

SIMPSON, Meron (Ron) Class of '57

SIMPSON, Meron (Ron) 1939 - 2013 Meron died peacefully on the evening of August 23rd, surrounded by family and loved ones, following a strong and stoic fight. Ron is survived by his loving wife Sheila, son Daryl and Janet, his cherished grandchildren Adam Brewster, Sophia and Marco, son Craig (Jodi and children Brody and Ava), and brother Hugh. Ron was heartbroken to be predeceased by his daughter Lisa last year. He was born November 13th 1939, in Maple Creek Saskatchewan, and was raised in Victoria. As a teenager he accepted the role of de facto father to younger brother Hugh, following the sudden passing of his own father, when he was just 16. While a student at Vic High, he fed his passion for automobiles, and used this passion to find work in an autobody shop, repairing cars for money to support his family. At the age of 19 he fell in love with Sheila, and following dates at DQ and cruises in "Sweetstuff" they were married. They were blessed to celebrate 50 years of marriage this year and



Sheila reflects fondly on decades of happy memories. He started Simpson Insurance in 1976, and built a successful business with Sheila. Simpson Insurance center eventually became home to dozens of employees; many of whom became lifelong friends. To supplement the income from what was then a small but steady business, he would buy wrecked cars from ICBC and use the skills he gained working in body shops to re-build them in his garage. Dozens of peaches were made out of lemons in this garage. Ron also hand-built the family motorhome from this garage and toured BC and the West Coast on countless family holidays - often with his and the kids' dirt bikes in tow. He was a slow but effective defenseman for the Old Hawks and Breakers, and the oldtimer's tournament roadtrips with his buddies were a large part of Ron's life. In anticipation of retirement, Mom and Ron bought their dream property on Pender Island and worked right away to build a beautiful lakefront home that would host perfect Spring weekends, rainy but relaxing winter respites, and summer swims for the grandkids. While Ron's immediate family was small, his family of friends was vast and his friendships strong. He loved life, and managed to do much more in his 74 years than some do in one hundred. He loved anything with a motor or wheels, and couldn't wait to get in the left-seat. He loved driving in the left lane. He loved pushing boundaries and was keen to look for a loophole in the rulebook. He surrounded himself with good people. And if you were his friend you knew it. If you weren't his friend, you would also know that. He didn't mince words. He mastered one liners, and reveled in throwing them. The pleasure he received tossing a good-hearted jab to his buddies JD, Paul, Bill, Gord, Al, John, George or Jack was surpassed only by the thrill he received throwing a shot at a misguided building inspector, an exuberant customs officer, or an overzealous vehicle inspector. Ron was not a religious man, but he did build a temple in which to celebrate his passions. His hangar was first built to house his beloved Piper Cherokee – CG-NMZ. Then as he hung up his pilot's license and traded it in for a racing license, the real toy-accumulation program began. Six racecars and countless compromised tool budgets later, his hangar would be one of his favourite gathering places. Ron was a joiner, and never sat on the sidelines. If he was involved in a sport or a member of a club, he wanted a seat at the table. He is a lifetime member of the Victoria Motor Sports Club, member of the Old Time Racers Association, CACC, past co-owner and executive of the Victoria Shamrocks, and past Chair of the Victoria Jaycees. But most of all, Meron was a great husband, father, grandfather, uncle, brother and friend. And while he might tell you that he most loved sitting in his racecar, what he loved most of all was curling up on the couch with his grandkids, going for a drive with his wife (when he drove), or having coffee with one of his countless friends. Ron liked flowers, as long as someone else was tending to them. So in lieu of flowers, honour his memory by doing something you've always wanted to do, but never found the time for. Have coffee with a friend today or perhaps honour him by slightly exceeding your toy budget. Published in the Times Colonist from August 27 to September 3, 2013