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Friends, family, and all who loved him,

thank you for gathering to remember and to celebrate the life of my husband, Robert James McAllister—Rob to almost everyone who knew him.

Rob was born on September 18, 1953, in Winnipeg, Manitoba.
He died on February 12, 2026, in Victoria, British Columbia, at the age of 72.
Between those two dates stretches a life lived with integrity, purpose, and a quiet humour that never needed a spotlight to be felt.

We were married for forty-eight years.
That is a sentence that looks simple on paper and feels vast in the heart.
Our partnership was marked by respect, laughter, and a shared sense of what matters: to do your work well, to be of use, and to care for the people entrusted to you.

Rob grew up on the Prairies, where the horizon is honest and the weather teaches you to prepare.
He carried that Prairie steadiness into everything.
He studied engineering at the University of Manitoba, drawn to the beauty of systems that hold under strain.
Early in his career, he joined Manitoba Hydro and headed North, where cold, distance, and logistics were not abstract problems but daily facts.

He liked to say the North taught him two things: that reliability is a moral virtue, and that you check a bolt twice before you declare a job done.
He became a power systems engineer others counted on, the one you called when it had to work and when people’s safety and livelihoods hung on the answer.
Later, as a consultant across the North and, eventually, from our home on

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Vancouver Island, he championed renewable energy projects and the reliability of the grid.
Not because it was fashionable, but because he thought in long arcs and wanted the next generation to inherit something sturdier than talk.

He mentored countless young professionals.
He never confused volume with wisdom; he let the quiet carry the weight.
If you worked with Rob, you learned how to ask a better question, how to document your work so the person after you would understand, and how to admit when you didn’t know—because that was where the learning began.
Many of you have told me about a patient afternoon in a substation, a hand-drawn diagram that finally unlocked a problem, a phone call returned late at night with the words, “Let’s walk through it together.”

That was Rob.
Meticulous mind, generous mentor, steadfast friend.

He was also, first and always, a family man.
Husband to me, Claire.
Father to David and Erin.
Grandfather—proudly, unabashedly—to Owen, Maeve, and Isla.
Brother to Colin.
He knew the names of his neighbours and the birthdays of his nieces and nephews, and he excelled at the quiet logistics of love: the airport pickup before dawn, the toy assembled perfectly by morning, the roses watered when no one noticed the heat had spiked.

There is a particular image of Rob that stays with me.
We are at the lake, building a cedar-strip canoe.
The garage doors are open.
It is evening, and the air smells of cedar and varnish, the good kind of work that brings its own weather.
We are sanding side by side, the long, even strokes he insisted on, and he is telling me about his first job in the North—the awkward coffee in a camp where

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nobody said much, the day the generator failed and the plan followed the wrench, the way the wind could rearrange your priorities in ten minutes.
He kept his stories small and specific, never heroic, and that made them carry.
By the time we turned the canoe and ran our palms along its curve, I understood what he had always been teaching me: craftsmanship is a form of love.
Do it well because someone will depend on it, and that someone might be the person you hold dearest.

Rob brought that same care to his many pursuits.
He curled at the local club with a skip’s pragmatism and a lead’s patience—always tidy with the broom, precise with the weight, happy to coach a newcomer into a better release.
He gardened his roses with an engineer’s method and a poet’s delight, keeping notes about soil and pruning and then standing back in June with a grin that said it still felt like a small miracle.
He read Canadian history in the evenings, pencil in hand, arguing kindly with the margins.
He sailed the Gulf Islands with a steady hand on the tiller and an eye for the tide line, anchoring with a mix of caution and adventure that kept us safe and gave us stories.
And in the garage, with the radio low, he performed the quiet alchemy of wood into tables, toys, and shelves—objects that will outlast all of us and keep his fingerprint in our daily lives.

Service mattered to him.
Not service as a word in a speech, but as a habit.
Rotary meetings in church basements, hands-on projects that replaced talk with action, volunteer tutoring in math and physics for students who needed someone to explain the steps and stay until it made sense.
He believed in duty, in humility, in getting the measurement right and showing up on time.
If he disliked anything, it was shortcuts that pretended to be clever.

