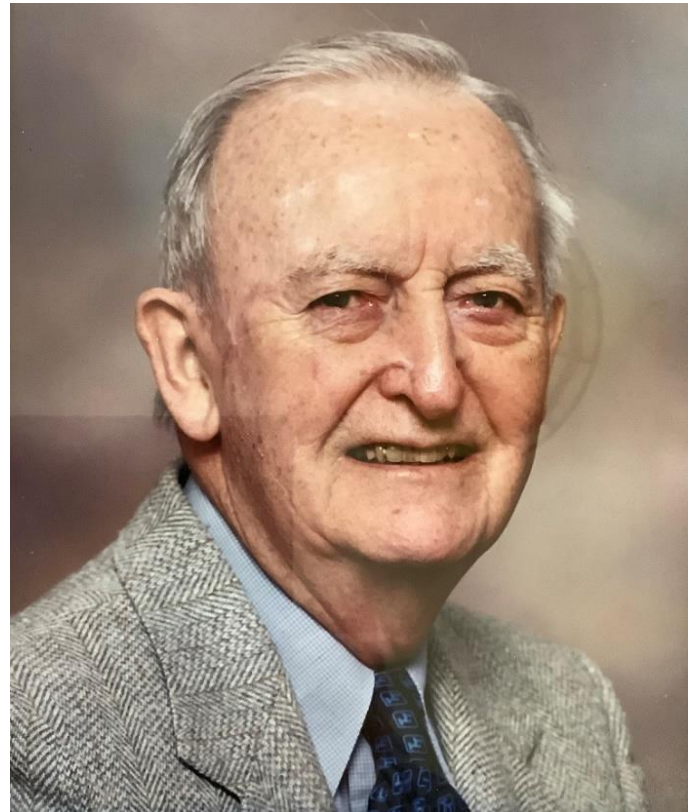


Robert Pollock

January 12, 1925 - July 6, 2020

*Robert Pollock,
Father of Fairlawn Avenue
United Church Member,
Jim Pollock*



I lost my father Robert on July 6 in the midst of the summer of COVID-19, an affliction that has challenged us all. I stayed away for a good month due to the virus and longed to return to those visits when, in the evening, we would spend hours joking and remembering. My sister and I were so grateful that we could be with him in his final weeks. An athletic man blessed with good health throughout his life, Dad lived in his Barrie home until the very end. He was in his 96th year, navigating his walker (even along the sidewalk for daily exercise) and testing a heart that was working on borrowed time.

Dad's strength and resilience helped him bear life's heartaches and loss. During the covid summer, he lost his younger brother Ted, one of the residents at Bobcaygeon's Pinecrest Nursing Home, as well as Ted's wife Jean who contracted the virus while visiting at Pinecrest. Dad had also nursed our Mom, also Jean, while she suffered with ALS until her death in 2016. In this past year of grief — I lost my wife Nancy Brookes to cancer November 19, 2019 — my father was a great comfort and support. Rob Pollock respected the time to grieve but also invited opportunities to rejoice.

I recall when we were kids our Saturday mornings invariably started out with Dad putting on the soundtrack to "Oklahoma." We woke up to the strains of "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" and, I swear, that song was a kind of soundtrack to his life. It said, *Look ahead, Don't dwell in the past, Find the good in life and in others.* As Dad often said, "Who has more fun than people?!"

His enthusiasm was expressed in many ways: charging headlong into athletics (the 'best kicker' on the Oakwood Collegiate football team, a lifeguard who held the butterfly speed record for many years at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, an expert skier, a phys-ed teacher in his early adult years); embracing fishing and hunting, boating and cottage life; encouraging an entrepreneurial spirit that, among other ventures, saw the founding of a national company supporting sport hunting.

Dad would embarrass us kids when he would say corny things to the grocery clerk or bank teller and his easy, welcoming way carried him through life. Neighbours spoke of him as a spark to their day and a gentleman. To me, Dad was a loving, disciplined, moral man. He always encouraged his two sons and daughter to find our own way and he supported us in everything we tried.

And in these covid and other dark times, his example is what has helped me cope. I will be forever grateful.



Submitted by Jim Pollock

Fairlawn 
Remembers