Peter Unger



AUGUST 13, 2026

Peter Unger, of Burnaby BC passed away at Royal Columbian Hospital the morning of August 13, 2026, just shy of his 92nd birthday. His mind was sharp, but his body was tired.

Peter is survived by his daughter Dora Armstrong (husband Jack), daughters Becky (husband Tim), Chelcee (husband Tyler), Jami and Louise, and grandchildren; Teara, Luke, Megan (predeceased), Tru, Chance, Kelcie, Kelly, Skyla, and Hunter, his sister Helen, and his eight nieces and their families. Peter was predeceased by his parents and two older brothers, Wally (Edeltraud) and Rudy (Katie deceased.)

Peter was the youngest son of Peter and Agatha Unger (nee De Veer), born August 24,1934, in Concepcion, Paraguay. The family moved to Asuncion for fifteen years before immigrating to Canada together in 1951. By 1952 the family had settled in Vancouver. Peter was eighteen years old.

Peter began his career in forestry in 1953 on Vancouver Island where he worked in Port Alberni for MacMillan Bloedel. Here he experienced snow for the first time and thought it was wonderful, but at the end of his shift he had changed his mind, he was freezing cold! While living here. Peter married and his daughter Dora was born in 1957. After several years on the island, Peter returned to Vancouver where he continued working for Macmillan Bloedel in the plywood division. This career was abruptly ended in 1979 when a stroke left him disabled at forty-five. Peter

worked hard to rehabilitate himself, learning to walk and even drive again, but his life was permanently changed.

Peter loved sports, as a young boy he would sneak out of the house in the morning to watch soccer games, returning in time for dinner. As a young man, he became a proficient bowler, winning many trophies. A favourite bowling alley was in the Blue Boy Hotel close to where he worked. He believed you had to make time to have fun!

Later in life, when he was not physically able to drive anymore, Peter contented himself with watching sports on TV. He had an incredible memory for stats and thoroughly enjoyed talking about hockey. His face would light up when someone visiting shared his passion. FIFA being hosted in Vancouver this year was especially exciting for him, and it became a source of conversation during his time in Royal Columbian Hospital. In his senior years, even as his vision failed and he struggled to follow the ball or the puck on the TV screen, Peter’s favourite place was his recliner watching the sports channel. He had learned to be content with his simple life, entertaining himself with sports on the television.

Walking into his condo for a visit, Peter would be in his swivel recliner. His typical greeting was, “Hi" followed by "turn on the lights". The temperature in his condo was typically 25-30 degrees. Installing an AC was out of the question. He liked it warm! He was happy with blowing air around with fans.

He was a man who lived simply, he was always dressed in fleece shorts and white "Fruit of the Loon" T-shirts. It was his favourite clothing, and in his mind, it was all he needed because he wasn’t going anywhere. If he was cold in the winter, it was because the thermostat wasn’t working, not because he wouldn’t put on long pants and a long-sleeved shirt.

Conversations with him eventually led to him sharing his aches and pains, allergies to medications and things he needed or wanted. But at the end of a visit, he would shrug his shoulders and say, “Well I am still here, and I’m OK. Maybe I will live to be a hundred.” Peter’s brothers apparently were concerned he would pass away first, but he proudly survived them both and lived to be older as well!

Despite his disability, Peter made the most of his life. He made a dear friend when he met Elina. They enjoyed each other's company, attended family gatherings and even went to dances at the Vancouver Alpine Club and the Austrian Vancouver Club with the extended family. Though not able to Polka anymore, he and Elina could dance a slow waltz. Up until recently, she checked in with him daily, calling every afternoon to be sure he was OK. Peter also had enjoyed playing card games; Bridge and Poker with friends in the building or at the casino. Every Friday evening his sister Helen and Peter shared a meal together, whether fast-food take-out which she picked up or food she had prepared. Good home cooked meals were a treat. It was a blessing to have her live close by, to have her company and her help as his health declined.

Peter was set in his ways, and at his age maybe earned the right to be! He liked his food and coffee hot. He had a routine for showering that home support followed, and he was known as “very particular". Peter shared how he thought things were supposed to be, he communicated what he liked, and he knew what he wanted. His mind was alert and he had no trouble telling you, his opinion. Thankfully, Peter always had the help he needed. The home support workers and care givers humoured him and made it possible for him to live at home as long as he did.

In Peter's mind the world was still the same as the day he stopped driving. Taking him to appointments, he was in awe over the amount of traffic and how the city had developed and changed. He couldn’t fathom how expensive gas had gotten, how much people earned an hour, and how everything was done on computers and

cell phones. The world changed in ways that Peter could not keep up with, and toward the end of his life, he communicated he was tired. Though he was cognitively of sound mind, his body had declined and it was giving out on him.

Peter’s presence in his recliner, his smile and voice will be missed.

By his request no funeral will be held.

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https://www.myalternatives.ca/obituaries/peter-unger

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