

# David Nicholson

IT IS WITH GREAT SADNESS that the family of David Nicholson announce his passing in Parksville, British Columbia, Canada on September 30, 2016.

David will be lovingly remembered by his wife Zenith, sons David (Wilma) and Alistair (Kerri) and daughter Kat (Dean). He will also be fondly remembered by his two grand-daughters Kayla and Quinn. Survived by his sister Morag and brother Ian. David was predeceased by his mother Catherine, brother Alister, and sisters Catherine and Chrissy.

David was born on October 15, 1923, on the Isle of Skye, Scotland. David started his career working as an Apprentice Engineer at the Kincaid Shipyard in Glasgow, Scotland, and after the onset of World War II, enlisted in the British Merchant Navy. He plied the dangerous waters all over the world and during one of these missions his ship was torpedoed off the Coast of Nantucket Island. He spent seven days in a life raft with three fellow sailors until they were rescued by a passing ship heading to New York.

After the war, he immigrated to Vancouver, Canada, where he met and married his wife Zenith. After working for many years in the Northwest Territories of Canada, David retired to Parksville on Vancouver Island.

David was a fluent Gaelic speaker and a strong supporter of the Gaelic Culture and Heritage.

*"I must go down to the seas again,  
to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star  
to steer her by,  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song  
and the white sail's shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face,  
and a grey dawn breaking.*

*I must go down to the seas again,  
for the call of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that  
may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day  
with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown  
spume, and the sea-gulls crying.*

*I must go down to the seas again,  
to the vagrant gypsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way,  
where the wind's like a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from  
a laughing fellow-rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream  
when the long trick's over.*

~ John Masefield

