

Lawrence Richard Sheck

Rick passed away suddenly on February 19, 2012. Rick is survived by his children Leah (Brad), Christopher (Danielle) and Zachry, grandchildren Isabella, Sydney and Jackson, sister Sandra (David), brothers Robert (Dawn) and William. He was predeceased by his father Lawrence Henry Sheck and mother Helen Forrest Henne.

Rick was born in the north but spent his younger years in Grimshaw, AB and Vancouver, BC. He returned to Yellowknife

with his wife Susan in 1973 to work for the Northern Canada Power Commission. In 1987 he started Norpo Powerline Construction where he went on to build powerlines throughout the north. He spent the last 11 years mainly at the Diavik Mine Site where he was known as the "mayor of south camp". Rick also had a great fondness for building ice roads and riding motorbikes. He loved to be out on the lake in his snow cat and riding the highways on his Harley.

Rick's wishes were not to have a funeral but a Celebration of Life which will be held in Yellowknife at a later date.

Condolences can be emailed to norpo@theedge.ca or mailed to Box 2887, Yellowknife, NT X1A 2R2.

If friends so desire, memorial donations may be made in trust for Zachry Sheck at the CIBC, Yellowknife, NT Branch or to the Heart and Stroke Foundation Alberta, Northwest Territories and Nunavut in memory of Rick.



"We love you Dad"

What are their thoughts, these hardy souls tangled in knots on top of poles, sweating it out in a blend of blue, doing a job few would do?

What are their thoughts, this gallant crew, who risk their lives the long day through, in summer heat or winter snow, taking orders from afar and below?

What are their thoughts, these men of brawn, who joke and swear or hum a song, who know their distance well could be a rubber glove from eternity?

What are their thoughts at the close of day, as they scramble down and put hooks away?

Do they thank God for the heart skipped beat, to feel the earth beneath their feet?

What are their thoughts as they head for home, longing once more to greet their own?

Surely they must feel some delight, knowing they helped turn darkness into light.

