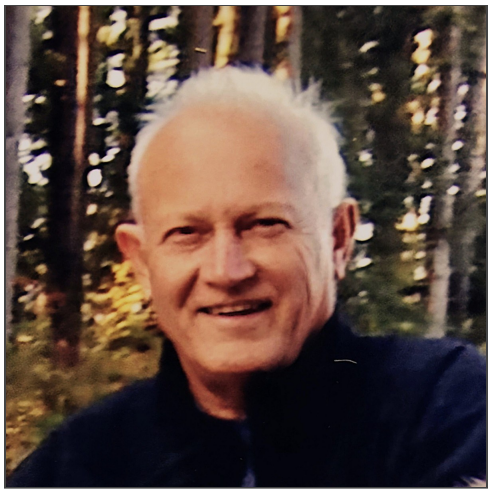
Christopher Patrick Monks



DECEMBER 8, 2024

Chris (Kit, in his younger years) was a magnetic, charismatic, soft-spoken, gentle man (with a mischievous twinkle), who often, preferred his own company. A man with a brain as his could be entertained for hours, playing chess with masters, watching chess videos, and taking anything apart only to put it back together. He spent his youngest years scrambling around Hampstead Heath, London, England building tree forts (which he accidentally set on fire to keep warm) and elephant pits, which once caught his father. (Something he never 'fessed up to his parents about, especially since it was his dad he captured and the fall broke his arm!) In his early teens Dad, his 4 siblings, and Mum sailed to the Canary Islands eventually settling in a small fishing village in Spain. While his sisters were learning their ABCs and how to play guitar and dance, he and his brother were hanging around the shores of the Alboran Sea, fishing and gathering fruit off the native trees and Cacti. Here he had his first loyal friend, Paco, a stray dog that stayed close to him. Dad grew bored with fishing and swimming and started spending many hours watching a friend's father, woodworking, building anything from tools to Ukuleles. Here he learned his lifetime trade of Woodworking and became a skilled and sought-after cabinet maker. Eventually, the Monks' children returned to London and there-dad had a short stint in a Catholic School. School was harsh in those days and after being hit one too many times by a nun, Dad went out and started working for himself. He had a couple of tools brought from Spain, eventually bought a suit, and bicycle and became a Traveling Tools Gentleman. He also helped his dad, a Sign

Painter, by cutting pieces of Plywood for his dad to paint. Times were tough in London, in the 60s; more people than jobs, and Grandpa was able to secure a spot for Dad in Canada. Dad was sponsored by the brother of a friend of Grandpa's, who lived in Toronto. Dad took a 3-month passage over in the underbelly of a ship. He recalled it being a very warm, rocky, and smelly passage. Once in Toronto, he started work in an assembly factory. Not very challenging but it was work. After his promised time of indenture, he hopped a Greyhound bus, in the middle of winter, to get to BC. He had heard the beauty of Vancouver was unsurpassed, by the Trolley cars coming out of the clouds and Salmon, so plentiful; they were leaping out of the streams. It must have been true because Dad never left his beautiful choice of country. His first place of work had him flying in small planes into little towns to work in BC and then he became a self-employed contractor who worked for decades with the Weyerhaeuser Quadrant Homes division. He built grand staircases and special cabinetry in many luxury homes. His love for math bridged into a fine collection and understanding of everything mathematical. He had one of the first scientific calculators, the first Atari, and built anything that Heathkit had to offer. There was nothing that he couldn't take apart and fix.
We grew up with a work desk in our dining room instead of a table. He was always tinkering. He retired at 60 and then spent his time walking/hiking in every park around the lower mainland. We jokingly called him an old Billy Goat; he was 23 years older than his first child but could hike circles around her! We figured for sure he would outlive us. In 2010 Dad found his best companion, Trixie a golden lab retriever. Now, he finally had a female that could keep up with him. Trixie and Dad enjoyed 14 great years’ together, climbing mountains, having green protein shakes, and then just chilling at home. Trixie never needed a leash; she wouldn't stray far from Dad's side. They camped all over BC together and there wasn't a person she met, that she couldn't make smile, because she was always smiling. Together they were quite a pair to visit; we went on walks and hikes all around the lower mainland. Dad's grandchildren grew up thinking Grandpa must live in his

Westphalia since we never visited his house. Dad was brilliant and he gave many words of wisdom over the years. He said that life's greatest gift was the ability to read because then you could learn about anything you wanted and he lived by these words. He would spend hours teaching himself about anything he found fascinating. He was an interesting, surprisingly witty, and gentle man, who could verbally spar like Muhammed Ali. He enjoyed making plants grow and growing his food, he truly believed good food = good health. Sadly Cancer decided differently for him. He was proud and stoic right to the end and fought the cancer until his last breath. We will miss him greatly. Christopher was predeceased by his Dad, Mum, 2 sisters, and Trixie. He is survived by his daughter Michelle (Russ) Brooke and Tyler, his son Christian (Michelle) Hunter, and Nylah, one sister and 1 brother in the UK, and many nieces and nephews worldwide. Dad asked for no service but if wished, donations can be made to the Salvation Army.

Dad, you immigrated to Canada and started a legacy for us that we will always be grateful for; we all have great lives. Rest in Peace Dad/Grandpa, we love you and we know Trixie was happy to see you. Your presence will be missed until we meet again. Dad’s ashes will be mixed with his beloved Trixie and sprinkled in one of their favourite parks.

Messages of Condolence

I will love you forever and think of you always.

— Michelle Monks

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