



**DONALD (DON) MORASH November 23, 1947 – February 17, 2022 Age 74**

Husband, dad, little brother, uncle, grandpa and son. Spoon player, amateur magician, hypnotist and psychic. Joke teller, prankster, spinner of tall tales and charismatic life of the party. Ironworker, fisherman, hunter, camper, softball coach, fastball, horseshoe, and card player. Snowmobiler, downhill skier, golfer, curler and pool shark. Slingshot sniper, lawn dart marksman and amateur archer. Rider fan, banjo picker, baker, professional loophole finder, bargain hunter and do-it-yourselfer. Independent, curious, generous and highly allergic to anyone's bullshit. A rule-breaker, a troublemaker, a mentor, a fighter, and a friend.

Dad was born in Calder, Saskatchewan. After moving around the country for work, his family eventually returned to Saskatchewan and the "big city" of Churchbridge, where they conveniently bought a house next door to the love of Don's life, Sheila McNeil. As a young troublemaker, Donny got up to all sorts of no good with his friends, especially Murray and cousin Eddie. Dad had countless entertaining and often shocking stories of these youthful and other not so youthful adventures that he told and retold many times.

Finding himself just one class shy of graduating grade 12, Dad explained that he and the principal had a "mutual agreement" to part ways before he could complete his high school education. The problem, as he recalled it, wasn't the challenge of the schoolwork but rather a desire to get life started and make some money. Adventure and fortune awaited out West!

After a brief stint in B.C., Dad eventually found his way back to Churchbridge where he followed in the footsteps of his big brother Glen who helped him apprentice to become an Ironworker. A talented, respected co-worker, proud union brother and mentor for over 45 years, Dad's career with the Ironworker's Union Local 771 took him to job sites across the Prairies where he created many memories and life-long friendships.

Dad loved the outdoors and was an avid hunter and fisherman. In his later years he transitioned from hunter to animal enthusiast. He would spend hours simply soaking in the nature around him. During summers at the lake, Dad quietly watched deer walk through the yard, smiled at the hummingbirds drinking from the feeders and bravely offered peanuts to his squirrel "buddies" to eat right out of his hand. Even back home in Regina he kept his keen eyes on the "crazy" jackrabbits eating and fighting just outside the apartment window.

He showed a tough guy exterior to some but those who knew him best were well aware of Dad's huge heart. He loved his family greatly, was a very proud father and reveled in the role of grandfather.

Aside from his family, Dad valued his friendships the most and that clearly showed especially in the last few years, as friends both new and old were always quick to offer a hand and drop by for a visit.

In the last couple of years, chemotherapy and the ailments of a life's hard labour increasingly took a physical toll on him. But Dad rarely let it show, almost always responding to any questions about his health with a cheery "I'm good, real good".

He leaves behind a lifetime of memories to his wife of over 50 years, Sheila, son Terry (Tammi), grandchildren Jack and Erik and brother Glen (Ione). Pre-deceased by his daughter Lori, mother Lillian, father James, and nephews Darin DePape and Sean McNeil. Don also leaves behind brothers-in-law Wally (Shirley) McNeil, Mike (Cindy) McNeil, Albert (Sharon) McNeil and sister-in-law Eileen McNeil. Special nieces and nephews Cam (Kathy) Morash, Cindy (Dennis) Kruger, Reni (Dean) Morash, Dale (Veronica) DePape, Dean (Kami) DePape, Dave (Bon-nie) DePape, Nicole (Tyson) McNeil, Dan (Amy) McNeil, Dorenda (Mehdi) McNeil, Doug (Nicole) McNeil, Amber (Perry) Naclia, Logan (Angela) Craig, and of course many cousins and friends.

Dad was never one for ceremony or any kind of formality so as per his wishes there will be no funeral service. But when you get the chance, have a "cold one" and raise a toast to the best fish filleter in the West, and the coolest guy many of us will ever know.