

Thank you all for coming today.

My father, Sidney "Darby" Cassoff lived a meaningful life full of love, caring and joy.

For his family he was
A son to Charles and Sarah.
A big brother to Jack, Joseph, Phillip and Arlene.
A husband of sixty years to my mother, Phyllis.
And the best father in the world to me, Angela and Cathy.
He loved, nurtured and cared for us
and wanted only for us have good and happy lives.

Everything he did in life he did with
purpose, class, kindness and dignity.
He loved and truly appreciated life.
He was strong, and healthy.
He liked to swim and to jog.
To be outdoors and in nature.
He loved horse racing: the spectacle and the excitement,
the track, the colours and the people,
the trainers and jockeys and most of all,
the running of the beautiful horses.

The last year of my father's life was a painful struggle
that we all fought together.
With my parents' strength and resolve, and our support,
we were hopeful for long time.
My mother has been nothing short of exceptional:
brave, strong, caring and loving.
She did everything humanly possible for my father,
working tirelessly and without complaint.
The last five months of my father's life were particularly cruel.
It was unnecessary for him to have suffered as much he did in that time.
He was happy to have lived a long and good life
and was at peace with turning the final page. He had no regrets.
The only thing is, he wanted so much to be with us
for the arrival of a great-grandchild.
A child to Cathy, the love of his life, and her husband Elan.

In my father's lifetime he met a lot more people
than does the average person.
He brought goodness and joy to an uncountable number of lives.
It didn't matter if you knew him because you were a lifelong
friend or relative, or you had only just met and suddenly
you found yourself purchasing an umbrella, he'd make your life better.

Your love and spirit will live on in our hearts and in our lives.
So long, Dad. Sleep well.