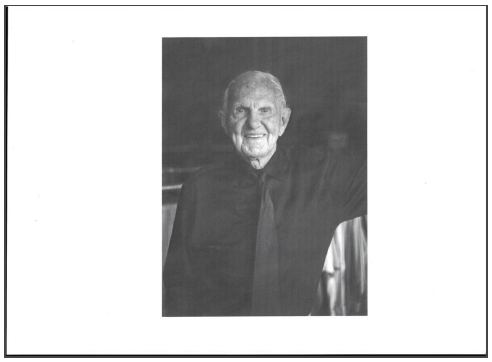
Donald Gary McCallum



FEBRUARY 24, 2022

The obituary for Donald Gary McCallum, (Also known as "Dunk McCallum" to the hockey world). Don passed away unexpectedly, February 24, 2022 in Langley memorial Hospital, born on Sept, 6, 1939 to Donald and Louise McCallum in Cornwall, Ontario, Don was the oldest child of the family, with 8 siblings.

His absolute passion was hockey, which he played every minute he could, something he excelled at, He never played for the NHL, but played for many farm teams. He even played hockey in Germany for the Canadian Army forces team, while playing in Whitehorse, NOW, T scored a phenomenal amount of goals, something he was very proud of. The Co BOC, did an interview with him, when he was 78yrs old, which is available on the internet, just go to Never Wore Socks, to view it.

He was an extraordinary man, and accomplished much in his life, He is predeceased by his Father & mother, Brothers Garth, Morley, & sister Sharon. He leaves to morn, his children (Daughter) Michelle, (sons)Jeremey and Ben, Brothers John and Melvin (Debbie), (Sisters) Ellen, Mary & Leah, Grandchildren, nieces and nephews, special mate Fran Kelly, And many friends and people with whom he touched their lives during his walk on earth.

He also had a passion for the Standard bred horse racing and got to see his dream come true, becoming involved with the Frazer Downs Racing Track in Langley. There will be a Last Post military funeral with internment next to the cenotaph for Donald at the Murrayville Cemetery, 31495-44 Ave , Langley BOC.

Messages of Condolence

Hey grandpa! Miss you like crazy. Wish I would of got to spend more time with you in the last few years, but I have some of my best memories growing with you. All the hockey games you took me to and coached me on the sidelines more then my coaches. I hope you're happy up there and you find grandma! Love you both so much.

— Erik Krsinar

I'll never forget the day- July 21st,2013. Its evening and the bus is pulling out of it's bay at the local transit center. There's a rap on the door. The driver opens it and an old man hops aboard oozing good will and cheer. He's self deprecating and apologizes to the driver for the inconvenience. He's juggling 5 containers - his Greek salad, which he loved, while fishing in his pocket for bus fair. Definitely disorganized. So he finds a seat and within 2 blocks he's already got someone smiling. Before I reach my stop, she's in stitches. Welcome to the Dunk McCallum social club! "Who is this guy?" I'm thinking I've got to say something to him or Ill regret it. So I meekly walk over to him- he's sitting by the back door, I mumble something and he gives me a thumbs up. A one time encounter I figured. Well what did I know? We kept bumping into each other after that. It felt like synchronicity. We hit it off, so, after about the 7th time- he was between addresses, he became my roommate and part of my life- The Dunk McCallum experience! Ten speed and brown shoe here. As they say, I just tried to hang on for the ride. When he had a car, it was always a caddy. First class. I'd never met anyone like him before, and Ill never meet anyone like him again. Truly one of a kind. PEACE, Brother.

— Chris West

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