

Daughter remembers

By Kate Whitehead

It is common knowledge now that my Dad, Richard Whitehead, has died.

Caledon is a lot bigger than it was when he moved here in 1953, but word can still travel just as fast as it used to through this town that is still small in many ways.

My family and I very much appreciate the outpouring of support from the many people who have loved Dad and been touched by his spirit.

He started here as Don and Mildred's boy. He moved with his parents and his brother Don from Montreal to open Don Whitehead Chevrolet-Oldsmobile on King Street.

He had a classmate named Ruth who later became his best friend and his wife. Their love for each other has spanned over 50 years. He started his working life as a Licensed Class A mechanic.

He entered politics at a young age and served many terms on council.

He was active in the Anglican Church and later in life became a Deacon.

He served on so many boards and committees and attended so many meetings that all of us have lost track.

His devotion to the community is well known.

To me, he was most remarkable for his human qualities: his honesty, his integrity and his quiet strength. He was a deep thinker who felt with his whole heart. All of us who were loved by him spent our lives being buoyed up by the force of that love.

Right until his last hours he was laughing with us, teaching us and pushing us forward.

So how, then, can we possibly bear to be without him?

We can do this because the last of his gifts were independence and self determination.

He taught us how to carry on in the midst of seemingly impossible struggles.

So we carry on.

We do it for him, and because of him.

But we will miss him. So very much.

Rest in Peace, Dad.