RIP My dad David Frederick McCormick

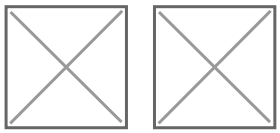
My father died late last week.

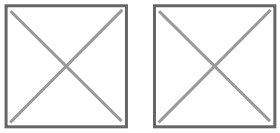
I was in Vancouver but my father didn’t want me to come home. He wanted me not to worry about him. From my father I learned how to use humour when things got rough, I learned to love to travel, I learned to love to read, and I learned that the world was a big place. I was really happy to visit my dad a few weeks ago and I brought photos of Iceland. I loved looking at photos with my dad, and he always smiled when I told him the stories of the places I visited, much like I smiled as a young boy when he told me stories of his travels.

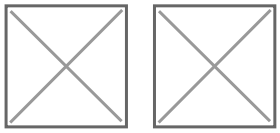
I drove up to Whistler the next day for lunch, I stopped many times to take in the beauty of the land and to think abut my dad. I will miss him.

Here are just a few panoramas from my trip. Working on my photography has given me respite.

I want to thank all of you for the support and love in my period of grief. It is greatly appreciated and has helped me immensely.









Source: https://www.idonthaveacoolname.com/rip-my-dad-david-frederick-mccormick/