

C-GHAF

JOHN COLLISON

February 3, 1947
to August 29, 2003

C-GHAF

"CHARLIE GOLF HOTEL ALHA FOXTROT — OVER."

Tragedy claims life of publishing luminary

We lost a colleague and partner last week.

John Collison, 56, along with Jane Ferguson, 49, her niece Kirsten Ferguson, 30, and her cairn terrier Rascal were killed instantly August 29 when John's plane crashed into a ravine 14 km north-east of Penticton. The trio were en route to Calgary from Vancouver Island and had just stopped in Penticton to refuel. The cause of the crash is not known.

John worked out of the office next to me in his capacity as president of **Madison Publishing**, a division of **Madison Venture Corp.**, where he had been a partner since its establishment in Vancouver in 1976. **Madison Publishing** owns an interest in **Business in Vancouver Media Group**, as well as owning community papers in Whistler, Squamish, Lillooet, Powell River and the Sunshine Coast. He was formerly president of **Lower Mainland Publishing**, a joint venture with **Southam Inc.** that owned numerous community papers and the *Real Estate Weekly* in the Lower Mainland. **Lower Mainland Publishing** grew out of John's idea to have **Madison** invest in **College Printers**.

It was that initial investment in the printing business that kindled John's love of publishing. "He was a hound for details, intricacy, acquisitions and sniffing out deals," said Peter Kvarnstrom, vice-president and group publisher at **Madison Publishing**. A UBC math graduate, John joined **Arthur Andersen** in 1969, worked as a management consultant, then became one of the original partners in **Madison**. As president of **Lower Mainland**, he oversaw more than 800 employees generating revenues in excess of \$110 million.

"He was an outstanding individual and a great partner for 31 years," said Sam Grippo, president and CEO of **Madison Venture Corp.** "He was one of those people who had tremendous intellect, but who gave people who worked with him the opportunity to flourish. Most of the

people who worked closely with him are intensely loyal to him.

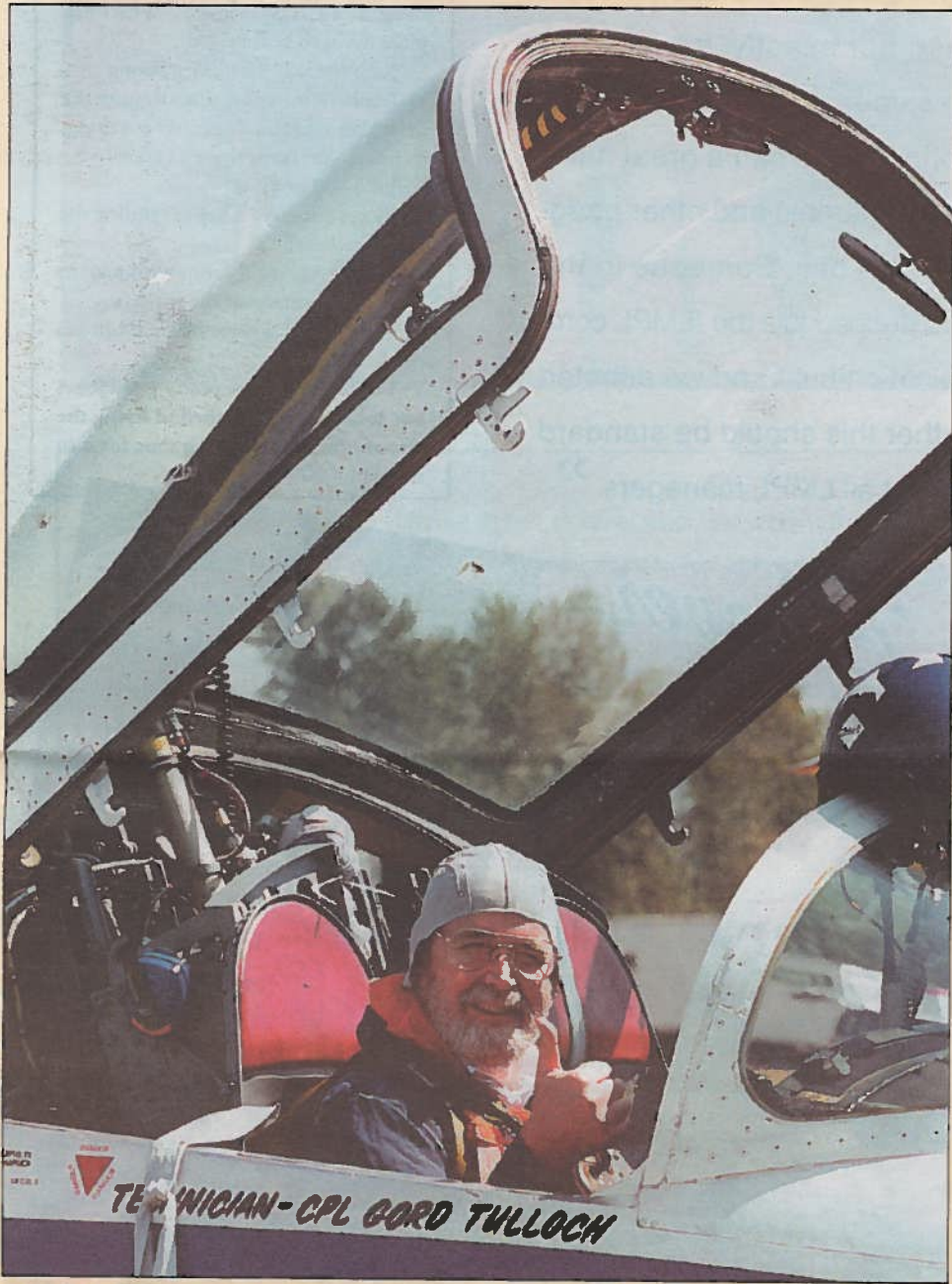
"He had a great mind and loved to solve complex problems," said Grippo. "He was tireless in working things out, finding ways to make things work. You could count on him 100 per cent to do what had to be done."

