



Jeffrey TROST

TROST, Jeffrey Alan

August 24, 1959 - July 12, 2022

Jeff passed away peacefully on July 12, 2022 with Dawn by his side holding his hand, and listening to his favourite music. Jeff was born in Saskatoon and raised on a farm near Aberdeen, where he attended elementary school. When his Dad retired in 1973, Jeff's family moved to Saskatoon where he attended City Park Collegiate. Jeff went on to attend the University of Saskatchewan starting in 1978, where he won several scholarships and ultimately obtained his Bachelor of Commerce degree in 1982. He immediately began working at Price Waterhouse, earned his CPA designation in 1983 and was transferred to Price Waterhouse's National Office in Toronto in 1986. Jeff enjoyed his work in Toronto but his headaches that began as a teenager, increased in frequency and intensity over time, making it impossible for him to continue working after

1991. Jeff met Dawn In 1985 when she started at Price Waterhouse in Saskatoon. She moved to Toronto in 1990, and they were married in 1996. Dawn meant the world to Jeff. After living in downtown Toronto for many years, they were drawn back to Saskatoon in 2014 to be closer to Jeff's mom and Dawn's family. Throughout the years, Jeff's pain was always present, significantly impacting his life in so many ways. But Jeff was so much more than his pain! He had a positive attitude, and a wonderful sense of humour. He made friends easily... and his friends were very important to him. He was funny, smart, curious, kind, generous, strong, and resilient. He was also very patient, relying on his faith to get him through the tough times. He loved spending time with Dawn and with his American Eskimo dogs, Lee and Riley. He loved animals in general, ensuring the red and black squirrels in the parks in Toronto and birds and rabbits in his yard in Saskatoon were always well-fed, especially in winter. He also loved to swim and travel when he was able to, with Hawaii quickly becoming his favourite place. And Jeff was a storyteller! He loved to tell stories, often with a single story leading directly into the next one and the next one and the next one after that. Music was very important in Jeff's life, as was celebrating Christmas, Easter, Halloween, birthdays and all the other special days in the year. He had an interest in science since early childhood, especially chemistry and physics, that led to his fascination with technology, particularly airplanes and iPhones... and his love of the tv show The Big Bang Theory. Jeff was an avid collector over the years, proudly showcasing his collections, including model airplanes, trains, fire trucks, military vehicles, construction vehicles and farm equipment, Superman paraphernalia, Swiss Army gadgets, pewter castles, gnomes, DVD's, coins, graphic novels and books.... and an extensive Coca Cola collection. Jeff was predeceased by two of the most special people in his life - his Mom Wanda and his Dad Frank. He was also predeceased by his beloved dog Lee. Jeff will be deeply missed by his wife Dawn, who meant the world to him. Also left to miss him are his dear friends Melanie and Lynda, who were always there for him throughout the years. He will also be remembered and missed by Mike and Liza, Sylvia, Diane, his mother-in-law Marty, father-in-law Don, sisters-in-law Crystal, Tracey, and Jackie and their families, brothers-in-law Jay, Jason, and Daryl and their families, many other nieces and nephews, and many friends he made along the way. He will also be sadly missed by his beloved dog Riley. A huge thank you to Dr. Raj Venkiteswaran and Dr. Savedia-Cayabyab who both supported Jeff with genuine care and compassion. And special thanks too to the M.A.I.D. team who enabled Jeff to quickly and peacefully transcend from his life here to the next on his own terms and timing, when he decided that the pain was too much. Jeff's wishes were for his brain to be donated in support of

scientific research. A Memorial Service and Celebration of Life will be held for Jeff on Friday, July 15 at 3:00 p.m. at Mourning Glory - Acadia McKague's Funeral Chapel (915 Acadia Drive). Arrangements are entrusted to Aime Laventure - Mourning Glory Funeral Home (306) 978-5200. To share memories of Jeff or send condolences please visit www.mourningglory.ca In lieu of flowers, donations to an animal welfare charity would be greatly appreciated.

<https://thestarphoenix.remembering.ca/obituary/jeffrey-trost-1085681012>

Imagine living with debilitating headaches (seemingly every day, or at least the threat of such, I'm sure) for 40+ years—unfortunately, many can relate equal or worse pain stories over a lifetime—to the point where as a bright and gifted, exceptionally capable, person you cannot work.

Another instance of Medical Assistance in Dying (MAiD). If headaches were the only factor, this would have taken some especial deliberation and likely especially courageous professional decision-making. But I am glad Jeff had the right to do this, and the support.

To me, MAiD is rather like abortion: Whatever I may think of it, as to whether it is “right” or “wrong” in particular cases, it is not my body, my life, and my status before my Maker in question. People have a right to make such decisions, with limited societal oversight, whatever the concerns and risks; these (abortion and assisted dying) are not arenas for moral or religious grandstanding by pretentious others. I am not courting pandemic illness that can kill other people by refusing vaccination if I conclude I should choose assisted dying.

My God is “big enough” to be unswayed by all the posturing, and is not rendered powerless either in salvaging “souls” or in the “no choice but denial of mercy” determining/ deciding the allegedly imperiled “eternal” fates of all intimately concerned. To maintain otherwise is to grossly underestimate our Maker, debasing as well the Life claimed to be defended. We have made assisted dying a procedural “decathalon” in our concern for political, professional, and bureaucratic backside-covering, and making sure the dying process and supposedly, life itself, are not “abused.” Thereby it becomes more about “us” than the suffering, autonomous but powerless, person trapped in pain, a failed body that won't let us go, fear, and dread. TJB