



Stephen (Steve) Robinson Pritchard

January 12, 2026

October 14, 1957 – January 12, 2026

It is with deep sadness that we announce the passing of Stephen (Steve) Robinson Pritchard on January 12, 2026, at the age of 68. Stephen was a devoted husband, a loving father, a proud grandfather, and a cherished member of his extended family and community.

Stephen is survived by his beloved wife, Carolyn Pritchard, with whom he shared a lifetime of love, partnership, and memories. He will be dearly missed by his daughters, Kaitlyn Pritchard (partner: David Groom) and Kari Clarkson (partner: Jeff Clarkson), who will forever carry his guidance and warmth in their hearts.

Stephen was a proud grandfather to Logan and Leora Clarkson, whose lives were brightened by his gentle humour, patience, and unwavering affection. He is also survived by his siblings: Kevin Pritchard (partner: Karen Pritchard), Sean Pritchard, and Kelly Pritchard (partner: Cam Hall), his mother-in-law, Carolle Roberts, as well as many nieces and nephews who will remember him fondly for his kindness, generosity, and easygoing nature.

A Celebration of Life will be held in the spring, where family and friends will gather to honour Stephen's memory and share the stories that defined his remarkable life.

If desired, donations in Stephen's memory may be made to the Canadian Cancer Society, an organization close to the hearts of many who supported him.

Stephen will be remembered always for his steady strength, his humour, and the deep love he had for his family. His presence will be profoundly missed, and his memory held with love forever.

Tribute Wall

JB

“ 3 files added to the album *BMO Pictures*



John Breurkes - April 05 at 02:34 PM

“ It feels like just yesterday I was at my cousin's Kaitlyn and Kari's house, building forts with the cat scratch towers and blankets, the animal game and of course starting cousin club. Uncle Stephen would ensure we were properly fed with his famous wings and toffee. I am so thankful to have had such a positive influence in Uncle Stephen in my life. He shared his passion for hockey with me and despite me not being the best pupil, had me out for power skating. He tirelessly supported me as a goalie, attending all my games with my family and humbly discussing them afterward. He never faulted me for a goal and always asked my perspective on a play. He was not afraid to challenge it, but did so in a way that was always in the interest of my growth. When I was learning to drive, he took me out and sat (fearlessly mind you) in the passenger seat. He never did teach me his patented technique of throwing coins at drivers that drove not to his satisfaction. When I was broke and had graduated University, he gave me his Malibu. It was my first car, I loved it. It gave me a sense of pride and freedom when I lived at home and was suffering under the weight of student loans. He never asked for a payment and would always ask how it was performing. I almost didn't have the heart to tell him it when it basically exploded on my way home from the airport. When my father was recovering from surgery, he moved me in to University. A 1.5 hour drive for him back and forth, coupled with all the residence registration. He never batted an eye. I'd like to believe I never took him for granted, but now that he's gone I miss the texts asking me how the Gladiator (my son Roman) was doing. The texts to ask how I was doing. No family gathering will be the same without him running to pick up the food and ensuring everyone had a safe ride home in the more wilder events. He was selfless and gave so much to his family. A tremendous loss for me, but I mourn the most for my Aunt and cousins and their children. I wish he had more time to spend at Logan's games, more time with Leora on his lap. I know how much he would have loved it and the impact he would have had. I will miss him tremendously and whenever I watch the Brier or hear Russ Howard commentate, my thoughts will always travel to my incredible Uncle.

