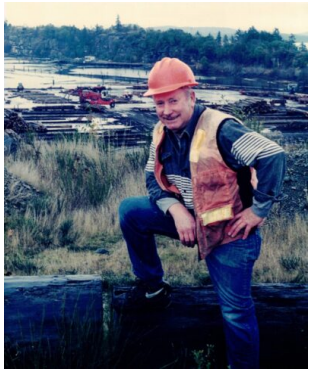

REMEMBERING

Robert William Fredrick Vey

Robert William Fredrick Vey—affectionately known as Bobby, Bob, Poppa, and Dad—passed peacefully on January 16, 2026, at 4:10 a.m. His youngest son, Corey, was by his side as he began his journey into his sunset.

Bob was predeceased by his beloved mother, Norma Beatrice Vey (née Underdown); his father, Robert MacDonald Vey; his son-in-law, Alan Brooks; and many dear friends and family members. He is lovingly survived by his devoted wife, Claire Vey, and his children: Jacqueline Brooks (Alan), Lorrie Hardie (Duaine), Michael Vey, Dennis Comeau (Lisa), Shane Vey (Davis), and Corey Vey (Carmen).

Bob is also survived by his cherished grandchildren: Natasha Brooks (Sal and son Hunter), Troy Brooks (daughters Ella and Zoey / Shelbie and son Theo), Danielle Comeau, Megan Comeau (Mathew), Kelsay Belton (Todd and sons Parker and Bennett), Jacob Vey, Kashtin Low (Logan and daughter Ridley), Josilynn Vey (Klay and daughter Faye, son Brady), Cassidy Vey, Braeden Hardie (Bella), Carley Hardie, Brianna Sheffar (Jim and sons Julian, Kai, Zac, and daughter Abby), and Taylor Popovich (Kyra and baby River). He is also remembered and survived by his siblings: Linda Martino, Wendy Kimpfel (George), Julia George (Wes), and Erin Vey (Karen), as well as many nieces and nephews.

Dad

Dad loved his six children with an abundant, unconditional love and made each of them feel important and truly seen. Our childhood was filled with unforgettable memories—trips to Yakima and White Swan for Easter egg hunts and horseback rides, drives through the mountains on fire watch, Christmas tree hunts, piles of gifts at Christmas, and stockings filled with unique and fun surprises. He taught us carpentry, took us to fishing derbies, and shared countless other moments that made our childhood extraordinary. Dad also taught us to love our pets and held special memories with his beloved dogs, Bear and Putt Putt.

Poppa

Our Poppa always taught us that we are the Stewards of the land, never fully owning land for oneself, never believing in a king or a queen. Even with that, we all thought him to be the King of Cowichan Bay. Poppa was a patient and generous teacher, happy to show us whatever it was he was up to- crabbing, fishing, tending to the garden, or puttering around in his workshop- showing us the value of hard work. He loved road trips and camping in his home on wheels – the songs of Hank Williams Sr. and Johnny Cash etching a soundtrack in our minds. He had a special way about him, making each of us feel like the centre of his universe. We will remember his gentle, nurturing spirit and his remarkable storytelling- recounting his memories with such detail as if he had just lived them, though many were at least 40 years old. He will forever live on in our hearts and memory- world's best Poppa, our King of Cowichan Bay.

Husband

Bobby Boy shared a beautiful life with his wife Claire. Together they traveled to rodeos, rose early to fish in Sansum Narrows, and spent many days at Telegraph Cove and Port Renfrew, often bringing children and grandchildren along for the adventure. Most of all, Bob and Claire cherished their quiet, happy days at home—listening to country and Cajun music, or sitting on their deck, admiring the breathtaking scenery around them.

Brother, Son, and Protector

Bob and his siblings moved with their parents from Headquarters in Courtney, to Victoria, and then to Cowichan Bay. He protected his sisters and mentored his brother. During his teenage years, Bob became the man of the house, standing beside his mother and siblings as both a brother and a father figure, always helping his mom in any way he could. He took after his mother, Norma, in his generosity—opening his home and heart to anyone in need and ensuring that no one went without if he could help it. Bob made Cowichan Bay his forever home, where he built a spectacular house overlooking Cowichan Bay, Mount Tzouhalem, and Salt Spring Island—a place that reflected his love for family, beauty, and home. Bob started his career young.

Bob began working in forestry working in Cowichan Bay at the "boom" for Falt Towing, Macmillan Bloedel and later Weyerhaeuser. He worked his way up to being the foreman and supervisor. His impact on his colleagues lasted long past his career, as many who worked for Bob, remained close and kept lifelong friendships with him. Bob was a friend and a confidant to all.

The family would like to thank so many people for reaching out with kind thoughts and sharing their memories. We would also like to give our appreciation and utmost gratitude for the compassionate care provided by all the staff at Cowichan District Hospital during his final days. Dad did not want a funeral, but the family will be planning a celebration of life when the appropriate time arrives.

Sunrise – January 9th, 1942

Sunset – January 16th, 2026

Rest Easy Cowboy