

HILL, John David [UNTD SCOTIAN(Acadia) '51 U-34104] (1930 - 2013) Age: 82



John David Hill July 23, 1930 - April 6, 2013 John D. Hill Q.C. passed away in Wolfville Nova Scotia on April 6, 2013. John grew up in Montreal and was a graduate of Lakefield College School and Acadia University. He went on to earn his law degree at Dalhousie University and resided in Edmonton, Alberta for 40 years where he practiced law with his long time friend Howard Starkman Q.C. He was appointed Queen's Counsel in 1978. During his time in Edmonton he gave generously of his many talents. He was involved in many civic, political and environmental organizations and was always happy to help others attain their goals. Later in his career he became a chartered mediator, which he greatly enjoyed. John felt that mediation was a less adversarial way toward dispute resolution for all parties involved. His great love of woodworking, hiking, sailing and kayaking with his friends gave him much joy. He is survived by his wife Jeanne (Harris), daughter Heather (Michael Townsend), sons David and Iain, and four special grandchildren, Alexandra, John William and Trevor Townsend and Callum Oxley-Hill, his sister Anne (Thomas Neary) and brother Bill (Honor). He was predeceased by his younger brother Peter. John requested that his remains be donated to the Dalhousie Medical School. A private family service will be held at a later date. Condolences can be sent to heatherhill@eastlink.ca.

John had at least 2 UNTD summers; '52, '53, and probably '54 as well.

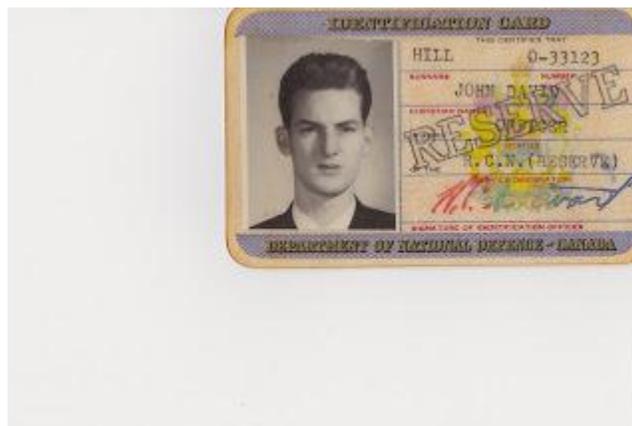
Commissioned as an A/SLT RCN(R), Sen. 1 Sep '54, O-33123, attached to SCOTIAN.

Ret'd as LT(N)

If I could add this most interesting addendum;

Sunday, April 7, 2013

John D. Hill Q.C. In Memoriam



When I first started my blog I had a picture of my dad who had been diagnosed with Alzheimer's. Today I write about him in the past tense because he died last night at age 82. The picture I've posted is one of him as a young man in the reserves because I like to think

about him, not as the dementia patient, but as the bright handsome young man who attended Acadia University where he studied languages and Dalhousie University where he studied law, and then headed west to seek his fame and fortune and find the love of his life, Jeanne.

Dad practiced law for many years in Edmonton but his true passions were wood-working and sailing. In spite of a grade 2 teacher telling him he couldn't do math he designed and built two beautiful sailboats. We would sail around Lake Wabamun outside Edmonton in a sailboat that was 24 feet and really too big for a lake. Our boxer Sam would roll around in the bow of the boat seasick and I would be sneezing my head off being in such close quarters with her. Dad would be oblivious to all of this, just soaking in the wind and the water, imagining he was in a race somewhere off the coast of New Zealand or somewhere. My mom put up with this with good grace until one day she just figured out it was "boring". Occasionally they would get to the B.C. coast and dad would have a ball in the Pacific Ocean. He was a land-locked sailor who spent hours and hours in his workshop (read garage that never saw a car) sanding and painting to his heart's content. One time he and a law partner had a car accident on the way to the coast which resulted in the whole top of the sailboat being sheered off. While rebuilding the boat a neighbour politely asked if that was how the boat was put away for the winter.

Dad loved animals being a member of the Elk Island Society and being heartbroken when our first dog Binky died. Though that didn't stop him from doing what needed to be done to a nasty tom cat who briefly terrorized our neighbourhood. When I was young he built a cage for my rabbits and when the time came to clean it out in the spring I was delighted to discover a fresh litter of baby bunnies.

Dad built lots of beautiful wood objects: salad bowls, cribs, rocking horses, kayaks, furniture. On his 79th birthday some of my awesome friends and I took dad kayaking. He didn't remember doing it hours later but I know he loved it in the moment. Although he was only in the Naval Reserve for several years (to put himself through law school) he always talked about his time on the ships, and his love affair with the water.

Dad was my protector who never considered what might be politically correct when dealing with a bully. One time I almost died of embarrassment when he dragged me to the home of a boy who had been bugging me and confronted him; that kid never bothered me again. Dad was definitely of the "don't ever hit girls" school of thinking (which I may have used to my advantage when tormenting my younger brothers Iain and David).

Several times dad was offered an appointment to the Queen's Bench of Alberta; he would have made an excellent judge but that was not his path. Had he been on the Bench and had my mom and dad stayed in Alberta instead of moving to Nova Scotia 15 years ago there would have been a big funeral with lots of Conservatives whom dad would have helped to get elected (until Mulroney came on the scene, dad couldn't stand him). Mom had one of the first tea parties for a young Peter Lougheed and she was so embarrassed because not many people showed up. Peter told her not to worry about it and it turned out he was right.

But dad was not interested in the limelight; he was charming and liked to tease but was ultimately a shy person. Instead he died in relative obscurity in Nova Scotia where his body was generously donated by my mom to Dalhousie University to be used by students and medical professors. His body was gratefully accepted, Dr. Scott called us last night to tell us. His body can be used for up to three years and then will be cremated. At that point there will be a service and we will hear from the students and professors who benefited from his donation. I think this is a fitting tribute to a man who worked hard all his life for others, who always sought new learning and who was always a bit more of a dreamer than a realist.

Happy sailing Dad, I'm so glad you're free of these earthly bonds. I love you.

Posted by [Heather Hill](#) at [9:44 AM](#)

Clearly his NavRes time was important to him.

Bill C