At home, Rob’s humour showed in the tilt of a smile more than in punchlines.

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He enjoyed letting others deliver the big laugh and then adding one dry sentence that landed the whole table.
When the grandkids burst through the door—Owen with a question already forming, Maeve with something to show, Isla with a giggle you could hear from the driveway—his eyes lit in that unmistakable twinkle.
He could fix their broken toy and their wobbly bike, and he could also fix the small, ordinary sadnesses of childhood with a project at the workbench and the soft authority of someone who made things right by making things with you.

People will miss his counsel.
He listened without rushing.
He would pause, ask two or three clarifying questions, and then offer an answer you could trust because it was anchored in experience and in care for consequences.
We will miss his careful hands—hands that could mend, calibrate, steady, and bless.
We will miss the reassuring click of a well-latched door after he checked it, the pencil behind his ear, the way he stood back from a finished job and let the silence say what needed saying.

Rob’s life followed a path that felt honest to who he was.
From a Prairie childhood to the University of Manitoba, from Manitoba Hydro to consulting across the North, and, in retirement, to Vancouver Island, where the wind and water matched the rhythms he loved.
He never mistook retirement for retreat; he simply shifted the balance toward family, community, and the long-deferred list on the pegboard.
He found new currents—more time for Rotary, more evenings helping a student through calculus, more morning sails when the tide blessed us with a window—and he filled them with purpose.

Our grief is real.
So is our gratitude.
Rob did not trade in grand gestures; he built a life of dependable words and consistent actions.

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He set a standard, and he made it look attainable because he repeated it, day by day, in the ordinary rooms where character is formed.

In honour of that spirit, our family is establishing a scholarship fund in Rob’s name for engineering students who show both technical promise and a commitment to service.
It feels right to invest in the kind of future he worked toward—one where talent is matched by responsibility.
If you wish to share memories or learn more about the fund, you can reach the family at cto@kuchventures.com.

Many of you are wearing a touch of blue today—his favourite colour.
He would have noticed.
He always noticed.
The small, thoughtful details delighted him: a well-tied knot, a clean line of caulking, a textbook passed along to someone who needed it, a rose that finally bloomed the way he had imagined.

To David and Erin:
your father adored you, not abstractly, but in the steady, practical ways that shape a life—rides to early practices, projects that taught patience, the quiet faith that you would grow into yourselves and surpass him, which you did.
To Owen, Maeve, and Isla:
your Grandpa Rob believed that curiosity is a form of courage.
He would want you to keep asking how things work and to try, with your own hands, to make them a little better.

To Colin:
you shared a brotherhood that began in Winnipeg backyards and never lost its thread.
The distance never interrupted the call, the advice, the familiar shorthand of siblings who know the old stories by heart.

To friends and colleagues:

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thank you for the ways you walked alongside him.
You gave him arenas for his gifts and companionship for his days.
He carried you in his stories, often beginning with “You’ll appreciate this,” and ending with a satisfied nod when the solution held.

When I think of Rob now, I hear the rasp of sandpaper on cedar.
I see the long curve of a hull becoming what it was meant to be through patient, repeated strokes.
Grief is its own kind of sanding—slow, imperfect, requiring care.
But it reveals, too.
I can already feel how his lessons remain in the grain of our days:
measure twice;
listen first;
choose the sturdier fix over the quick one;
leave a place better than you found it;
let your humour be kind;
and, when in doubt, bring a little blue into the room.

We will carry him forward not as a monument, but as a practice.
In how we mentor, in how we serve, in how we show up.
In the steadiness we offer to one another when the weather turns.

Rob, my love,
thank you for the years, for the work of your hands, for the wisdom of your counsel, and for the light in your eyes when our family gathered.
Thank you for the canoe and the sails and the roses and the evenings that ended with a page turned and a pencil mark in the margin.
Thank you for the life we made and the good you left in so many places we may never fully know.

We release you with love.
We keep you with gratitude.
And we promise to build—carefully, humbly, together—on the strong foundation you laid.

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