Brad Alden, president of the **Burnaby Chamber of Commerce** and publisher of the *Burnaby Now* newspaper, formerly part of **Lower Mainland**, was a long-time personal friend who saw an "impish" side in John that was hidden to those who thought of him as a solitary workaholic. John had been known to go to his office on Christmas Day because it was a quiet time when he could clean up his desk without being disturbed.

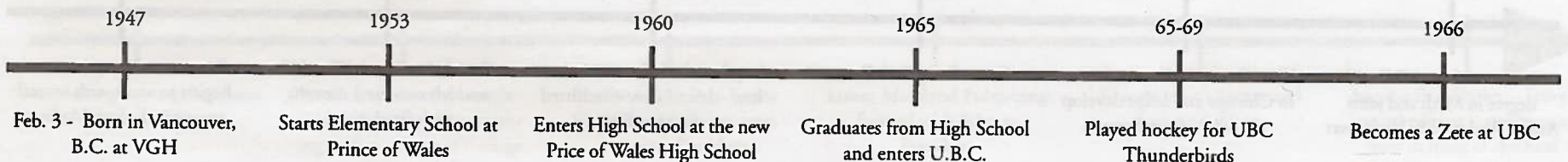
"He was the straightest friend I ever had, but he had a wild and crazy side that was as much fun as anyone," said Alden. He spent holidays scuba-diving, riding his Harley-Davidson and, most recently, flying. After flying extensively in small planes in the 1970s, John renewed his licence about 10 years ago and became a part-owner of **Altair Aviation Ltd.**, a Pitt Meadows flying school. He recently bought the amphibious **De Havilland Beaver** aircraft used in the Harrison Ford movie *Six Days, Seven Nights*. It was the plane that crashed.

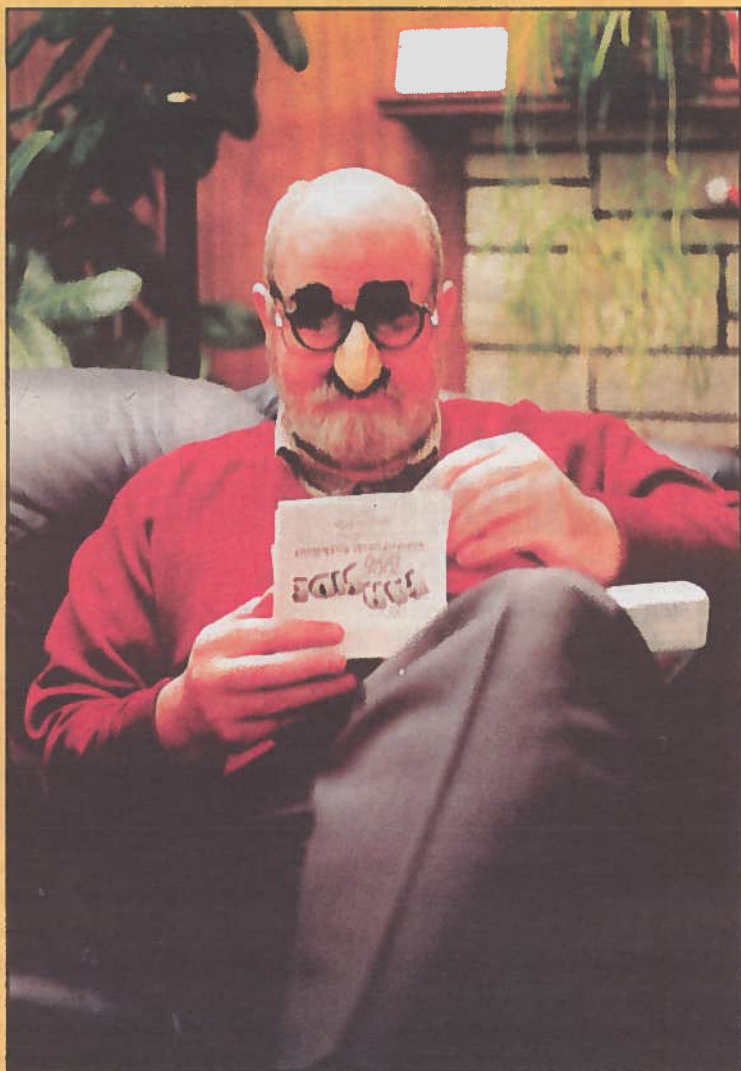
For all his business experience, few people ever remember John wearing a suit, a sports jacket or anything but a checked shirt. Quiet, shy and reserved, he never carried a business card until last year, when Kvarnstrom bought some for him.

