George William Young

MARCH 3, 2020

With profound sadness, the family of GEORGE WILLIAM YOUNG of Airdrie, AB announce his passing at Calgary, AB on March 03, 2020.

Born February 29, 1936 at Trail BC, son of Thomas Black Young and Myrtle Young.

George is lovingly remembered by his wife, Yvonne Young; Children, Kevin Young, Michael Young, Robyn Young (John), Cori Young, Heather Thompson Undershute (James), Russ Thompson (Trish); Sisters, Laural Managre, and Wendy Young; grandchildren, Jason Kelley (Kati), Chelsea Copeland (Jakob), Michael Young Jr, Collin Young (Kyla), Scott Young (Kat), Koeben Jurykovski (Jen), Kiana Jurykovsky, Jason Undershute (Dana), Sarah Undershute (Nathan) Haylee Thompson, and Sydney Thompson; great-grandchildren, Bethany, Karsyn, and Elodie. George was predeceased by his parents; and brothers, Grant Young, and Thomas Young.

George attended Western Canada High, joined the Calgary Fire Department and retired as District Chief "C" Platoon in 1991 after 35 years of service. He was a member of the "Tijuana Toots", CFD Clown team, CFD golf, slow pitch and hockey. After retirement, he played Old Timers Hockey as a goalie until into his 70's at Crowchild Arena. He also played goal for various other teams from the Snoopy Tournament in CA to the Playmakers in Victoria. He was well known for his colourful, mismatched clothing, and "The Suit". His puns, George jokes and goalie antics were legendary.

He enjoyed RV camping in Canada and the USA, spending time in Mesa AZ, working on Classic Cars, and loved time spent with grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

A Celebration of George’s life is planned for late spring. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made in memory of George to the Firefighters Burn Treatment Society, Calgary Chapter.

Messages of Condolence

Forever in my heart Bro.

— Wendy young

He was my best friend . I miss him so much everyday . He taught me a lot of very valuable life lessons. He was always there for me when there was a thunderstorm or anything. I know he’s looking down at all of us everyday. He fought a very hard long battle but he finally up at peace with his missy .
I love you Poppa

— Sarah

Dear Yvonne &Family
My deepest sympathy & prayers
Eileen Kevin Erika&Ethan Herndier

— Eileen Herndier

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message He is Dead,
Put crêpe bows round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East, my West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song,
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one;
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the wood.
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

— Heather Undershute

Very nice obituary. I knew George only briefly, but new him a pleasant and enjoyable character. My condolences to his family.

— Michael O’Mahony

Heather, Yvonne and family! My heart breaks for you all today! George was a sweet man who always made me feel welcomed with a big smile and added sunshine to my world each time we met! Tomorrow will be the first of many sad days or moments, so I send to you all prayers of comfort and hoping that you remember the happy times and only hope you have great memories that will get you through the next tomorrows!

— Sandra Vogel

Our sincere condolences to Yvonne and Family on the final appearance of our Tijuana Toot "Brother", he has probably started a new group already.

— GARY BORKRISTL

Yvonne Heather and family. Sorry for your loss, George was a great man with a great sense of humor .

— ANGELA HOUSSER

I will never forget driving home with George from a Firefighters hockey tournament in Kamloops. I decided to have a short nap and woke to find that George was passing another car on the shoulder with nothing but air to our right. I looked over and George had his head back and was snoring. We put the top down on the convertible and drove the rest of the way with the top down in the middle of the winter. Other drivers must have thought we were crazy, and they were right. I will miss the craziness.

— Chuck D'Amico

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https://www.myalternatives.ca/obituaries/young-george-william

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