, and Oriana always dutifully laughed at Uncle Scott's 'jokes'. Cousins in Alberta, British Columbia, Colorado and New Zealand will have recollections of visiting the MacLeod family farm in Athabasca, Alberta where Scott could invariably be found wearing a jersey of his favourite sports team, and a transistor radio 'glued' to his ear, listening to whatever game

might be on the airwaves. Students from Alberta to British Columbia to his much beloved Thailand will likely remember a positive (if somewhat loud) teacher and administrator who taught and managed by the motto 'failure is not an option'. Friends and colleagues may perhaps best remember him organizing, delegating, directing (oKAY, oKAY, let's GO!).....a tournament, a social function, a golf game, a trip, a fund raising scheme. For more than fifty years his wife, Adele, walked along side. Theirs was a true partnership until the end.....even a day apart required a thorough 30-minute catch-up of the daily goings-on.

The journey towards end of life is seldom done alone, and so too this one was not. The names of family, friends, hospice and medical professionals from Calgary to Victoria to Duncan and Chemainus, including nurses, doctors, technicians, and homecare, who have supported us are too many to mention for fear of omitting some, but we would be remiss in not acknowledging Doctors Wilhelm, Masuda, Elliot and Adzich for their kindness, their skills, and their direction during the final weeks.

At Scott's request there will be no service. Interment will be at St Peter Quamichan. All arrangements are entrusted to HW Wallace in Duncan. For those wishing to remember Scott, in lieu of flowers, consider instead:

a donation to either Cowichan Hospice <https://cowichanhospice.org> or: BC Cancer Foundation <https://donate.bccancerfoundation.com/site/Donation>

planting a tree

saying thank you

The inimitable voice may have been silenced, but echoes of some of the more noteworthy 'Scottisms' will continue to ring for us a while longer: 'Puuurrr-fect'; 'Couldn't be better, it's impossible', and of course, 'Thank you for everything you do; it's very much appreciated'.