He was in the midst of having a live-aboard "aircraft carrier" built (he hated the word "yacht") that would carry his plane and enable him to realize his dream of living on a boat with his plane. He didn't live to see that dream fulfilled, but he did live long enough to enjoy the fruits of many years of hard work. He died doing what he loved. ♦



Grinning thumbs-up and about to go flying—a scene I witnessed literally and figuratively a thousand times with John. This particular day, the summer of '92 I believe, he was about to go up with the Canadian Forces heralded Snowbirds aerobatic team. He and other significant media types were the fortunate ones chosen that year for the annual pre-Abbotsford Air Show media day. The *Real Estate Weekly* had supported the air show through many, often-lean years, and arrangements had been made for John to receive a little payback. One of my daughters and I lucked along as the photo documentarians. We had to be at the airport hours before the actual flight for orientation and briefing. John listened attentively, for over an hour, to the 431 Air Demonstration Squadron instructors give both the standard "day-of" briefing, as well as the rookie orientation: you would have thought he and the others were about to fly into combat. Finally, with parachute and ear-flapped helmet-liner donned, John climbed into the right seat of the CT-114 Tudor aircraft. Just before this picture was taken, my youngest, 10 year-old Sophie, was hanging on the steps of the fuselage having her picture taken with her dear friend John, who was to take her for her first private aircraft flight a short time later. The two of them grinning and offering the traditional thumbs-up is an image indelibly etched in my mind. A scant hour after a true Snowbirds formation takeoff and landing, and with the full show routine in-between, in response to my question, "well, how was it," John in full-blásé expressed, "not that great — the only one to do any flying is the leader; the rest of them just stare at the other's wingtips and make sure the distances are right. I was expecting more." True as that may have been, John's telling of the Snowbirds experience got better as the years passed. — Brad Alden





By Orest Smysnuik

“Anyway, at either the first or second Presidents Club, John got up to give his “speech” and the first thing he said was “I’m only up here because Grippo won’t do this” or words to this effect, I can’t remember exactly. It broke the house up!!

John always had a great number of electronic and other gadgets on his belt. Someone in the group dubbed this the “LMPL communication belt” and we debated whether this should be standard issue for all LMPL managers.”



By Peter Speck

“I’ve flown with John a few times, in the Beaver and before that in various light aircraft. John was a pilot and I a mere wannabe pilot, but I fly a lot as a passenger in light aircraft and John, in my opinion, was a careful and meticulous flyer. He was very proud of that Beaver and took excellent care of it.

I remember a flight with John, in a Cessna over Armstrong, B.C., about three years ago. John was intent on his navigation. When John was focussed on something, he was really focussed. “What’s that place down there?” I asked.

John replied “That’s Armstrong”.

I said, “You know, that is quite the dairy town.” John didn’t say anything. “They make cheese there”, I added.

John said nothing.

I kept talking. “They’re sending the cheese to Israel.”

“Is that so?” said John, with map in hand as he peered out the window.

“Yes,” I said. “They’re calling it Cheeses of Nazareth.”

I thought it was a pretty good joke, but John was so absorbed in flying the aircraft that it took a long time for it to sink in.



1969

1973

1974

1975

1975

1975

Graduates from UBC with degree in Math and joins Arthur Andersen in Vancouver

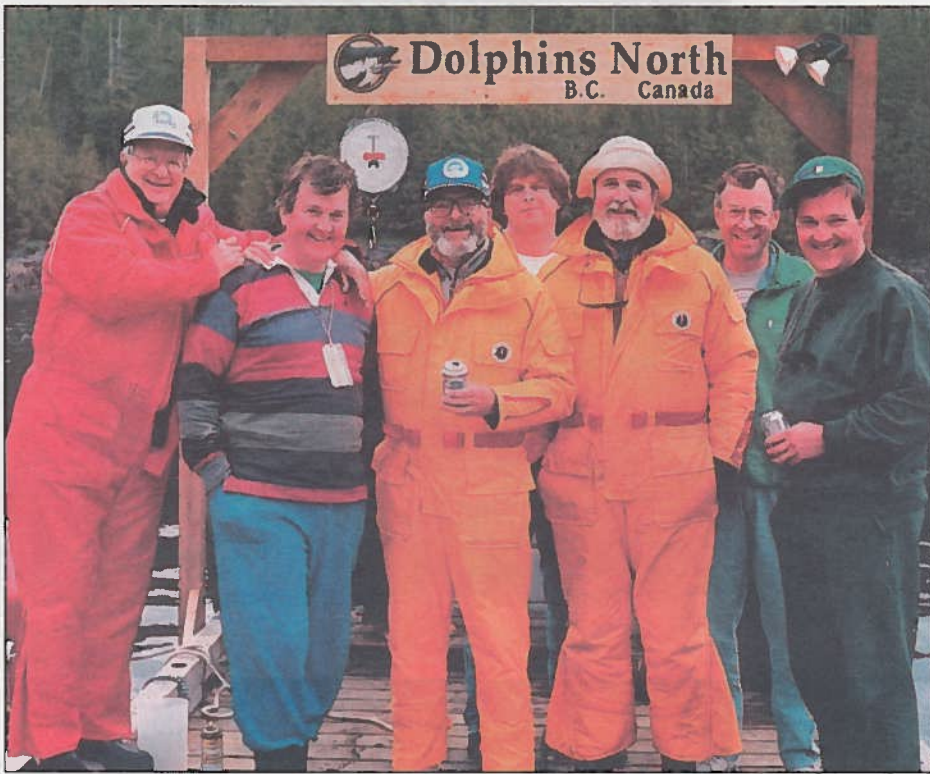
Transfers to Arthur Anderson in Chicago and helps develop United Airlines System