Love always,

Wesley

Wesley Pritchard - March 19 at 12:09 AM

DT

“ Stephen has a heart of gold. Have had the pleasure of being a part of the Pritchard family and marrying Stephen's niece Megan just over 10 years ago. Got to have many conversations over the years; learning about his blackjack strategies at the casino trips him and Carolyn would take, how proud he is of his daughter's Kaitlyn and Kari in their jobs and his grandkids feats - but really broke through on a personal level when we were able to share our love of a little island in the Carribbean, Antigua, where we both have had the fortunate opportunity to travel there multiple times over recent years. Megan and I were able to have some great visits on the beach with them, talking about the cost of beer and bacon on the island - and on their 40 year anniversary able to celebrate on the water in English Harbour which was a night we will not forget. Stephen was a selfless person - we stayed in very frequent contact messaging throughout travels and there was a period of time when I would be travelling often and when landing in my destination, getting the "did you land ok" message from four people: my parents, my wife, and my wife's uncle Stephen. He will be remembered for what hes contributed to his family and leaves that as his legacy for years to come. Such an unfortunate past few months but he handled it with such bravery and grace, he lives on with all of us.

Pictured here is a photo he sent me from his beach cabin in Antigua, where he captioned "Always wonder how far you can see over the horizon", I hope he can now see far beyond what the picture shows.



Dane Taylor - January 20 at 11:39 PM

NC

“ 2 files added to the album BMO Pictures



Nic Colicchio - January 19 at 04:12 PM

DP

“ We first got to know Stephen through our close friends Kevin and Karen. Our sons Scott and Wes played Pickering hockey together when Stephen volunteered as coach and ran the league. It was a huge time commitment and true passion for him. It's just one example of how much he cared for and contributed to the community.

He cared deeply for friends and family. At family gatherings he would always take the time to ask about our family and share stories of his children and grandchildren with great pride and humour.

Steve will be missed by everyone whose life he touched.....and there were a great many.

Jane and Doug Palmer

Doug Palmer - January 17 at 06:43 PM

SH

“ I worked with Steve for many years at BMO. We often spoke of our children. He was very proud of his girls and this is how I remember him - a proud father. - Shaff

Shaff - January 17 at 06:27 PM

MG

“ I met Steve on my first day of work in 1997. Right from then Steve went out of his way to help me and look out for me. He shared his mainframe knowledge with me and all his areas of focus became my areas of focus. I tagged along with him to project meetings, and he made sure I was included in lunch or a sporting event with a vendor. He was generous with his time outside of work as well. He would help me with anything, car, house, pc. I never had to ask him for help, I'd just tell him the situation and he would respond with "I can come by in 30 minutes." He took on the problem like it was his own.

One time we tried all day Saturday to fix a leaky pipe in my basement but we could not get the new piece soldered in. He left to go home and called me about 60 minutes later. He said he had stopped at plumbing supply store on the way home, they told him what to do, he grabbed new supplies and was back Sunday morning and we fixed it. The following week at work, I overheard Steve talk about our misadventure fixing the pipe, and someone said why would you do that? And Steve replied "Why wouldn't I? I like the guy and I wanted to help him." When I moved from Courtice to Barrie, Steve offered to help me move and he did, on Labor Day and he was 56 years old at the time. Steve taught me how to curl, and I curled with him for years in Kingston and Annandale. Never once was he angry or disappointed at my shots, or anyone else's. One time he was helping me with my car, and I did something wrong and said sorry. He asked why was I sorry, and I said I didn't want him to be angry that I did it wrong. He said why would I be angry at you for not knowing how to do something that no one has ever taught you? That may be obvious to some but that had not been my experience in life thus far, and was something I never forgot. Despite not having boys, Steve coached boys hockey in Pickering and even ran the league. I asked him why would you run the league? He said "How can I complain about how the league is run if I am not willing to run it myself?" My wife organized a breakfast and skate with Santa Claus for the Oshawa Skating Club. Steve was Santa for it, Santa Steve worked a room full of kids eating pancakes, then skated with them in a Santa suit for an hour. I

think he did it 2 years in a row.

Its hard to explain the amount of time we spent together at SCC, at our desks, in Project room 2, or in the cafe, the common denominator was always loud talking and laughter. Steve was tall and loud but I will always think of his kindness and protective nature. And the face he would make when we played cards when another Steve would play his last card. Steve made a positive impact in my life and I will always appreciate it. - Michael G

Michael Goarley - January 16 at 03:32 PM