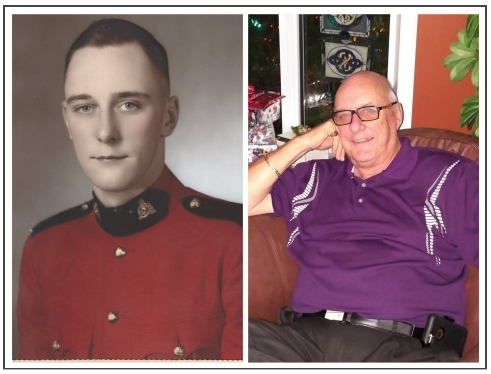
Stanley George Wilcox



NOVEMBER 5, 2025

With profound sadness and immense love we announce the passing of our father, Stanley (Stan) George Wilcox who left us peacefully, on November 5th, 2025, in Mission, British Columbia at the age of 84 years.

Besides his loving wife of 62 years, Gloria (McLean), Stan is survived by their children; Sandy (Bill) Pilgrim and Holly (Brian) Largy. Known to his grandchildren as G-Pa are Amorelle (Ryan) Bakken, Sheneah (Cory) Wilson, Callum (Tyler) Maskill and Kielan Pilgrim. Most recently he took on the moniker G-G-Pa to his twin great grandchildren Cash and Miller Wilson. He is also lovingly remembered by his sister; Gail Webster, as well as extended family and many dear friends.

Dad was predeceased by his parents, Stan and Trudy (Gosse), his brother-in-law, Peter McLean and his sister and brother-in-law Linda (McLean) and Fred Kummer.

Dad was born in Vancouver, British Columbia on March 31st, 1941. He lived for a short time in Vancouver before moving to Fort Selkirk in the Yukon. From there the family moved to Dawson City and finally Whitehorse. Deciding high school wasn’t for him (Grade 10) dad struck out on his own back to British Columbia where he worked building highways.

At the age of 20, he began his 36-year career with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. After training, he and mom bounced around Alberta for 13 years between Edmonton, Valleyview and Vegreville. In 1970, he attended the University of

Alberta as a mature student and earned his Bachelor of Arts in Political Science. He transferred to Ottawa in 1973 to “P” Directorate. Back to school at Ottawa University, Dad earned his law degree, graduating in 1978. He worked in Legal Branch, Human Rights Branch, Disclosures Section and Staff Relations Branch and became a member of the Bar in Ontario. He took his Commission to Inspector in 1982 and joined Adjudications Branch. In 1986 he transferred to “E” Division and joined the Audit Team before becoming OIC of Federal Sections. 1990 brought a promotion to Superintendent and a transfer to Prince George City Detachment as the Officer in Charge. For his final work transfer, he became the Officer Commanding Victoria Sub-Division.

Dad managed to be dedicated to work and still have some fun on the side. He had work friends he started his career with that seemed to stay with him through all the transfers. While in Alberta, Dad was very competitive in curling and spent a good deal of time at the rink (even while his daughter was being born). Both Mom and Dad became involved with Kinsmen & Kinnettes. In 1968, they won a trip to Europe representing Kinsmen in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium and Germany. While in Alberta, dad started pitching competitively in a Fashpitch league. Once we moved to Ottawa, Dad remained an avid curler and pitcher for an RCMP team..

Summers were spent at Long Island where the girls spent virtually every minute in the pool and Mom and Dad spent their time socializing with the other members. We can recall many a late night knock on the front window of the trailer for a ‘fire picket’. Dad would play his guitar and sing at the campfire keeping us all entertained. Mom and Dad went to work directly from the trailer so closets were full of uniforms (RCMP and Nursing). Dad spent virtually every weekend during the ‘school year’ with his ‘bestie’ and even moved the family from Blackburn Hamlet to Queenswood Heights to within two blocks of his friend to make their

antics that much easier. After graduating from Law School, extra curricular activities slowed down as he was travelling almost half the year for work but the love for golf was born and he remained in love with the sport for the rest of life.

After retiring Mom & Dad built their retirement home in Parksville near Morningstar Golf Course. For a few years he had a contract with the provincial government completing adjudications relating to the Vulnerable Persons Protection Act. Mom acted as his administrative assistant. The contract ended and Mom and Dad adjusted their focus to the fun things in life. Dad pursued his golfing passion at Morningstar Golf Course and golfed 300+ rounds a year for nearly 25 years. He took carving and drawing lessons. He began teaching Power Squadron and spent time with the Island RCMP Veterans eventually becoming President. For several years he and Mom travelled to Arizona as Snowbirds for three months each winter. They enjoyed taking bus trips to the Casino towns in the United States and made many lifelong friends.