Earns first pilot’s license

Acquires the infamous Suburban – brand new – outfitted for traveling

Traveled to South West US and Mexico for 3 months with Brad Alden

Returns to Vancouver and begins to work with several groups including Madison



“ I had the great pleasure of flying dozens of times with John in that Beaver. Back and forth to Powell River was our most regular run. I remember when he asked me point blank, "Want to fly"? "Yeah, sure" I managed to get out, as he told me to grab the controls. What an experience! The last time I flew with John earlier this summer he even let me set it down on the river by the Seair base. His hand was of course steady on the other set of controls but my heart was running at 120+.

John gave me chances to publish, to manage a publishing company, to own a share of a newspaper and fly his plane amongst many other things. I owe him much. Thanks for the experiences, John.

I will always remember the many fun times and great laughs we had together. I miss him dearly. ”

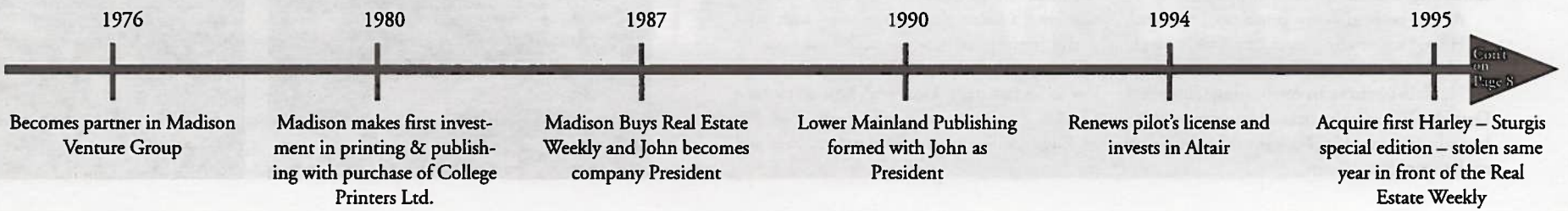
— Peter Kvarnstrom



John treated family & friends to a Hawaiian holiday



John & friend, Patti



Cont on Page 8

Bill Lang's Memories of John

Our paths first crossed some twenty-eight years ago when I was working at The Courier and John was helping with some accounting and planning matters. It was after the paper failed in its attempt at going daily when I really got to know John. He saved my backside from a very sorry mess as well as providing me with another opportunity. Morris Belkin was exercising his 'put' on the interest I had in College Printers and I had ninety days to respond. Being totally shellshocked from what had happened at The Courier I was not dealing well with the situation. John came to my aid and devised a very creative scheme involving the late Charlie Bawlf and an unknown (to me) entity called Madison Venture Corporation. At the eleventh hour and much to the amazement of Belkin we

bought him out of his very first enterprise, College Printers. As a result of this John and I became business partners. Ever since then John has been there to help me whenever necessary. You never needed to ask John for his help. He somehow sensed when it was needed and then quietly set about solving the problem. He had a key to the office I'm in but could only be found there late at night or on a weekend. On the occasions that I would be in the office when he was there I loved getting an update on his fishing, motorcycling and flying exploits as well as how his boat building was progressing. Recently he told me the boat would be ready by Christmas and joked that I could join him on board for Christmas dinner. That's a date I'll be sorry to miss. ♦

How Can I Possibly Describe My Big Brother in a Few Words?

"The highest reward for a man's toil is not what he gets for it, but what he becomes by it."

John Ruskin (1819-1900)
Writer, Social Theorist

Our pretty normal family of four lived in a wonderful home on Angus Drive in Vancouver. We did all the normal childhood things...

hockey for John, skating for me...we both attended public schools, and went onto UBC while we lived at home. Overall it was an even-keeled good childhood, with no devastating disasters nor remarkable happenings. We were very fortunate! John was a pretty typical brother; let's be honest - he wasn't a saint, but I idolized and loved him.

Our parents retired to Vancouver Island in 1971, I was 19 and John 23. We didn't understand...as John put it, "We gave them the best years of our lives and then they moved away on us." However, from this somewhat 'normal, conservative, traditional' upbringing emerged a most remarkable and complex man.

He loved people but he tended to be shy and reserved.

He loved to help people but he was very self-sufficient and intensely private.

He loved the simplicity of nature, spending time either out on the water or up in the sky, but he loved solving complicated problems.

He was seemingly irreverent yet surprisingly altruistic.

He didn't believe in celebrating Christmas Day (that's the day he cleaned his office) but he basically portrayed St. Nick the other 364 days of the year.

