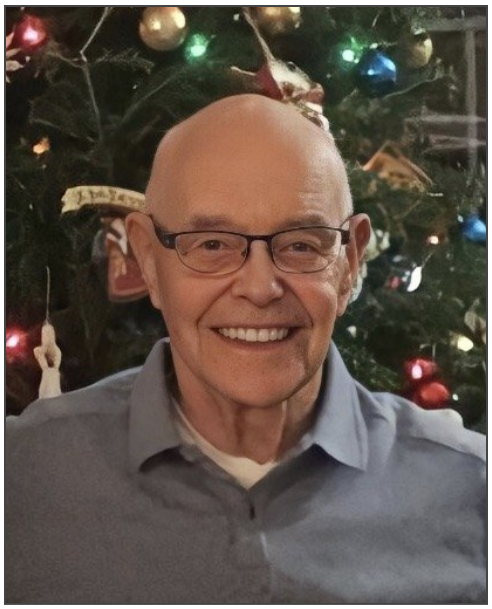
# Robert Vaughan Pickford



MARCH 21, 2022

It is with deep sorrow and much love that we mourn the passing of Robert (Bob) Vaughan Pickford of Surrey, B.C.  on March 21, 2022, at 88 years of age.

He will be lovingly remembered by his wife, Margaret, to whom he was married for 68 years, daughter Cheryl (Tim), son Robert, grandchildren Christopher (Akanksha), Tamara, Robert Anthony, Sarah, and 3 great grandchildren. He was predeceased by grandson Travis.

Bob had a heart of gold, was always ready to lend a helping hand, and was the kind of person who could start up a conversation with anyone. This kind of personality was perfect for his chosen career as a professional truck driver which he did for 45 years. In retirement, he and Margaret travelled the world with various cruises and timeshare destinations but they also enjoyed many years in their various RV’s, camping with their grandchildren. His family was everything to him and they will miss him tremendously.

In following Bob’s wishes, there will not be a service.

Feel free to leave any thoughts about Bob at www.MyAlternatives.ca

# Messages of Condolence

My condolences to your family. I remember his smile and sense of humour. I know he will be missed by all that knew and loved him.

**— Maureen Woodward**

We are both so sorry to hear of the passing of Uncle Bob! I (Laurie) have many wonderful memories of the times our two families have spent together. Derrick also reminded me of the time that Aunt Betty and Uncle Bob came to visit us just after we had moved to Tofino. They arrived in Tofino the same day our moving van did! Our poor truck driver had been unable to secure help for the unload so Uncle Bob jumped right in, even sweeping out the truck after it was unloaded. We had a lot of fun that day. We will miss him and wish to send the entire family our deepest sympathy. We love you...

**— Derrick and Laurie Donovan**

My contact with Bob was limited to times when I visited my sister Irene. I actually did meet him on one visit and became aware of why my sister spoke so fondly of him. My sister lived alone and Bob helped her with maintaining her property for which she was most grateful. Actually they became good friends and Irene looked forward to his visits and I can understand why..

**— Sonia Collins**

Rest in Peace

**— Susan Lane**

We are so sorry to hear about Bob. We have great memories of our time spent with you both and the fun we had on trips and the big one to China. Bob was always the gentleman and a pleasure to be with. Our sincere condolences, Margaret.

**— Deane and Barbara Schroter**

So very sorry to hear of Uncle Bob's passing. I have so many wonderful memories of camping, Disneyland trips, Christmas dinners and many other get togethers. Uncle Bob, often much to the displeasure of Aunt Betty, was "one of us". His playfulness knew no bounds, sometimes getting into as much trouble as us kids. He was the prime example of "When Uncle Bob is watching the kids, who is watching Uncle Bob?". He was always there to help. I remember he and my dad building a fence in our back yard. Often, a call wasn't even necessary, he heard somebody needed help and just showed up to pitch in. I too will miss him greatly. His joy of life was experienced by my own children. He always left a joyful impression on all he met. Our thoughts are with the whole Pickford family. I hope we talk soon.

**— Mark Schramm**

Condolences to Margaret and family of the passing of Bob. For several years I had the pleasure of having the best security system in our Murrayville neighborhood whose name was “nosey neighbor Bob”. He knew exactly what was happening in the neighborhood and he would always take the time to keep you up to date with the latest neighborhood changes. The gift of gab was one of Bob’s many talents and as we would be outside in our yards we would always have long chats about his family, his trucker stories and would always want to know how I was doing. I always got a kick out of him coming home with something free he had found either he would be walking home with it in his hands or it would be hanging off his bike. He even would share his treasures with others (I still have the elliptical he found for me). His love of the holidays was something that we had in common and I have missed since he left our neighborhood. But cherish all the decorations he would secretly leave on my door step while they were downsizing knowing that they were going to a good home. So every Christmas and Halloween I think of Bob as I set up my displays and will always remember his kind nature and big smile.

**— Lindzee**

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