In 2021, it became apparent they could no longer maintain their property so they moved into a Chartwell Independent Living in Mission. He enjoyed time with his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Dad started slowing down quite a bit in 2024 and was diagnosed with lung disease and small cell lung cancer. He didn’t tolerate the treatments well so all treatment was halted. He was able to stay home until two days prior to passing which was a blessing.

As per his request, there will be no Celebration of Life.

Messages of Condolence

My sincere condolences to you and your family. Mr Wilcox was a wonderful person and great friend to my father.

— Matthewson

Sandy, Billy and FamilyThinking of you and wishing you moments of peace and comfort.

— Char Bombay

So sorry to hear of Stan's passing. I very much enjoyed his company when stationed at "E" Division HQ in the late 80's/early 90's. Always amicable, he got along so well with all of the members. I offer my sincere condolences to Stan's family and friends.

— Jim Hislop

STANLEY GEORGE & IAN THOMASHow much in common would a bumptious, athletic teenager with an acerbic wit have with a stubby, longhaired dance band musician? Not hardly much! During the 1950's Stanley George & Ian Thomas Parsons roamed the streets of Whitehorse, Yukon. After classes the kids would gather at the Taku Restaurant, casting barbs at one another, Stan with his basketball gang and Ian with his social misfits, neither group showing much regard for the other. As they wended their ways through their adolescent lives, it would come as a surprise to both of them that they ended up in the RCMP Academy in Regina, Sask, their training troops a scant month apart. For the next 10 months or so, both were busy surviving the ordeal to worry much about anything else. Surprisingly again, both young men were assigned duties in Alberta at the end of training. Their ties to the north seemed to prevail and they began to have a better appreciation for one another. A friendship was born as the two rookie Mounties matured. During their time in Alberta they were actually stationed in a small town together, after finding wives and starting families. Stan had discovered the lure of self-improvement and attended university, which was to take him all the way to the nation's capital. Ian had chosen an alternate route in the field of training, which also lured him to Ottawa. It was here the alliance really took hold. Stan, always the star athlete, had discovered the magic of music. He looked to his long time friend, the stubby musician, for help with his guitar. They discovered they both had a love of RVing and country music. It was a formula for long nights under the awnings of their trailers, enjoying the music, liberally lubricated with spiritus fermenti. They also found that with a few drinks and country music, they could spend hours re-constructing and improving the administration of the RCMP. Alas, all good things must come to an end as Ian was moved to Regina, Sask and Stan continued his upward mobility in Ottawa. They remained in touch with Ian doing his training thing in Regina and Stan knocking on the door of success in HQ. There had always been a healthy competition between the two as they rose

through the ranks. Stan was the first to receive his commission to inspector. He was now a Judge Advocate in Legal Branch, traveling throughout Canada to hear internal discipline cases. One of his first was in Regina. While there he visited Ian in his home. While Ian was busy preparing dinner, Stan quickly put on his uniform as an Inspector. When Ian returned to the living room he discovered Stan in his full Inspector's uniform. Stan roared at Ian, "Stand at attention in the presence of an officer, you rabble!" It was in good fun, but the message was clear, "I beat you to it, you bastard!". It was a sad moment for Ian, but not long after this debacle, Ian too was promoted to Inspector. Their careers continued to be rewarding to both. Then faster than anyone can really imagine, it was over. Stan retired as Officer Commanding Victoria Sub Division and Ian left even earlier as Assistant Officer Commanding Courteney Sub Division on Vancouver Island. They lived only a short distance apart on Vancouver Island in their retirement and were able to meet from time to time, of course to debrief the goings on of their beloved outfit and agree that they could have done so much better at the helm. Yes it was an unlikely friendship. It lasted to the end. As Stan's health deteriorated, he and his wife relocated to a community closer to their daughters. One of the most poignant moments in Ian's life was the phone call he got from his dear friend Stan, revealing that he was going into Hospice and wanted to say goodbye. It was an emotional moment for both, one that will never be forgotten. It is said if you can hold your hand out and find a treasured friend on each digit, you are a wealthy person. Stanley George Wilcox occupied one of those digits for me.

— Ian Parsons

I crossed paths twice with Stan during my career, in Prince George when he was OIC, and in Victoria when he was OC. My sympathies to his family …

— S/Sgt Bruce Wylie … retired

Gloria: I was so saddened to hear of Stans' passing. I worked for Stan at Victoria S/Division as one of his Inspectors. Stan was an inspiration to me and I have nothing but wonderful memories of him. When we did road trips together we would always "hunt" down a Chinese restaurant to eat at. We, after a couple of libations, would sing country music together and he was a much better singer than I. Stan was not only a fine Officer he was more importantly a friend, a coach and a person with real integrity. While he is missed deeply by his family, he will always be missed by his friends.David Gork

— David Gork

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https://www.myalternatives.ca/obituaries/stanley-george-wilcox

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