In my eyes John was brilliant and he was also loyal and dedicated to whatever he was doing. His relationships with people were important to him, both personally and in business, and through each and every one of those relationships he grew to be the man we know today. Patti and John spent many years together and this time period

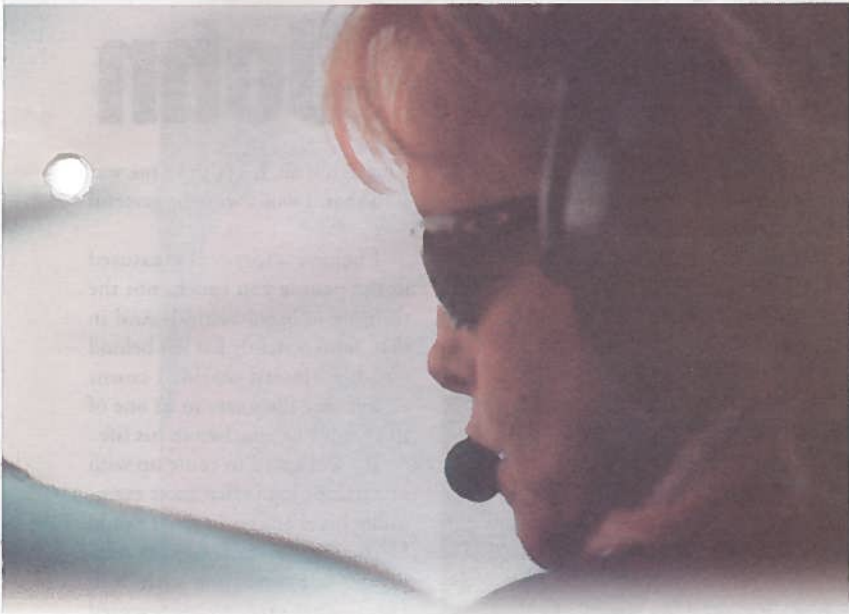
helped sculpt our John. Patti kept softly chiseling away at that gruff exterior, hoping to let the teddy bear out for others to see. The Madison boys, his business partners, and his employees were his heartbeat. His friends were his pulse. John and his dear friend Jane shared a love of nature, flying, being on the water, and a love for the intricacies of business. Through Jane's dedication to a facility which deals with addictions, John developed an interest in her goal, and enjoyed helping her keep the doors of

EDGEWOOD open. Although a dedicated workaholic, the journey was the destination. Perhaps through osmosis, the addiction centre had impacted on his addiction to business, as he was starting to take some time to enjoy the fruits of many many years of labour.

Although John was frequently annoyingly irreverent he turned out to be a truly altruistic guy. I am so very proud of him. As a younger sister still idolizing my older brother I acknowledge what a remarkable man he was - with wonderful friends, tremendous accomplishments, and a huge sense of adventure - I will aspire to follow in his footsteps. I just wish he didn't wear a Size 13.

Ellen Collison...the little sister...over and out.





Dear John,
 Firstly, I can't believe you have me writing a 'Dear John' letter. You always did make me do the 'dirty work'!

I want to thank you for the so many things that you taught me, for your guidance and for the opportunities that you have given me through the many years I've known you. Not only were you my boss, you are a wonderful and very special friend. As many of us at Real Estate Weekly and Kodiak Press have experienced, if you had an ounce of belief in someone, you led us, encouraged us and supported us to wherever the next step was.

You always had a way of taking your shots at me. I can still hear you saying "What is that that you're wearing?" or "What happened to your hair?" I often wondered how you got the position of fashion police.

It's been said that the definition of a true friend is someone that holds your hair back when you're 'tossing your cookies'.

You didn't realize I wasn't feeling well after eating tainted seafood at dinner. I tried to save you

by attempting to end the conversation but as usual you continued talking. The look on your face when I went running behind your truck and buckled over. With my hair pulled back with one hand you talked to Jane on your cell phone trying to figure out what to do with me. Afterwards when you picked me up and put me in your truck I remember being embarrassed, thanking you for taking care of me and apologizing to you all at the same time. Although I think you were quite horrified yourself, I recall you saying "Don't worry about



it Debbie, you would have done the same for me." When you called to see if I made it home you said that you really knew I was going to be okay when I had responded, "No I wouldn't have...you have no hair to hold back."

John, if this had to happen and we had to lose you, I am somewhat comforted by the fact that you left us doing something that you loved and with people that loved you. I will certainly miss you!

*Your friend,
 Debbie*



Ellen Collison says "Now I know why my neck is always sore!"



Craig Leonard's Memories of John

What a Father should be...strong, guiding, supportive...that's what John epitomized to me.

He made such a strong impression on me when he first came to Altair. He was earnest, friendly, and keen to learn; the perfect student. He and I spent many hours together as he worked on becoming a better pilot. That was just the beginning of our relationship. When Altair came up for sale John was the first person I approached about joining me in the venture as my partner.

There was little doubt in my mind that I could succeed in making Altair a "going concern" with his backing. Ultimately, he was the only person that did believe enough in me to do so. Nine years later, and many "hurtles" since, Altair is still around, much to the thanks of John for his guidance and support.

Since those first few years of our friendship, John went on to do many other things. However, he and I always remained in regular touch. His visits

to Altair were always quite brief, and usually liberally interspersed with conversations on one of the subjects that were most dear to

where next I might guide Altair.

I too found him to be a tremendous "sounding board" for my own ideas.

company. Through it all, his faith in me was undaunted. In that, I will always be grateful to him.

I believe a legacy is measured in the people you touch, not the things you leave behind. And in that, John certainly has left behind a richly blessed world. I count myself very fortunate to be one of the people he touched in his life.

