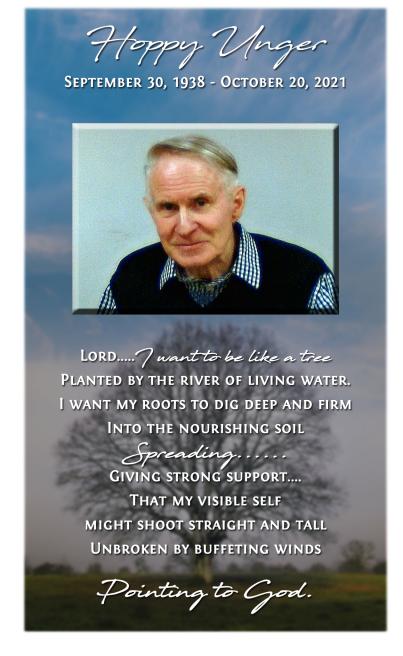
Somewhere along the way,
we must learn that there is nothing
greater than to do something
for others.

Martin Luther King Jr.





HOPPY UNGER of Coaldale, beloved husband and best friend of Amy, passed away peacefully at St. Therese Villa on Wednesday, October 20, 2021, at the age of 83 years.

Besides his loving wife Amy, left to cherish his memory are his brother Eddy of Winnipeg, Amy's children Trevor (Jackie) Inaba, [Kieran and Ryland] and Cara Inaba, plus many other family members.

He was predeceased by his sisters Mary (Frank) Desjarlais, Irmie (Alfred) Schroeder, sister-in-law Elfie Unger and mother-in-law Mary Nago.

Hoppy was a hard worker and during his life's journey found work wherever he could, which included the paving of highway 3 between Coaldale and Lethbridge. Rodeo was always his passion and was successful in competition. He received many awards in calf roping and steer wrestling across the country, including the Calgary Stampede. He combined sport with employment at Canbra Food where he challenged and received his Steam Engineers certification. Hoppy's love of cattle became a reality when he built and established his own feedlot. He realized the satisfaction to be his own boss.

Hoppy was firmly grounded in his faith; he "walked the talk" and was a mentor to many. He was steadfast, honest and disciplined. These attributes marbled and entwined with respect, gentleness and love equals Hoppy Unger.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made in Hoppy's memory to the Mennonite Central Committee (donate.mccanada.ca or 134 Plaza Drive, Winnipeg, MB, R3T 5K9)

The Couboy's Prayer

Lord....

I'VE NEVER LIVED WHERE CHURCHES GROW.
I'VE LOVED CREATION BETTER AS IT STOOD
THAT DAY YOU FINISHED IT, SO LONG AGO,
AND LOOKED UPON YOUR WORK AND CALLED IT GOOD.

JUST LET ME LIVE MY LIFE AS I'VE BEGUN!

AND GIVE ME WORK THAT'S OPEN TO THE SKY;

MAKE ME A PARTNER OF THE WIND AND SUN

AND I WON'T ASK OF A LIFE THAT'S SOFT AND HIGH.

MAKE ME AS BIG AS THE PLAINS;

AS HONEST AS THE HORSE BETWEEN MY KNEES,

CLEAN AS THE WIND THAT BLOWS BEHIND THE RAINS;

FREE AS THE HAWK THAT CIRCLES DOWN THE BREEZE.

JUST KEEP AN EYE ON ALL THAT IS DONE AND SAID;
JUST RIGHT ME SOMETIME WHEN I TURN ASIDE
AND GUIDE ME ON THE LONG....
DIM TRAIL AHEAD
THAT STRETCHES UPWARD THE GREAT DIVIDE!
-ANONYMOUS

