



REMEMBERING
Udo Hubert Grady
May 28, 1934 - May 9, 2026



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Father, son, brother, husband, uncle, grandfather, great-grandfather, patriarch.
Survivor, thriver,

worker, dreamer. Teacher, coach, tree planter, masters athlete, traveler. Storyteller,
secret

keeper. Introvert, extrovert, every kind of vert. Assertive, confident, non-conformist
— and yes, a

bit of an egotist, but the kind you couldn't help admiring. Hungry for knowledge, but
absolutely

full of it, and funny as hell. Full of pain, full of joy. Ordinary? Never. Extraordinary?
Always.

Strength beyond words. A king. A pauper. The sweetness of honey and the salt of
the sea.

What a rich, vivid life he led.

Udo was a man on a mission — always moving, always becoming. Born in
Cologne, Germany,

he came of age in the unsettled aftermath of the war, eventually putting down roots
in the small

community of Jünkerath, tucked into the Eifel region of Rheinland-Pfalz. The people
of the Eifel

are a proud bunch — fond of good company, honest food, fine beverages, and the
natural

world. Udo fit right in and carried those values with him for the rest of his life.

He built an excellent career with the railroad, then — because standing still was
never really his

thing — reinvented himself as a high school phys-ed teacher, going on to compete

in

gymnastics, track and field, volleyball, orienteering, and racewalking, among others. If there was

a sport that demanded discipline, grit, and a touch of flair, Udo was in. His gift for inspiring

young people made him an equally formidable coach, and many of his athletes stayed in touch

with him for decades after his active career ended. That kind of loyalty isn't given; it's earned.

Family life was layered, as it often is. Udo had 4 children in his first marriage: Ingo, Volker, Silke,

and Kerstin. In 1968, he married Ursula, and life became even more interesting. Both

adventurous spirits, they travelled Europe — to the North Sea, to Yugoslavia under canvas, to

the ski slopes of Austria. Often just the two of them, and during school holidays, with his

children. Lisa arrived in 1977. In late 1980, after an inspiring holiday to the incredible vistas of

British Columbia, Udo, Uli and Lisa packed their considerable ambitions and immigrated to

Canada, where Antonia arrived in 1981.

Life in Canada was not always easy. But Udo, ever resourceful and relentlessly unconventional,

navigated those challenges with his family in tow through means both creative and bold.

During the past year, burdened with a weakening heart and diminished mobility, Udo walked his

final path the way he walked every other — with strength and dignity, not making a great fuss

about it, because that wasn't his style. He was just shy of his 92nd birthday when, in the early

morning of May 9th, he reached the end of his remarkable road.

Udo wants us to remember him as a man who cherished life and savored it passionately. His

great love belonged to his wife Ursula, to his family, and to the athletic pursuits that shaped his

entire existence. He lived for hope; that the future is brighter than the present; that there is

always another adventure just around the corner; and that all things imaginable can be

achieved. He was a champion in the truest sense: not just in sport, but in the stubborn, joyful,

full-contact business of living.

We will miss him thoroughly. His spirit, his resourcefulness, and his particular brand of wit will

stay with us always.

A service for Udo will be held on May 27 th , 2026 at 1100 at Christ The Servant parish in

Cranbrook, BC.