If I was asked to come up with one trait of John's that most exemplifies his character to me it would be the way he started every telephone conversation with "Oh Hi!..." That greeting represented the way he started everything...with an exuberance that left you knowing the upcoming conversation was going to be fun and exciting, and would leave a smile on your face once it was over. Well, I will never hear that "Oh Hi!..." again in my lifetime, but I expect that shortly after I leave this Earth, I can look forward to getting a quick call that starts with "Oh Hi!...", telling me about what a great adventure is awaiting me. ♦



him...airplanes.

He was never at a loss for suggestions on

However, he always left it up to me to decide what would be the next path for the

"Oh Hi!...", telling me about what a great adventure is awaiting me. ♦

Collison Remembered

by Rod Thompson

One May morning in the early 1990's, when John was scheduled to pay a visit to the Abbotsford office. Although it was a nice day the early morning temperatures were still cool, which led John to the conclusion that riding his Harley to Abbotsford was a good idea, and wearing his full leathers was too. I remember a visibly shaken receptionist reporting to me that there was "a big biker" at the front counter to see me. She was none the less surprised when I introduced John as my boss!

I recall riding in the back seat of "the beast" to an Abbotsford Airshow one year and flying to Clam Bay with John and Lois in the Cessna 182 he flew from Altair Aviation. I

believe it was on that same trip that John was, as always, staying in the "Boathouse" at the water's edge and I was in the "Oar House" just down the beach. After a night of typical revelry, John and I made our way to the beach to turn in. It was one of those beau-

tiful nights where the stars were myriad above and the temperature cool but not unreasonably so. The two of us stood on the shore listening to waves enjoying the evening and talking for almost two hours. There was no great epiphany or revelation in what we spoke of, but rather just getting to spend some time with John Collison the man was a rare opportunity much appreciated, for as we all know John was in many ways a very private person.

I also remember John in tense circumstances, during some major personnel changes in our organization, which led to some decisions John found difficult, but none the less carried forward. Such was the nature of the man that he was at critical times, able to set aside his personal preferences and loyalties to achieve better decisions.

In my experience no idea was thorough enough that John couldn't find a way to add several layers of complexity. The simplest of ideas was examined from so many different angles that it felt like we sometimes lost the original idea in the ensuing discussion. As infuriating as this could be to those of known as "pathetic ink-stained wretches", the examination of alternatives did yield unique solutions. Some so unique they infuriated us even more!

Many will be feeling the loss of a friend and colleague, whose life was cut short, but I am reminded that most do not have fate determine their passing doing something they loved.

Farewell John and may you enjoy fair weather and strong tail winds. ♦



John and his float cabin fly-in

by Joyce Carlson, Publisher, Powell River Peak

"Collision here," said the voice on the other end of the phone. "I'm thinking about coming to visit you at your cabin. Can you send me a map?"

Joyce Carlson quickly sketched out a map of Powell Lake showing Hole in the Wall, a sheltered area with a narrow entrance where her family cabin was located. How would he be able to find it, she wondered.

On the specified evening, she and her husband Don looked out into the bay, keeping an eye on the sky. Before the plane came into view in the wider area of the lake, noise from the engine echoed throughout the bay. It was a lovely late summer evening when the light casts a golden glow across the water, through the trees and up the mountainside of the large island opposite the cabin.

It resembled the scene from a movie (wonder why?) as the distinct red and gray plane skimmed its way across the lake waters that were more familiar with boat arrivals than aircraft sightings.

As John paddled the boat closer and closer to the cabin, the plane began to shift and its wing was coming directly overhead of a group of people standing on the deck. It looked as though their heads would be decapitated but they all ducked in time, except for Don Carlson. He leapt up and grabbed a rope hanging from the wing and pulling it back, just before it would have sliced through a wooden post holding up the sun deck.

"John was grateful the wing had not been damaged," explained Joyce, "and Don was just as grateful that his cabin was intact."

Needless to say it was the most dramatic entrance any visitor had made to the cabin in 17 years and it's still talked about today. ♦



PADDLE POWER: John Collison covers the last few metres of water to bring his plane to moor at Carlsons' float cabin on Powell Lake.

Bob Smith Remembers John

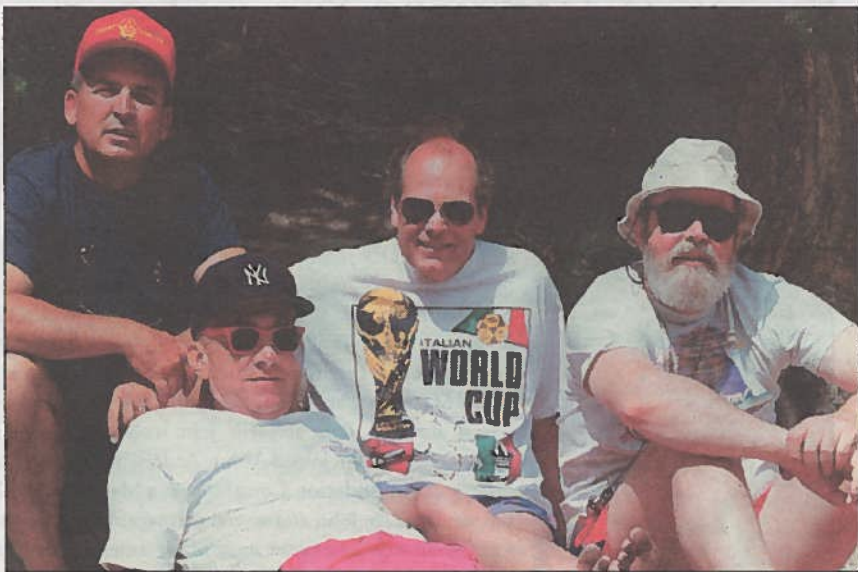
I will never forget the first time I met John; he was about 20, clean cut, conservative haircut, no mustache or beard, and banned from the Hastings Race Track. John and I met at the Zete House at UBC in the 60's and have been the best of friends for almost 40 years. Throughout these 4 decades we have shared our fables and follies, openly discussing our ups and downs throughout. John was somewhat careful in saying exactly what he was

of those women regain stability in their lives.

