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Good afternoon, everyone, and thank you for coming to celebrate the life of Arthur James Bennett—our Pop.

I’m his granddaughter, and if you ever saw a man in the third row with a thermos of hot tea and a brand-new joke at the ready, that was him.
He was my biggest cheerleader at every school play and every muddy soccer game, always grinning like he’d just discovered front-row seats to something priceless.

Pop was born on February 2, 1942, and left us on January 20, 2026, at 83.
He grew up in Kingston, Ontario, studied civil engineering at Queen’s, and spent four decades designing bridges and roads across the province.
When he retired to Toronto, he didn’t slow down—he just traded blueprints for neighbourhood project plans and found new ways to make streets safer and friendlier for people.

He was happily married to Elaine for 55 years.
Dad to Mark, Daniel, and Sarah.
Pop to five very energetic grandkids who learned early that if you asked a simple question, you might get a full diagram, a story from Scouts Canada, and three puns before he handed you the wrench.

He was curious, inventive, generous with his time, and delightfully punny.
He believed that safety wasn’t a rule so much as a promise to come home.
That communities are built as much with listening as with lumber.
And that you never stop learning—preferably with a pencil behind your ear.

My favourite memory is our backyard treehouse.
Pop measured twice; I cut once anyway.
We both laughed and fixed it together—him explaining load-bearing beams as if

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we were co-foremen on the world’s most important job.
When it was done, he sat back, poured tea from that dented thermos, and said, “Looks like we really raised the roof.”
I rolled my eyes, and then wrote it down to use later.

He loved woodworking and the clean, honest satisfaction of sawdust on a Saturday.
He loved photography, especially the kind of portraits where you could practically hear the laughter.
He curled on Saturday mornings and still had energy left for canoe trips in Algonquin Park, where he swore loons sounded like old friends telling secrets.

Pop mentored young engineers because he remembered what it felt like to be trusted with a first real problem.
He championed safe, people-first streets because he’d watched how a gentle crosswalk can change the rhythm of a whole block.
And at our table, he made room—for new faces, for second helpings, for opinions that didn’t match his own.
That welcome is what we’ll miss most, right alongside the corny one-liners and the steady, thoughtful advice.

Today you’ll notice the plaid—thank you for wearing it in his honour.
If you feel moved to give, donations to Engineers Without Borders Canada would make him proud.
And if you’d like to share a story or photo for the family archive, please send it to cto@kuchventures.com—he would have loved that we’re still trading notes.

Pop would want today to feel like a bridge—something sturdy we can stand on together.
He gave us the plans: service to community, care for one another’s safety, curiosity that doesn’t quit, and gratitude for small moments, like hot tea on a cold sideline.

We’ll carry those forward.

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And we’ll keep his seat at the table warm—with a good joke, a better question, and room for whoever needs a place to land.

Thank you, Pop.
For every cheer, every fix, every “measure twice,” and every laugh that followed anyway.

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