



## William J. (Bill) Stoochnoff 1928 - 2012

October 29, 1928 was marked by the birth of Bill Stoochnoff, the first Doukhobor child born in the newly settled area now called Shoreacres.

Growing up in the years of the Great Depression meant a difficult life with very few opportunities for a formal education. He would always joke that he graduated from the second grade. Helping to support the family meant working from a very early age wherever employment could be found; usually in the area's orchards and farms.

Bill was a hard and conscientious worker whose career consisted of several years in sawmills and as a tree faller in the logging industry, where he suffered an eye injury that would affect him throughout his life. He then worked for many years as a carpenter in the construction industry on various projects throughout the Kootenays.

A serious back injury resulted in a shortened career in heavy construction, however he still managed to carry on doing small jobs and helping all his children and relatives build their own homes, pruning fruit trees, and assist with anything else he could. He usually had to be reminded to stop; he was there to assist anyone unconditionally up until the time when his health began to deteriorate.

We will always remember the many selfless hours put in when we were building our house; sometimes he would be up at daybreak and be waiting for us to arrive to get on with our project. Through all this, father refused to accept any payment. He would always say that it was thanks enough that he was able to help; nothing else was needed.

When it came to gardening, he would make sure the rows were first marked and prepared perfectly straight before any planting took place. Anything less than

perfect was not acceptable. There was always an overabundance of crops, and the harvest was generously shared with family and friends.

Father took great pride in his yard; the lawns and landscaping were always carefully and lovingly tended to; the old John Deere tractor was always kept busy.

Over the years, father developed great skills as an assistant in the family kitchen, with some of the best borsch and pyrahi being produced by him and mother. This was something he truly enjoyed doing, and the only thing more enjoyable than making it, was to be able to share it with family and friends.

Bill was a lifelong fishing fanatic; born on the shores of the Slocan River in Shoreacres when the Kootenay River ran free before the construction of dams and reservoirs and salmon were still migrating to the Kootenays. There were few things he enjoyed more than being on the water through any weather and any time of day, regardless of whether the fishing was good or not. Many of his fishing buddies have passed on, and their group has now grown by one.

Bill's love of outdoors activities and great sense of humor was surpassed only by his lifelong unconditional support of his entire family; his children, doting on his grandchildren and the joy brought to him by his great grandchildren.

The great grandchildren were always fascinated by all the gadgets in deda's garage that he would show them, and how the freezer always seemed to be filled with their favorite ice cream. As young as they are, one of the great grandchildren commented on how deda never complained when he was in pain; when his back was sore or when he had breathing problems; he just smiled when they were with him. For the past few years he lived mainly to see the ever-growing families "one last time".



**In Memoriam**  
Vechnya Pamyat

Preserving the memory of our deceased family members and friends