There are so many memories of the great times John spent with our family. Our fondest include the Christmas dinner in Victoria when he showed up with a puppy as a present for the children (of course I had told him we were never getting a dog), and showing the children his mastery of skateboarding on a hill at night in Lake Tahoe, and following the children in jumping off the cliffs at Angora

early morning job interview! Another morning at sunrise we were fishing in Cowichan Bay, and the next thing I knew I was watching him put on a single ski, step onto a log boom, and water ski through the assembled fishermen back to Saanich inlet. In the early 70's I clearly remember the day John decided not to continue with Anderson; he had an impossible-to-get job in the Bay Area, he just phoned and quit! I'll never forget the tone of his voice when he lent us his Suburban in the mid 70's. I phoned him to inform him that our family had headed south until we found sunshine and that everything was under control – we were in Mexico! (It was his loan of the Suburban that led us to, and through Southern California, and triggered our decision to move there a couple of years later.) Another time we had been on a camping trip on the Broken Islands and were heading back to Vancouver Island when we had to furiously paddle his canoe to beat the fog bank that was chasing us. One day we were heading out to sea, moving with the current, leaving the Bay under the Golden Gate Bridge, but we were sailing backwards! We had so many friends in common...good friends...we enjoyed our friends and together we partied hard.

John was one of the truly "good" people in this world, and he had only nice things to say about people. He had many friends from all walks of life, all of whom have only fond memories of time spent with him. It didn't matter to John whether you were rich or poor, tall or short, fat or thin. I am sure all who knew him felt lucky to have had their lives touched by him. John has played a central role in all of the choices I have made through my life, and I already miss him terribly. That is what I will miss most about my friend. If you are lucky, a friend like John comes once in a lifetime, and I was lucky! I will never forget him, and will cherish the many, many, wonderful memories my family and I have of John. ♦



Bobby Cales, Bob Smith, Brad Alden & John

thinking at times, but we often discussed how deeply he cared about his friends and those who he worked with. John was an amazing man, always there when you needed him. Shirley and I chose John to be the guardian of our children because we trusted him to be able to make decisions in their best interests.

Although John was quiet and reserved to the outsider, he touched many lives and will never be forgotten. He helped so many people over the years, including women; somehow he intuitively seemed to understand some of the issues they face. His advice and counsel helped many

Lake, and bodysurfing in La Jolla, and surfing in Lahaina, and arranging a family reunion for us at Disneyland. and on and on. John was great at dealing with children at their level, and they always enjoyed his company. My children were lucky to have such a great man be part of their lives.

There are so many memories of adventures with John from the early years of our friendship. One early morning in 1969, John and I left Coal Harbor at 2:00 a.m. in a 15 foot Sangstercraft; he was ferrying me to Victoria so that I could be on time for an



John Collison: Boss – Friend – Missed

When a de Havilland Beaver plane owned by John Collinson crashed near Penticton on August 29, it claimed the life of the former boss and dear friend of the Real Estate Weekly and Kodiak Press staff. Also lost in the tragic mishap were Jane Ferguson, her niece Kristen Ferguson and Jane's cairn terrier, Rascal.

In the publishing world, John was known and respected as an outstanding businessman. Among other accomplishments, John was the previous president of Lower Mainland Publish-

ing, which at the time included the Real Estate Weekly and Kodiak Press.

crew from the pressroom and fly airplanes. And, while he avoided the spotlight, he would join in all our staff social activities, from the annual dragon boat races to staff picnics and waterslides.

John was able to manage the delicate balance of being the boss when he needed to be and being your friend otherwise.

We still remember him tobogganing with us at the park across the street from the office. And, when a sudden snow storm hit one winter, we recall how John drove staff members home in his trusty, rusty 1974 Suburban and picked them up the next morning to bring them safely back to work. The faithful old yellow truck - which John called The Beast - was the focus of much good-natured kidding.

A few years ago, John came into the office just gleaming, telling us that he'd just had the Beast detailed and he spared no expense. As we rolled our eyes wondering why he would even consider spending money on it, one of us asked how much he spent. With a proud grin, he replied " \$500 including 4 new tires, well at least new to the Beast."

John would often lend the Beast to a friend who used it to ferry his horrified kids to activities. It was not totally altruistic. The intent, he confided, was to adjust the children's perspective and provide a solid grounding in values.

