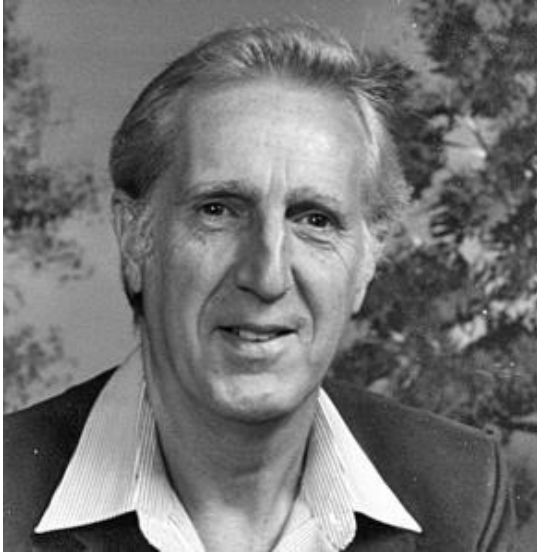


## John Jerome "Jack" Lowther – Vic High Principal - 1979 - 1982

LOWTHER, John Jerome "Jack" March 4, 1930 (Nanaimo, B.C.) - August 10, 2017 (Victoria, B.C.) B.A., M.Ed. M.A. (Counselling)



Jack got his wish, and died peacefully in his sleep at his Oak Bay home at the age of 87. He would have taken the "A" Train while fawns slumbered finally undisturbed on his front lawn. Born in Nanaimo to Vera and William Lowther, Jack is predeceased by his parents, his brother Billy and sister Dorothy (Elkington). For someone who lived so long, Jack often remarked on the miracle of his survival after a sickly childhood. When his older brother Billy died at 14 from rheumatic fever, friends and neighbours who heard of the death immediately assumed it was Jack, the other boy in the family. His brother's death at such a young age haunted him for the rest of his life. While at UBC, Jack was a nationally ranked long distance runner. He also loved playing basketball, and dancing the Jitterbug on Newcastle Island. Ambitious in his career, Jack achieved his notable success as

an educator with the support of Betty Lou Geernaert and Jan Watford, his former wives and the mothers of his five children. He is survived by Cheryl (Gordon), Susan (John), Brett (Catherine), Kathryn, Vanya (Duncan) and by his three granddaughters, Marina (Gabe), Eden and Annika. His cherished companion Marie Ryan also survives him. He was very fond of his cousin Bill Peterson and of his two nieces, Kim Elkington and Caitlin Levy. Jack's great passion was teaching and students. He first taught sciences, and then was a high school principal at various local high schools until his retirement in 1987. Nothing pleased him more than running into former students and not only remembering their names, but also telling them their Grade 11 Biology marks - sometimes fifty years later. In recent years, he loved to attend school reunions and as a former principal was often asked to speak. This was his favourite kind of gig. Always funny, but often poignant and insightful too - he was an eloquent speaker who loved to be on stage. Jack was the quintessential social butterfly and an incorrigible flirt. He loved parties, people, gossip, and he loved to laugh. He could be charming and was a lover of bawdy jokes. When Dad burst into a Sinatra song in full voice and perfect phrasing, he would make you feel like you were the most important person in the world. But he was a complicated guy, and, like all of us, he had his regrets and dark places. An avid grower of dahlias and chrysanthemums in his teaching days, he marked exams whilst listening to jazz, his other great passion, about which he had an encyclopedic knowledge. He treasured the 39 Christmases he spent in Maui. Wherever he is now, he's laughing at the sharks because they didn't get him. Steve and Cathy Murphy, son Paul Murphy, and Keith and Marguerite McCallion have provided constant love and support to Dad and we are very grateful to them. Thank you as well to Dr. Karen Klingenberg for her care. A celebration of life will be held at a later date. If you hear a song in blue, like a flower crying for dew, that was my heart serenading you, my prelude to a kiss. - Duke Ellington