



REMEMBERING
Robert Shepherd

April 14, 1942 - June 3, 2011



Robert Hugh Shepherd, Ph.D R.Psych.

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My beloved Bob, 'Shep' to his friends, has flown out through the garden on his next magic carpet ride. Wild son of Clemmie Dunsmore and Hugh Shepherd, raised in Stonewall, MB, in thrall to his madcap Highland uncles of Spirit Hill and rabbit-skinning Granny Shepherd. Wee Robbie, she called him, who excelled at ballet and football but lived for falling snow and hockey and raising hell in the backroads and dance halls of the Interlake.

Drafted to Detroit Red Wings, he chose expulsion from St. John's College, U of M, vagabonding the rioting South, deepening his loner instincts. Five days under siege in 'Papa Doc' Duvalier's Haiti persuaded him home to work with Allan Blakeney's NDP then a semi-respectable career in the Canadian Foreign Service. Shep and his first wife Daun Kennedy lived in Australia, Fiji (his paradise), Cote d'Ivoire and a Gatineau Hills loghouse. Red-circled out of the Foreign Service, he put his curiously brilliant intellect to work as a psychologist specializing in difficult men.

A most tender-hearted, fighting loyal lover, he charmed and was charmed by both my daughters and their daughters: Sunni Nishimura (Taco Niet) and Kiran Nishimura-Niet, and Nell (Marc) and Isabelle Hackney. Other family: sister Wendy Gerecke, niece Bretta Gerecke, nephew Kurt Gerecke and dear cousin Eileen Dederer. Written by Bob's second wife Wendy Robison, Cowichan Bay, Vancouver Island.

