



David Harold Blackburn

August 4, 2025

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August 27, 1953 – August 4, 2025

aka Dave, Davie, Dad, Grill Master Extraordinaire, Grandpa, Gramps, or Daddio.

Dave entered this world running, got faster with his motorbikes, and left it far too fast.

Born in Simcoe, raised in Malton, and known to have partied just about everywhere in between, Dave eventually settled in Brampton, where he lived with his family for many decades.

He lost his beloved wife Ruth three years ago and is survived by his kids: Chris, Jennifer, and Ryan — his grandkids Nathan and Lily, and his favourite grand-pups: Athena, Pippa, and Hans. He also leaves behind his sister Barbara and brother Bob, brothers-in-law Alan, Frank, and Rick, along with many nieces and nephews.

We're pretty sure he's now up in heaven with his first wife Cindy and second wife Ruth — cracking open a cold beer, working on his tan, and likely driving them both happily crazy with his jokes.

Dave gave up motorbiking earlier in life and picked up a BBQ flipper (and an arsenal of terrible dad jokes) instead. He could turn a burger into a work of art — all while telling a joke so bad you'd roll your eyes, then laugh anyway because he'd laugh so hard he'd have to repeat the punchline.

Mostly though, Dave was kind. He made eye contact. He'd give you his last

dime if you needed it. He was a saver and he tried desperately (and semi-successfully) to instill that habit in his kids.

Dave drove a truck for his career — and while he hated the traffic, he loved the people, and always went the extra mile.

He taught us how to drive, how to do what you said you'd do, how to maintain your sock drawer, how to take care of your people, how to help others in need, how to be kind, and above all, how to be a family. We hope his passing brings our wider family even closer together.

Dad, we will miss you oh so much.

So let's raise a beer for Dave.