



## Ernest James White

April 7, 1938 - May 18, 2026

Ernie passed away peacefully on May 18, 2026, in Sumas, Washington. He was 88 years old, though you would never have known it - and he certainly would never have told you. He was born on April 7, 1938, to Robert and Ruby White in the family home in Parkside, Saskatchewan. As the oldest of five children, he naturally stepped into the role of leader, protector and big brother. At an early age, the family moved to Victoria, British Columbia, where he was baptized and began building the foundation of the faith that would remain important throughout his life. In 1957, the moved again to California. Ernie attended Mountain View Academy, where he met his first wife Rachael. Together they had two children and began building a life together. It was also during the time that Ernie began what would become a lifelong career in the plumbing industry. While living in California, one of Ernie's favorite places was Boulder Creek. He loved the beauty of the area and the memories made there. It was in Boulder Creek that he met his second wife, Phyllis. Together they built a life and welcomed two more children into the world.

Later in life, Ernie found himself splitting his time between California and Washington. Eventually, he made the decision to return to Sumas, Washington, to help care for his mother during her final years along with his family help as well. In that time, he purchased the family home, a place filled with memories and deep family roots. There, he spent the remainder of his years doing what he loved most - working with his hands, helping other,

spending time with friends and family, and enjoying then simple things life. The family home became more than just a house; it was a place where stories were shared, visitors, were always welcome, and Ernie's presence could be felt in every project completed, every repair made, and every memory created.

Ernie was a father, husband, brother, uncle, grandfather, great-grandfather, cousin, friend, and truly one of a kind. He leaves behind four children: Paula Padla (White), Victoria Lewis (White), Regina Wilkin (White), and Ernest James White Jr., lovingly known as Jim. He was also a devoted brother to Arlene Reddick (White), Don White, and Donna White, and carried in his heart the memory of his little brother Bobby White, who passed away at only two years old.

He was a proud grandfather to Triana Kozera, Mia Hendricks, and Amy Charney, and a loving great-grandfather to Jameson Charney. Along with them are many nieces, nephews, cousins, family members, and friends whose lives he touched deeply.

To us, he was our hero in so many ways — and not just to his children, but to his siblings and so many others in the family. He was someone people leaned on, laughed with, debated with, and counted on. He was deeply loved by his family, and friends, and he returned that love in the simplest and most genuine ways. Over the past year, Ernie was blessed to have found a loving companion, Emersona who brought him great joy. They shared similarities and giggled and fixed things together around the house. Having her company meant so much to him. We are thankful for the joy and happiness she brought to his life to his last days.

He was a journeyman plumber, pipe fitter, and welder. He truly loved his career and took great pride in his work. He took on MANY jobs locally long after he retired. He was still working up until his last day here on earth.

Dad was a man full of questions and opinions, and if you knew him, you knew he could turn almost any conversation into a lively debate. He kept people thinking, laughing, and on their toes. He was a jokester, a music man, a ladies' man, a troublemaker, a country boy, and truly the MacGyver of all trades. There wasn't much he couldn't fix. If something was broken, somehow Dad could figure it out. But more importantly, if someone needed help, he was there. That was his heart. He loved helping people.

And boy, did he love playing dice — especially when he won. He loved telling everyone exactly how much money he had taken from his great friend Steve Stuurmann at their daily meet-up at Bob's right across the street from his home. Every day at 11 a.m. — though many times Steve probably had to wait a few extra minutes because Dad always said, "five more minutes, I just want to sleep a little bit more."

As his children and siblings, we heard those words more times than we can count. Whether we were trying to start the day, go somewhere, or get him moving, it was always "five more minutes." Back then it sometimes drove us crazy, but today those words make us smile because they were so completely him.

Dad had a remarkable way of finding humor in everyday life. No matter what the situation, he could find something to laugh about or a way to make others smile. He didn't need a special occasion to bring joy -he found it in the simple moments, the ordinary days, and the little things that many of us might overlook. His laughter, quick wit and playful spirit made a life brighter for everyone around him with smiling eyes.

He lived life in his own way, on his own time, and left memories none of us will ever forget.

Most importantly, Dad's belief in God was something none of us ever doubted.

We find peace knowing he is smiling down on all of us now as we share stories, laughter, and memories about the man we loved so deeply.

Dad, thank you for your love, your lessons, your laughter, your stubbornness, your generosity, and the countless memories you gave us. You will forever be missed, forever talked about, and forever loved.

# Tribute Wall



“ *Moles Farewell Tributes created a Tribute Video in memory of Ernest James White* ”



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