Through his 15 years at Real Estate Weekly and Kodiak, John Collison fostered a close family-like working environment with a rare mixture of hard work, humour and mutual respect. Today that environment, and our gratitude, survives him. ♦

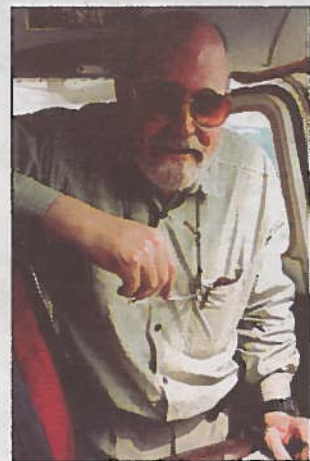
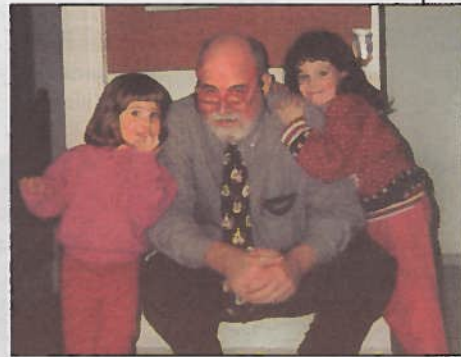
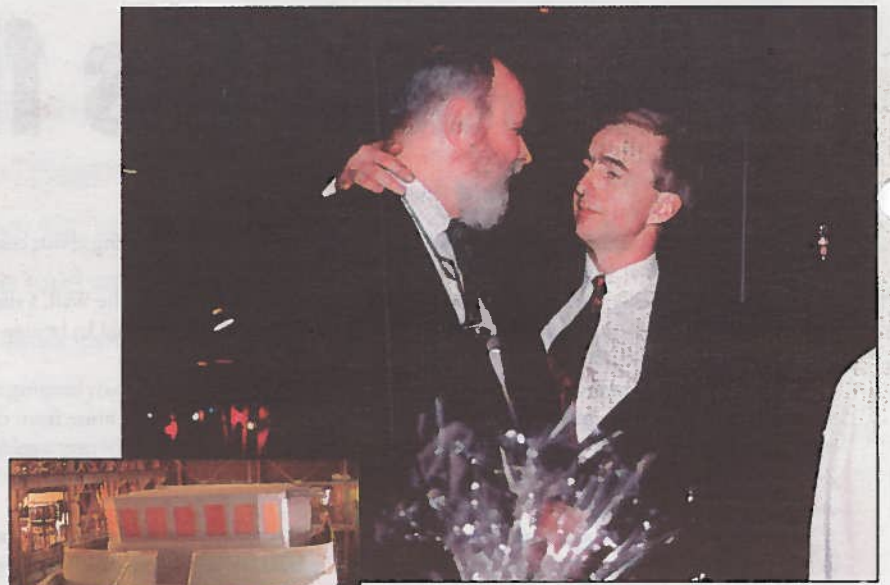


John Collison is fondly remembered by the Real Estate Weekly and Kodiak staff.

ing, which at the time included the Real Estate Weekly and Kodiak Press.

Here at the Real Estate Weekly offices, however, we have our own warm memories of a generous, hard-working man with a big heart who earned the respect and devotion of everyone in the company.

In many ways John was a contradiction. His quiet demeanour belied a love of adventure. He liked to ride his Harley Davidson motorcycle, scuba-dive, head out on fishing trips with the



COLLISON John, born February 3, 1947, died unexpectedly on August 28, 2003. John died in a plane mishap near Penticton, BC, while on one of his many excursions on his cherished de Havilland Beaver amphib C-GHAF. John's dear friend Jane Ferguson of Nanaimo, her niece Kirsten Ferguson of Calgary, and Jane's best pal, her loyal cairn terrier, Rascal, also died in the accident. John is survived by his sister Ellen Collison. John joined Arthur Andersen & Co. and went on to work in Anderson Consulting as a Management Consultant. In 1976, John and several partners formed the Madison Group where he spent most of his time in the printing and publishing division of Madison. For many years John served as president of Lower Mainland Publishing Limited, which was a partnership with Southam Inc. He will be forever missed by his sister, his many friends, business partners, and employees. HOTEL ALPHA FOXTROT...over.

“One Friday afternoon, in summer at Grandview, Ed Brouwer and I were having a conversation about our past summer vacations with our kids. Both of us had traveled the Oregon coast in previous years. We agreed the highlight of our trips was renting dune buggies and traversing Sand Dunes National Park. We related our experiences of speed and daring along with the adrenaline rush that occurred in these open air motorized chariots.

John was intrigued to say the least. He said that he had never driven one nor been to this area before.

In less than an hour John had arranged a plane, reservations at a hotel and rented dune buggies in Oregon. Ed, John and I left the next morning from Pitt Meadows bound for Oregon and the dunes. We spent Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning whipping across the sands and acting like teenagers on a wild weekend. Man did we have fun.”

— Spence Levan

1997	1997	1998	1999	2000	2000	2002	Aug 29, 2003
John acquires amphibious DeHavilland Beaver flown in Six Days, Seven Nights	Mistaken for Harrison Ford at Airshow in Wyoming	The Suburban is semi-retired to the back of REW – used only for special occasions	Lower Mainland Publishing sold and John moves to Madison Publishing	A “mild” heart attack prompts new exercise regime	The first year John doesn't go in to do the annual Christmas desk clean up	John begins work on his “aircraft carrier”	John makes his last flight, going down outside of Penticton while flying to Calgary.